

EDGE OF DOOM



Discover the true meaning of terror as fright-masters **Steve Niles** and **Kelley Jones** bring you five frightening tales of stark raving horror! In one tale we watch a very sad and lonely man reaching the end of his rope, only to discover he's in way deeper than he ever imagined. It seems there's an army of little demons in his garden and he's their next sacrifice! Or another, of a brave space explorer left to roam a strange planet all alone as a result of an engine malfunction, with his only companion, a weather droid. And yet another, as we witness a husband and wife who thought the toughest challenge before them was their impending divorce, until a terrible car "accident" makes them unwitting subjects in a bizarre scientific experiment.

These tales and more when you venture to the **EDGE OF DOOM**.

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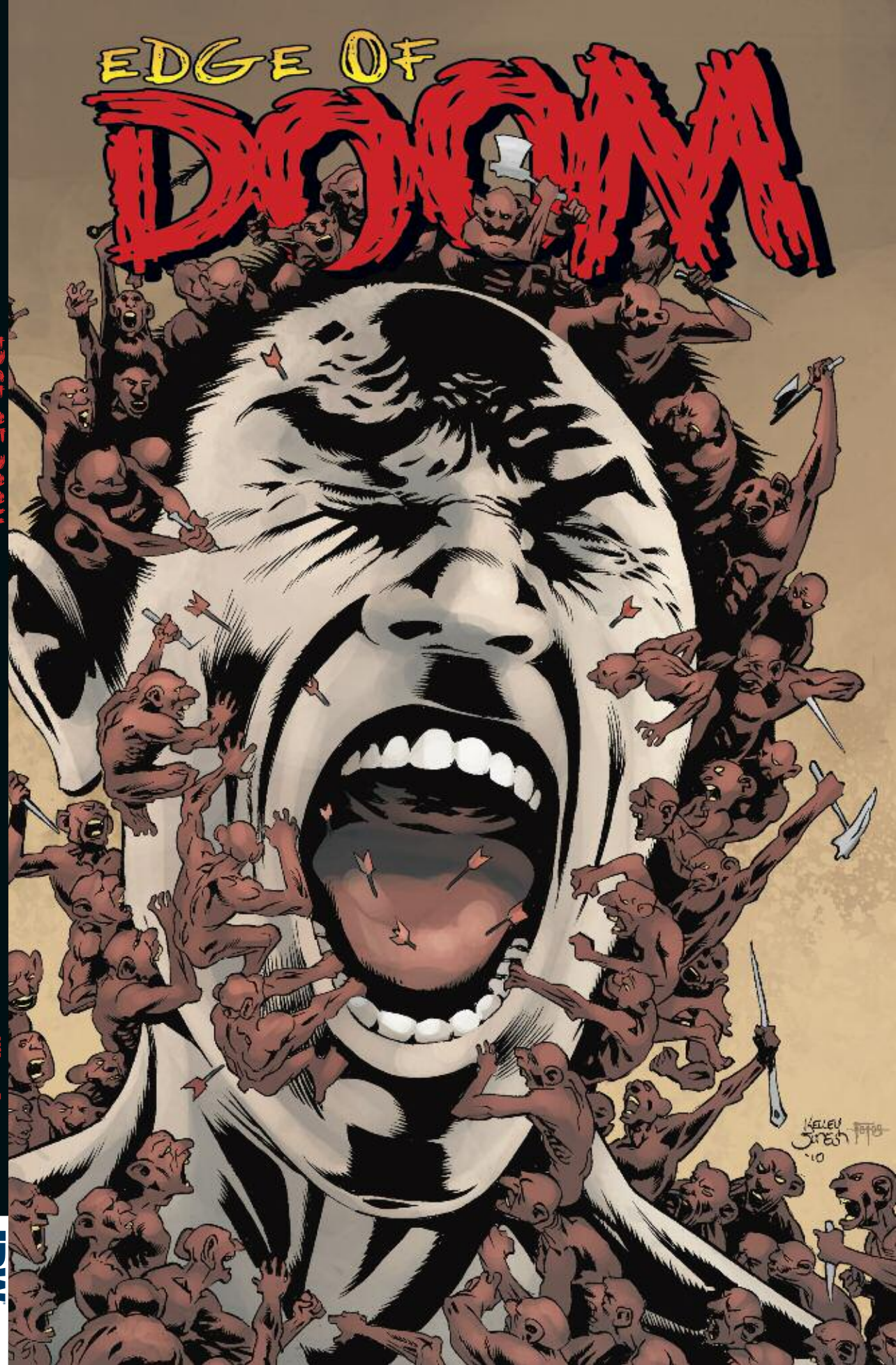
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EDGE OF DOOM

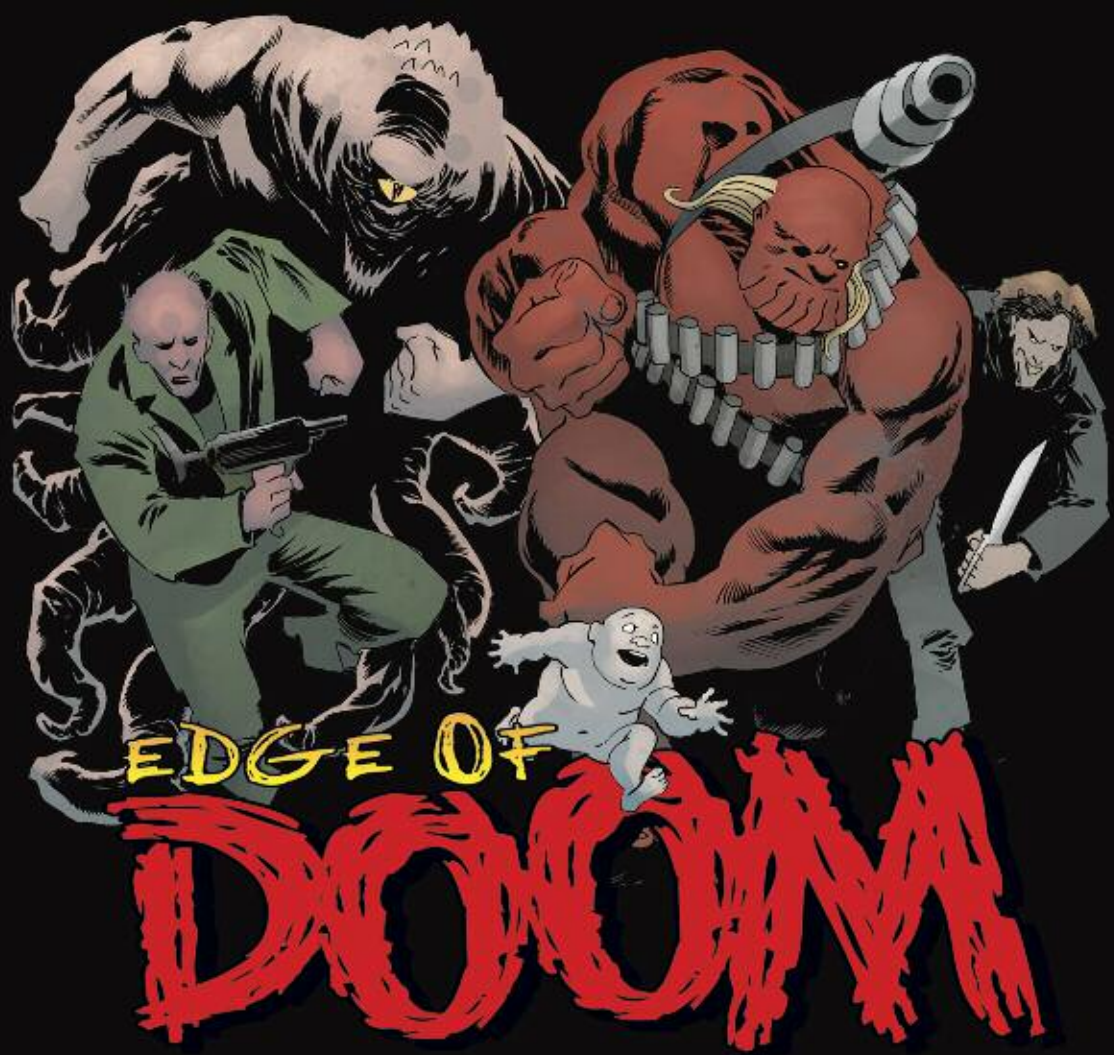
Niles • Jones

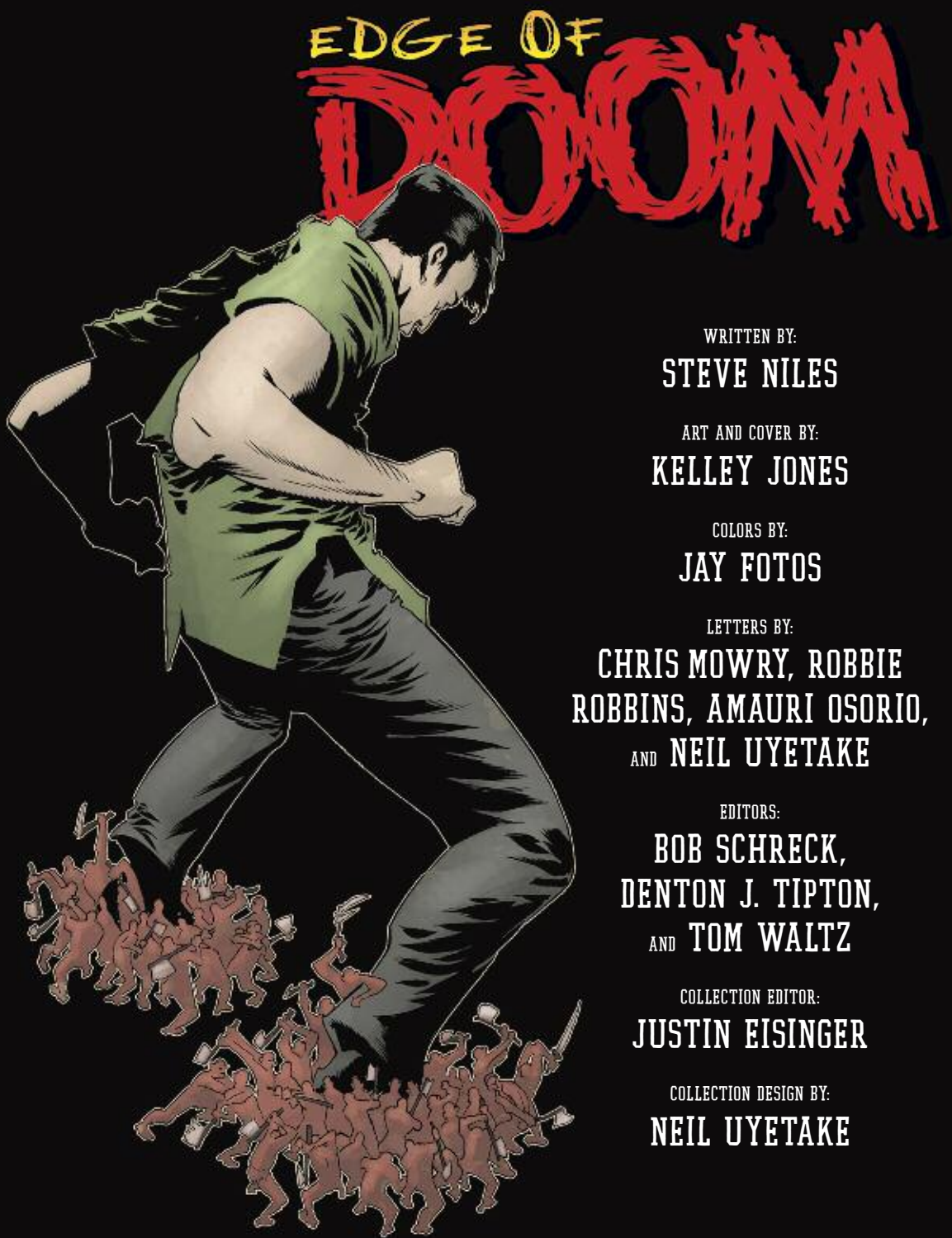
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EDGE OF DOOM



Kelley Jones '10





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RICHARD STALLMAN HATED WHEN HIS FRIENDS REFERRED TO HIM AS A CASUALTY OF DIVORCE.

HE HATED IT MOSTLY BECAUSE IT WAS A PRETTY ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN HE HAD BECOME SINCE KAREN LEFT.

Ringing

TRUE, HE HAD TAKEN THE BREAK-UP HARD, BUT HE HAD BEEN CAUGHT SO THOROUGHLY OFF-GUARD, HE DOUBTED ANYONE COULD HAVE AVOIDED THE EMOTIONAL FREEFALL HE'D EXPERIENCED.

ONE DAY HE WOKE UP AND THE WOMAN HE HAD LOVED AND SHARED HIS LIFE WITH FOR OVER TWELVE YEARS HAD CHANGED. IT DIDN'T MATTER WHY TO RICHARD.



SHE WAS GONE, JUST LIKE THAT.



SHE DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING. SHE JUST WANTED OUT OF THE MARRIAGE. SHE HAD FOUND SOMEONE ELSE. SOMEONE, SHE EXPLAINED, WHO WASN'T HIM... BUT SHE REFUSED TO ELABORATE.

Riiiiing

RICHARD KEPT THE HOUSE AND JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE, SO EXCEPT FOR HIS WIFE, AND UP TILL RECENTLY VERY LITTLE HAD CHANGED—HE WOKE UP, WENT TO WORK, CAME HOME. LATHER, RINSE, REPEAT.

HELLO. YOU'VE REACHED RICHARD AND KAREN. WE'RE NOT HERE RIGHT NOW SO PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE FOR US AFTER THE TONE.

THEN IT STRUCK HIM ONE NIGHT, SITTING IN THE UNWELCOME SUFFOCATING SILENCE, NOT ONLY DID HE MISS HIS WIFE OF TWELVE YEARS, BUT HE HAD NOT BEEN ALONE FOR OVER TWO DECADES.

BEEEEP

RICH? THIS IS DAN STEVENS. LISTEN, UH, I THINK I'VE BEEN MORE THAN PATIENT. I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH, BUT ALL I'M ASKING IS THAT YOU CALL AND GIVE US SOME IDEA WHEN YOU'RE PLANNING ON COMING BACK TO WORK.

AT THE AGE OF FORTY-THREE, RICHARD STALLMAN LEARNED THAT HE HATED BEING ALONE.

I JUST CAN'T COVER YOUR ASS MUCH LONGER. YOU'RE MY FRIEND, BUT THOSE THIRD-QUARTER REPORTS AREN'T GOING TO FILE THEMSELVES.

LONELINESS HAD AN ALMOST CRIPPLING EFFECT ON HIM. NIGHTS AND WEEKENDS WERE TORTURE.



BOOKS HE ONCE DEVoured NIGHTLY GATHERED DUST IN PILES AROUND THE HOUSE. THE TELEVISION, STEREO AND VCR SAT UNUSED AND NEGLECTED.



FILE THAT... DICK.

REALLY, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE SNAPPED.



AND THE OUTSIDE? FUCK. THAT WAS HER TERRITORY. NOW HER CHERISHED BACKYARD GARDEN LOOKED LIKE AN ABANDONED LOT.



HEH.



WHAT THE FUCK. GOTTA CLEAN THIS PLACE UP SOMEDAY.

VRRRRR























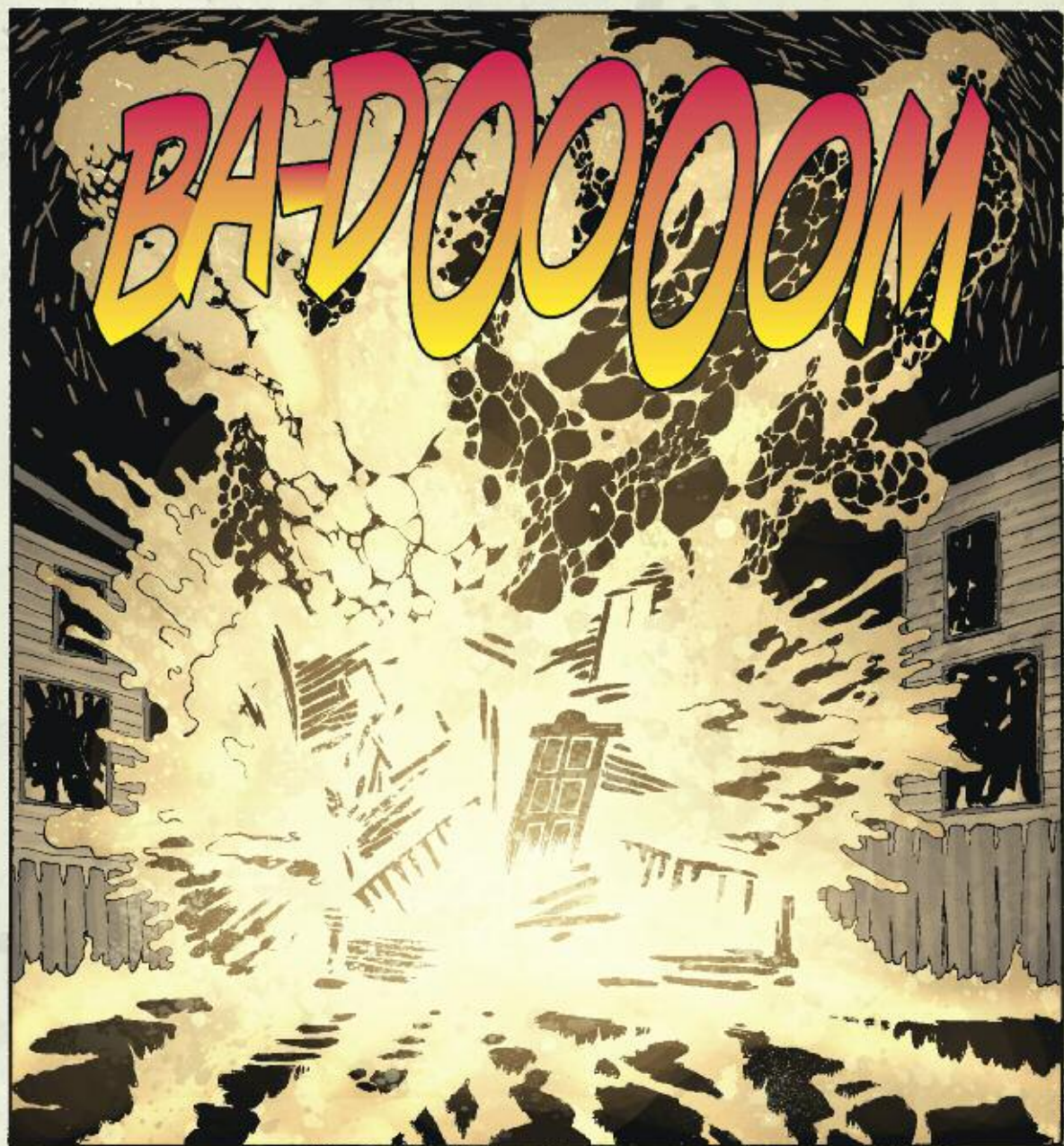




















MORGAN?

WAIT!













MANY MONTHS LATER.





ALXS13 CONDWEBOT
ONLINE. AWAITING REQUEST
FOR CONDITION SCAN.

I ALREADY KNOW
WHAT THE CONDITIONS
ARE. I JUST GOT SICK OF
TALKING TO MYSELF. FIGURE
A WEATHER-BOT WOULD BE
BETTER COMPANY THAN
NONE AT ALL.



AND THE
CONDITIONS
ARE SHIT: THE
PLANET IS
BREATHABLE,
IF YOU LIKE
THE CLIMATE
6500 FEET
ABOVE SEA
LEVEL.

AWAITING
REQUEST FOR
CONDITION SCAN.



I SUPPOSE
HANGING OUT WITH A
CALCULATOR'S BETTER
THAN TALKING TO
MYSELF. THEY DIDN'T
REALLY PROGRAM YOU
TO HAVE MUCH OF A
PERSONALITY, I
GUESS.

THE ALXS13 CONDWEBOT
ARE FULLY ADAPTABLE TO
OVER FOURTEEN MILLION
CONDITIONS AND SITUATIONS,
WHICH MIGHT OCCUR ON
ACTIVE MISSIONS.



WELL
THEN,
ADAPT.

YEAR TWO

SLOW
DOWN, ALX. I
NEED ANOTHER
REST.

HAD YOU RATIONED
ACCORDING TO MY SCHEDULE,
YOU WOULD STILL HAVE A
TANK AND A HALF.

YES, YOU
MENTIONED THAT...
DAILY FOR THE LAST
TWO MONTHS... EVERY
TIME I TAKE A
BREAK.

I'LL STOP. MY POINT
HAS BEEN PROVEN.

THANKS,
BUDDY.

WHAT YEAR WAS
THE FIRST MALTESE
FALCON MADE?

1931. GOOD
ONE, ALX. BUT
EVEN THAT WAS A
REMAKE. THE
FIRST WAS—

SATAN MEETS A
LADY. IT WOULD NOT
BE UNTIL 1941 THAT
THE FILM CONSIDERED
A CLASSIC WOULD
BE MADE.

STARRING?

HUMPHREY BOGART.
DIRECTION JOHN HUSTON.

ONE DAY I WOULD LIKE
TO SEE THESE FILMS.

YOU WILL.
THEY'LL COME
FOR US.



CHRIST, AXL!
WHAT'S THE
RUSH?! WHAT DID
YOU PICK UP?

SOMETHING I DO NOT
HAVE IN MY SYSTEM.

HOW IS THAT
POSSIBLE?



THAT IS WHAT
THE 'RUSH' IS.



WHAT...
IS IT?

SOMETHING
BAD.



OH, GOD.



YEAR THREE.

I NEED
TO STOP
AGAIN.

BZZT

THERE!

IT BETTER
BE WATER.

WATER AND MORE.





ODD, TASTES LIKE A COMBINATION OF CANTALOUPE AND AVOCADO... BUT IT'S GOOD.

I AM UNABLE TO PROCESS FLAVORS, BUT MY READINGS INDICATE A HIGH NUTRITIONAL CONTENT, CONTAINING ELEMENTS ALMOST IDENTICAL TO EARTH'S ELECTROLYTES, VITAMINS, AND ANTIOXIDANTS.

YOU SAY THE SAME THING EVERY TIME WE FIND FOOD.



IT IS A MYSTERY TO ME, MORGAN. WHERE THERE IS FOOD, THERE IS USUALLY—



—LIFE.

MORGAN... FOOTPRINTS.



THEY APPEAR TO BE HUMANOID.

ARE THOSE TREADS?

I AM PICKING UP SIMILAR READINGS TO—




WHATEVER, WHOEVER MADE THESE TRACKS WAS WEARING SOME KIND SHOE!



WE'RE NOT ALONE! WE HAVE TO FIND THEM!

MORGAN, WAIT!



HOW COULD THEY ALL...

THEY DIED VERY FAST. I AM DETECTING TRACES OF A VIRUS.

VIRUS?

COMMON INFECTIOUS DISEASE FROM EARTH CAUSED BY RNA VIRUSES OF THE FAMILY ORTHOMYXOVIRIDAE. ALSO KNOWN AS INFLUENZA OR FLU.

YOU MEAN...?

WE BROUGHT IT HERE.

COMMON ON EARTH, IT IS APPARENTLY FATAL HERE.



I KILLED THEM ALL.



HAD THE MISSION GONE AS PLANNED, THIS WOULD NOT HAVE OCCURRED.

WE WERE SENT TO SCOUT FOR LIFE. INSTEAD I EXTERMINATED IT.



YOU CANNOT BE BLAMED FOR A DECREASED OXYGEN SUPPLY DUE TO UNFORESEEABLE EVENTS.

YEAH, BUT ONCE I KNEW THE SHIP WENT DOWN...



SINCE WHEN ARE YOU THE COMPASSIONATE ONE?



SINCE YOU TAUGHT ME.

YEAR FIVE



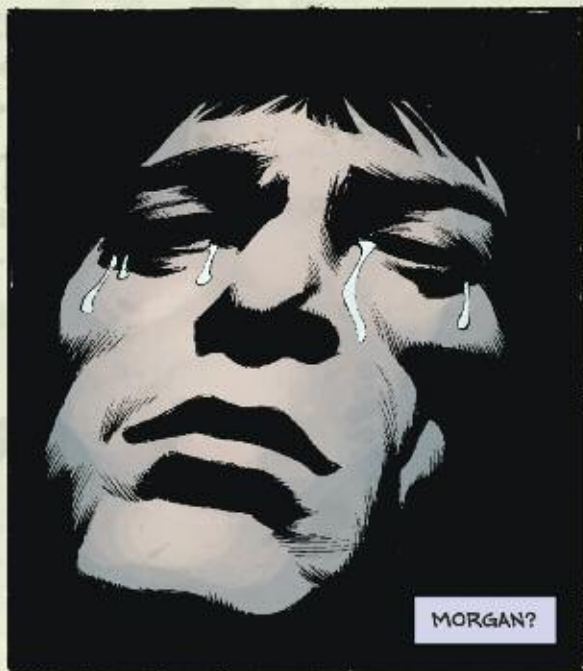
—PETER, JANET,
AND MARGRET.



THE ALXS13 CONDWEBOT
WAS DESIGNED AS A
PORTABLE EMERGENCY
SCANNING DEVICE. BATTERY
LIFE, HOWEVER, IS LIMITED.













I WISH YOU WOULD JUST STOP AND ASK FOR DIRECTIONS. THE DAMN GPS DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE ARE!



PLEASE, LOLA. THIS IS THE LAST PUBLIC EVENT WE EVER HAVE TO ATTEND TOGETHER. CAN I JUST HAVE ONE NIGHT'S PEACE?

IT'S NOT OUR LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE, DON. HARDLY.



WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU FORGOT ABOUT DIVORCE COURT. THAT'S GONNA BE OUR LAST PUBLIC OUTING.

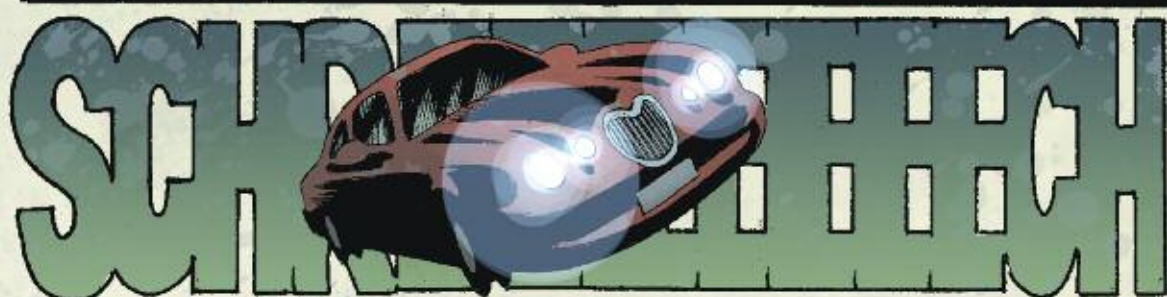
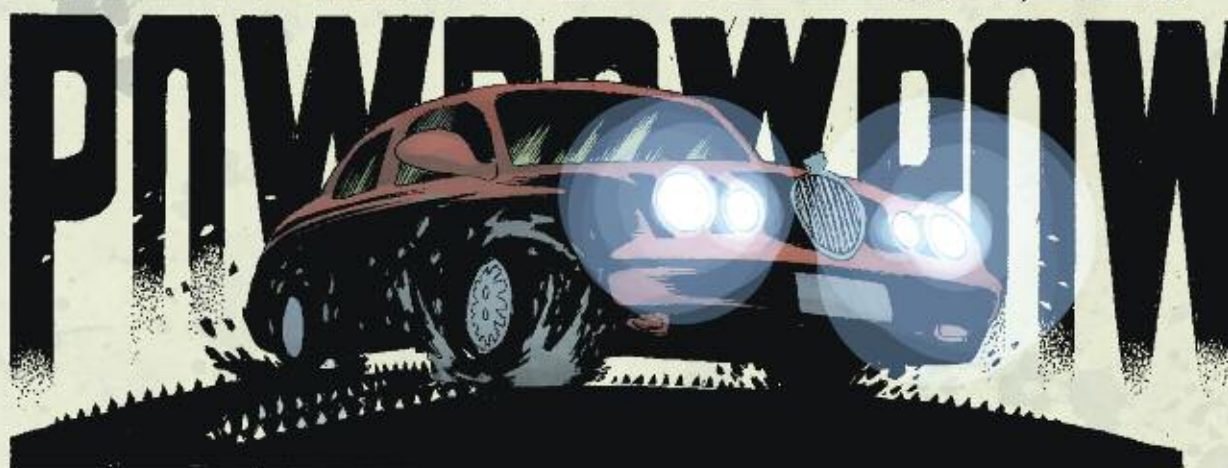


WHY ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH DIDN'T I GET A PRE-NUP?

BECAUSE YOU WERE NOTHING WHEN YOU MET ME, THAT'S WHY.

AND NOW I'M A BIG SUCCESS, DISTRICT SALES REP, WITH DEBT AND ULCERS THE SIZE OF BASEBALLS. THANKS, DOLL.









GREETINGS,
MEMBERS, VISITING
COLLEAGUES... AND
GUESTS!

HERE THERE ARE
NO REGULATIONS!
NO RESTRICTIONS!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP
CLAP CLAP





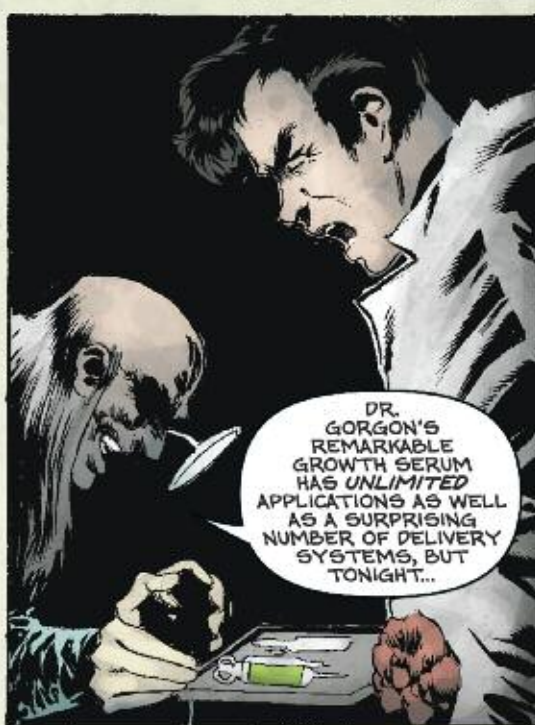
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

WOOOOOOO!

WELCOME...

...TO THE
CIRCUS OF
SURGERY!







SECURE THE SUBJECT AND TIE OFF A SECTION OF HIS LOWER INTESTINE, PLEASE.



YES, SIR.

NNNNNGGGGH!

NOW, MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T MOVE.



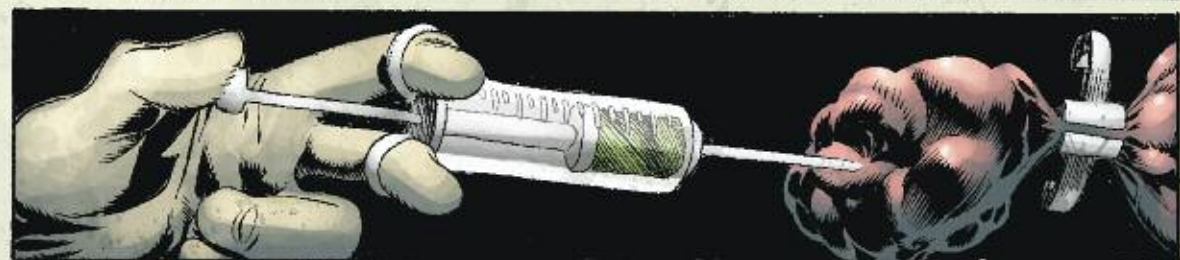
BY INJECTING THE SERUM INTO THE REGION...

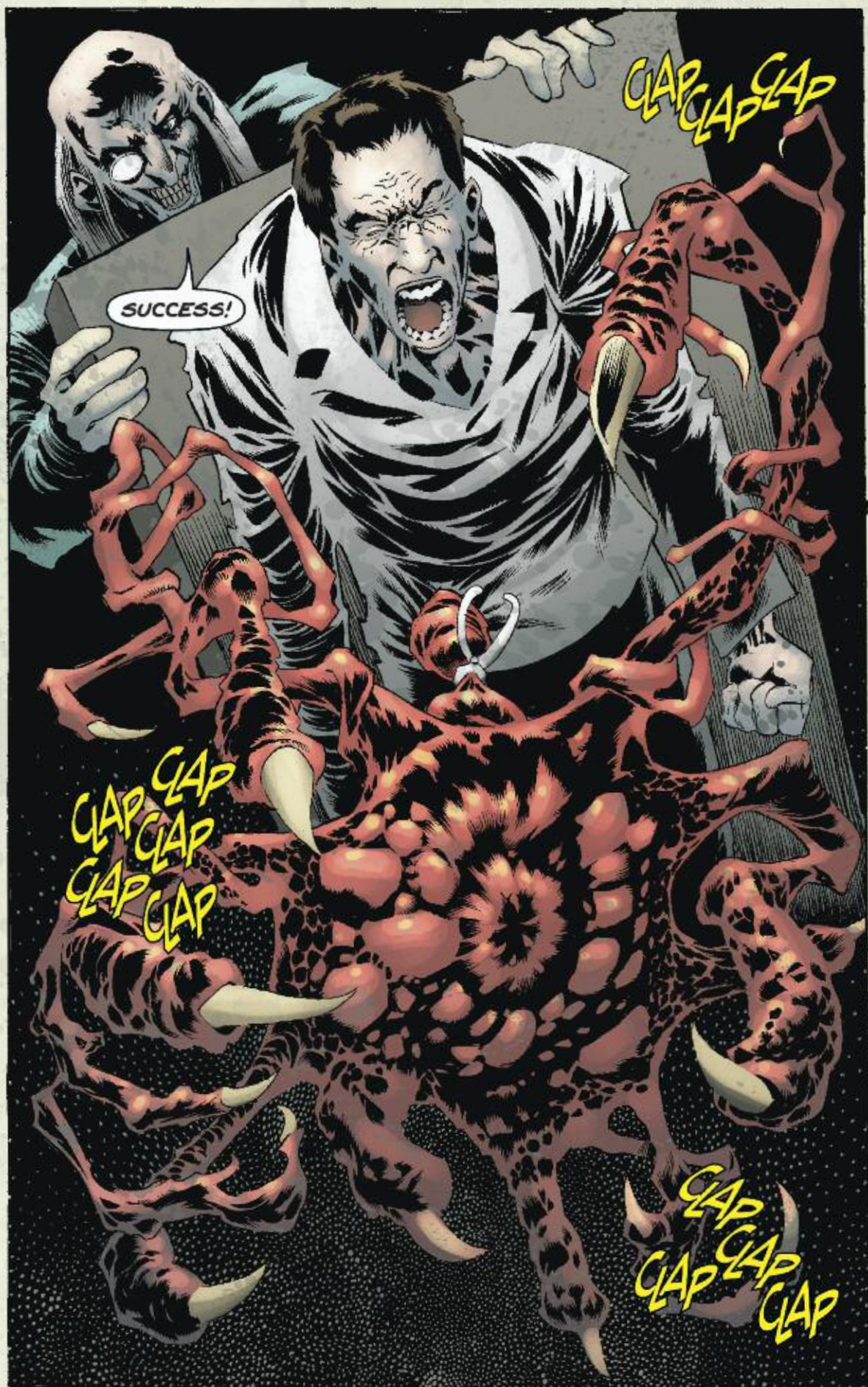
...IF DR. GORGON'S CLAIMS ARE TRUE, THEN THE LIVING TISSUE OF THE SUBJECT WILL METAMORPHOSE INTO A SEPARATE LIVING ENTITY.



CAPABLE OF SURVIVING ON ITS OWN FOR AN EXTENDED PERIOD... MINDLESS, OF COURSE.

HAHAHAHAHA
CAP CAP CAP





SUCCESS!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP

CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP















WEEEE-00000-WEEEEEE-000000



WEEEE-00000-WEEEEEE-000000



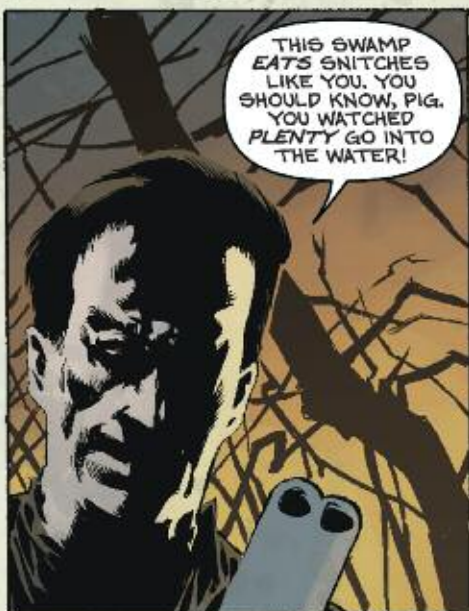






GOOD
NIGHT TO DIE,
AIN'T IT?

PART 4



THIS SWAMP
EATS SNITCHES
LIKE YOU. YOU
SHOULD KNOW, PIG.
YOU WATCHED
PLENTY GO INTO
THE WATER!



HE KNOWS.
HE'S BEEN HERE
BEFORE, DUMPING
SNITCHES AND
CHEATS.

WHAT'S IT
FEEL LIKE TO
KNOW YOU'RE
GONNA DIE, PIG?
WHAT'S IT LIKE
KNOWING ALL YOUR
COP BUDDIES ARE
GONNA BE LOOKING
FOR YOU AND
NEVER FIND
YOU?



YOU WANT A LITTLE
TIP? WHEN YOU'RE DOWN
THERE, GO AHEAD AND
SCREAM, IT'LL FILL YOUR
LUNGS WITH WATER AND
MAYBE YOU'LL DIE
BEFORE THE GATORS
START FEEDING
ON YOU.



YOU PRICKS
WANNA TAKE A
BREAK? I NEED
TO TALK TO PETE
BEFORE HE GOES
SWIMMING.

SURE,
BOSS. SORRY,
BOSS...







UNTIE HIM,
STAND HIM
UP—AND PUT
THE CEMENT ON
THE EDGE.



HARD TO
BELIEVE YOU AND
ME WERE OUT
HERE NOT LONG
AGO DUMPING
THAT SNITCH
BITCH.

SHE WAS
FBI. I WAS
TOLD TO DO
NOTHING.
TO STAY
INSIDE.



YOU THINK HER
HUSBAND WOULD
FORGIVE YOU? I MEAN,
YOU THINK I'M SLIME FOR
WHAT I DO, RIGHT? SURE
YOU DO, BUT YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO PRETENDED TO BE
ONE OF US AND GOT A LOT
OF YOUR KIND HURT.
TELL ME HOW THAT
MAKES SENSE?

JUST GET
IT OVER WITH,
PAULIE.



SURE,
PETE.



SAY "HI"
TO YOUR
FRIENDS
FOR ME.











THERE HE GOES.



OUR VENGEANCE
IS YOUR
VENGEANCE.
BE WITH
US.

GLUUUUULG!



GLAAARGHH!!

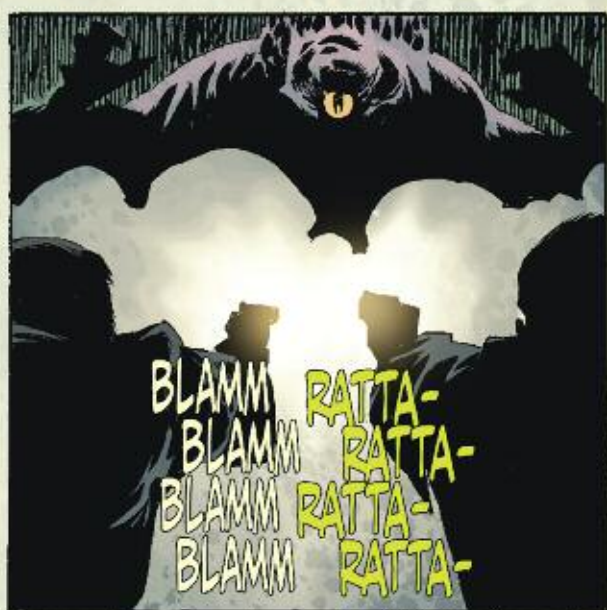




























I'M SURE
YOU'RE ALL
WONDERING WHY
YOU'VE BEEN
BROUGHT HERE
TODAY.

MY NAME IS *GENERAL HENRY ROCKEFELLER BROOKS*. OFFICIALLY I AM RETIRED, BUT UNOFFICIALLY I OVERSEE A SPECIAL PROJECT IN WHICH YOU ARE ALL NOW INVOLVED. WHY?



"BECAUSE EACH ONE OF YOU IS UNIQUE AND SIMILAR."

"RICHARD STALLMAN, YOU CAME UNDER ATTACK BY A FORCE OF MINIATURE CREATURES PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN TO US, AND DEFEATED THEM ON YOUR OWN."



YEAH.
SO?

"SCIENCE OFFICER ANDREW MORGAN, WELL, YOU WERE OUR ONE AND ONLY ATTEMPT TO CREATE WHAT THE REST OF YOU ARE NATURALLY. AS YOU CAN SEE, THE RESULTS OF THE SURVIVOR DEPRIVATION TESTS HAD UNEXPECTED RESULTS."



UNTIE ME, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME RESULTS.

"LOLA CARPETS... AND YOUR NEWBORN."

"YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND, DON, FELL UNDER ATTACK BY A GROUP OF ROGUE SURGEONS. THEIR EXPERIMENTS, AS YOU KNOW ALL TOO WELL, LEFT YOUR HUSBAND DEAD AND MUTILATED AND YOURSELF TRANSFORMED INTO, ER—"

SOME
KIND OF
MONSTER?

"AND A
MOTHER
AS WELL."



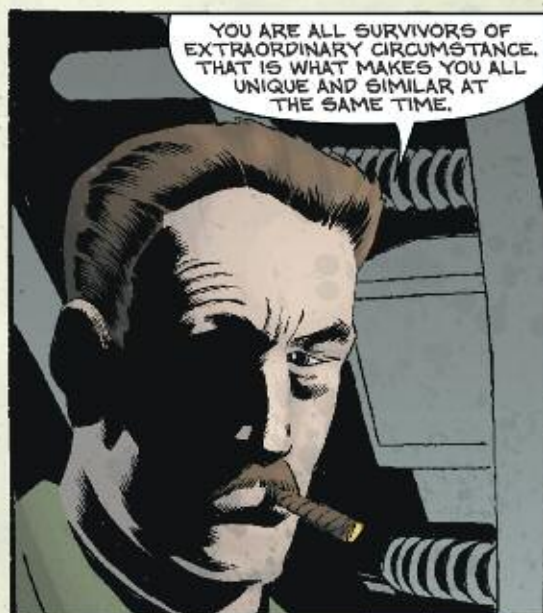
GRRRRRR.

"AND LAST, BUT HARDLY LEAST, WE HAVE DETECTIVE PETER PHILIPS."

CALL ME
PETE.

"PETER HERE WAS DEEP COVER IN THE MOB WHEN HE WAS DISCOVERED AND SEEMINGLY KILLED, BUT LIKE ALL OF YOU, HE SURVIVED WHEN HE SHOULD NOT HAVE."





YOU ARE ALL SURVIVORS OF
EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.
THAT IS WHAT MAKES YOU ALL
UNIQUE AND SIMILAR AT
THE SAME TIME.



WE'VE ALL HEARD STORIES OF MOTHERS
LIFTING CARS TO SAVE CHILDREN. CASES
WHERE PURE ADRENALINE CAN GIVE
EVERYDAY PEOPLE ALMOST
SUPERHUMAN CAPABILITIES.



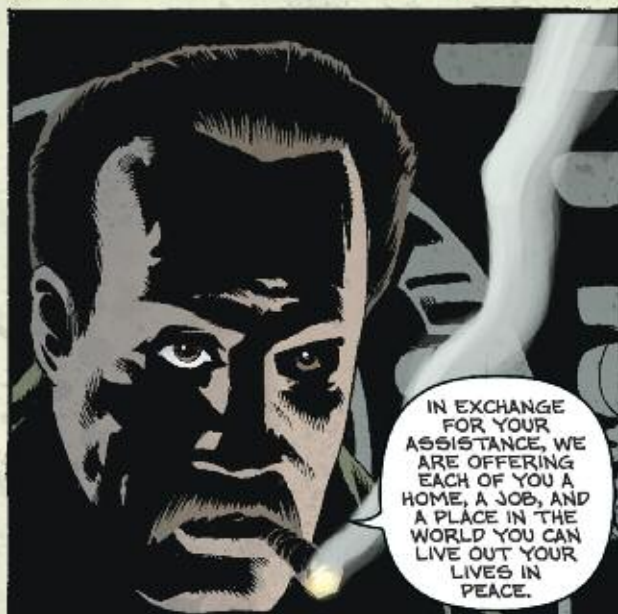
THROUGH EXTENSIVE RESEARCH
AND TESTING—AGAIN, MORGAN, I
APOLOGIZE—WE HAVE COME TO
FIRMLY BELIEVE CERTAIN
PEOPLE HAVE NATURAL
CAPABILITIES OTHERS
DON'T.



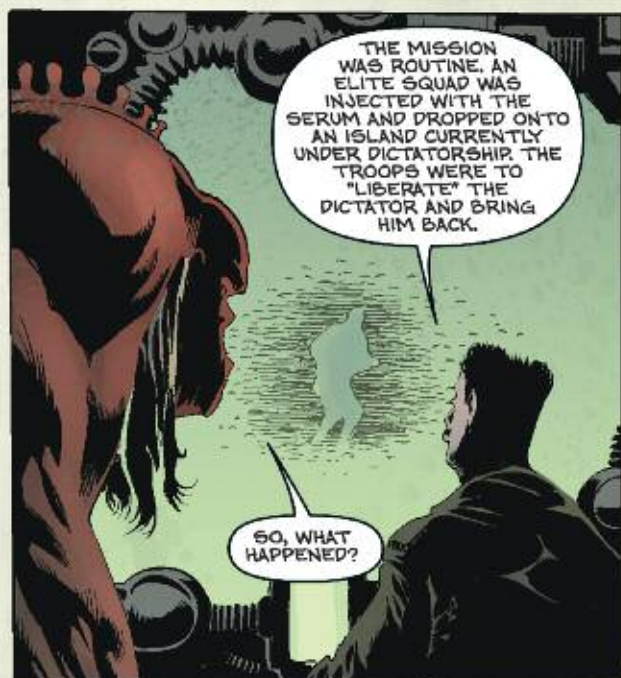
SO, CLEARLY
WE'RE THE
PEOPLE YOU'RE
DESCRIBING. WHAT
DO YOU WANT
WITH US?



SIMPLY
PUT... WE'D
LIKE YOUR
HELP.









DO
WE GET
GUNS?

AS MUCH
AS YOU CAN
CARRY.



I'M IN.

ME,
TOO.

YEAH.
OKAY.



SO, BASICALLY YOU'RE
SAYING I GET TO KILL
THE PEOPLE WHO WORK
FOR THE ASSHOLES
WHO EXPERIMENTED
ON ME?

I... ER...
SUPPOSE
THERE'S
SOME LOGIC
TO THAT.

AND
YOU'LL
UNTIE
ME?

CLEARLY.



OKAY, COOL.
LET'S GO
GET 'EM.

WE DON'T
NEED TO GO
ANYWHERE...

"...WE'RE ALREADY THERE."





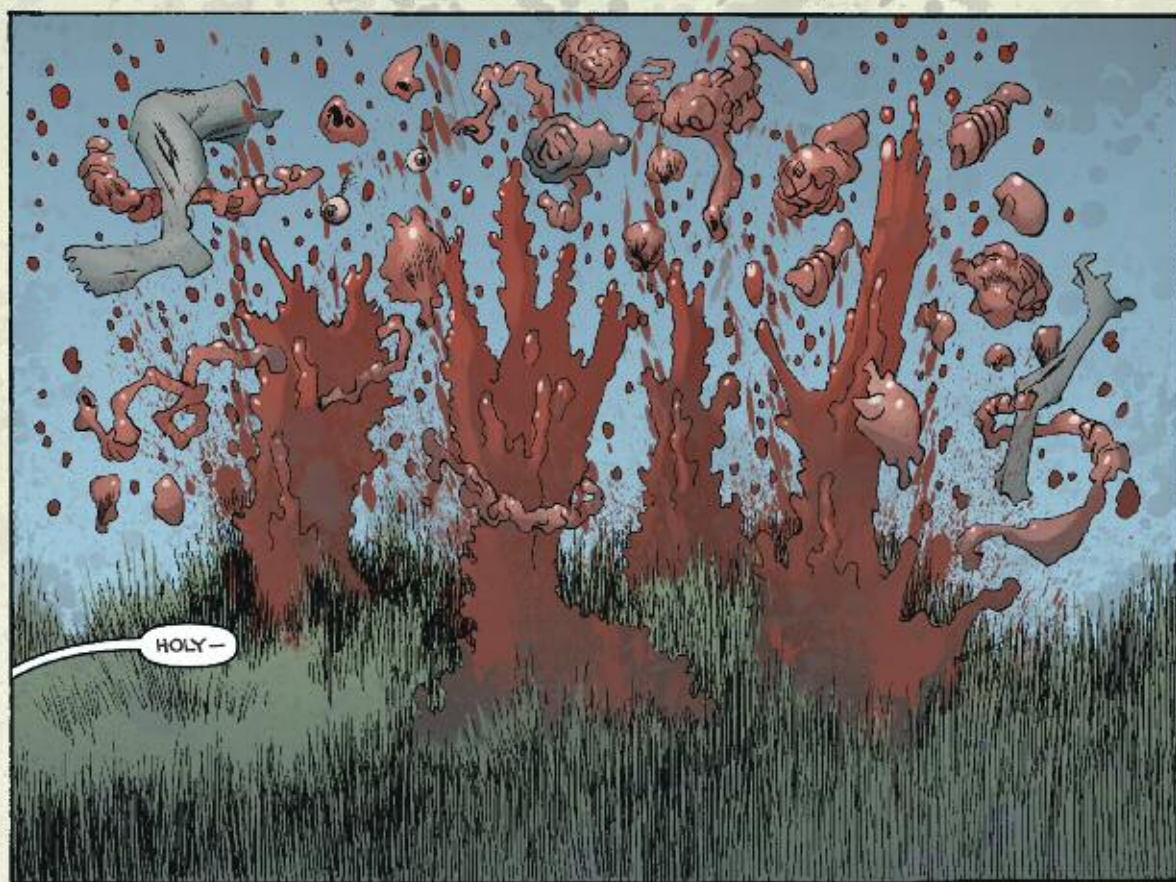
"MOVE FAST, PEOPLE!
WE ARE BACK IN THE
AIR IN 60 SECONDS!"



I DON'T
MEAN TO
BUTT IN, BUT
SHOULDN'T THE
BABY STAY
BEHIND?

GUESS YOU
DIDN'T SEE
THE MEDICAL
CENTER
SECURITY
TAPE.





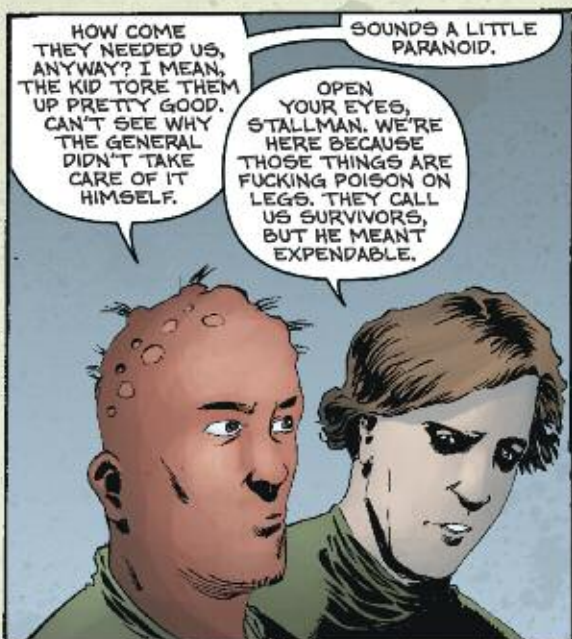




WE GOT ANY KIND OF PLAN HERE OR ARE WE JUST GOING TO ATTACK ANYTHING THAT MOVES?

I THINK THAT SOUNDS LIKE A FINE PLAN.

THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE, OBVIOUSLY, SO JUST STAY ALERT AND THEY'LL COME TO US.



HOW COME THEY NEEDED US, ANYWAY? I MEAN, THE KID TORE THEM UP PRETTY GOOD. CAN'T SEE WHY THE GENERAL DIDN'T TAKE CARE OF IT HIMSELF.

SOUNDS A LITTLE PARANOID.

OPEN YOUR EYES, STALLMAN. WE'RE HERE BECAUSE THOSE THINGS ARE FUCKING POISON ON LEGS. THEY CALL US SURVIVORS, BUT HE MEANT EXPENDABLE.



THEY USED ME LIKE A LAB RAT. THEY TOOK EVERYTHING AWAY FROM ME JUST TO SEE HOW I REACTED. YOU THINK THEY CARE? I'LL BET MY LIFE THE PLAN IS TO NUKE THIS PLACE ONCE WE'VE CLEARED THEIR MESS.



AND CLEAN UP ALL POTENTIAL MESSSES IN ONE FELL SWOOR. SON-OF-A-BITCH.



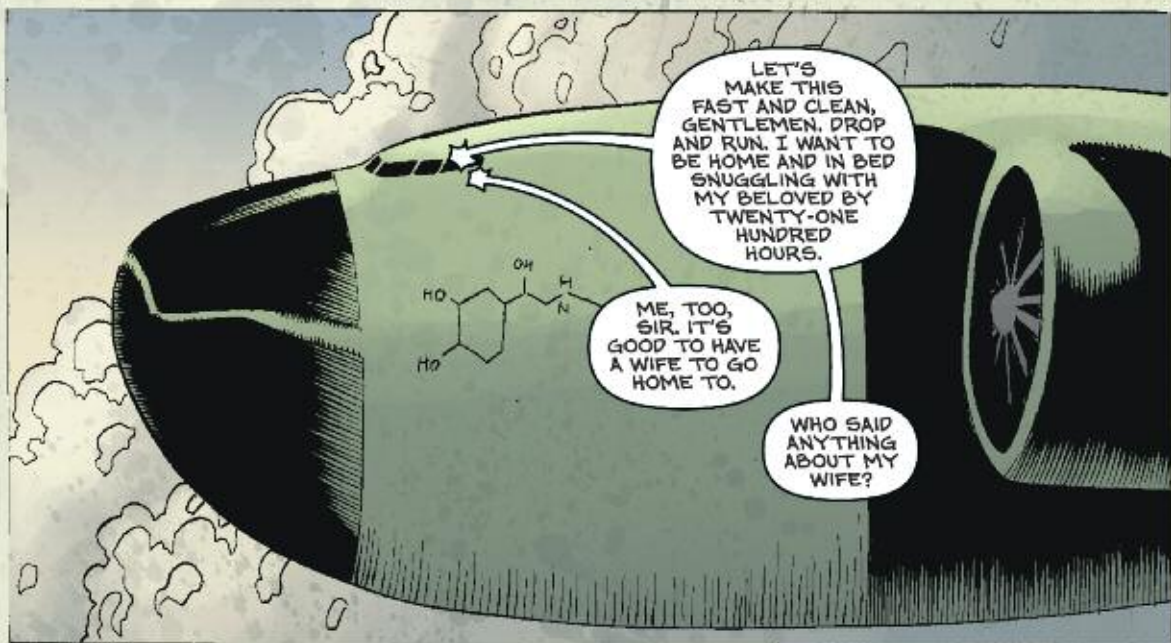
ALL OF THIS SOUNDS REALLY GREAT, BOYS...

















WE CAN'T STAY HERE. THEY'LL JUST KEEP COMING BACK. I DON'T WANT TO SPEND MY LIFE FIGHTING FOR MY HOME.







Art Gallery

