

TOM SAVAGE PRESENTS





“For evil to flourish, it only requires good men to do nothing.”
–Simon Wiesenthal

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*HAVE YOU HEARD THE TALE OF THE KING
THAT FEARED DEATH ABOVE ALL ELSE?*

*OF COURSE YOU HAVE. AMUSE ME
WHILE I RETELL IT.*

*AS THE STORY GOES, THERE WAS ONCE A KING, WHOM
LIKE ALL THINGS, IT WAS DEATH THAT HE FEARED THE MOST.
HE FEARED DEATH SO MUCH THAT HE WOULD DO OR GIVE
ANYTHING HE COULD IN HIS OR ANY GOD'S POWER TO
ESCAPE FROM IT.*

*ONE DAY, A MOST EVIL WIZARD APPROACHED
THIS KING AND PROMISED TO GIVE HIM THE
SECRET OF IMMORTALITY IN EXCHANGE FOR
HIS CHILDREN.*

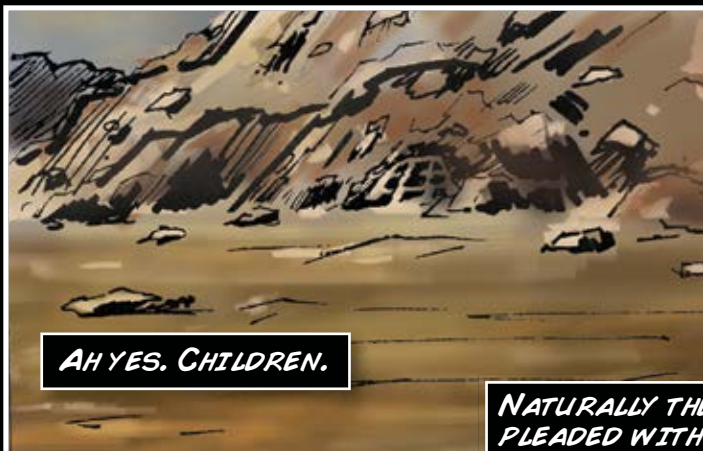
*A WISH THE KING INSTANTLY GRANTED TO ALMOST NO REGARD AT ALL. THE
KING ORDERED HIS GUARDS TO BRING FORTH HIS HEIRS. OF THEM HE HAD
SEVEN DAUGHTERS AND TWO SONS.*

*"MY CHILDREN, FOR THE GOOD OF THE REALM, I DECLARE THAT YOU ARE ALL
FROM THIS DAY FORTH THE PROPERTY OF THIS SORCERER."*

MUCH TO THE HORROR OF HIS YOUNG...

PLEASE DON'T HURT HER.

*I WOULD STRONGLY URGE YOU NOT TO
INTERRUPT ME AGAIN...NOW, WHERE WAS I?*



AH YES. CHILDREN.



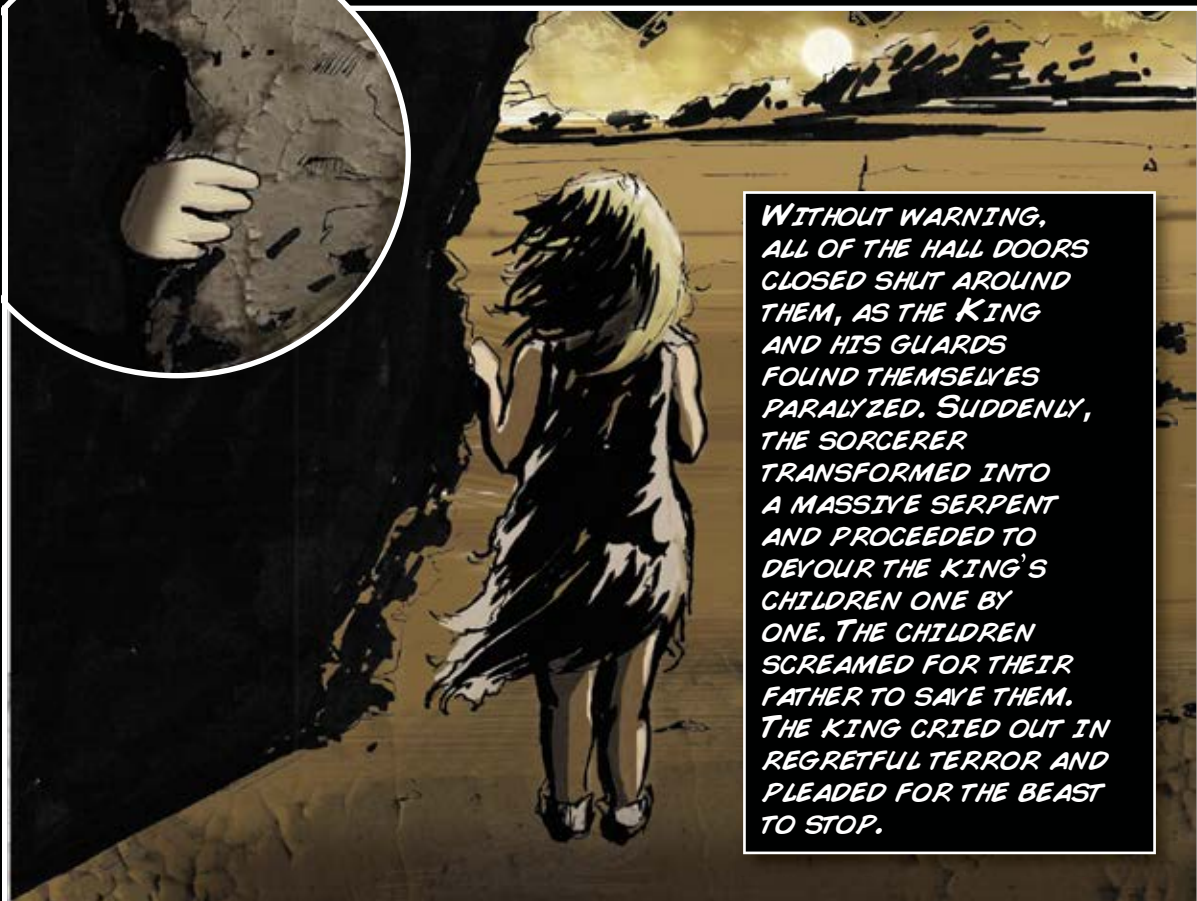
NATURALLY THE CHILDREN DETESTED AND PLEADED WITH THEIR FATHER. OH, HOW THEY BEGGED HIM NOT TO TURN THEM AWAY TO THIS WICKED CONJURER.



BUT THE KING IGNORED THEIR PLEAS.



"THE DEAL IS DONE, CONJURER. NOW TELL ME YOUR SECRETS!"



WITHOUT WARNING, ALL OF THE HALL DOORS CLOSED SHUT AROUND THEM, AS THE KING AND HIS GUARDS FOUND THEMSELVES PARALYZED. SUDDENLY, THE SORCERER TRANSFORMED INTO A MASSIVE SERPENT AND PROCEEDED TO DEVOUR THE KING'S CHILDREN ONE BY ONE. THE CHILDREN SCREAMED FOR THEIR FATHER TO SAVE THEM. THE KING CRIED OUT IN REGRETFUL TERROR AND PLEADED FOR THE BEAST TO STOP.

THE SERPENT CEASED AS HE HELD THE LAST REMAINING CHILD IN HIS COILS. THE KING'S YOUNGEST SON. "YOU NO LONGER DESIRE IMMORTALITY, MY LORD?", HISSED THE SERPENT.



"I DO NOT! PLEASE END THIS SLAUGHTER AND RELEASE MY SON! SPARE HIM!" SAID THE KING.

THE SERPENT TURNED TO THE KING. "YOU ARE CERTAIN? YOU WISH TO LIVE FORTH AS A KING WHO DOES NOT HONOR HIS VOWS? I ASK YOU AGAIN. DO YOU NO LONGER WISH TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF IMMORTALITY?"

"I DO NOT!" SAID THE KING.



THE SERPENT WHISPERED INTO THE CHILD'S EAR AND RELEASED HIM FROM HIS COIL, AS DID HIS PHANTOM GRIP ON THE KING AND HIS GUARDS.

*THE KING RAN TO HIS SON AND HELD HIM.
WEEPING FOR HIS OTHER CHILDREN WHOM
HAD BEEN SLAUGHTERED.*

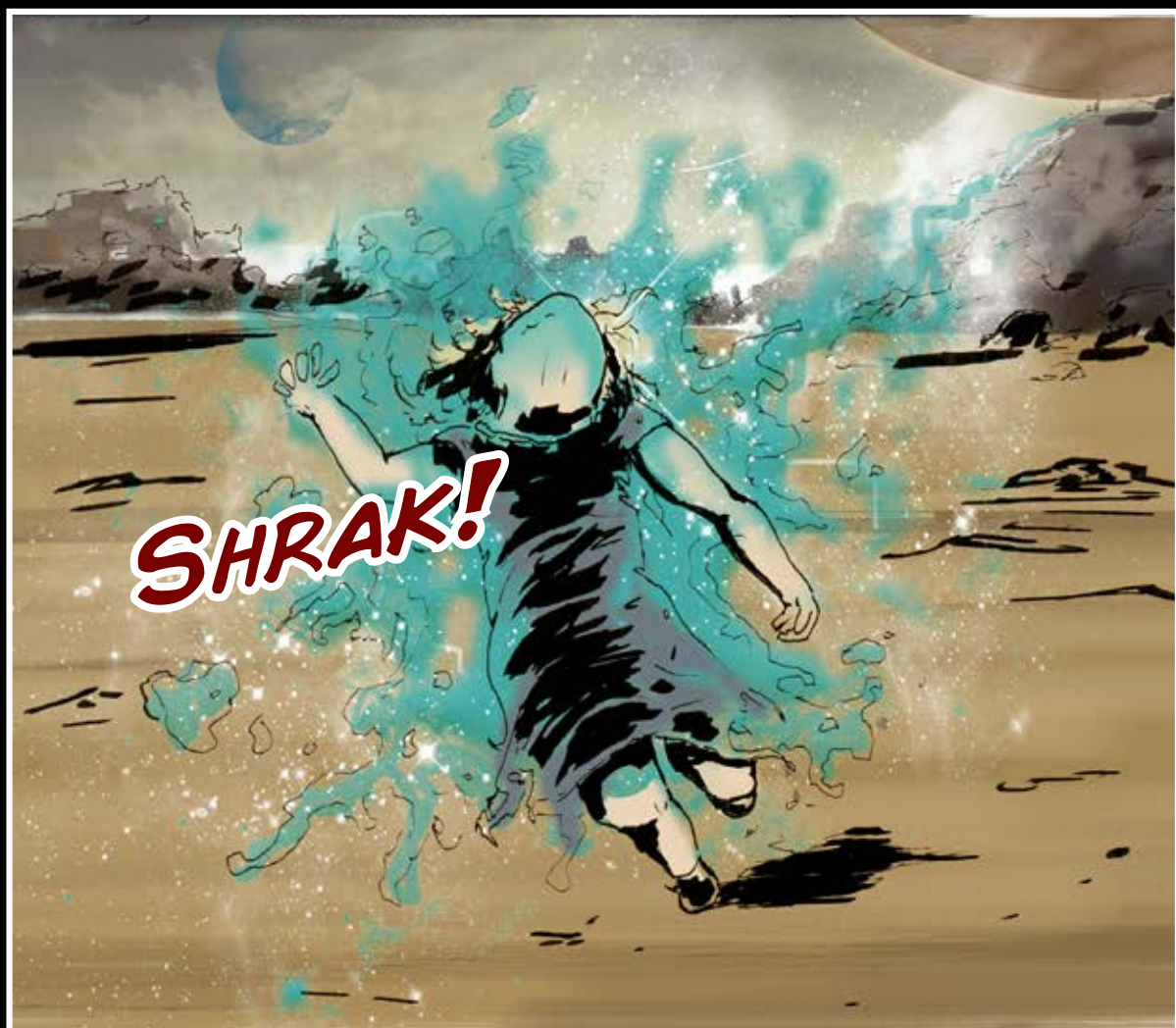
*THE KING LOOKED INTO HIS SON'S
EYES TO BEG FOR FORGIVENESS.
ONLY TO FIND THAT THE CHILD'S
EYES BORE THE BLACKEST IRIS,
WITH NO TRACE OF HIS SOUL.*

*"A KING WHO DOES NOT
HONOR HIS WORDS IS NO
KING," SAID THE SON. AND
WITH A VIOLENT TWIST,
HE BROKE HIS FATHER'S
NECK WITH HIS HANDS,
AND GRASPED THE KING'S
CROWN AS HE FELL DEAD TO
THE GROUND.*

*YOU MAY FIRE
NOW, SERGEANT.*

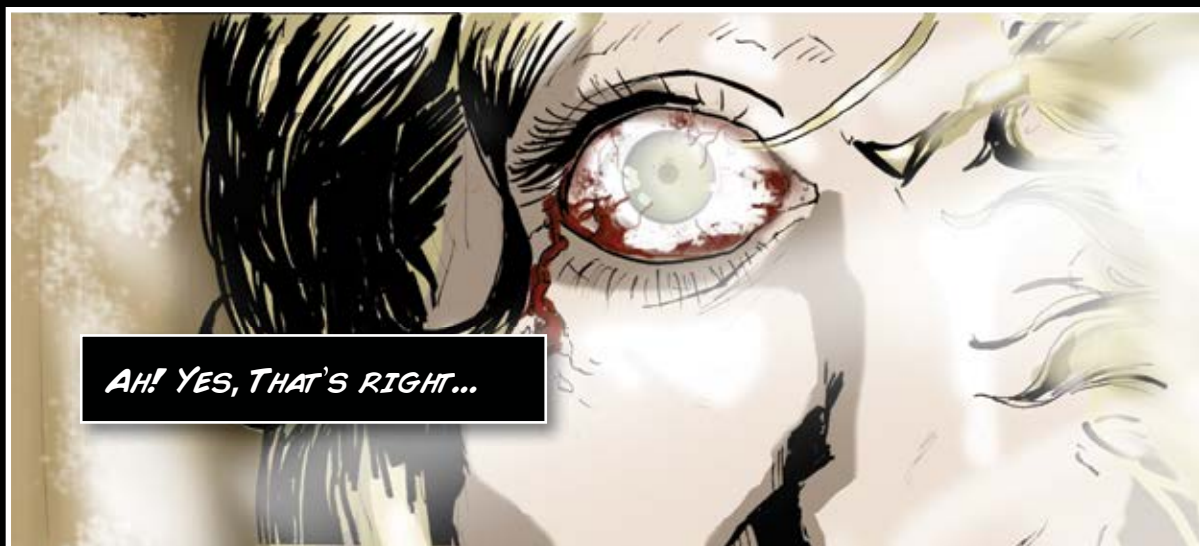
**NO!
PLEASE!!**

*...SO, THE SON THEN PLACED THE CROWN
UPON HIS OWN HEAD AND TOOK HIS SEAT
IN HIS FATHERS THRONE. WHERE HE RULED,
WITH THE SORCERER AS HIS ADVISOR FOR
AN ETERNITY.*





DEAR ME...WHY WAS I TELLING
YOU THIS STORY AGAIN?



AH! YES, THAT'S RIGHT...



CHILDREN CAN BE SUCH MONSTERS.

*HISS..
AAAUUGGGGGHH!*



DON'T YOU AGREE?



*YOU'RE THE
MONSTER, GOD
DAMN YOU!*

*I AM SORRY THAT
YOU DIDN'T ENJOY MY STORY.
I THOUGHT YOU LIKED STORIES?
YOU ENJOYED TELLING THEM TO YOUR
DAUGHTER DOWN THERE. LIKE THE ONE
SHE TRIED TO TAKE WITH HER TO HARM
OUR DEAREST LORD BALAM.
TSK TSK TSK. PERHAPS YOU WILL
LIKE THIS STORY...*



*I'M GOING TO MAKE
HER FEAST ON YOUR
WIFE AND SON. THEY
HAVE OUTLIVED THEIR
PURPOSE AS WELL.*

FUCK YOU..



*RUDE. IT'S OF
NO MATTER. YOU
HOWEVER...*

*ONE DAY,
SOMEONE JUST
LIKE ME, IS
GOING TO KILL
Y-*

*...STILL SERVE
ANOTHER PURPOSE...*

SLITT!

*BIEK DE
MOR
ONOE DIEM
ASARU.
ASARU.
ASARU.*

*MY LORD, THE WEAPON
TEST WAS A SUCCESS. AND,
WE HAVE DISCOVERED
WHERE THE RESISTANCE
HAS HIDDEN THE ANATHEMA.
YOUR FULL RETURN IS
IMMINENT...*

...LORD BALAM

TOM SAVAGE PRESENTS...

THE ANATHEMA

GENESIS WARS

Part 1

*NAVAR SYSTEM; HARVEST PLANT 3381XH
ORBITING THE ICE PLANET TAGAR.*



IT IS A CRUCIAL TIME FOR THE **RESISTANCE**. THE GALAXY HAS BEEN LEFT IN A DESOLATE STATE AFTER THE **GENESIS WAR** BEGAN. THE EVIL DEMIGOD OF THE UNDERWORLD, KNOWN AS **LORD BALAM** - THE ENSLAVEN OF THE DEAD, NEARLY DESTROYED THE UNIVERSE IN HIS MAD QUEST TO HUNT DOWN THE **FIVE SPIRIT GODS**. THESE DEITIES OF FIRE, EARTH, AIR, MYSTICS, AND WATER, FLED TO THE EDGES OF THE GALAXY, AND ENTRUSTED THEIR ESSENCE INTO NOBLE AND GIFTED CREATURES. A LAST RESORT TO HIDE THEIR POWERS FROM BALAM, TO PROTECT THE UNIVERSE AND ALL OF IT'S PRECIOUS LIFEFORMS FROM HIS TYRANNY.

DURING HIS INVASION OF THE PLANET **MARUKKA**, BALAM, AND HIS ARMY OF RESURRECTED SLAVES, KNOW AS **NECRODIANS**, WERE NEARLY VICTORIOUS IN RECOVERING THE **GOD OF EARTH**. UNTIL A POWERFUL ENCHANTRESS BY THE NAME OF **LYNANNA** - THE LAST OF THE **PHONEXILE** TRIBE - GAVE HER LIFE IN ORDER TO DESTROY BALAM'S PHYSICAL FORM, AND BOUND HIS SOUL IN A RARE AND DANGEROUS RELIC KNOWN NOW ONLY AS - **THE ANATHEMA**.

TRAPPED BUT NOT GONE, HIS INFLUENCE OVER HIS ARMY OF THE DEAD REMAINS STRONG AND VIGILANT, AS HIS CURSED SLAVES WORK ENDLESSLY TO COMPLETE THE RITUAL TO FREE THEIR MASTER.

WITH BALAM WEAKENED, AND THE ANATHEMA SAFELY HIDDEN AWAY, **GENERAL KADLITZ** - ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE **RESISTANCE** - HAS ENLISTED A GROUP OF MERCENARIES AND BOUNTY HUNTERS TO SCOUT THE GALAXY, AND HUNT DOWN THE REMAINING NECRODIANS AS WELL AS DESTROY BALAM'S **MAGIPLASMIC HARVESTING PLANTS**. MANY POOR SOULS SAW A TERRIBLE END INSIDE THESE MECHANIC HELLS. IT IS HERE THE NECRODIANS EXPERIMENTED IN WEAPON MANUFACTURING OF MAGIPLASMA HARVESTING. BY EXTRACTING CONCENTRATED MAGI ESSENCE FROM UNIQUE AND GIFTED RACES FROM ACROSS THE GALAXY, THEY HAVE BEGUN TO CREATE A DEVASTATING ARSENAL OF ENCHANTED WEAPONRY.

AN ABRASIVE **AZARILIAN**, KNOWN AS **EUGENE (GENE) DOYLE**, AND HIS "CYBERNETICLY REFORMED NECRODIAN" PARTNER, **MAC-A485 (MAC)**. ARE ON A MISSION TO SWEEP THE HARVEST PLANT 3381XH AND RECOVER A "SPECIAL" SAMPLE AT THE REQUEST OF GENERAL KADLITZ HIMSELF.





WHAT...

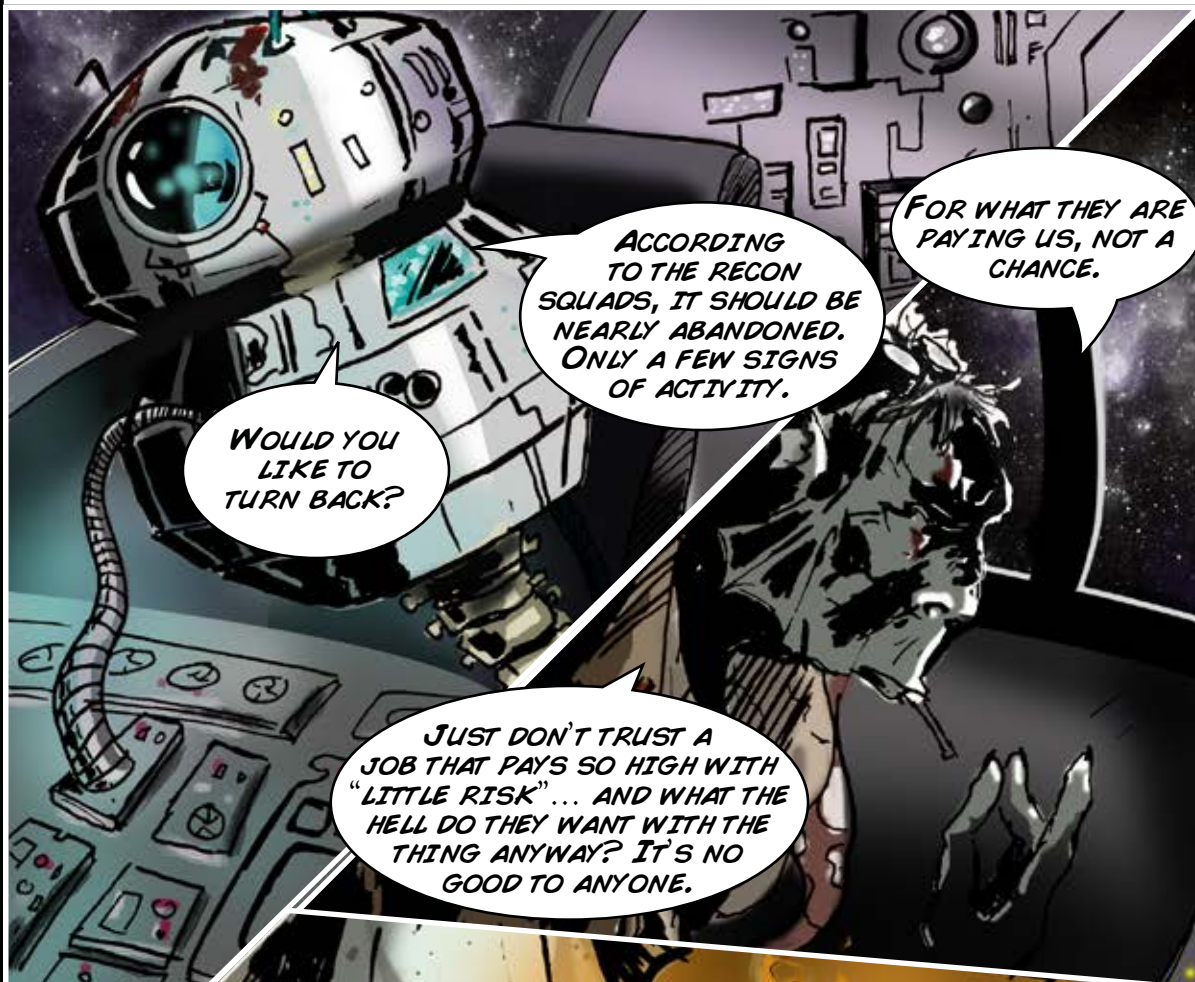
THE...

THORPE.

LANGUAGE,
MAN



MAC, THAT'S ONE
SERIOUS LOOKING
HARVEST STATION TO
ONLY BE SENDING
TWO INSIDE TO
CLEAR.



FOR WHAT THEY ARE
PAYING US, NOT A
CHANCE.

ACCORDING
TO THE RECON
SQUADS, IT SHOULD BE
NEARLY ABANDONED.
ONLY A FEW SIGNS
OF ACTIVITY.

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO
TURN BACK?

JUST DON'T TRUST A
JOB THAT PAYS SO HIGH WITH
"LITTLE RISK"... AND WHAT THE
HELL DO THEY WANT WITH THE
THING ANYWAY? IT'S NO
GOOD TO ANYONE.



SNAP

THIS SHIT HAS
"PERSONAL"
WRITTEN ALL
OVER IT.

SIR?



SPEAKING OF
PERSONAL...IS THERE ANY
CHANCE **RIFF** WAS AWARE OF
YOUR "MIDNIGHT MEETINGS"
WITH HIS BETROTHED **NELL**,
BEFORE HE INSPECTED OUR
SHIP FOR TAKE OFF?

I DOUBT IT. HA,
COME TO THINK
OF IT, I DIDN'T
EVEN PAY HIM.
...WAIT, WHY?



BECAUSE
WE'RE NOT
STOPPING



HEH...
UM...WELL
...

SIR, IF
I MAY...



THIS IS
ENTIRELY
YOUR FAULT
AND I HATE
YOU.



YEAH,
WELL IF IT
WASN'T FOR
ME YOU
WOULD STILL
BE WIPING
BALAM'S
AS-

..HOLD ON
I HAVE AN
IDEA...

SUICIDE.
EXCELLENT.
I'LL SHOOT YOU
FIRST, THEN
MYSELF.

OR MAYBE YOU
TWICE.



SHUT UP
MAC.



CLICK



PRAKOW!!
PRAKOW!!



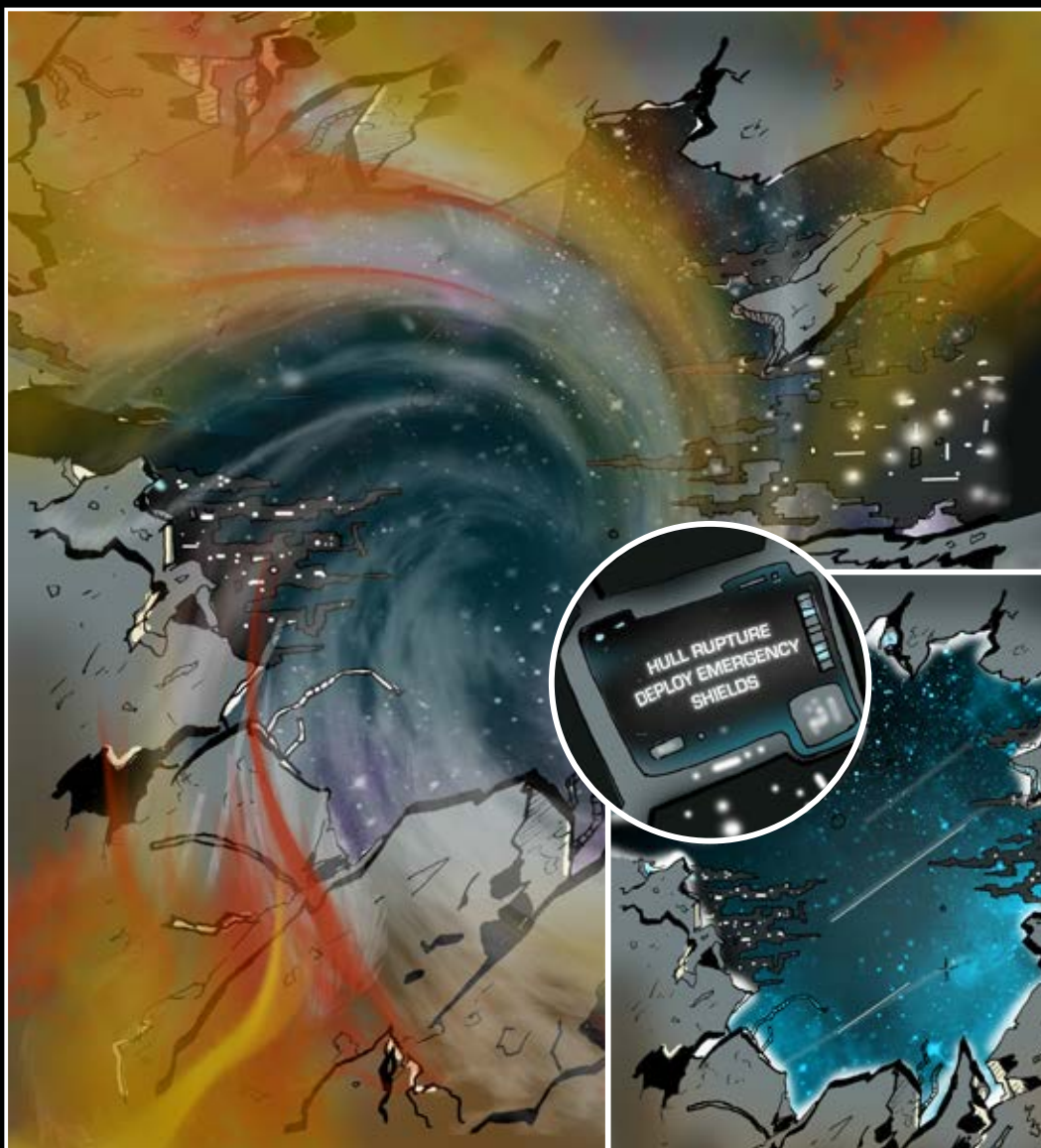
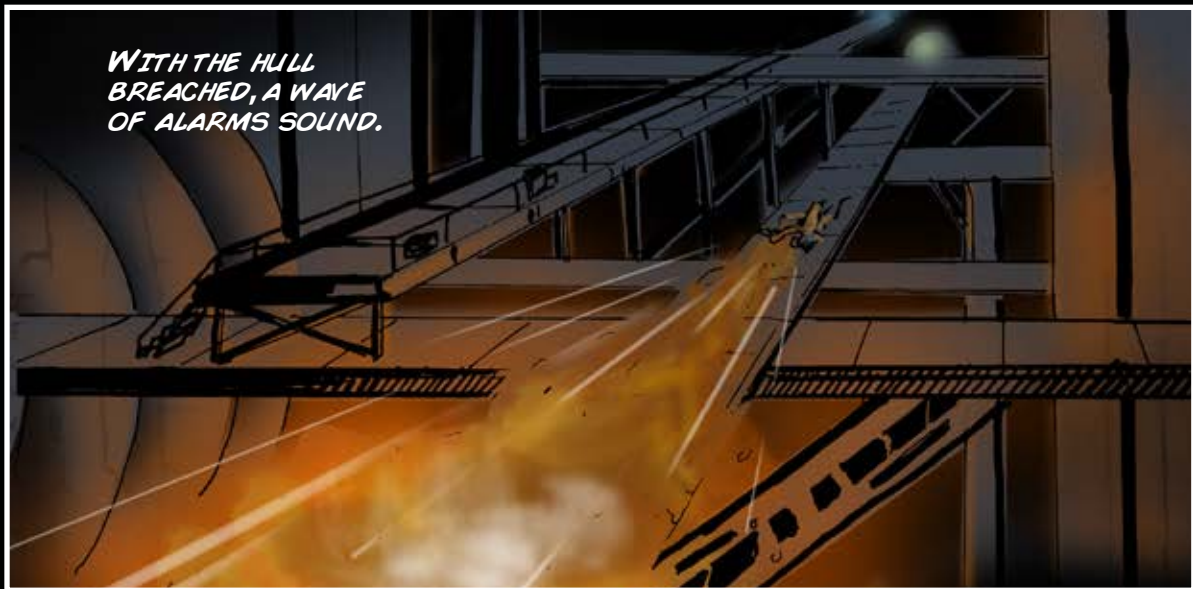


**MY IDEA
WAS BETTER!
MUCH, MUCH,
BETTER!!!**

BOOM!!



*WITH THE HULL
BREACHED, A WAVE
OF ALARMS SOUND.*



*THE TRAUMA TO THE HULL
TRIGGERS THE TEMPORARY
EMERGENCY SHIELDS, CUTTING
OFF THE VACUUM OF SPACE.*





THAT'S THE LAST
TIME I TRY AND BE
A GENTLEMAN. YOU
OK, MAC?...



..MAC?



*I WOULD STILL
VERY MUCH
LIKE TO TRY MY
PLAN NOW.*



*EH, YOU
OK? HAVE
YOU LOST
ANY NECRO
PLASMA?*

*IT DOES NOT
APPEAR SO, I
SUGGEST WE
MOVE ON...*

*IF THERE ARE ANY
NECRODIANS ON BOARD THAT
ARE STILL FUNCTIONING,
THEY WILL BE ON THEIR WAY
TO THIS SECTOR SOON.*



*WELL YOU
KNOW WHAT
I SAY...*



BRING
'EM ON.



PLEASE
DON'T DO THAT
AGAIN.

THAT WAS
LAME
WASN'T IT?



WELL WE
BETTER REPORT
TO MOTHER.



BEEP
BEEP



BLIP
BLIP

CLICK

LIEUTENANT
STARLA. WE HAVE
ARRIVED AT THE
HARVESTING
PLANT



*YOU'RE LOOKING
LOVELY AS ALWAYS.
ARE YOU IN A
GOOD MOOD?*

**SIGH* WHAT
HAS GONE
WRONG?*

*LET'S JUST SAY WE HAD
TO SKIP THE DOCKING STATION,
AND LET'S ALSO SAY IT WOULD BE
IMPOSSIBLE FOR OUR PRESENCE TO
HAVE GONE UNDETECTED RIGHT NOW...
OH, AND OUR SHIP IS DONE. WE'RE
NOT LEAVING HERE THE WAY
WE CAME.*



*WHAT THE HELL
HAPPENED TO YOUR
SHIP?!*

BROKEN HEART.



*WHATEVER. HAVE
YOU SECURED THE
PACKAGE?*



YOU CAN'T BLOW THIS MISSION, EUGENE. I CAN NOT MAKE THIS ANYMORE CLEAR! PLEASE, JUST GET YOUR ASSES DOWN TO THE HARVEST ROOM. NOW, AND I'LL TRY TO SECURE YOU A TRANSPORT OUT OF THERE.

IN PROGRESS, LOVE.

THANKS...



DO YOU LIKE SUHGRUIM? OR HOW ABOUT GRILLED MAZIGI?



...JUST FIND HIM, GENE. STARLA OUT.

..WE SHOULD GO OUT SOMETIME.



CLICK



BEEP



RISKING
OUR NECKS
FOR A BAG
OF HARVEST
MEAT.

YEAH, I SUPPOSE
THAT'S TRUE. BUT THAT
WAS DIFFERENT...
SAY, WOULD YOU
REALLY HAVE SHOT ME
BACK THERE?





WELL...
FUCK ME.



ALL YOU, BROTHER.
I DON'T WANNA GET IN
THE MIDDLE OF A FAMILY
REUNION. CALL ME IF YOU
NEED BACK UP. MMK?

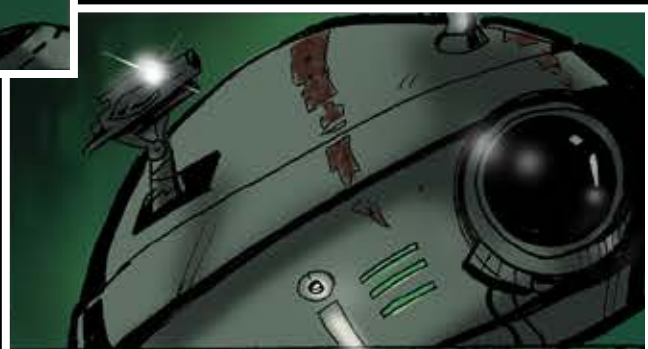


WOW...



SCREEERROARRRR!

...YOU'RE
SO
PRETTY.





SNIRK...



IT'S REALLY GONNA HURT.


WHIRL... WHIRL...



TOLD YA.

Ka-Splooosh





WELL, LET'S
DRAIN 'EM.

SNAP!

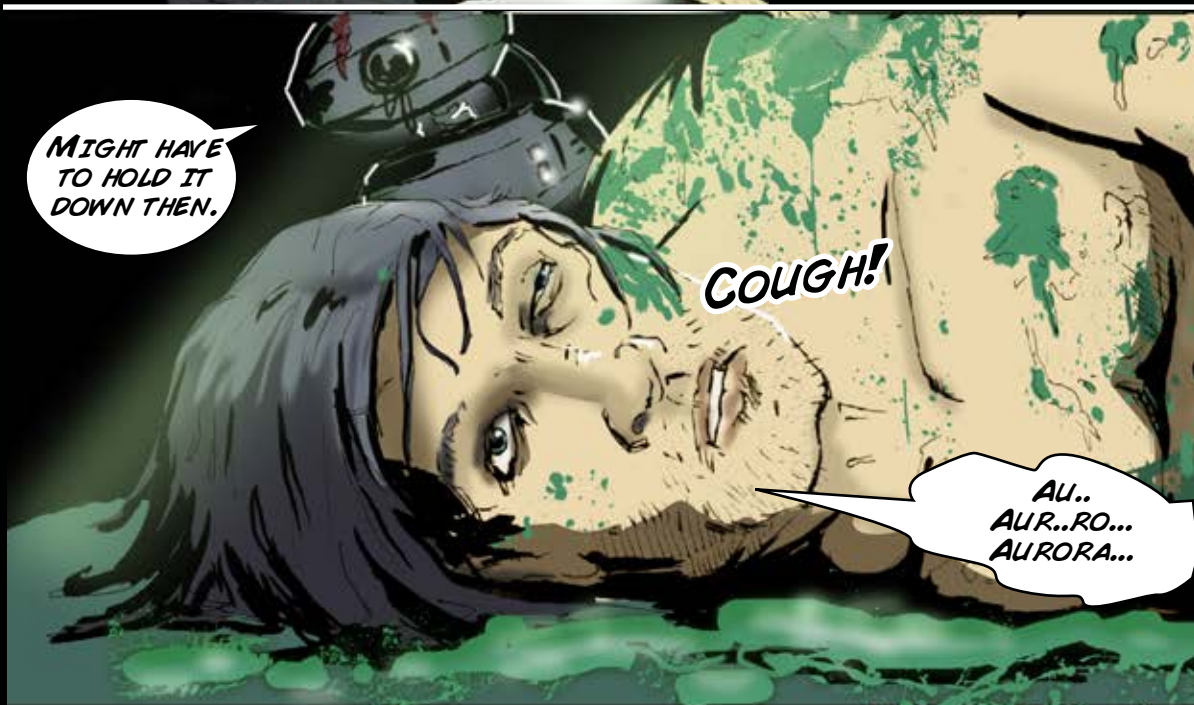
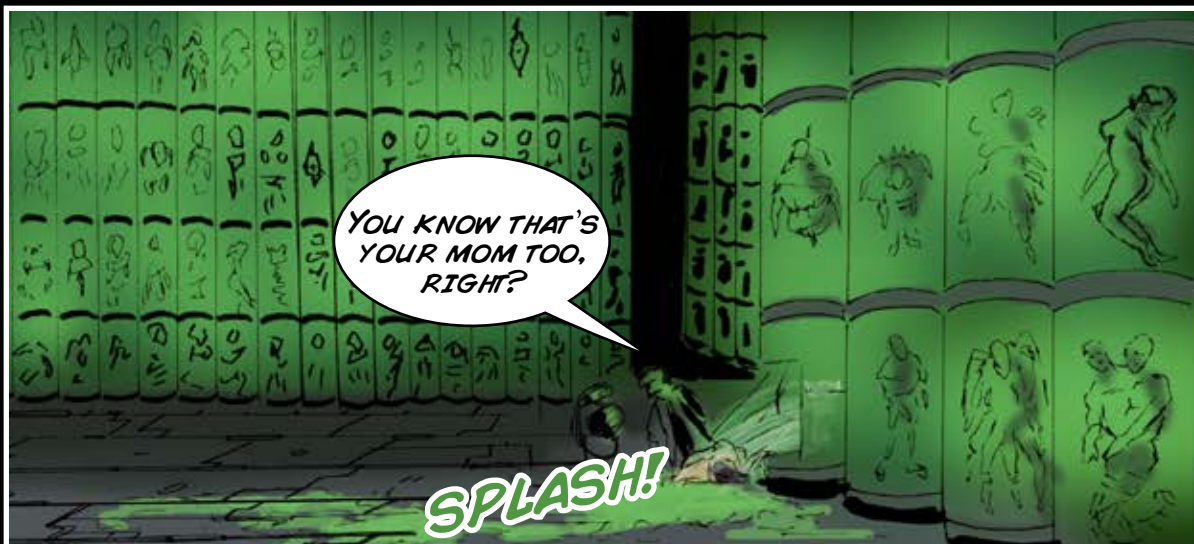
SNAP!

SNAP!

THE ONES ON
HIS CHEST?

I LIKE HIS
HAIR.

YEAH, THEY
REMINDS ME OF
YOUR MOM.





HURRL! **COUGH**
COUGH



AURORA?

THUD



YOU'VE GOT TO BE SHITTING ME! HE'S ALIVE? HE'S BEEN GETTING THE LIFE SUCKED OUT OF HIM FOR OVER 8 YEARS. HE SHOULD BE A BAG OF BONES AND LEATHER SKIN BY NOW! DO WE HAVE THE WRONG GUY?

NOPE. SUBJECT # 712-83TSR: JAKE WEAVER

KID, YOU'RE ONE LUCKY S-O-B. WE'RE GONNA GET YOU OUT OF HERE. DON'T YOU EVEN WORRY. YOUR UNCLE GENE HAS GOT YOU NOW.



YEAH I CAN'T LIFT HIM.



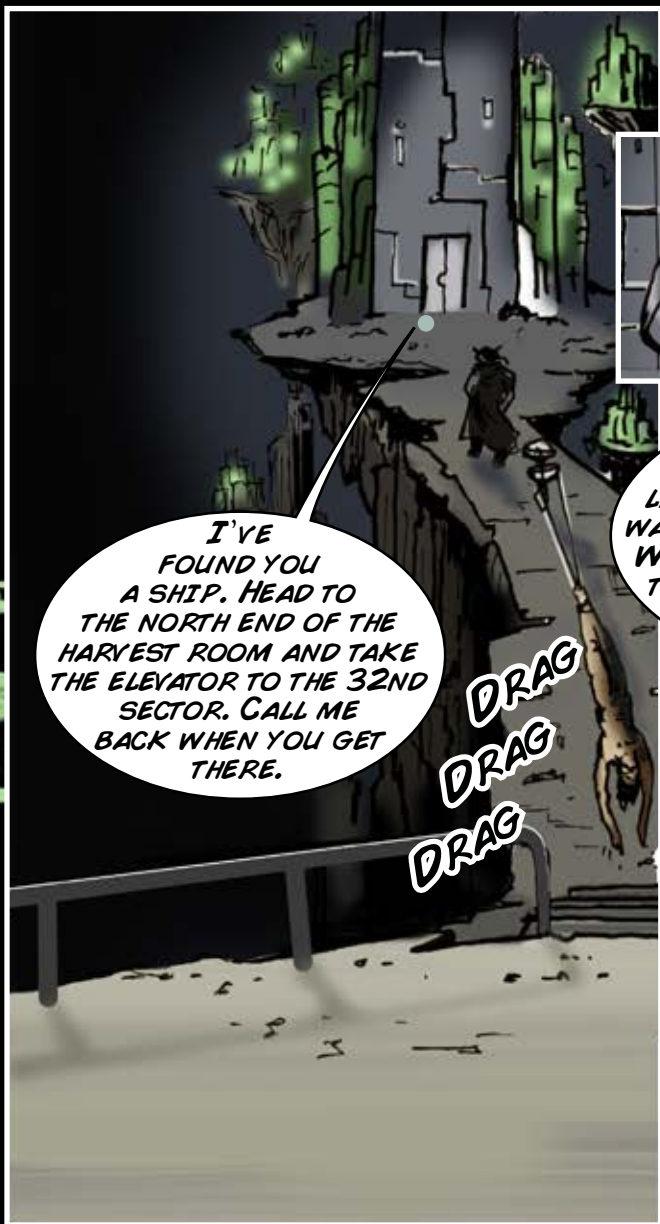
DRAG DRAG

START EXPLAINING
STARLA. HOW THE HELL
IS THIS GUY ALIVE?
WHO IS HE?

HE'S ALIVE?
THEN BALAM
DOESN'T KNOW...

I'LL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING WHEN
YOU GET BACK. I
CAN'T SAY ANYMORE
OVER THE AIR

BALAM?
WHAT IN GOD'S
NAME ARE YOU
DRAGGING US
INTO?



I'VE
FOUND YOU
A SHIP. HEAD TO
THE NORTH END OF THE
HARVEST ROOM AND TAKE
THE ELEVATOR TO THE 32ND
SECTOR. CALL ME
BACK WHEN YOU GET
THERE.

BAD FEELING
GENE?



I DON'T LIKE SURPRISES,
MAC. IT'S NOT GOOD FOR THIS
LINE OF WORK. I WANT FACTS. AND, I
WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'M GETTING INTO.
WE START TAKING ANYMORE JOBS LIKE
THIS FOR THESE RESISTANCE JOKERS,
WE'RE GONNA END UP BACK IN
PRISON OR WORSE.



WORSE?



DEAD.

TO BE CONTINUED...

5/10/2015
JP



In a post war-torn galaxy, an elite band of survivors known as the Resistance are in a race against time to destroy the evil demigod Balam. His essence is contained in a cursed relic known as The Anathema. Temporarily sealed away by the last of the Phoenixile tribe, until his legion of undead Necrodians can succeed in freeing their master.

Rescued from the Necrodian's harvest camps, a mysterious human named Jake Weaver, joins the Resistance alongside his new allies - Eugene (a conjurer of fire) and his close companion - and cybernetic co-pilot MAC-A485. Together under the orders of the Resistance they will travel to the ends of the universe to discover the secret to destroying Balam once and for all.

Tom Savage welcomes you to a world of magic, adventure, laughter, and horror in this new exciting science fiction series.

Welcome to the world of
The Anathema.



About the Creator

Tom Savage was born in Royal Oak, Michigan. He currently works as a full time graphic designer, illustrator, and an adjunct media and creative arts teacher at Macomb Community College. Tom has worked in many artistic fields including fine art, graphic design, music, and some film work. His work includes many licenses properties such as *Night of the Living Dead*, *Doctor Who* and the *Daleks*, and Matt Busch's *Hollywood is Dead* sketch cards from Rocket Ink Studios.

For more about his career, upcoming releases and appearances, please visit www.tomsavagestudios.com or facebook.com/TheArtofTomSavage.