

World Fist

BY FERRES



WITHIN THE ENDLESS MAELSTROM OF DEBRIS, SHROUDS OF A LONG FORGOTTEN WAR THAT BROUGHT AN END TO A ONCE MIGHTY EMPIRE, LIES THE WORLD OF FIST. A WASTE WORLD LEFT OVER FROM THAT GREAT WAR.

THE DANGEROUS BOMBARDMENT OF DEBRIS MADE CERTAIN THAT NO CIVILIZATION COULD ADVANCE BEYOND THE EQUIVALENT OF THE IRON AGE.



BUT THE STEADY STREAM FROM THE SKY DID PROVIDE A MAKE-SHIFT LIVELIHOOD FOR THOSE WHO SURVIVE ON IT'S NEAGRE SURFACE.

THEY WERE GIFTS FROM THE GODS, AS FAR AS THEY WERE CONCERNED. AND THEY HAVE KNOWN FOR SOMETIME THAT THESE GIFTS CAN ALSO BE CURSED.

THEY'RE COMING DOWN JUST OUTSIDE TURKOTOLAN TERRITORY. LUCKY BREAK, CHIKEN.



MAYBE WE CAN GET SOMETHING GOOD TO TRADE. MAYBE EVEN A WEAPON LIKE THE LAST TIME.

<TURKOTOLAN?>
<BAD IDEA?>

HEY, COME ON! LET'S GO.



FASTER, CHIKEN!
AND STOP TROTTING.
MAKES MY BREASTS
SMACK MY CHIN.

<THAT'S
THE IDEA.>

OKAY,
CLOSE
ENOUGH.

WE MAYBE
OUTSIDE THEIR
TERRITORY, BUT
THE TURKOTOLANS
DON'T RESPECT
BOUNDARIES.

I SO WISH
I HAD THE STEEL
SLINGER. IF ONLY
THERE WAS A WAY
TO REPLENISH IT'S
BOLTS.

BACK TO THE
PISTICKER.
<GROAN!>

GODS! I
FEEL NAKED
WITHOUT IT.

<SHE
DOESN'T GET
THE PLAN.>

HERE I
GO.

<GOOD LUCK.
HAVE FUN. I'LL
MISS THAT WARM
FAT ASS ON MY
BACK THOUGH.>

TAKING THE LESS
OBVIOUS APPROACH
IS MORE DIFFICULT
THAN I ENVISIONED.
<GROAN!>



THERE SHOULD BE
AT LEAST TWO OF
THEM.



WHERE ARE
THEY?



COUGH!
A TURKOTOLAN
HELMET.





I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE UP CLOSE.

GOOD QUALITY STEEL, FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP, SHOULD FETCH A NICE PRICE.



WHOA... HEAVEN THUNDER I THOUGHT.



WAIT! SOMETHING'S STUCK INSIDE... OOPS!



THE TURKOTOLAN IS... WAS STILL INSIDE.



<GULP!> SHREEKAS!



DAMMIT! I'M TOO CLOSE TO TURN BACK NOW.

SHREEKAS HAVE SLOW METABOLISM. THEY ONLY NEED TO EAT ONCE A MONTH. IT SHOULD BE FULL FROM IT'S LAST MEAL. DIGESTING AND NAPPING. MAYBE...



OR NOT! STILL HUNGRY!



STILL HUNGRY AND BIG.

FLICK!
I'M IN AN OPEN FIELD.



PRUDENCE DICTATE THAT I GO BACK FROM WHERE I CAME, BUT IT'LL SURELY CATCH ME IN THE CLIMB.



BETTER TO TAKE MY CHANCE SHELTERING AMONG THE SKY OBJECTS.



IT'S FARTHER BUT IT'S A FLAT RUN.



NOTHING...

"...TO BLOW
ME DOWN."



"GO EAT
SOMETHING
ELSE."



"WHY CAN'T I LIVE
IN A WORLD OF
VEGETARIANS?"





AW! RIGHT ON THE CROTCHBONE! THAT'S GONNA BRUISE.



OUCH!



WHERE'S...?



"PIGSTICKER!"



I'M SO SCREWED.

DONE FOR. THE END.
FINISHED. TO THINK, I
WAS SO CLOSE. SO...

...CLOSE. OH,
I'M RIGHT
THERE.



<GASP!>
I'D RATHER
NOT SEE THAT.



"FLUCK!"



AH!
MADE IT.



IT'LL EVENTUALLY GET BORED AND LEAVE, IN ABOUT A MONTH.

AND I'LL BE DEAD, FLICK!



THIS IS A PRETTY BIG CHUNK. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING HERE I CAN USE.



ANOTHER STEEL SLINGER PERHAPS, OR MAYBE EVEN ONE OF THOSE FABLED FIRE LANCES.



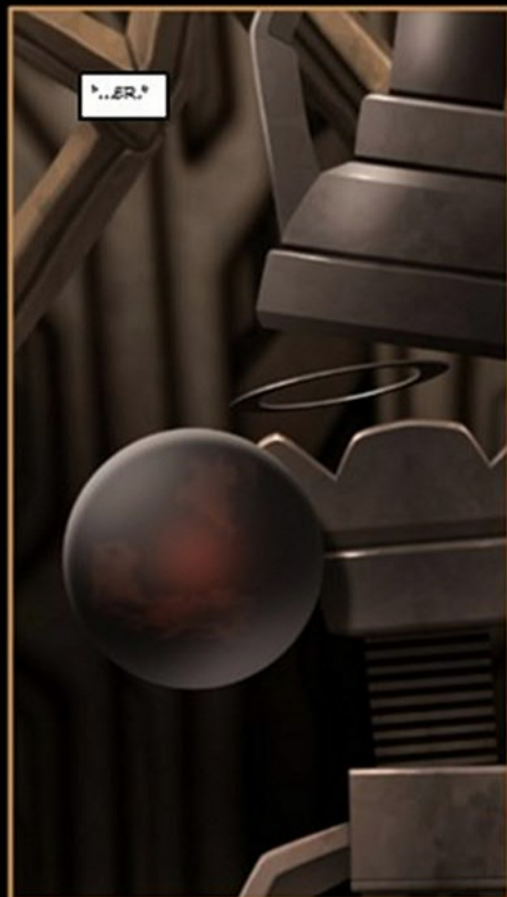
OH, WHAT'S THAT THERE?



FUNNY GLOW BALL THINGY, BUT IT'S CLAMPED IN TIGHT.



MUST HAVE A RELEASE SWITCH OR LEV...





"UNSPECIFIED SYSTEM FAILURE DETECTED IN THE PRIMARY CONTAINMENT MODULE."



"CONTAINMENT INTEGRITY AT 55 PERCENT. LIFE SUPPORT FAILURE DETECTED."



"EMERGENCY RESPONSE PROTOCOL INITIATED."



"EXTENDED SLEEP MODE SUSPENDED. EMERGENCY REANIMATION PROTOCOL INITIATED."



"CONTAINMENT INTEGRITY AT 35 PERCENT."

WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHY ARE WE...

"CONTAINMENT INTEGRITY AT 15 PERCENT."



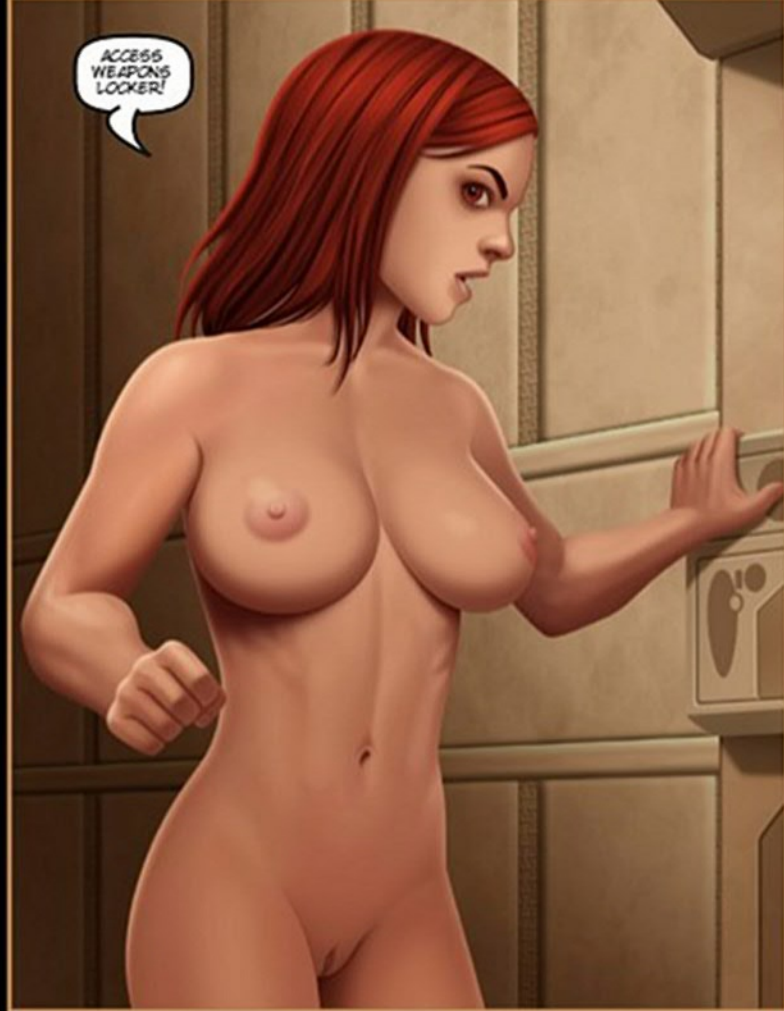
"INTERNAL SHIP SYSTEMS CORRUPTED. CONTAINMENT FAILURE IMMINENT."

"WE HAVE A VIRUS."



IT'S GETTING LOSE!
LAUNCH WARNING BEACONS! FIREWALL ALL ENGINEERING FUNCTIONS. LOCK TO MY VOICE COMMANDS ONLY.









THROUGH ME, HE MAY NOW FULFIL THOSE ABERRANT DESIRES THAT YOUR KIND FEELS THE NEED TO SUPPRESS.



"BE UNRESTRICTED BY YOUR NORMS, YOUR HIERARCHICAL STRUCTURES THAT DEVOLVE YOUR SPECIES."



NOW HE UNDERSTANDS HOW MUCH OF A PRISON HIS EXISTENCE HAS BECOME.



AND SOON YOU TOO SHALL UNDERSTAND.

Noo!!!





PERHAPS, NARCISSÉ. YOU ARE A BIT TOO IMPATIENT.



"IF SO, LET US BEGIN OUR INTERCOURSE."



AND GIVE BIRTH TO THE FUTURE OF OUR KIND.



HMNNH!



"ARRIVING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN UNCHARTED M-CLASS PLANET."

ARRIVING AT ALTERNATE DESTINATION. HYPERDRIVE CYCLING DOWN.



"RESISTANCE WILL ONLY HARKEN ON MORE PAIN. SUBMISSION IS YOUR ONLY RECOURSE."

MNNH!



⚡
"WARNING!
UNEXPECTED DEBRIS
FIELD ON ROUTE"
⚡

"WHAT IS
THIS?"

⚡
"WARNING!
UNEXPECTED DEBRIS
FIELD ON ROUTE"
⚡

"SO, YOU HAVE
ISOLATED A
PORTION OF
YOUR VESSEL."

"NO MATTER. THIS VESSEL
HAS BECOME MY BODY. IT
WON'T BE LONG BEFORE ALL
IT'S REMAINING FUNCTIONS
WILL BE..."

⚡
"COLLISION
DETECTED"
⚡

"AARGH!
YOU TRACKED
ME."

"ENGINEERING!
DE-COUPLE PRIMARY
CORE AND REROUTE ALL
REMAINING POWER TO
THE ESCAPE SHUTTLE."

⚡
"COMPLIED"
⚡

"EJECT THE
CORE NOW!"



⚡
"WARNING!
NORMAL REACTOR
CORE CYCLE
INTERRUPTED."
⚡



⚡
"REFLECTOR CORE
DESTABILIZING."
⚡



"INITIALIZE ONE
EMERGENCY CREW
EVACUATION NOW."

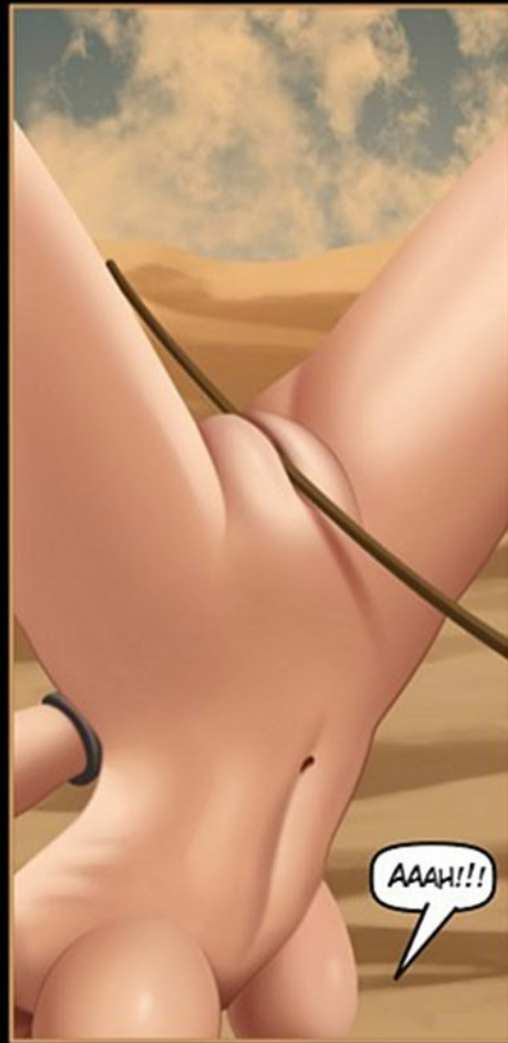


"YOU WANT
MY SHIP,
ASSHOLE?"



"YOU GOT
IT!"







WHOAH!



I HEAR YOU HAVE FOUND A NEW SKY ARTEFACT, A SPECIAL ONE.



HERE, LORD MAGISTRATE.



YES, THE QUEEN WILL BE VERY PLEASED. YOU BOTH WILL BE WELL REWARDED FOR THIS.



"THERE IS THE MATTER OF THIS THIEF, LORD MAGISTRATE. SHE WAS FIRST TO THE SITE AND SAW IT'S POWER."

NO, I DIDN'T! LORD MAGISTRATE, I SAW NOTHING.



"UNFORTUNATE, SHE
COULD'VE BEEN A
NICE ADDITION TO MY
STABLES. BUT HER
KIND LIKES TO TALK."



IMPALE AND
DECAPITATE HER.
MOUNT THE REMAINS AT
THE BORDER OUTPOST
TO SERVE AS A
WARNING.



"THE SHUTTLE HAS
REACHED ITS DESTINATION.
BEGINNING PRELIMINARY
DIAGNOSTICS. MINIMAL
DAMAGE, BUT POWER
RESERVE IS DEPLETED."



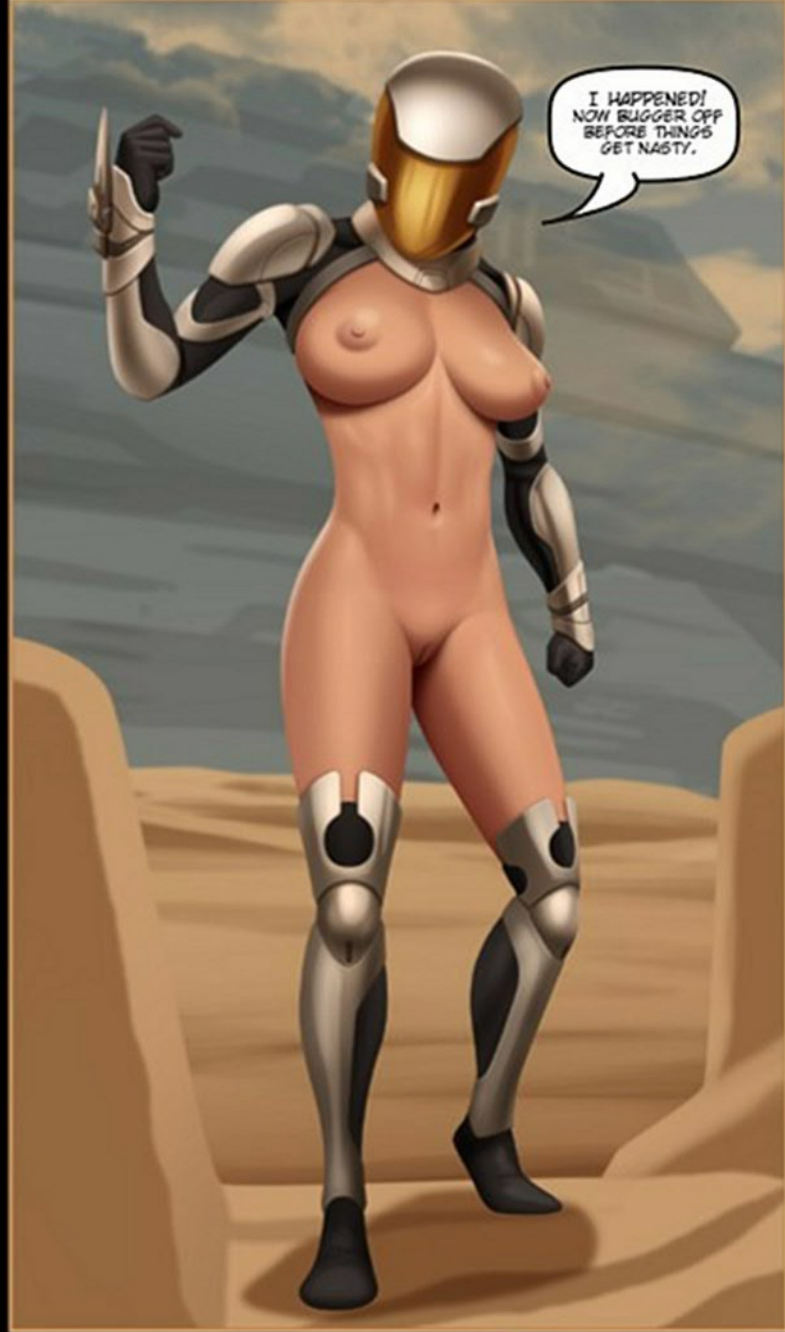
ZERO OPTIONS
FOR INTERSTELLAR
TRAVEL. I'M
STUCK HERE.



<HELLO>










THAT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH CONVINCING.



I DON'T WANT TO KILL IF AT ALL POSSIBLE NOW FOR YOU.




AN!
I THINK THERE'S STILL SOMETHING INSIDE.


???



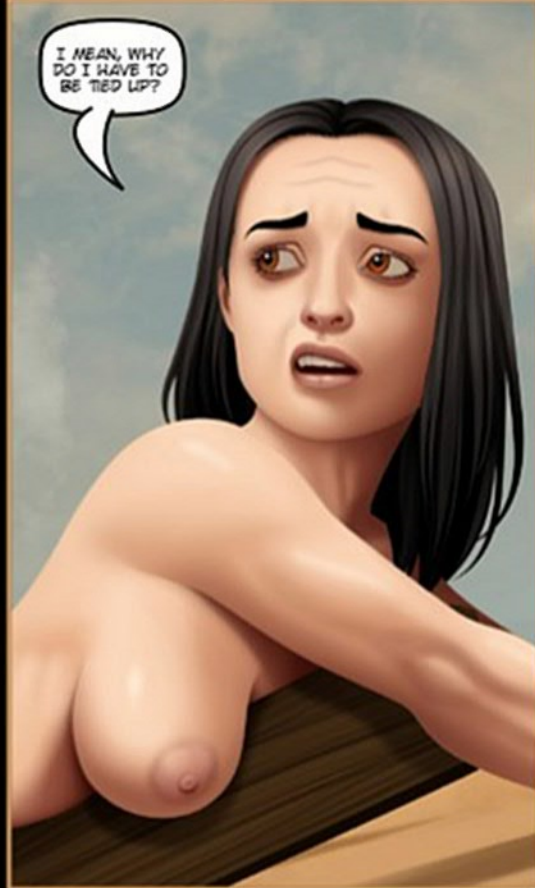
YOU LEFT SOME BIG SPLINTERS IN THERE. I WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH IT.



I'M NOT FROM AROUND HERE. I WILL NEED SOME HELP AND SOME VITAL INFORMATION TO MAKE MY WAY.



WELL, I'M IN DIRE NEED OF HELP MYSELF. PERHAPS WE CAN MAKE AN ARRANGEMENT THAT IS MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL, AS WELL AS LUCRATIVE, BUT FIRST A FAVOUR.





"YOU'RE ALREADY SWELLING. IF THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE IT'LL HAVE TO COME OUT BEFORE IT BREACHES THE TISSUE WALL..."



"...AND CAUSE AN INFECTION."



"THIS LOOKS TO BE EXACTLY WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE."



"A FUNCTIONING ANUS."



"AH! I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, BUT HANDS ARE NOT SUPPOSE TO GO IN THERE."



"GOT IT. IT'S MORE THAN A SPLINTER. I MAY STILL NEED TO CAUTERIZING?"

"NO!"





"PERHAPS HER HIGHNESS
COULD CHOOSE A LESS
LOFTY ACCOMMODATION."

I DO NOT FEEL AT
EASE IN THOSE CRAMP
QUARTERS, LORD
MAGISTRATE. BEING IN
THEM MAKES ME FEEL
FAT.

"YOU'RE NOT FAT, MY
QUEEN. JUST ENORM...
BIG-BONED."

"SIGH!"
YOUR WORDS FAIL TO
OFFER COMFORT."

APOLOGES, MY
QUEEN. BUT I HOPE
THIS WILL.

AH, FINALLY. AN ORB OF
EXORBITANT POWER.
WE NOW HAVE ELEVEN.

ONE MORE AND WE'LL HAVE
ENOUGH TO BRING TO LIFE
THE GRAND CONTRACTION
OF THE GODS.

THE INFERNAL
HELL MACHINE,
YOU MEAN.

NO, GRAND
CONTRACTION OF THE
GODS. I CHANGED THE
NAME. STAY ON TOPIC,
LORD MAGISTRATE.

MY QUEEN. I HAVE
RETURNED FROM THE
ATHNEAN BORDER.

OH, JOY. LOOK
WHO'S HERE.



BROTHER.

CALEB.

I HEAR YOU HAVE TROUBLE WITH YOUR CHARIOT DRAFTS. I'VE BROUGHT FRESH ONES FROM ATHNEA. MOUNTAINOUS REGION MAKES FOR BETTER PULLERS.



PLEASE YOUR ENORMOUSNESS, FORGIVE OUR TRANSGRESSION. MY PEOPLE ARE DESPERATE. OUR LANDS ARE DIFFICULT AND SCARCE, WE...



"WH-N... YOU HAVE MY THANKS CAL... BROTHER."

MY QUEEN, THE ATHNEAN RAIDERS ARE FINISHED. I BRING YOU THE ATHNEAN WETWOMAN. HER TRIBE HAS BEEN DISPATCHED AND ITS SURVIVORS WILL NOW BE IN THE SERVICE OF HER ENORMOUS HIGHNESS.



AAGH!

I DO NOT NEED TO HEAR YOUR WORDS. ONLY YOUR SCREAMS OF AGONY.

YOUR PEOPLE ARE A NUISANCE TO ME.



YOU DON'T APPEAR SO DEPRIVED.



AND WHEN WILL IT EVER GET THROUGH TO YOUR TINY HEADS THAT 'ENORMOUSNESS' IS NOT A PROPER HONORIFIC?



GUARDS, WPEL ON HER OUR WAYS OF DEALING WITH NUISANCES.



WAT...



PLEASE...



MASTER CAEB, COME FORWARD. YOU HAVE EXECUTED MY WISHES WITH GREAT VIGOUR AND CERTITUDE, FOR THAT I AM ETERNALLY GRATEFUL. I SHOULD GRANT YOU PROPER LAND AND HOLDINGS BEFITTING YOUR STATURE, BUT I HAVE ONE MORE TASK, A TASK THAT ONLY YOU ARE CAPABLE OF PERFORMING.



I AM BUT YOUR SERVANT, MY QUEEN. ASK ME TO BRING DOWN THE HEAVENS AND I SHALL.

I WOULD NOT ASK THE IMPOSSIBLE, MASTER CAEB. BUT IF YOU SUCCEED, THE IMPOSSIBLE WILL BE MADE POSSIBLE.

BRING ME AN ORB OF EXORCISTANT POWER.



IT SHALL BE SO, MY QUEEN.

GOOD HUNTING, BROTHER CAEB.



BRING DOWN THE HEAVENS... LAD IT ON A LITTLE THICK, I MUST SAY.



IN RARE OCCASIONS, YOUR QUEEN CAN APPRECIATE A LITTLE BUTTERING.

COME NOW, ARMAND. DON'T BE LIKE THAT. WITH CALEB AWAY, THERE WILL BE LESS CHANCE OF YOU TWO BUTTING HEADS.



HE WAS ALWAYS MOTHER'S FAVOURITE.

AND NOW, YOU'RE THE QUEEN'S MOST TRUSTED. A FAR BETTER STATUS.



"LOOK, YOUR BROTHER BROUGHT ME A GIFT."

"SHE COULD PROBABLY USE SOME SEASONING."



A FEW DAYS OF THIS AND SHE WILL BE MORE COMPLIANT.

"SO, SKYGIRL, YOU NEED THIS THINGAMAJIG TO GET OFF THE GROUND."

<SKITTER.>

"HERE'S THE DEAL. I'LL HELP YOU GET THIS THINGY, BUT YOU'LL OWE ME A BIG FAVOUR THAT I'LL BE COLLECTING AT SOME POINT IN TIME. YOU MAY CALL ME ULNNA BY THE WAY."

<SKITTER, SKITTER.>

<SKIT...>

"WHAT FAVOUR?"

"I'M LEAVING THAT OPEN. THINGS MIGHT CHANGE A LOT."

"AGREED. NOW, THAT IS VERY UNUSUAL."

<NON-NOM.>

"WHAT IS?"

CARNIVORES DON'T USUALLY MAKE GOOD MOUNTS.

CARNIVORE? WHO, CHICKEN? HE'S NOT A CARNIVORE.


"HE DOESN'T EAT THOSE, THEY'RE POISONOUS. HE JUST GUMS THEM A LITTLE 'TIL THEY EXCRETE A LATHER."

<BLEHK!>
<NASTY!>


THEN WHAT...?

IT'S MEDICINAL. LIKE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, I CAN'T SIT MUCH LESS RIDE.

NO THANKS TO YOU, SKYGIRL.



DEPENDING ON WHICH
END YOU APPLY IT, IT
CAN EITHER PUT YOU IN
A COMA OR SOOTHE
THROBING, SWELLING
PAIN.



WHY DO I HAVE A
FEELING THIS HAS
HAPPENED BEFORE? AND
STOP CALLING ME
SKYGIRL. MY NAME IS
NARCISSE.



OH, YEAH.
THAT HITS
THE SPOT.

OOOH! IT'S
ALSO MILDLY
NARCOTIC.




WELL, NARC. WHEN
YOU'RE OUT HERE,
YOU'RE GONNA GET
BANGED UP QUITE A
BIT.

THIS MAY APPEAR
OFF-PUTTING BUT
IT'S VERY PLEASANT.

I SHOULDN'T
BE SEEING
THIS.



YOU
SHOULD
TRY IT.



EW! I'LL
PASS ON THAT,
THANK YOU.

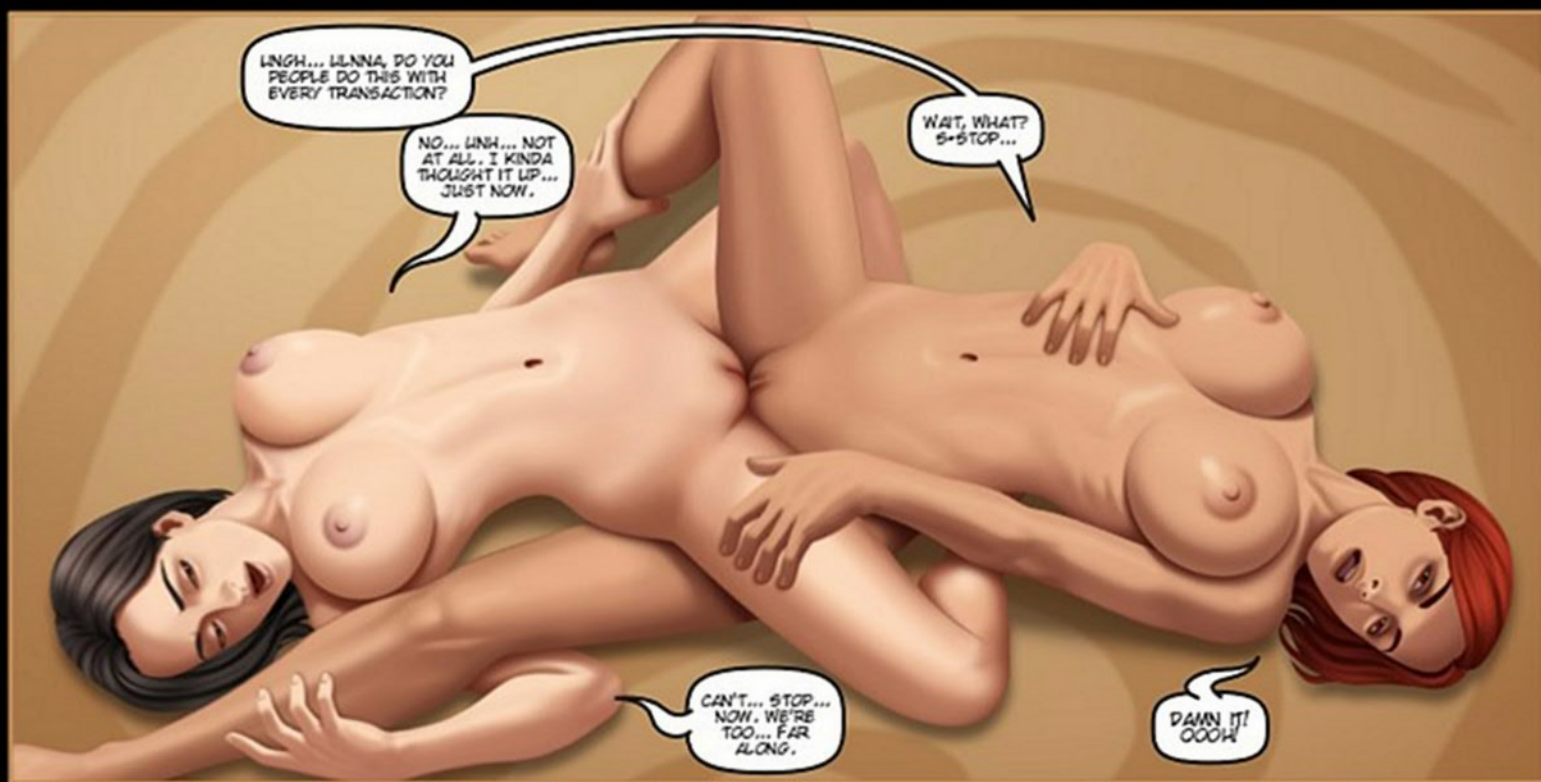


YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.

WE HAVE A DEAL RIGHT, NARC? TIME FOR THE TRADITIONAL CLOSING RITUAL.



RITUAL? WHAT DOES THAT IMPLY EXACTLY?



UHHH... UHNA, DO YOU PEOPLE DO THIS WITH EVERY TRANSACTION?

NO... UHH... NOT AT ALL. I KINDA THOUGHT IT UP... JUST NOW.

WAIT, WHAT? S-S-STOP...

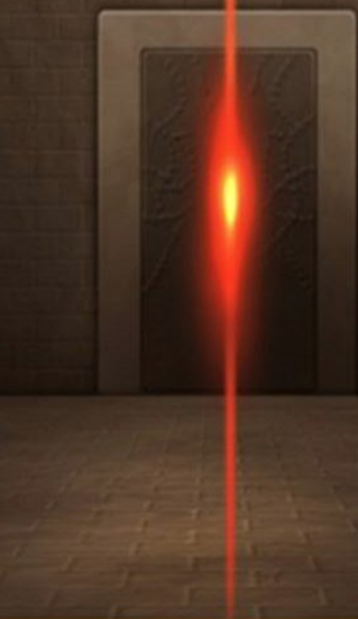
CAN'T... STOP... NOW... WE'RE TOO... FAR ALONG.

DAMN IT! OOOH!



"SOMETHING'S
AT THE GATE!"

SISTERS, AT THE
READY! NO ONE MAY
ENTER THE TEMPLE
OF FORBIDDEN
STUFF.



HE BRINGS WITH
HIM A FORBIDDEN
WEAPON. BE
CAREFUL!



VIRGIN GUARDIANS OF
FORBIDDEN STUFF. I SEEK
BUT ONE ITEM. BRING IT TO
ME AND I SHALL LEAVE
THIS PLACE AND NO HARM
WILL COME TO ANY OF YOU.



WILL YOU BE FIXING
THAT GATE YOU
BROKE? NOT THEN
GO FLUX YOURSELF,
TURKOTOLAN
SERPENT. YOU WILL
ONLY LEAVE IN
PIECES.











THE REASON YOU ARE HERE INSTEAD OF OVER THERE IS THAT I NEED YOUR HELP.



I NEED TO GAIN ENTRANCE TO THE INNER CHAMBER WHERE THE FORBIDDEN STUFF ARE KEPT.



"SPARE YOURSELF CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF PAIN AND HUMILIATION."



"OPEN THIS DOOR."

"LET ME ASSURE YOU. THIS IS JUST THE WARM UP. WHATEVER SHE IS SUFFERING NOW..."



"IT WILL BE MANY FOLDS WORSE FOR YOU, IF YOU REFUSE."





"CLEVER OF THE VIRGIN GUARDIANS, MAKING CERTAIN THAT ONLY THEY HAVE ACCESS TO THEIR SECRETS."

AAH!

"PRESS HER DOWN ON IT. GET IT DEEP INSIDE."

AAAH!!!

TURN HER ROUND LIKE A KEY TO A LOCK.

"THERE!"

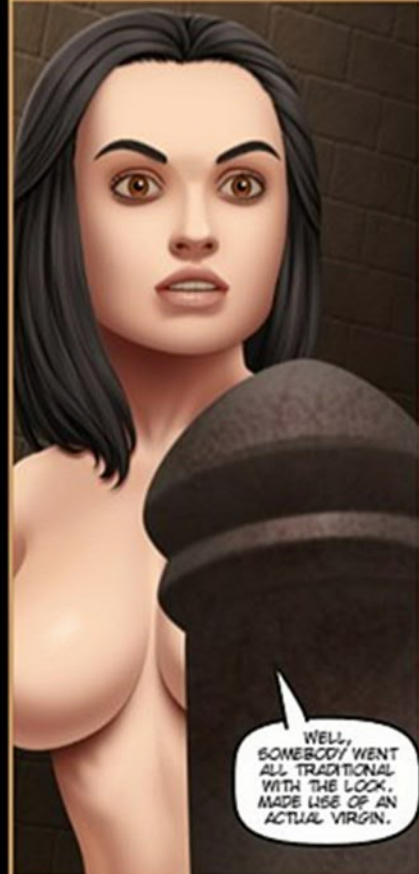
"FINALLY, IT'S OURS."

SO, THAT'S THE PLACE.

UM, YEAH. WE MAY HAVE TO USE FORCE, THE VIRGIN GUARDIANS ARE NOT EXACTLY KEEN ON VISITORS.

MUCH LESS, SHARING THEIR FORBIDDEN STUFF. WE'LL JUMP THE NEXT SHIFT THEN PRETEND TO BE...

I WILL NOT HARM THEM. PERHAPS WE CAN BARTER FOR THE ITEMS WE NEED.





A QUANTUM ENERGY CAPACITOR WAS HERE, THOSE THINGS SHOULD'VE BEEN DESTROYED.

IT'S A SPHERE SHAPED OBJECT THAT CAN STORE ENORMOUS AMOUNTS OF POWER.



SPHERE SHAPED? I'VE BEEN ONE OF THOSE, THEY BLOW UP GOOD AND MAKE REALLY BE HOLDS, AFTER THAT THEY GO INERT.

I DON'T SEE HOW...?



THAT'S ANCIENT RESIDUAL ENERGY FROM AEONS AGO, ONCE RELEASED, THEY START STORING NEW ENERGY, ENOUGH ENERGY TO OPEN WORMHOLES OR POWER MASSIVE INTERSTELLAR WEAPONS.

THIS WORLD ALONE MIGHT NOT HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY TO DO THAT, BUT SEVERAL SPHERES TOGETHER CAN, FEEDING AND ENTANGLING TO EACH OTHER.



HARNESSING ENERGY FROM MULTIDIMENSIONAL FIELDS, ULTIMATELY REACHING A MASS ENERGY RATIO THAT CAN...



GUARDIANS!
BE READY.

NO KILLING.
OKAY?





THE VIRGIN GUARDIANS.
HUGH! 'WAS WONDERING
WHERE THEY'RE AT.

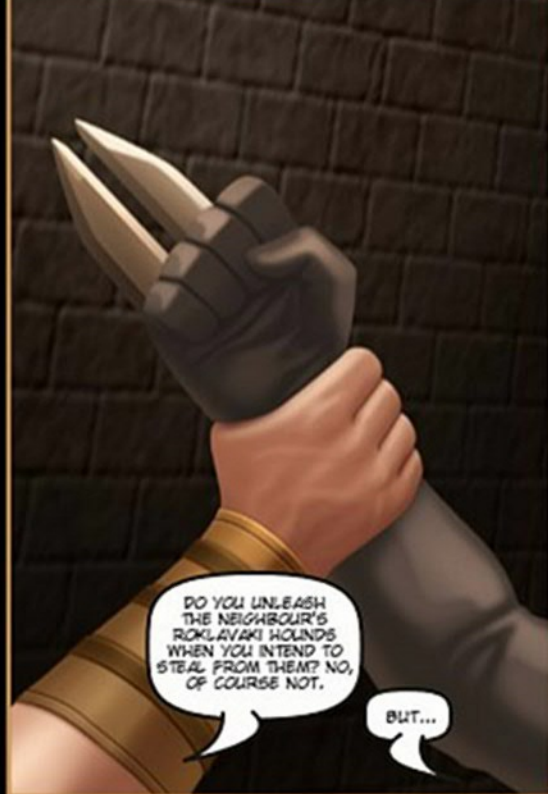
'UM... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?'

SHOULDN'T WE BE HELPING THEM DOWN?



DO YOU UNLEASH THE NEIGHBOUR'S ROKLAVAKI HOUNDS WHEN YOU INTEND TO STEAL FROM THEM? NO, OF COURSE NOT.

BUT...



THESE GUYS AND THE TURKOTOLANS; ALWAYS TAKE AWAY MY GOOD STUFF.

'BELIEVE YOU ME, THEY WON'T TAKE IT WELL NOW THAT WE'RE DEEP INSIDE A FORBIDDEN TEMPLE. VIRGIN GUARDIANS ARE OBLIGATED TO KILL US, NO MATTER THE CIRCUMSTANCE.'

'DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM. THE NEXT SHIFT WILL BE ALONG TO FREE THEM IN A WEEK... I MEAN TONIGHT. SO WE SHOULD HURRY UP, PICK UP WHAT WE NEED AND LEAVE.'

'YES! STEEL SLINGER BOLTS.'



'THESE ARE JUST RIVETS FOR HARDENED PLATING, BUT I GUESS THEY CAN WORK AS WEAPONS.'

WAY TO RUIN IT FOR ME.







World Fist



