



#2 JULY  
2016

# THE ANATHEMA





*“Fear is the main source of superstition,  
and one of the main sources of cruelty.  
To conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom.”*

–Bertrand Russell

WH--WHERE AM I?

**BLAM!!  
BLAM!!!**

**MAC ON  
YOUR  
LEFT!**

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

WHO AM I?.. JA..JACOB?  
YES. JAKE. I'M JAKE...

**EUGENE,  
SIX MORE  
COMING  
BEHIND  
YOU!**

HOW DID I GET HERE?

**BLAM!!**

**UGLY  
ONE WITH  
HORNS  
COMING IN  
FAST!**

HAVE TO GET AWAY...

...NOT SAFE...

...HAVE TO STAND UP.

OH MY GOD...THE FARM...THEY KILLED...


**BLAM!!  
BLAM!!  
BLAM!!  
BLAM!!  
BLAM!!!**

**HA-HA-HAA!**

THAT ONE'S BRAIN LOOKED LIKE  
GLITTER! I'M TAKING A PICTURE.

AURORA!!... SHE WAS JUST HERE!  
WHERE IS AURORA?!!





THERE HE GOES  
WITH THAT  
"AURORA" SHIT  
AGAIN.

WE'RE OVER OUR  
HEADS HERE, **MAC**.  
I SAY WE DITCH THE  
VEGETABLE AND GET  
THE HELL OUTTA THIS  
HARVEST STATION.

AU...RORR..AA

ENSLAVE...

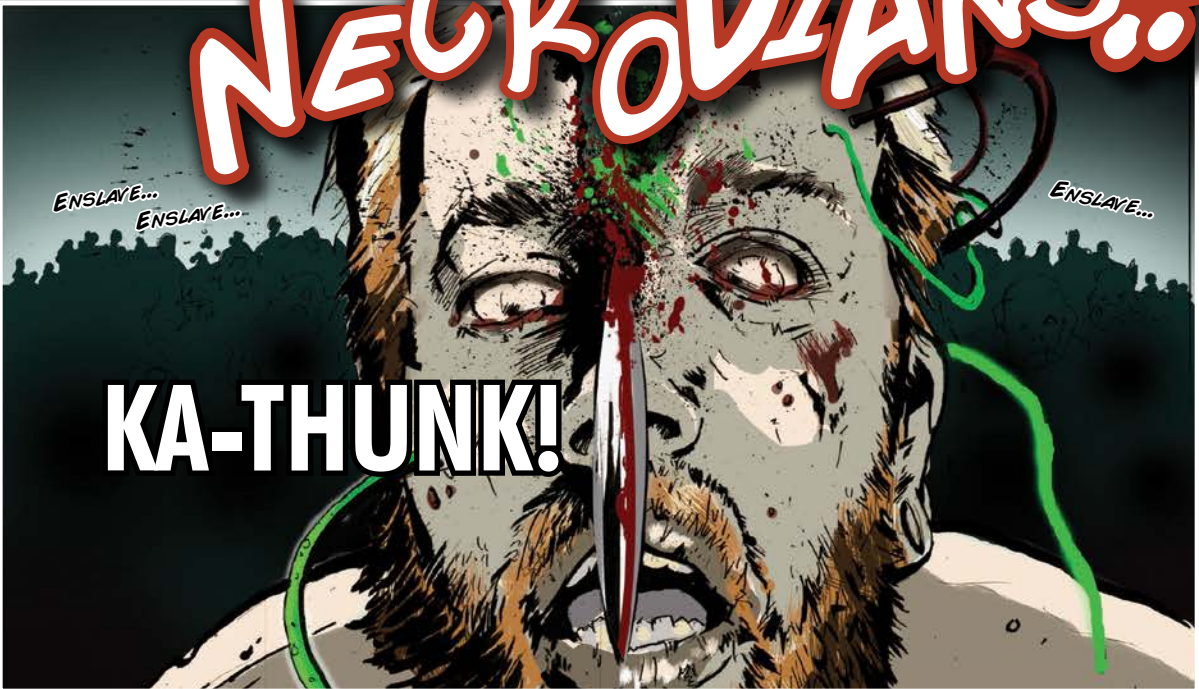
ENSLAVE...

THERE MAY BE  
MORE TO HIM  
IF STARLA AND  
THE RESISTANCE  
COUNSEL WANT HIM  
SO BADLY.

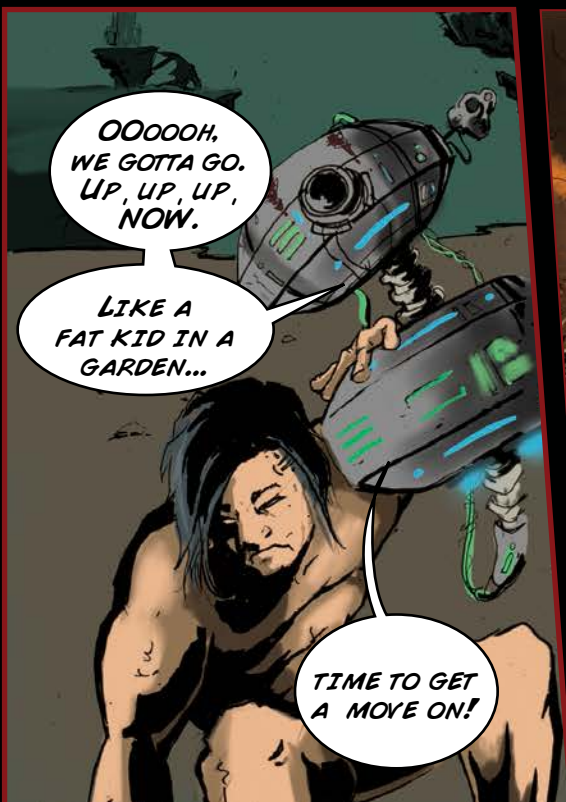
IF WE LEAVE  
HIM TO DIE,  
HOW WILL OUR  
REPUTATION  
FAIR?

OH COME  
ON! THEY SENT  
A MEASLY TWO  
MERCENARIES INTO  
A HIVE OF UNDEAD  
NECRODIANS. HOW  
RELEVANT  
CAN HE BE?
















I WAS SAYING  
THIS FOR A SPECIAL  
OCCASION, BUT WE CAN'T  
DRAG YOU ALL OVER THIS  
STATION. WELL, MAC CAN,  
BUT I NEED HIM COVERING  
MY ASS.



NO...G-G-GET-  
AWAY FROM ME!  
AHHGG!



DON'T  
SQUIRM.  
WE'RE NOT  
HERE TO HURT  
YOU.



WHAT DID YOU  
GIVE ME?!

GENTIRA.  
IT'S A SUPER  
CONCENTRATED ADRENALINE  
BOOST SHOT.



eee-yyy-AAAhhhhhhh!

SPEAKING  
OF COVERING  
ASS...

....WE NEED TO GET  
YOU SOME CLOTHES. SINCE THERE  
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A LARNETTE'S BIG  
AND TALL OUTLET ON THIS ORBITING CRYPT,  
WHY DON'T YOU START TELLING US WHAT  
MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL TO THE  
RESISTANCE.





I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU ARE  
TALKING ABOUT. I HAVE  
NO IDEA HOW I GOT  
HERE. AND WHERE IS  
HERE?

EENSLAAVEEEE...  
EENSLAAVEEEE

YOU'RE IN A  
NECRO HARVESTING  
STATION. ONE OF BALAM'S  
FARMS FOR WEAPONIZING THE  
MAGI PLASMA FROM BEINGS  
FROM ALL ACROSS THE  
GALAXY.

THE PLACE  
OF NIGHTMARES.  
THE KIND OF PLACE  
HUMANS LIKE YOU,  
DON'T RETURN  
FROM.

THE LAST THING I  
REMEMBER. I WAS  
HOME.. ON MORIA.  
THERE WAS FIRE...AND  
THEN I WAS HERE.

OK, SO WHAT POWERS  
DO YOU HAVE? MAGI FARMS  
ARE ONLY FOR THE GIFTED, WHAT  
WERE THEY SUCKING OUT OF  
YOU?

I... I DUNNO.  
I DON'T HAVE  
ANY POWERS.

EENSLAAVEEEE

THEN HOW  
HAVE YOU  
LASTED HERE  
FOR EIGHT  
YEARS?

SPPLAT



HOLY DAMN!

IS  
IT ALIVE?

AVEEooo



EH,  
DEPENDING  
ON HOW YOU  
LOOK AT IT.



SO, DID IT  
LIKE, JUMP?

LIKE MOTHER  
ALWAYS SAID,  
"TURN TO THE  
HEAVENS FOR  
EVERY  
ANSWER."



PUT THESE ON.  
BE CAREFUL, IT'S  
ECTORIAN ARMOR. IT  
HAS A BUILT IN WEAPON  
SYSTEM. IT FIRES OFF OF A  
SELF CHARGE, SO DON'T GO  
TRYING IT OUT ON JUST  
ANYTHING. MAKE THE  
SHOTS COUNT.



I'M  
GONNA FIND  
OUT WHY WE'RE  
REALLY HERE.

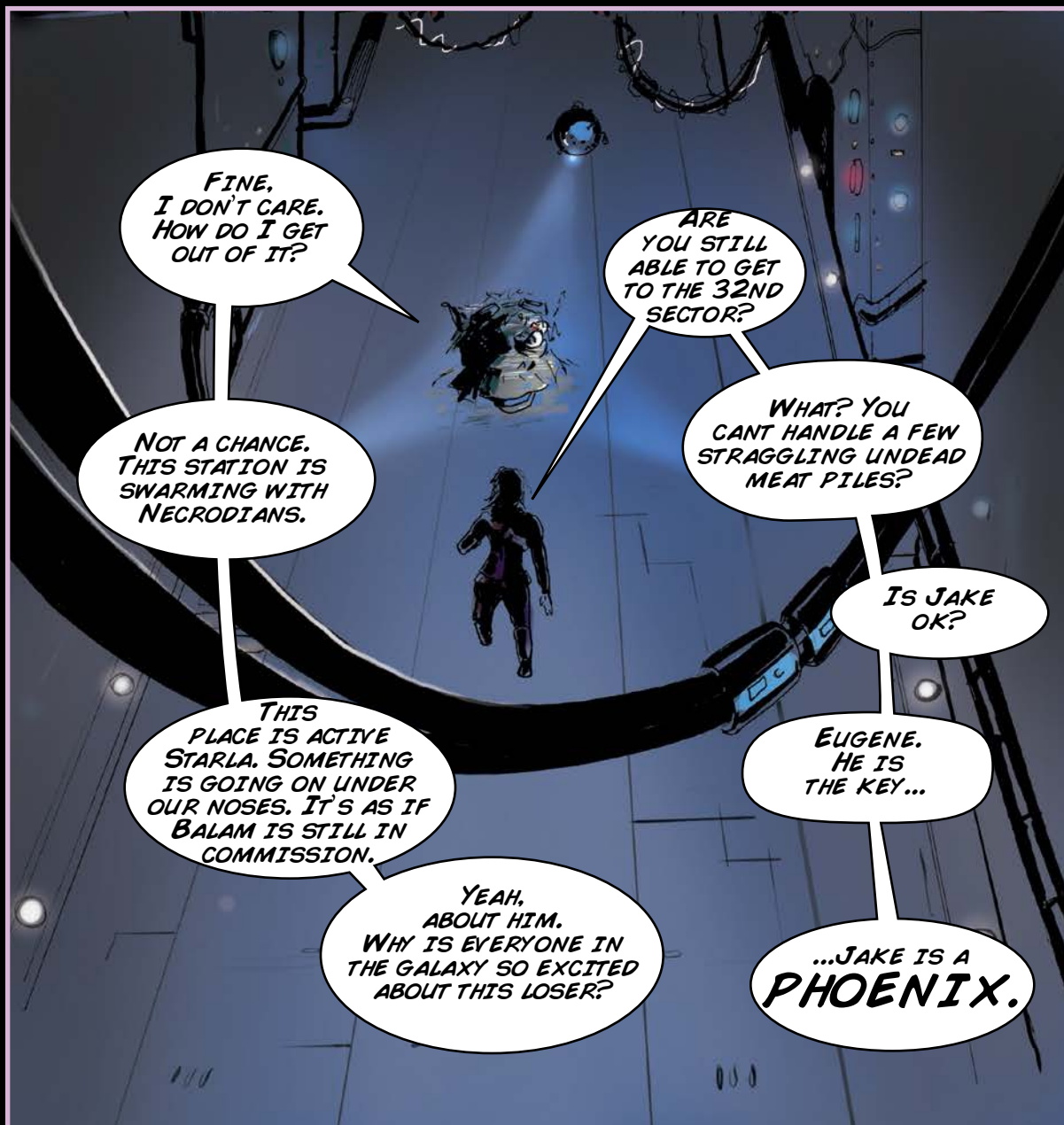




STARLA,  
START  
TALKING.  
WHAT DID YOU GET US  
INTO?



I DIDN'T GET  
**YOU** INTO  
ANYTHING. YOU  
BID FOR THIS  
JOB.



FINE,  
I DON'T CARE.  
HOW DO I GET  
OUT OF IT?

NOT A CHANCE.  
THIS STATION IS  
SWARMING WITH  
NECRODIANS.

THIS  
PLACE IS ACTIVE  
STARLA. SOMETHING  
IS GOING ON UNDER  
OUR NOSES. IT'S AS IF  
BALAM IS STILL IN  
COMMISSION.

YEAH,  
ABOUT HIM.  
WHY IS EVERYONE IN  
THE GALAXY SO EXCITED  
ABOUT THIS LOSER?

ARE  
YOU STILL  
ABLE TO GET  
TO THE 32ND  
SECTOR?

WHAT? YOU  
CANT HANDLE A FEW  
STRAGGLING UNDEAD  
MEAT PILES?

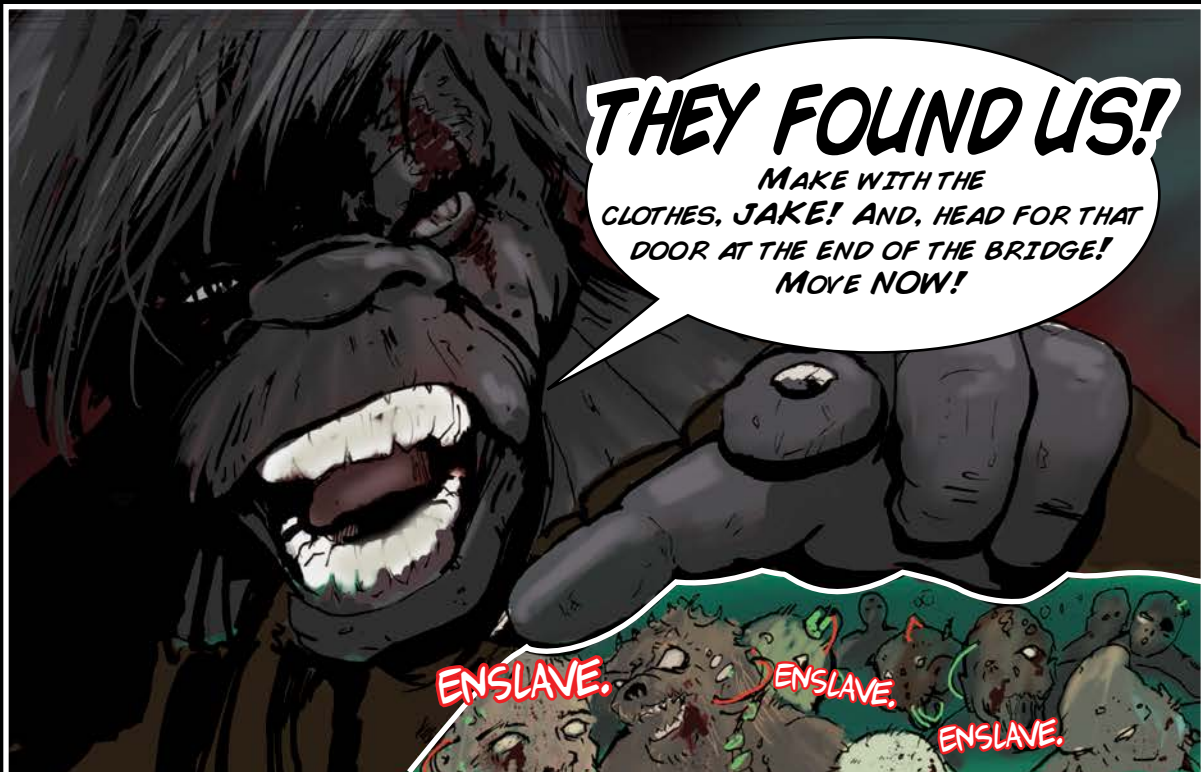
IS JAKE  
OK?


EUGENE.  
HE IS  
THE KEY...

...JAKE IS A  
**PHOENIX.**







A comic book panel featuring a man with dark, shoulder-length hair and a serious expression. He is wearing a grey short-sleeved shirt under a red vest, with a black wristband on his right arm and a brown utility belt with a pouch. He is looking down at a small, round, metallic robot with a single eye and glowing green and blue lights. A speech bubble from the man asks, "WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU GUYS?". Another speech bubble from the robot responds with a blunt ultimatum.

**WHY SHOULD I TRUST  
YOU GUYS?**

**REALLY, DUDE?  
YOUR ONLY OPTIONS ARE  
A, TRUST US AND MAYBE  
DIE. OR B, DON'T TRUST US,  
STAY HERE, AND MOST  
DEFINITELY DIE.**





ENSLAVE.  
ENSLAVE.

ENSLAVE. ENSLAVE.  
ENSLAVE.

SO, WHAT IS  
YOUR ACTUAL PLAN?  
RUN ALL OVER THIS  
SHIP FOREVER?

AWW!  
DUDE, SPOILERS!  
EUGENE, HE  
GUESSED IT.

WELL, LET'S  
REWRITE THIS  
ENDING THEN...



AYE-DI -ENTRASI..  
..FAI JAKA...

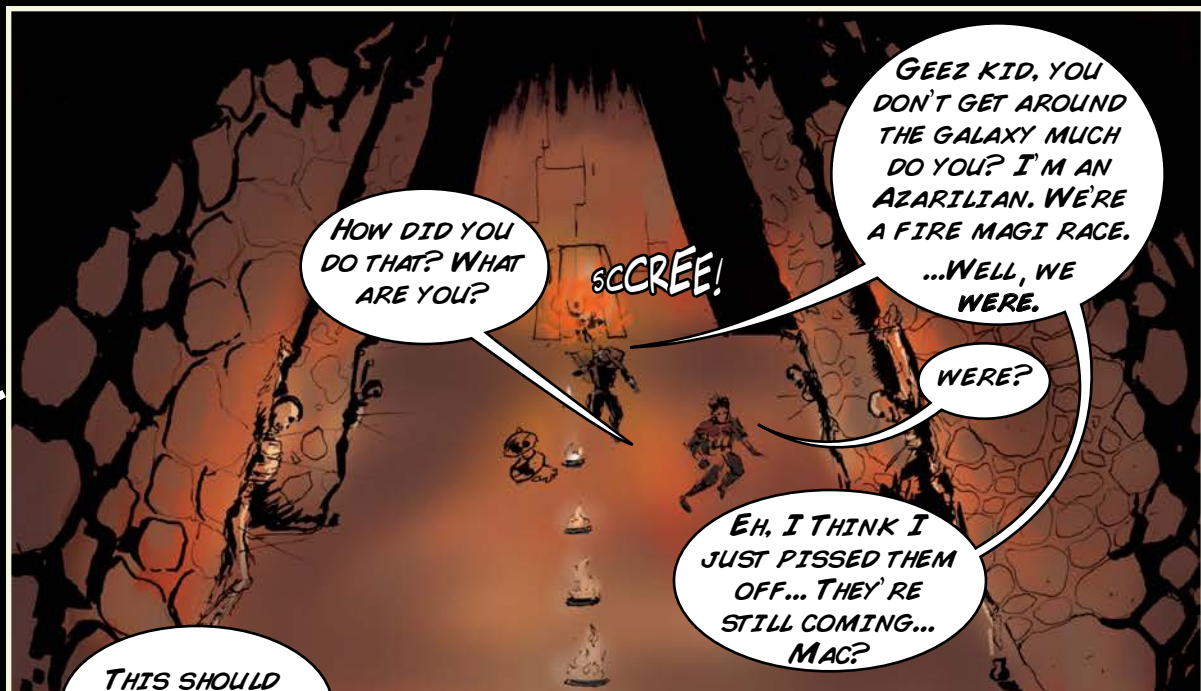




**MES FERRO!!**

**SCREEEEEEEE!!**  
**SCREEE!**







*I'M THE GREATEST!*

*YOU GOT LUCKY,  
THIS SECTORS ON THIS  
SHIP IS BUILT FROM LORTIC  
ORE... IT'S ALSO TOXIC TO THE  
LIVING. THE LONGER WE STAY  
ON THIS SHIP THE CLOSER  
WE ARE TO DYING FROM  
EXPOSURE.*



*THEN LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE ALREADY.  
I NEED TO GET BACK  
TO MY HOME.*



*ONE, I'M WORKING  
ON THAT. TWO, YOU'RE  
STAYING WITH US--  
'TILL WE GET PAID.*



*YOU THINK  
I'M YOUR  
PRISONER?  
WHAT IF I HAVE  
NO INTENTION OF  
BEING TAKEN TO  
YOUR PEOPLE?*

*JAKE...*

*UP HERE,  
JAKE...*



*NAH, YOU'RE  
MORE LIKE  
CARGO. THINK OF  
YOURSELF LIKE A  
BURDA FRUIT.  
A VERY, VERY,  
UNGRATEFUL BURDA  
FRUIT...*





*THIS WAY, JAKE.  
I FOUND A WAY  
HOME.*

**AURORA!**


**DON'T MOVE!  
I'M COMING TO  
HELP YOU!**

**KEEP IT DOWN!  
WHO THE HELL  
ARE YOU TALKIN'  
TO?**

**I DIDN'T SEE  
ANYONE. WHO IS  
SHE?**

**AURORA.  
SHE IS AT  
THE TOP OF THOSE  
STAIRS-- AURORA,  
STOP! WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?**





WHOA! JAKE, SLOW  
DOWN! YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT'S UP THERE.  
WHO IS AURORA?  
WHY WOULD SHE BE  
HERE JUST WANDERING  
AROUND A STATION FULL  
OF MONSTERS?

**SHE'S MY  
SISTER!**



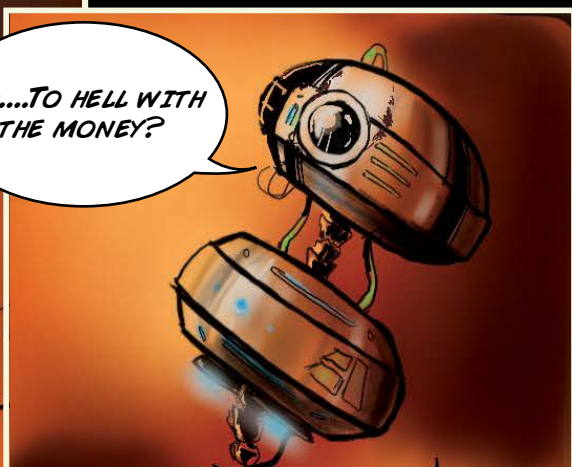


AURORA, STOP  
RUNNING. IT'S  
OK! IT'S YOUR BIG  
BROTHER -JAKE!

*\*SIGH\**  
TO HELL WITH HIM.  
TO HELL WITH THE MISSION.  
TO HELL WITH THE RESISTANCE.  
LET'S JUST LEAVE HIM  
AND GO.



SO....TO HELL WITH  
THE MONEY?



AURORA!

AURORA!



WHERE DID SHE GO? WHY IS SHE HIDING  
FROM ME? DID I IMAGINE HER?  
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO HER...TO ME?

THAT LIGHT. IT'S COMING FROM THAT  
ROOM. SHE MUST HAVE GONE IN THERE.  
WHAT THE...

FUCK IS  
THAT?



\*PANT\* I... GOTTA  
\*GASP\* QUIT... \*PANT\*  
RUNNING.... AND HAVE  
A SMOKE... WHAT THE  
HELL IS WRONG WITH  
YOU? YOU'RE CHASING  
GHOSTS, KID...

...

...THE FUCK  
IS THIS?

...





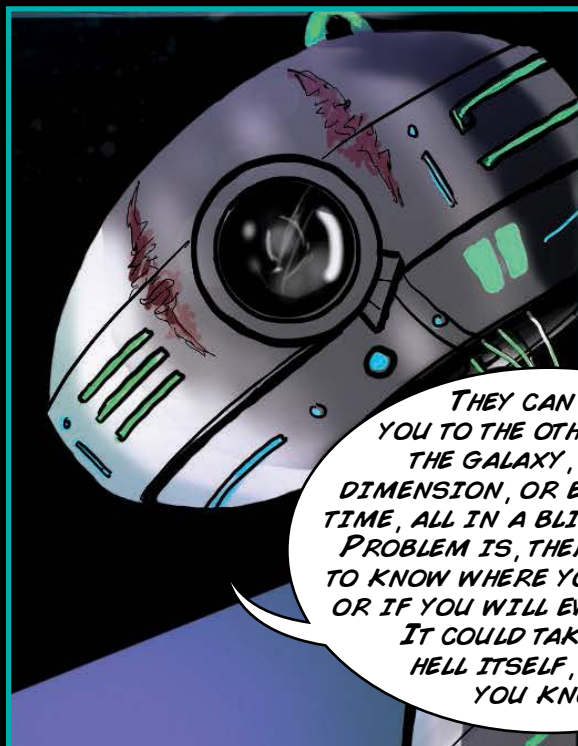
MAC...THAT WHAT  
I THINK IT IS?

**\*GASP!\***  
**IT IS!**

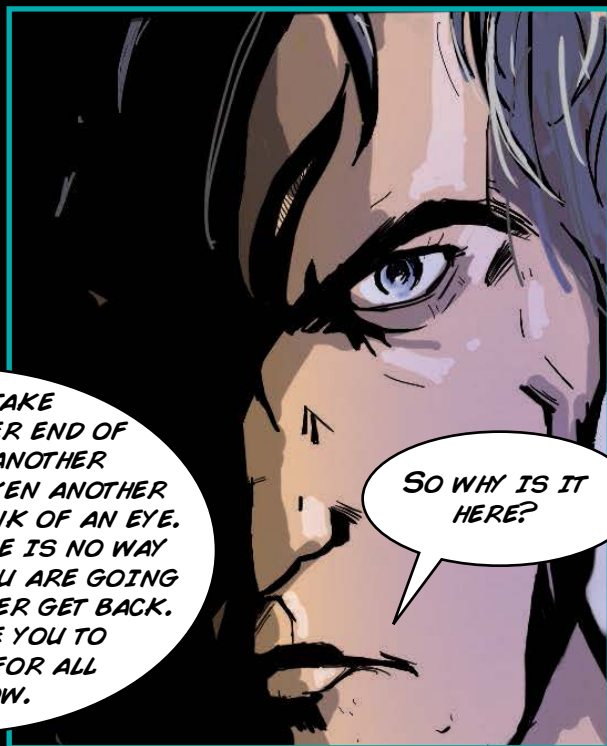
It's a  
GENESIS HOLE...

WHAT'S  
THAT?

THERE ARE FIVE  
KNOWN TO EXIST IN  
THE UNIVERSE.  
SOME SAY THEY WERE  
CREATED BY EACH OF THE  
FIVE SPIRIT GODS AS THEY  
FLED FROM THEIR DOMAINS  
TO ESCAPE BALAM, JUST  
BEFORE THE  
**GENESIS WAR.**



THEY CAN TAKE  
YOU TO THE OTHER END OF  
THE GALAXY, ANOTHER  
DIMENSION, OR EVEN ANOTHER  
TIME, ALL IN A BLINK OF AN EYE.  
PROBLEM IS, THERE IS NO WAY  
TO KNOW WHERE YOU ARE GOING  
OR IF YOU WILL EVER GET BACK.  
IT COULD TAKE YOU TO  
HELL ITSELF, FOR ALL  
YOU KNOW.



SO WHY IS IT  
HERE?



GOOD QUESTION.  
THE NECRODIANS SEEM TO  
BE RUNNING DIAGNOSTICS ON IT,  
BY SENDING LIFE FORMS THROUGH  
ON LITERALLY THOUSANDS OF TESTS,  
TRYING TO RECORD A PATTERN OF  
WHERE THE ONES THAT RELOCATE IN  
THIS DIMENSION HAVE ENDED UP.

THEIR RESULTS ARE...  
INCONCLUSIVE.



KLAK! CLICK  
TINK



*\*SHHH\*...*  
SOMETHING IS  
HERE.

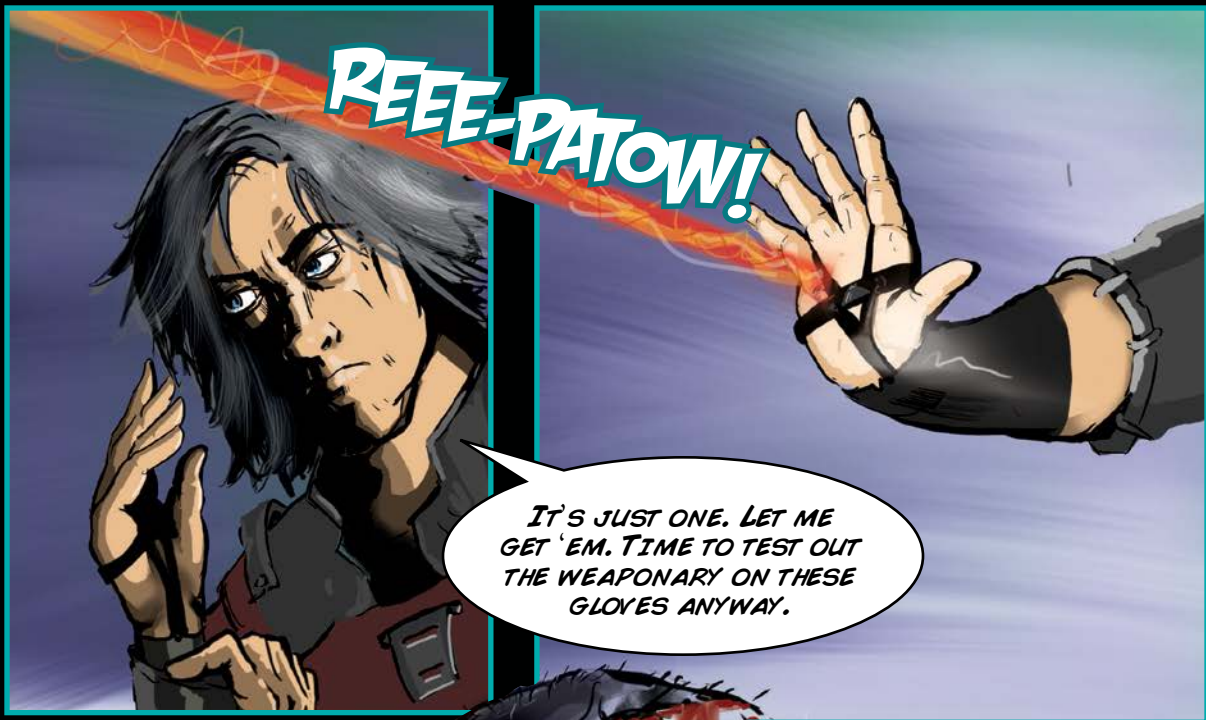


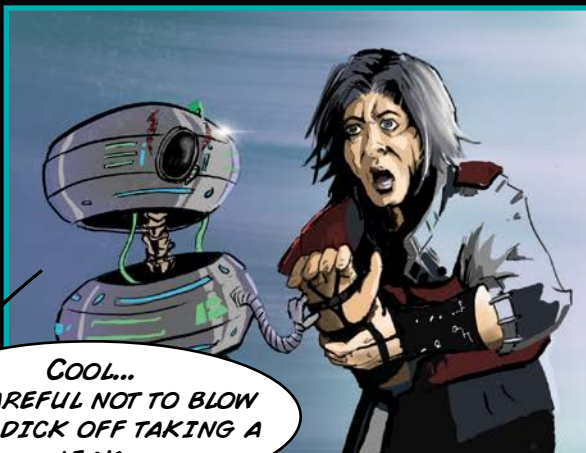
GUHH...UHHH



ENSLAVE.







COOL...  
BE CAREFUL NOT TO BLOW  
YOUR DICK OFF TAKING A  
LEAK.



EEEEEEENNNNNSSSSLLLLAAAWEEEE!!



DAMMIT.



A comic book illustration depicting a physical struggle between two characters. On the left, a character with long dark hair and blue eyes is shown in a dynamic pose, wearing a dark jacket with a red chest plate. On the right, a character with grey skin and white eyes is shown in a similar pose, wearing a dark jacket with a purple chest plate. The background is a dark blue gradient. Two speech bubbles are present: one at the top left and one at the bottom center.

UUGG-AAHHHH

**AHHHHH!!!**  
GET IT  
OFF ME,  
MAN!



CHOMP!  
SNARL



SPLAT

**KAPOW!**

**AAAAAHHHHHHH!!**



THANK  
ME LATER.  
**MOVE  
NOW!**



SHE...SHE  
BIT ME...

AM I GOING  
TO TURN INTO  
ONE OF THOSE  
THINGS?

YOU'RE ASKING IF  
A COMPLEX MYSTICAL  
CURSE, THAT ENSLAVES  
THE DEAD, CAN BE PASSED  
ON BY A LITTLE BIT OF  
SALIVA?



THAT'S FUCKIN'  
STUPID.






**DOES ANYONE HAVE A PLAN?!**

**I'M OPEN TO  
SUGGESTIONS!**

**UMM... I HAVE  
AN OBVIOUS ONE.**



**THIS IS INSANE!  
WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S  
ON THE OTHER SIDE!**

**OTHER SIDE? OH, I WAS  
JUST BETTING ON IT  
KILLING US QUICKLY.**

**TO BE CONTINUED.**

Thank you to the new fans, the old fans...And the no longer fans.

Thank you for letting me extend my dreams and my work into your lives.  
Without you I'm just a crazy person making friends on a pad of paper with a pen and a brush.  
Cheers to you all.  
-Tom Savage

My utmost gratitude to the Kickstarter contributors that made this issue possible.

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