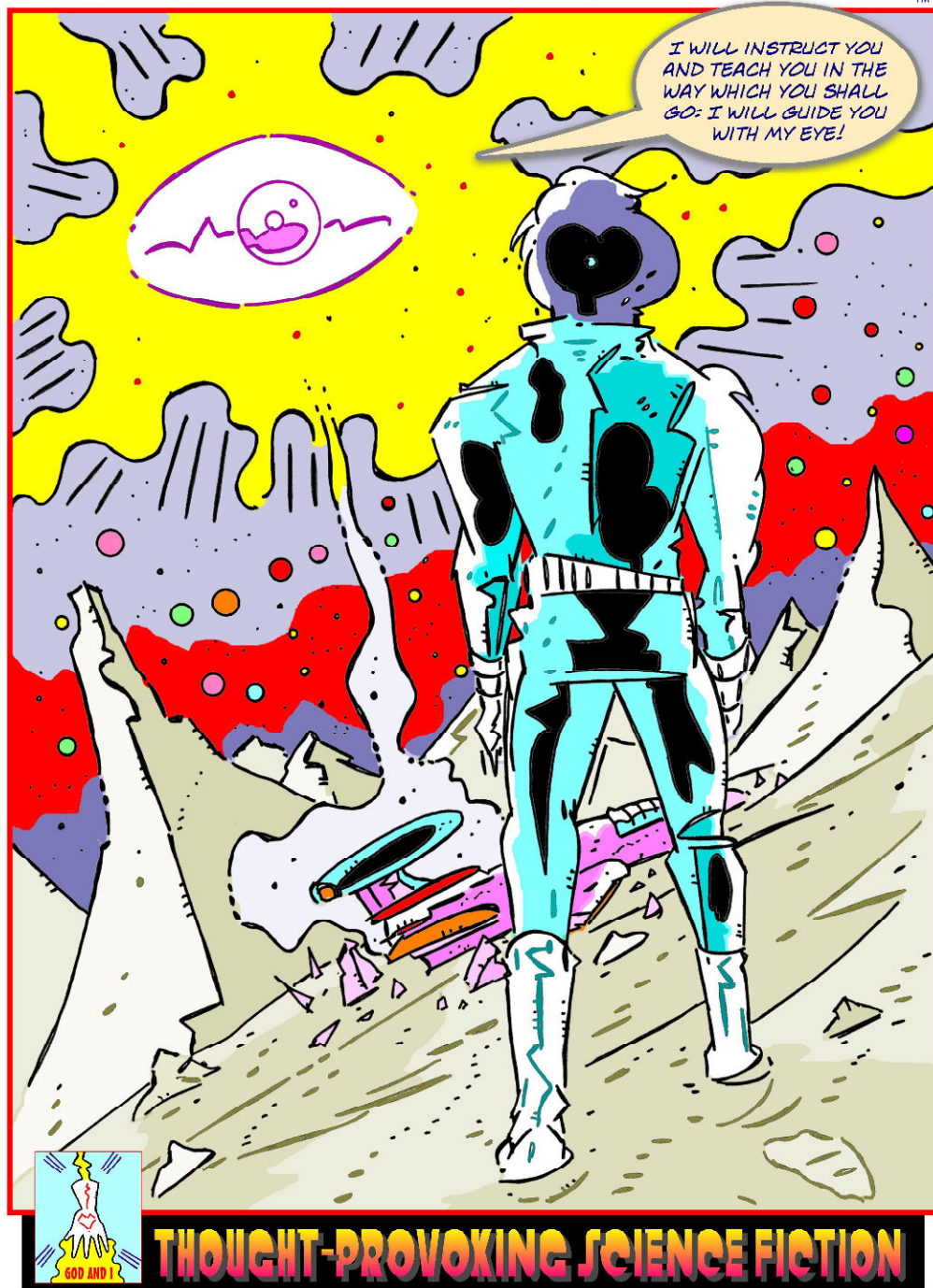
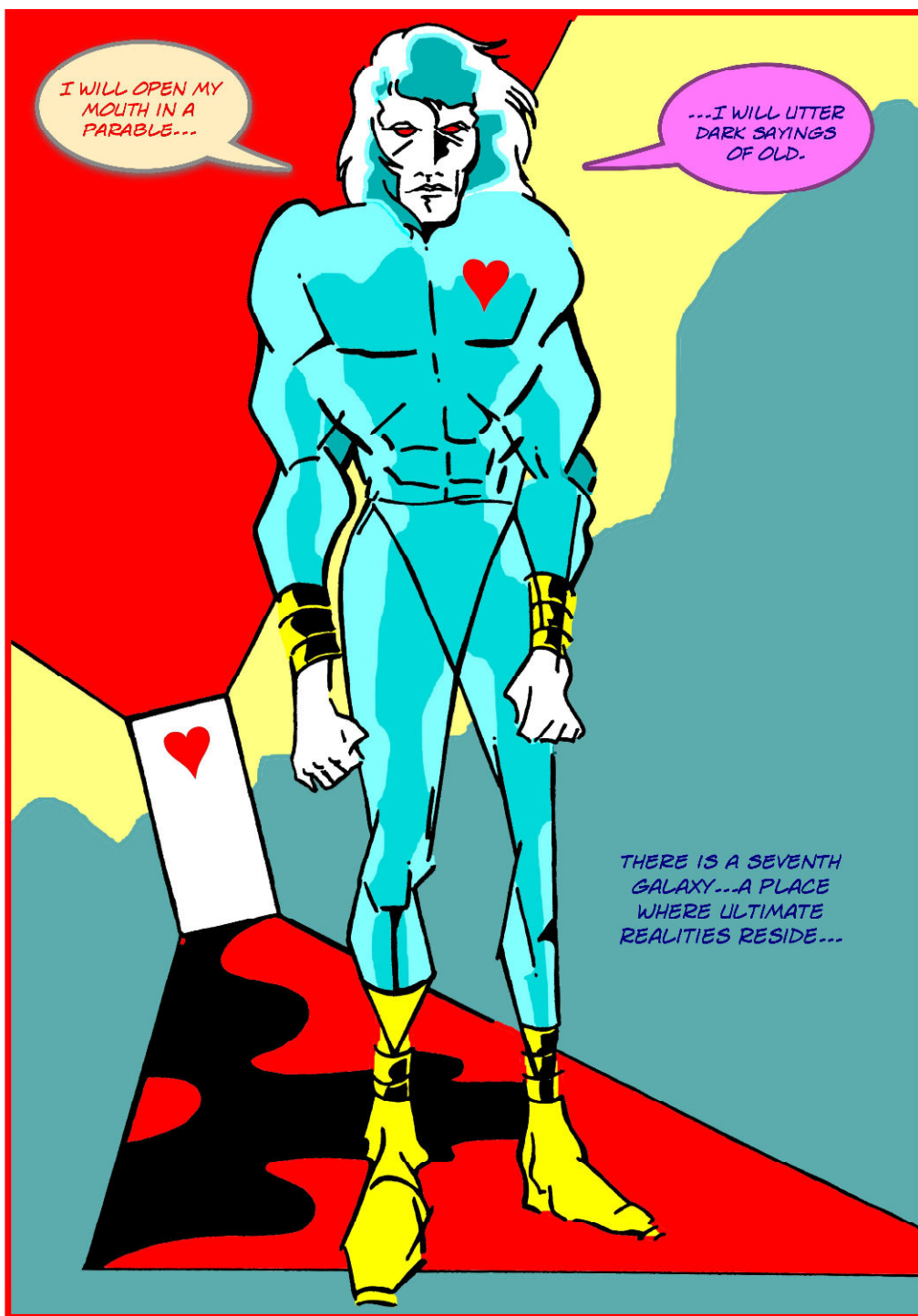


TALES FROM THE SEVENTH GALAXY





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QUARANTINED

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES RUBINO
ADDITIONAL ART & INKS BY TOM AHEARN





WELL, WITH ALL THE TALK ABOUT UFOs FOR THE PAST SEVERAL DECADES THAT'S HARDLY ORIGINAL.

MAYBE NOT BUT HIS STORY'S GOT A UNIQUE ANGLE TO IT: HE SAYS OUR SOLAR SYSTEM HAS BEEN "QUARANTINED" BY THE REST OF THE GALAXY.

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO HIM. DO YOU CONSIDER HIM VIOLENT?

NOT SO FAR. BUT WE'LL HAVE TO SEDATE HIM FIRST.

ONE WEIRD ANOMALY: HIS IMMUNE SYSTEM IS ALMOST PERFECT...LIKE A NEWBORN BABY'S.

C'MON- HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN HIS MID-TWENTIES...TOPS!

ODD...HOW OLD WOULD YOU SAY HE IS?

...IF YOU TAKE HIS WORD FOR IT- HE SAYS HE'S OVER NINE HUNDRED YEARS OLD...BY OUR STANDARDS.

LIKE I SAID: THIS ONE'S REALLY WEIRD.



MICAL, MY NAME'S DR. WICHTOKER.
I'M A PSYCHIATRIST...I'D LIKE TO
TALK TO YOU...

WHY DID I DO IT...
WHY DID I DO IT??

WHY DID YOU
DO WHAT?

WHY DID I COME
HERE?? I'VE
POISONED MY SOUL!

SUBJECT: R58

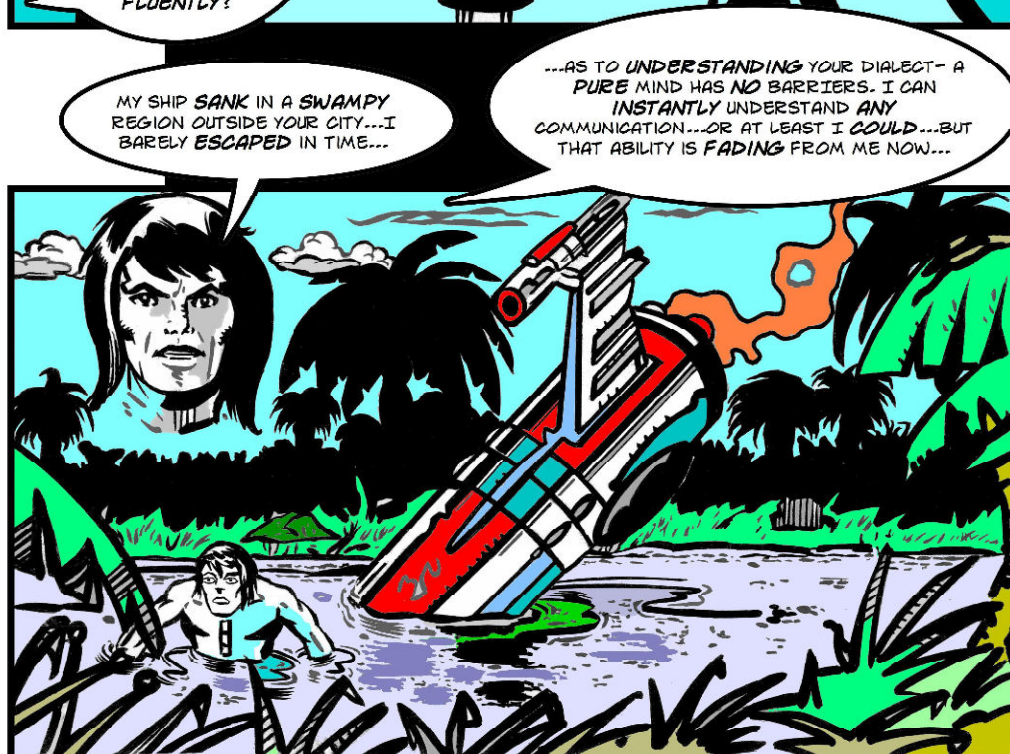
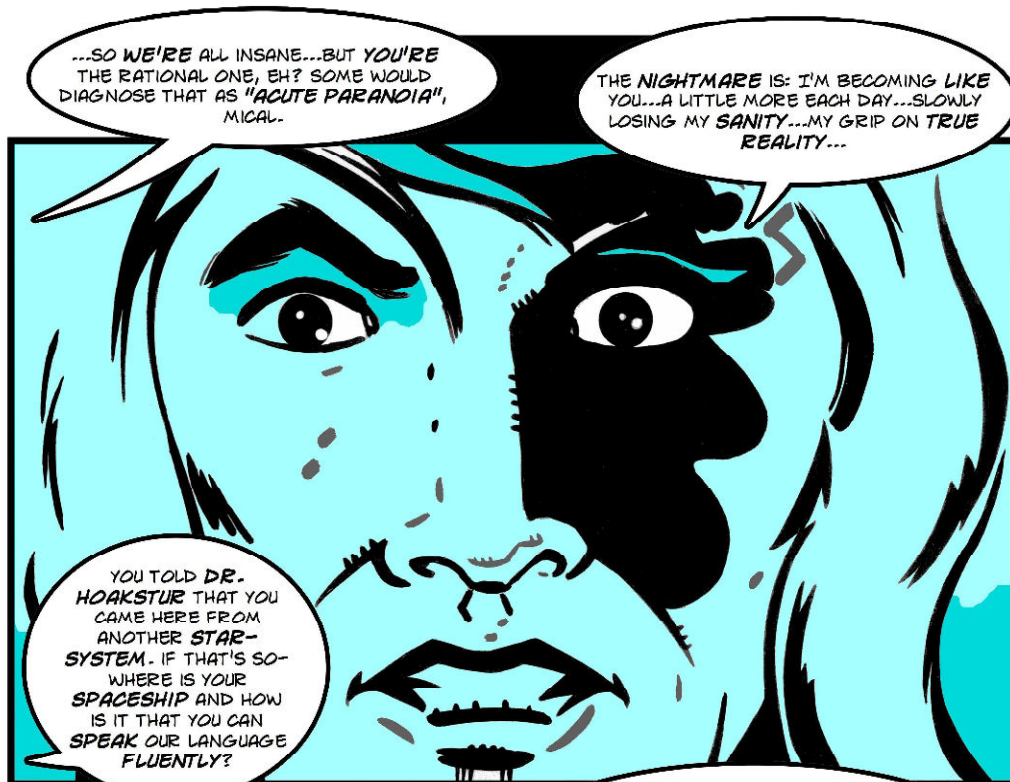
...I'M INFECTED TOO
NOW...THEY'LL NEVER LET
ME LEAVE HERE...

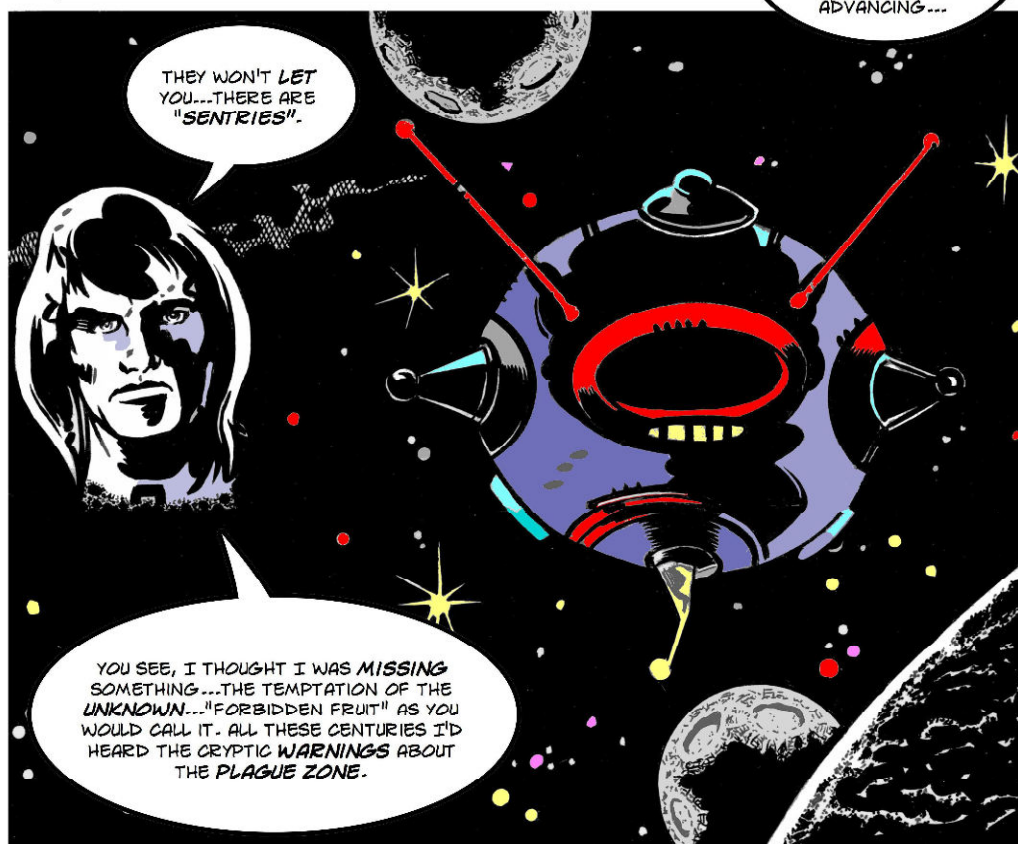
YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE
FOREVER, MICAL. WE WANT TO
HELP YOU. WITH PROPER TREATMENT
SOMEDAY YOU CAN RE-ENTER
SOCIETY...LEAD A NORMAL LIFE.

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THIS
FACILITY...I'M REFERRING TO YOUR
WORLD. I WAS A FOOL...YOU SEE, IT'S
NOT ME WHO'S INSANE...IT'S YOU.

ME??

ALL OF YOU...YOU'RE ALL
COMPLETELY MAD. BUT, WHEN
YOU LIVE IN A MAD-HOUSE IT
SEEMS "NORMAL"...YOU HAVE
NOTHING TO COMPARE
YOURSELVES TO.





IS THIS **WORLD** YOU SAY
YOU'RE FROM SO **DIFFERENT**
FROM **OURS**?

YOU COULD NEVER **IMAGINE** IT...IT'S BEYOND
YOUR **COMPREHENSION**. I LIVED IN A WORLD
OF **INNOCENCE**- DEVOID OF SICKNESS, AGING,
STRUGGLE OR DEATH. THERE IS NO CRIME
THERE...AND NO WAR. NOR HAS THERE **EVER**
BEEN. BUT I COMMITTED A NAMELESS ACT OF
HORROR: I BROKE THROUGH THE
QUARANTINE...AND NOW THEY WILL **NEVER** LET
ME RETURN...FOR I WOULD **CONTAMINATE** THE
ENTIRE UNIVERSE.



THIS "**PLAGUE**" OF
WHICH YOU SPEAK...
WHAT IS IT?

EVIL. IT IS THE
PLAGUE OF **EVIL**.





WE'LL **RAM** THIS JET INTO A BUILDING AND KILL **THOUSANDS** OF INNOCENT MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN SO OUR **DEITY** WILL BE **PLEASED**!

"...IN OTHER NEWS, **WAR** CONTINUES IN..."

MY LIFE IS **RUINED**...AND NOBODY CARES...

I **HATE** ANYONE WHO DOESN'T THINK LIKE ME!

...I SAID I WANT A **DIVORCE**, YOU MISERABLE **LOSER**!

LONELY, FELLA? I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY...FOR A **PRICE**.

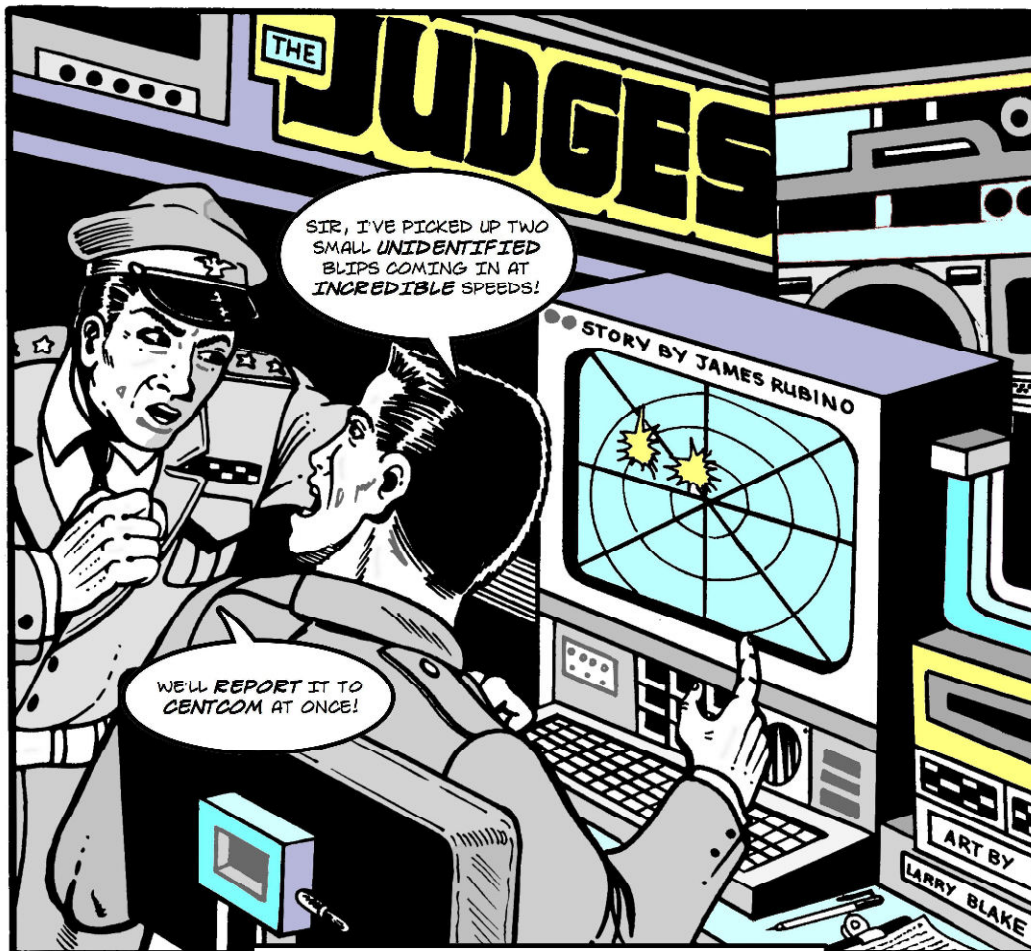
BUY OUR PRODUCT THEN YOU'LL BE **HAPPY**!

OUR WORLD "**QUARANTINED**"... WHAT A **LUNATIC**!!

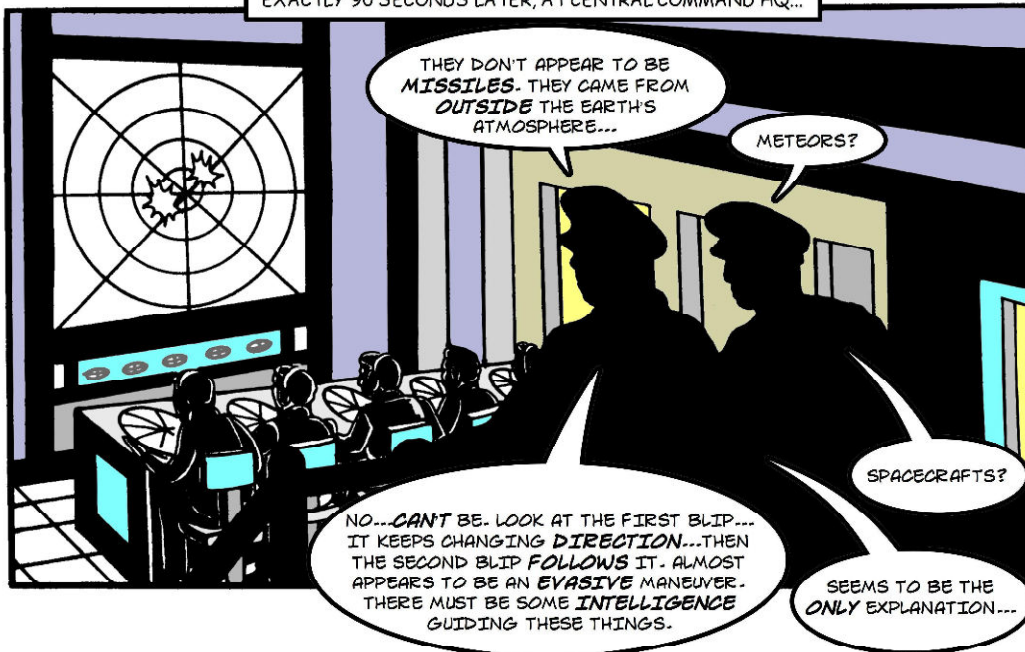
HEY, MIKE- LET'S DRIVE BY SOMEBODY AND **SHOOT** 'EM!...JUST FOR THE **FUN** OF IT!



JUNE 15, 2016- DREAMT I WAS SLEEPING ON A MATTRESS ON THE FLOOR (AS I OFTEN DO) AND MY SON JAMES WAS LYING NEXT TO ME ON ANOTHER MATTRESS. I AWOKE WITHIN THE DREAM AND BEGAN TO FOCUS ON A CERTAIN SPOT ON THE WALL WHICH BEGAN TO GLOW SLIGHTLY. I PRAYED THAT GOD WOULD SHOW ME AN ACTUAL VISION AND SUBSEQUENTLY AN IMAGE FORMED OF A MAN FLOATING THROUGH SPACE WITH MUCH DEBRIS AROUND HIM. I AWOKE MY SON AND ASKED HIM IF HE SAW SOMETHING THERE AS WELL (TO SEE IF I WAS ACTUALLY JUST DREAMING). HE REPLIED THAT HE DID. I THEN ASKED HIM WHAT HE SAW AND HE SAID "A MAN FALLING THROUGH SPACE". HEARING THIS I PERCEIVED THAT WE WERE SEEING SOMETHING REAL. I'M NOT SURE WHAT THIS "VISION" REPRESENTED. MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT IT PORTRAYED GOD SENDING THE SOUL OF A MAN TO EARTH (I BELIEVE OUR SOULS ARE CREATED IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD AND THEN JOINED WITH OUR NATURAL BODY AT CONCEPTION. AT "DEATH" OUR SPIRITS THEN "RETURN TO GOD" AS REVEALED IN ECCLESIASTES 12.7. THIS IS WHY ALL PEOPLE HAVE AN INNATE AWARENESS OF THE CREATOR, FOR WE ALL BEGAN IN HIS PRESENCE). WHEN I RELATED THIS DREAM TO MY KIDS THEIR THOUGHT WAS THAT IT REPRESENTED EITHER THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR CURRENT PLANET PRIOR TO THE CREATION OF THE NEW EARTH OR PERHAPS A FUTURE SPACE DISASTER.

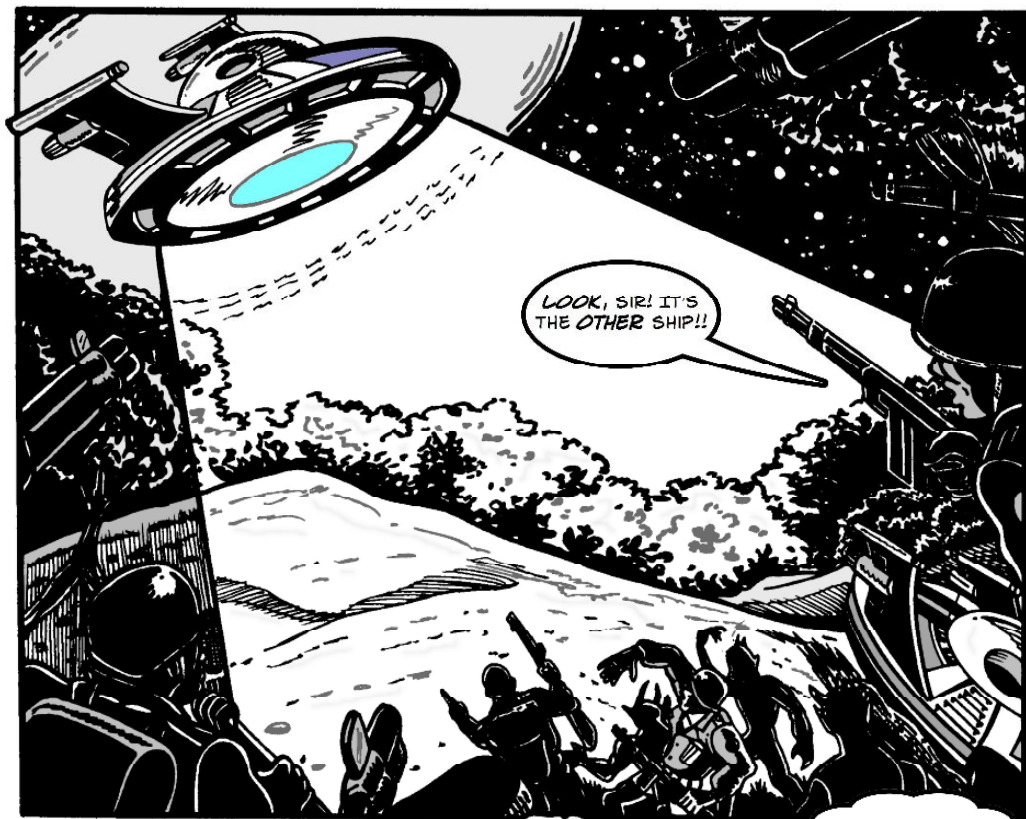


EXACTLY 90 SECONDS LATER, AT CENTRAL COMMAND HQ...



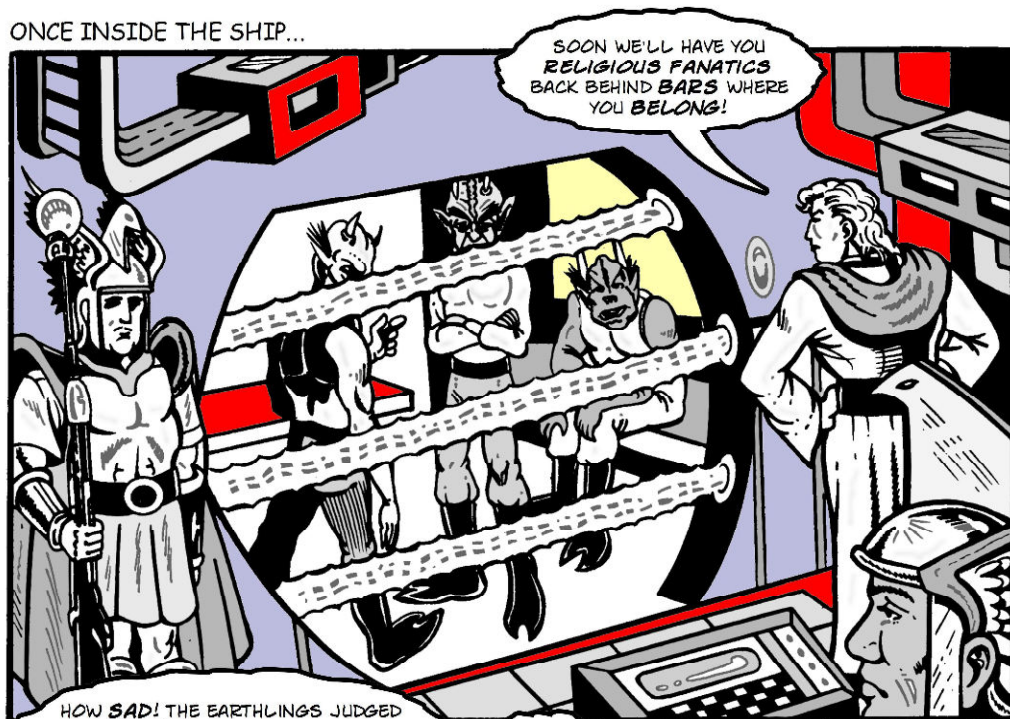






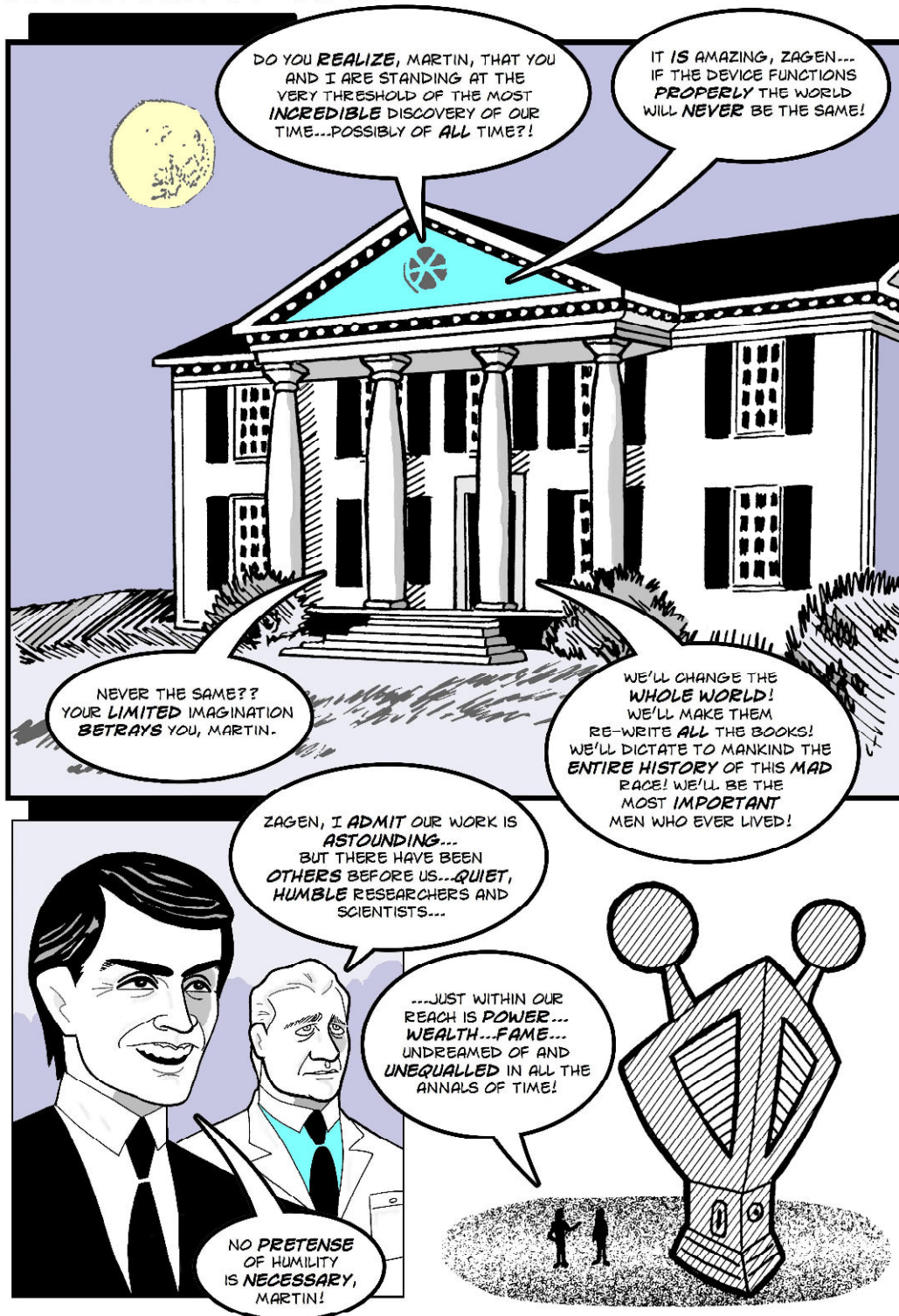


ONCE INSIDE THE SHIP...



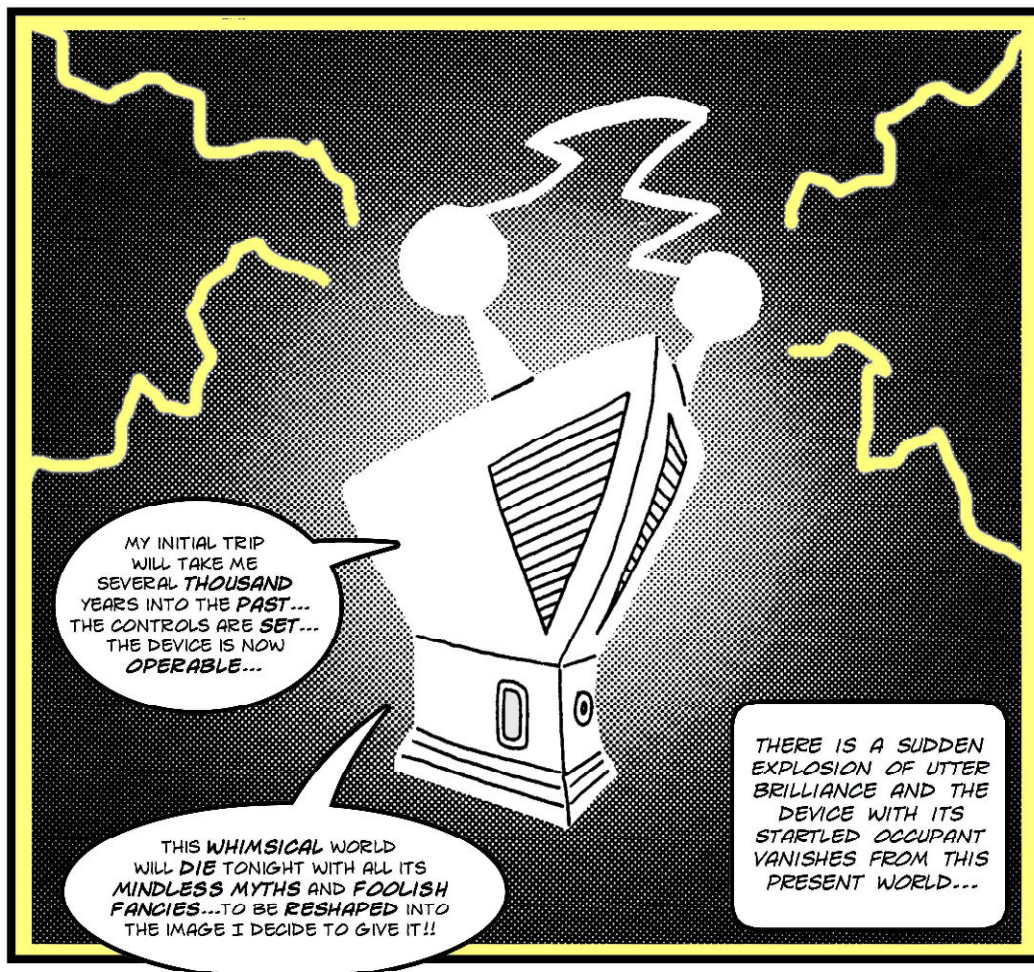
A MATTER OF TIME

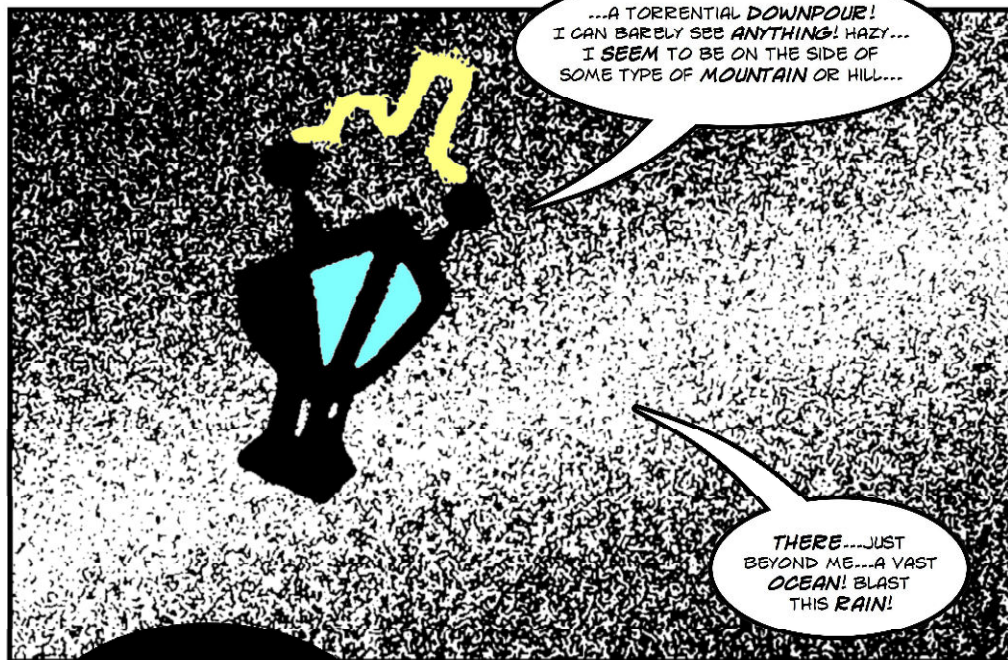
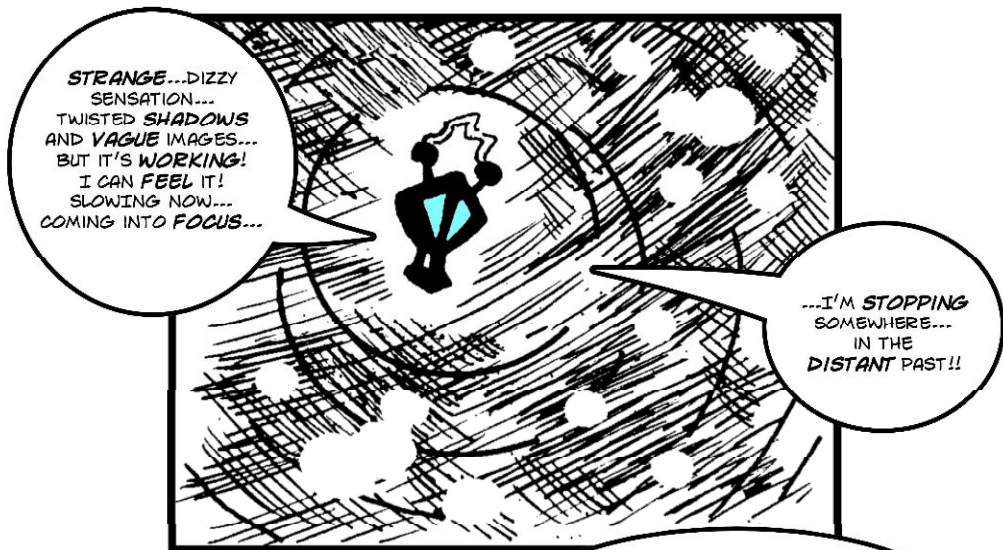
Written by James Rubino
Illustrated by the late Luisa Felix











THROUGH THE GLASS PORTAL OF HIS TIME-TRAVELLING DEVICE,
STEVEN ZAGEN VIEWS ONE OF THE LAST SIGHTS HE WILL EVER
SEE IN THIS WORLD. THERE ON THE WAVES, BLACK AND DISTINCT
AMIDST THE ANGRY DELUGE... IS AN IMMENSE... WOODEN... ARK.



...YES, STEVEN, IT'S GOING TO BE RAINING
FOR A LONGGG TIME...

the horrible monster

In the midst of the Black Forest stood a cottage, where dwelt a man long years in solitude;
Self-reproach and loneliness his companions, until one day a figure did intrude...



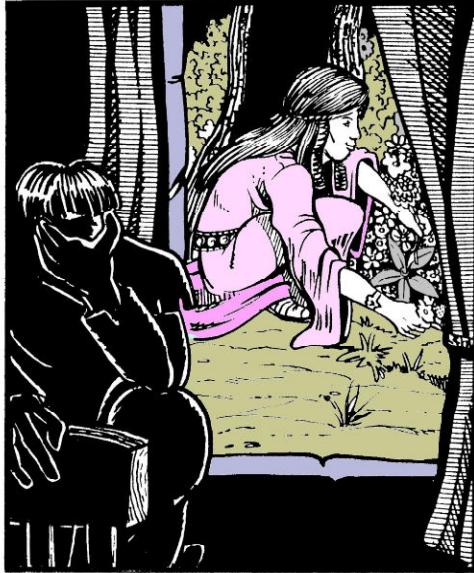
Written by James Rubino



Illustrated by Larry Blake



All his life the masses did torment him,
in mockery of his sad, disfigured shape...



...Night and day he still could hear
the echo, of laughter that he came
here to escape.

The man they called a "monster"
now imagined a thought most vain
and foolish as could be...



...He thought mayhap this gentle girl
would love him, and comfort thus
his years of misery.

Stepping forth from his home he approached her,
her raven hair danced softly in the breeze...



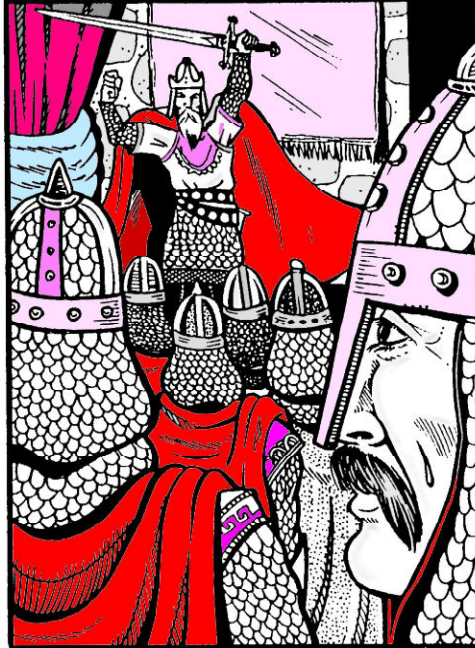
...But as her eyes caught
sight of his appearance,
she did scream and fled
back through the trees...



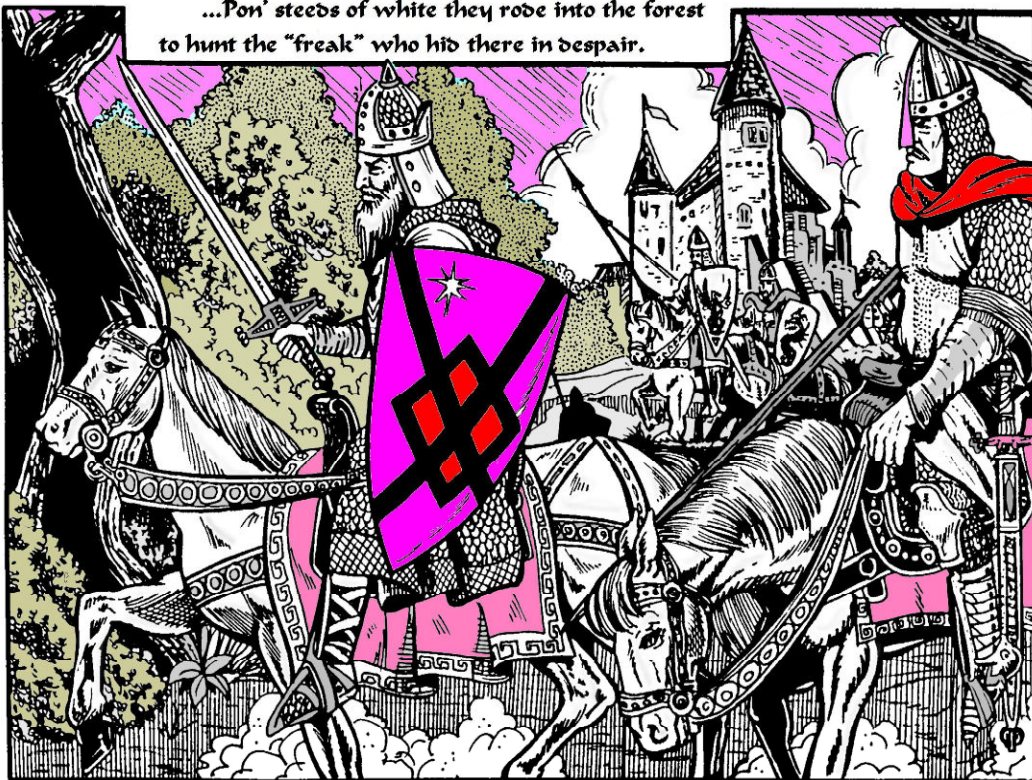
Once she reached the castle of her father
she wept before his high and noble throne...



The king arose and then called forth
his army...the handsome knights in
armor bright and fair...



...Pon' steeds of white they rode into the forest
to hunt the "freak" who hid there in despair.



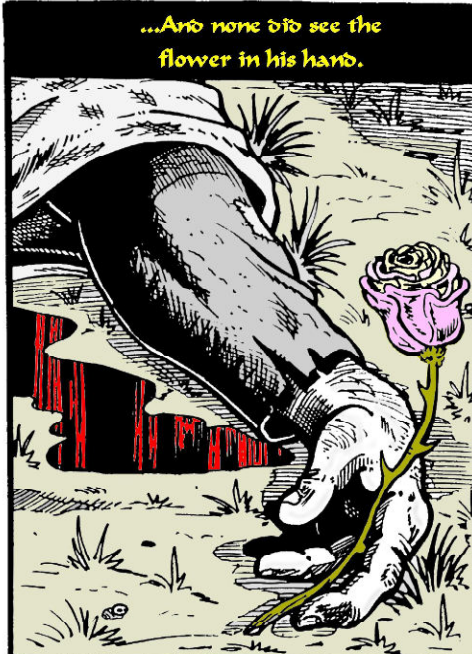
They found him by a rock beyond the clearing,
the mighty king did thunder his command...



They slew the "monster" there
amid their laughter...



...And none did see the
flower in his hand.



JULY 20, 2003:
I HAD A DREAM IN WHICH I WAS TALKING
WITH GOD. I ASKED HIM WHAT I SHOULD
DO WITH MY LIFE AND HE SAID, "TALK TO
ME AND TELL ME STORIES"...SO I DO.



LITTLE BOY...TAKE ME
TO YOUR LEADERS!

"LEADERS"???

...WE DON'T HAVE
ANY LEADERS!!!

