

ANCIENT TALES FROM THE FUTURE™



A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO NEPTUNE...!

ANCIENT TALES FROM THE FUTURE

®™

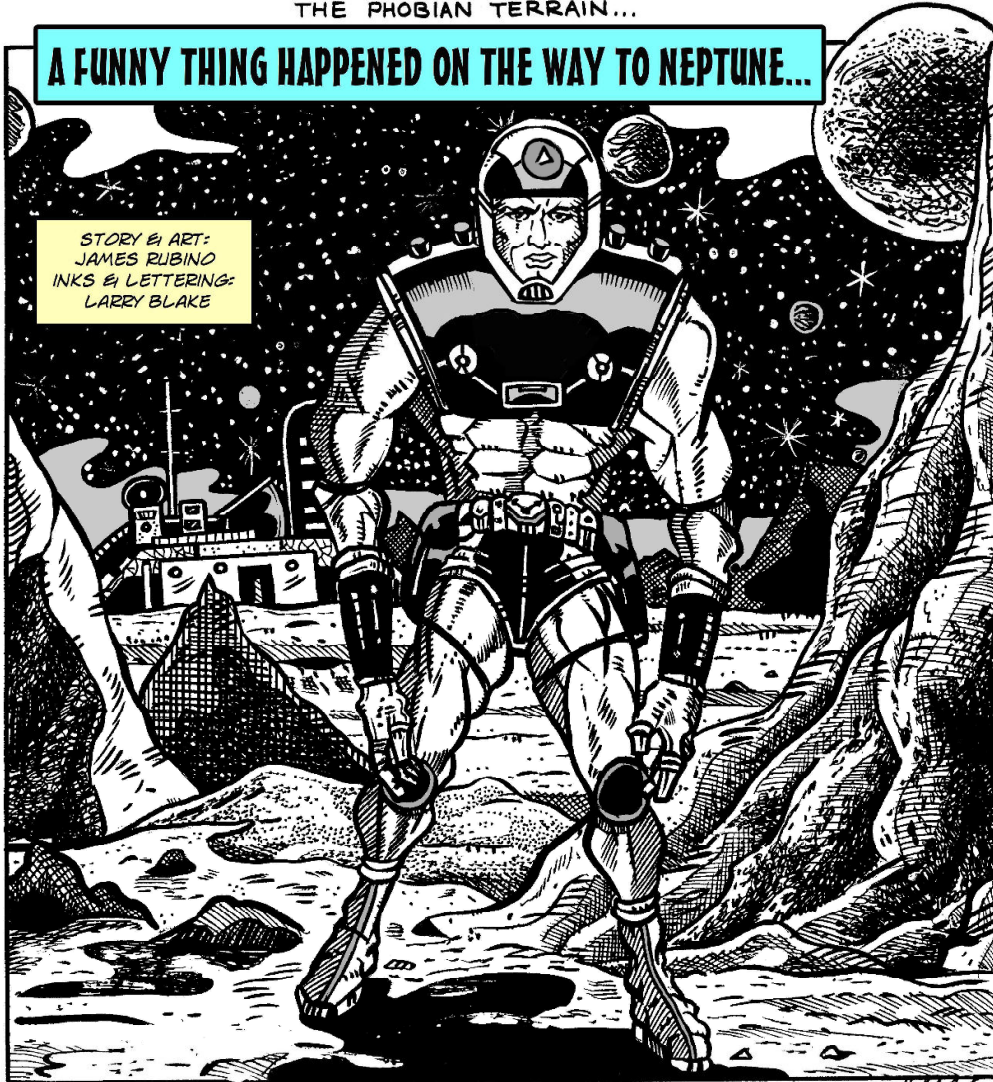


ANCIENT TALES FROM THE FUTURE NO.1B IS COPYRIGHT 2017 GOD AND JAMES RUBINO (JONAH 2056 STORY ORIGINALLY COPYRIGHTED 1993). ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. ANY SIMILARITIES BETWEEN NAMES, CHARACTERS, PERSONS, AND/OR INSTITUTIONS WITH THOSE OF ANY LIVING OR DEAD PERSON OR INSTITUTION IS UNINTENTIONAL, AND ANY SUCH SIMILARITY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. ALL PROMINENT CHARACTERS FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE AND THE DISTINCTIVE LIKENESSES THEREOF ARE TRADEMARKS OF JAMES RUBINO. PRINTED IN THE USA. WEBSITE: WWW.REPUBLICOFENOCH.COM

SPACE - FORCE CHAPLAIN JONAH AMITTAI HAD A COZY JOB. ASSIGNED TO A SMALL OUTPOST ON THE MARTIAN SATELLITE *PHOBOS*, MOST OF JONAH'S TIME WAS SPENT PURSUING HIS FAVORITE HOBBY "GEO-MAGNA QUESTING" OR IN SIMPLER TERMS: ROCK HUNTING. AND THERE WAS CERTAINLY AN ABUNDANCE OF RARE AND EXOTIC SOLIDIFIED MINERALS TO BE "UNEARTHED" HERE ON LONELY PHOBOS. JONAH WAS AS HAPPY AS ANY MAN COULD BE IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION, THAT IS UNTIL IT TOOK A STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED "TWIST" ONE AFTERNOON WHILE HE WAS OUT EXPLORING THE PHOBIAN TERRAIN...

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO NEPTUNE...

STORY & ART:
JAMES RUBINO
INKS & LETTERING:
LARRY BLAKE



JONAH!



YEAH--I
READ YOU--
BACK OFF ON
THE VOLUME! YOU
ALMOST BLEW MY
SPEAKERS!

ALL RIGHT,
QUIT GOOFIN' AROUND,
YOU GUYS! WHAT'S UP?

THIS ISN'T YOUR
RADIO RECEIVER,
JONAH.

JONAH, THIS IS THE
VOICE OF THE
ULTIMATE.



THE 4L-- HEY, ONE
OF YOU NUTS HAS A
PRETTY WEIRD SENSE
OF HUMOR! IF YOU'VE GOT
NOTHING IMPORTANT TO
SAY, I'M SHUTTING
OFF MY RECEIVER.

THAT WON'T
SHUT ME OUT,
JONAH.

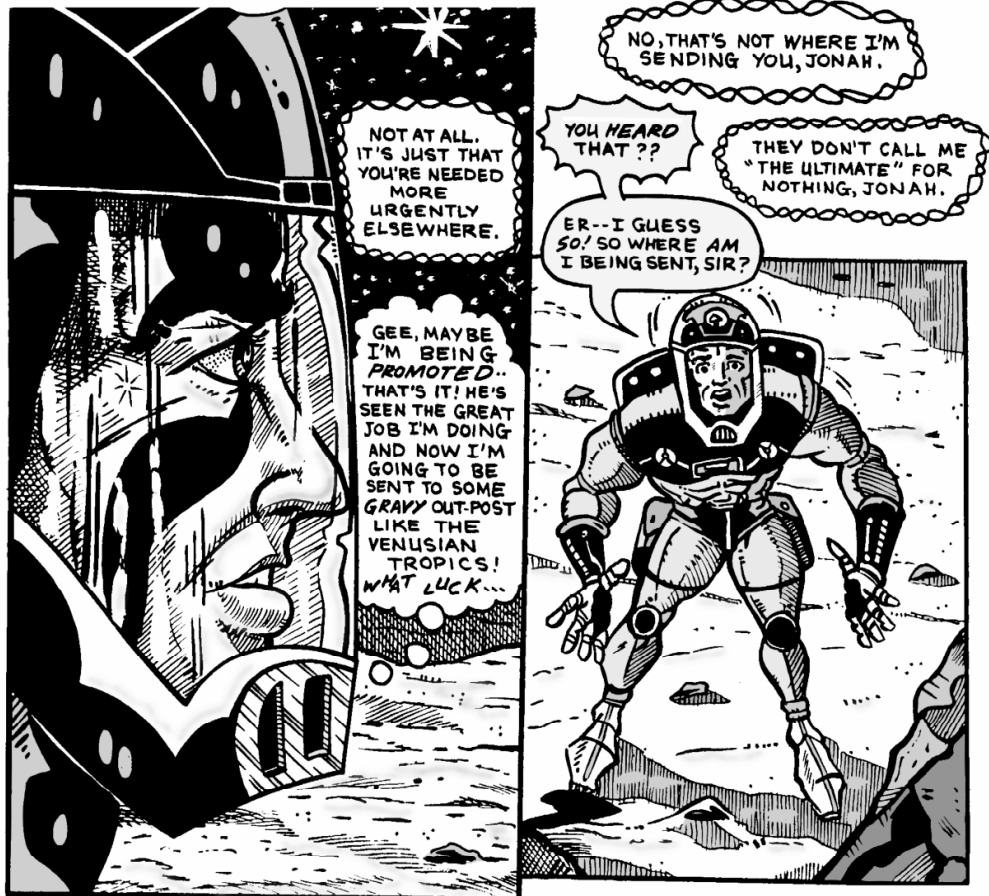
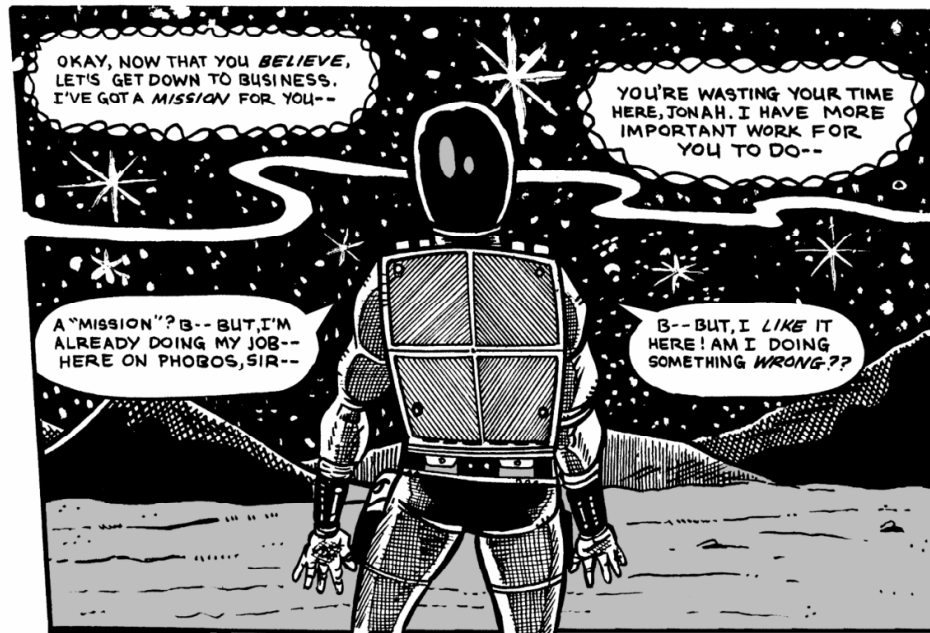


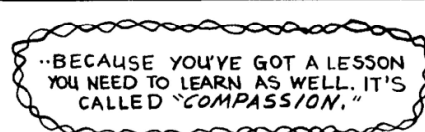
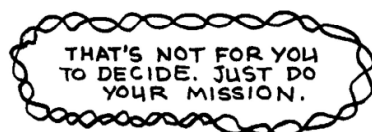
HEY,
WHAT
IS THIS? I
TURNED MY
COMMUNICATOR
OFF!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
TO STILL HEAR--

JONAH,
WITH ME
NOTHING IS
IMPOSSIBLE.
I'M WHO I WAS.
THE
ULTIMATE.

4LP!







..AND, WHAT IF I
CHOOSE *NOT*
TO GO?

LISTEN, FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO WHEN
YOU ENTERED MY
SERVICE, YOU SAID
YOU WERE WILLING
TO DO *ANYTHING*
FOR ME, RIGHT?

UH--
DID I SAY
THAT?

YOU DID. AND THIS HAPPENS TO
BE PART OF THAT *ANYTHING*.
LOOK, JONAH, IT'S A DIRTY JOB,
BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT.
I'D LIKE TO GIVE THE MERCURIANS
ONE LAST CHANCE. I DON'T TAKE
PLEASURE IN WIPING OUT A
RACE OF BEINGS.

YEAH--WELL,
THEN *YOU* TELL
'EM ABOUT IT.
AS FOR ME, I'M
OUTTA HERE!
END OF
CONVERSATION!

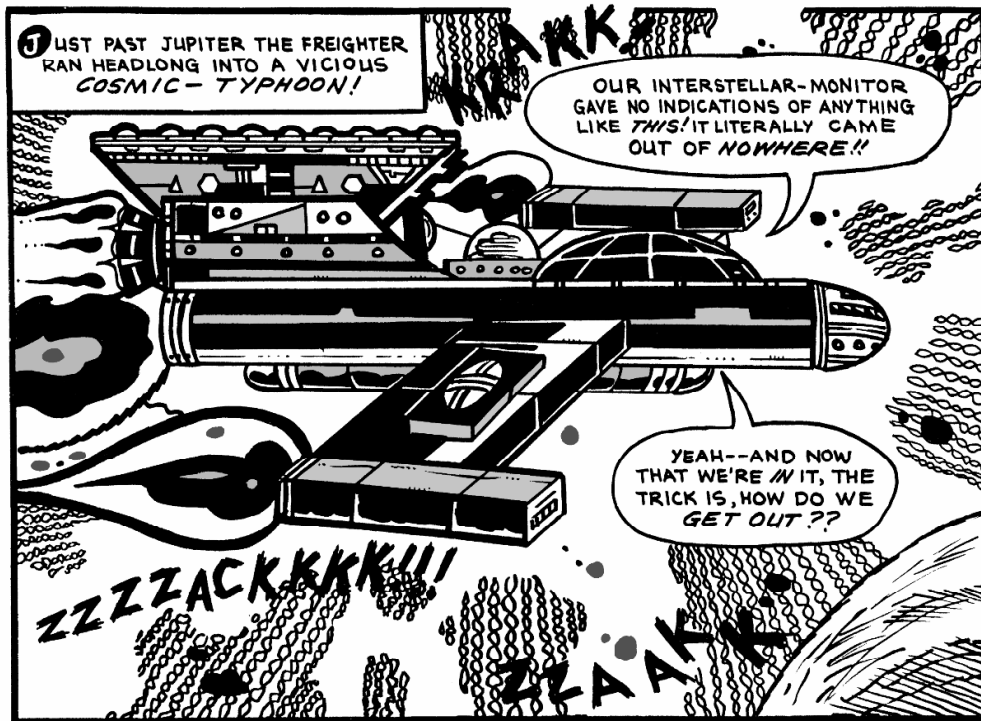
OBVIOUSLY,
JONAH WAS NOT
THE MOST
WILLING
SERVANT THE
ULTIMATE EVER
HAD IN HIS
EMPLOY. BUT,
DEEP DOWN INSIDE,
HE *WAS* GOOD PEOPLE.
HE JUST POSSESSED
A FEW ROUGH EDGES
IN THE CHARACTER
DEPARTMENT WHICH
NEEDED TO BE
"SMOOTHED OVER."

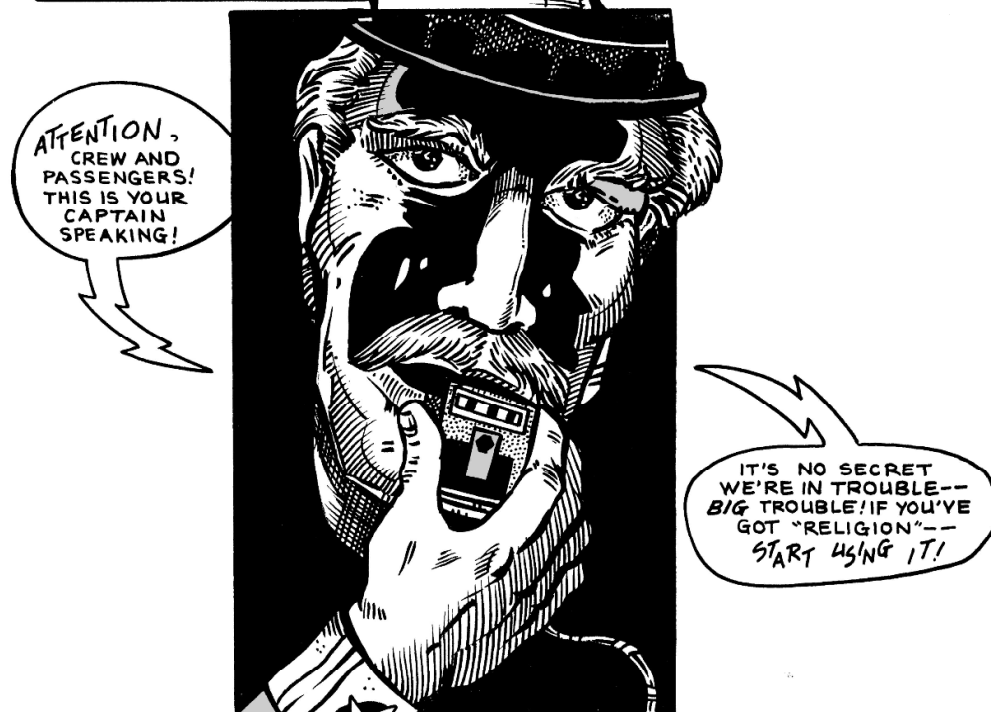
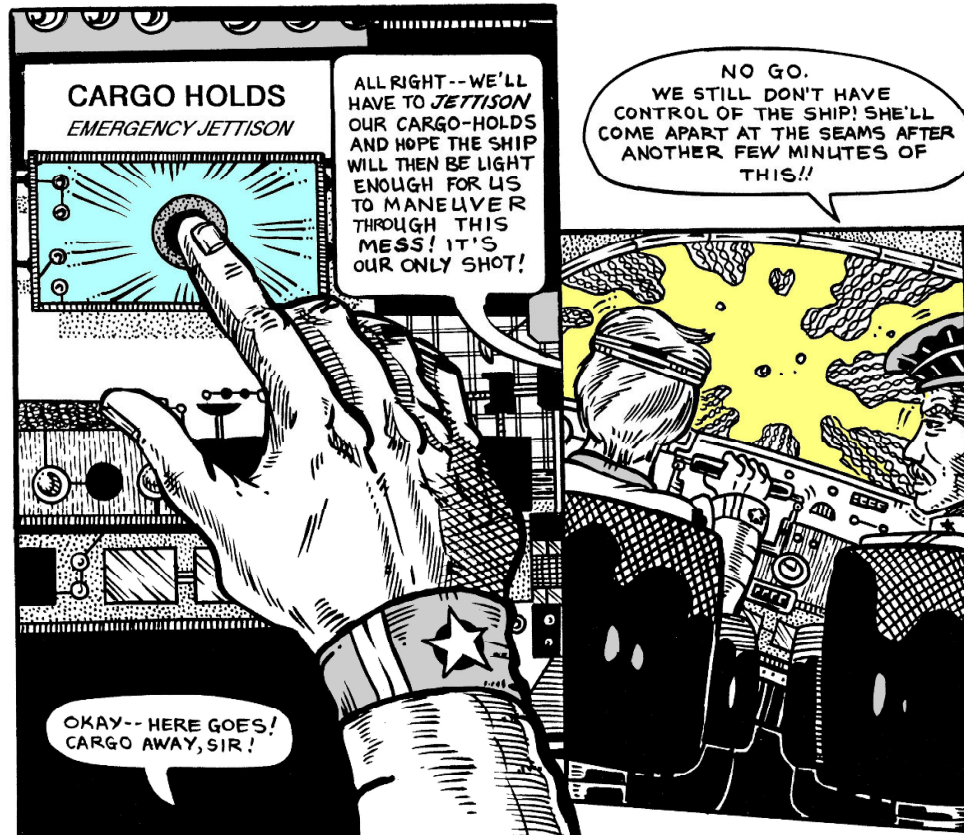
NONETHELESS, JONAH WAS ADAMANT IN HIS REFUSAL TO ACCEPT HIS NEW ASSIGNMENT. IF THE ULTIMATE WANTED HIM TO GO TO MERCURY, THEN HE WOULD HEAD IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. SO HE HOPPED A FREIGHTER EN ROUTE TO NEPTUNE; THAT SHOULD BE FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM HIS ASSIGNMENT TO BE A SECURE HIDING PLACE...

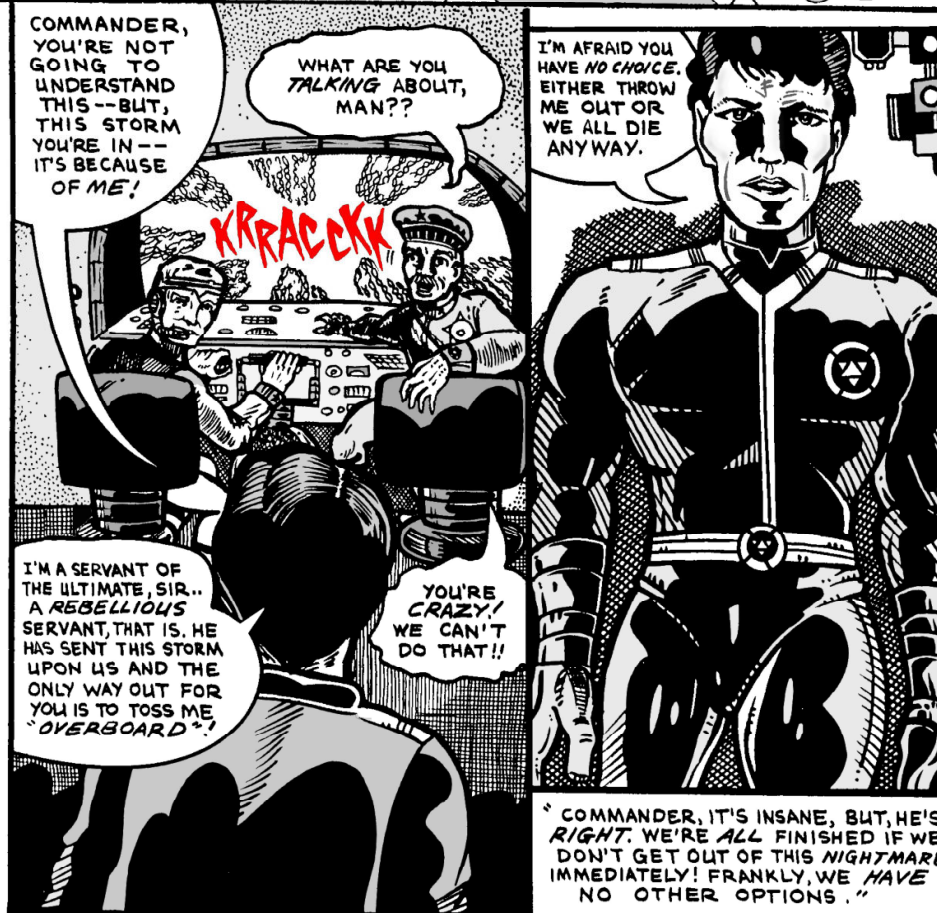


ZOOOZZZZ

-- OR SO HE THOUGHT --







NO,
I REFUSE TO
DO IT! WE'LL RIDE
THIS THING OUT--

* COMMANDER, SENSORS
INDICATE STRUCTURAL
DAMAGE IN AFT SECTION--
WE AREN'T GOING TO MAKE
IT, SIR. ANOTHER FEW
SECONDS AND --*

I KNOW--
I KNOW!

ALL RIGHT. GIVE
HIM A SUIT AND A
COMPRESSED OXY-
PACK--

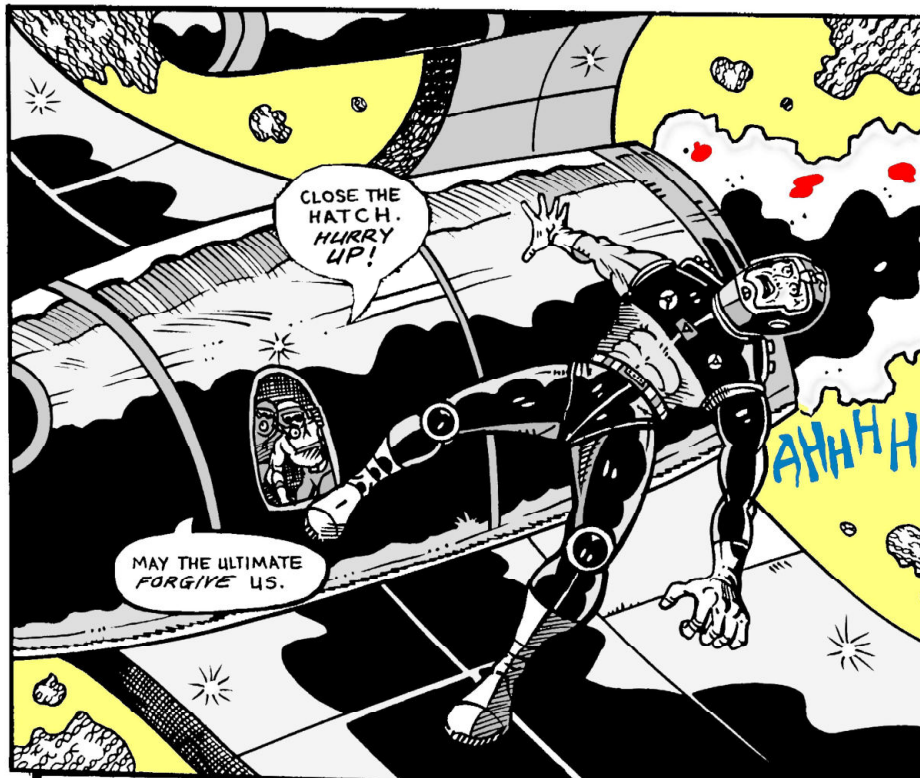


THAT SHOULD LAST
HIM A COUPLE DAYS--
IF HE SURVIVES THE STORM.

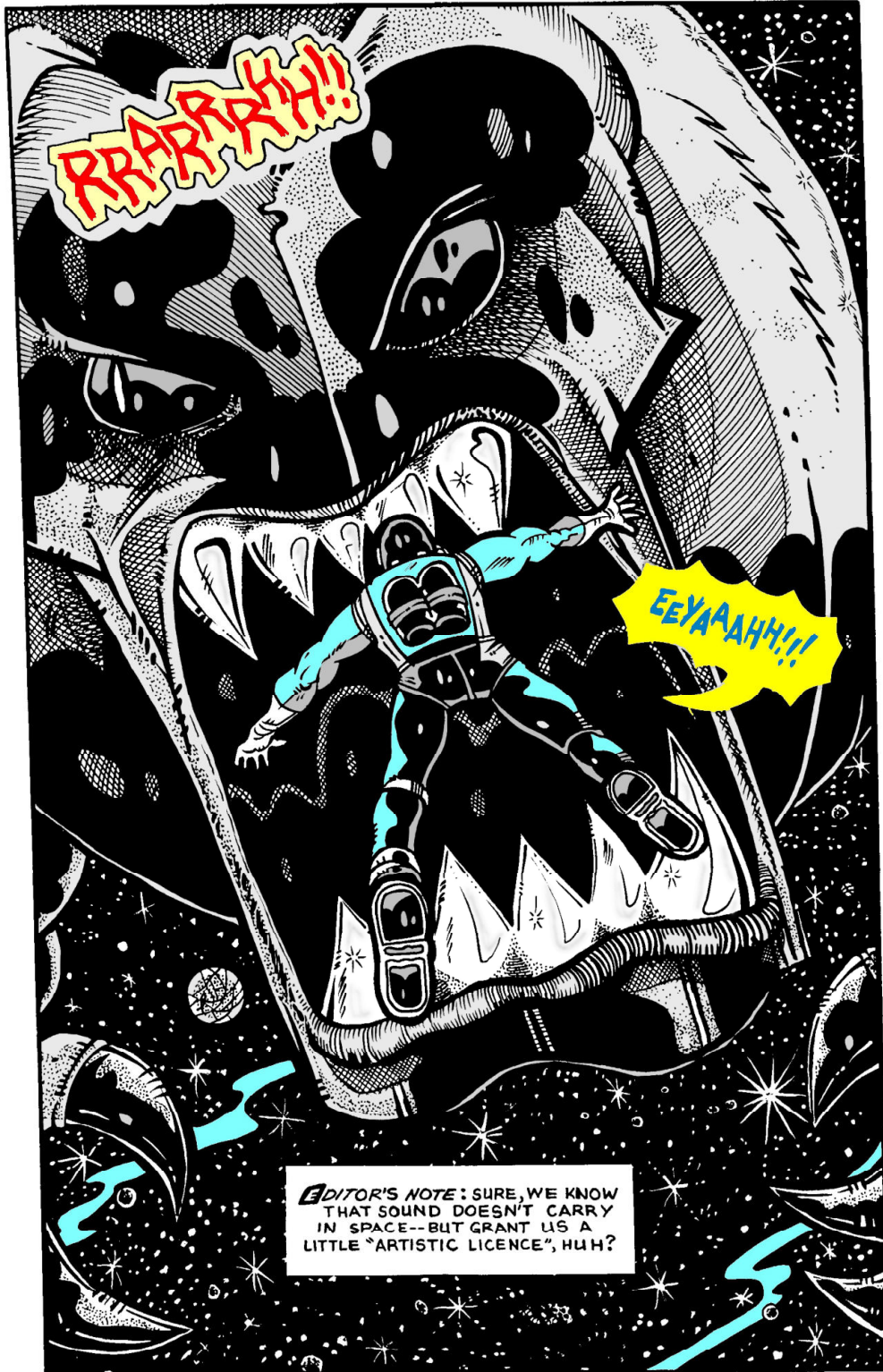
--BUT, SIR--

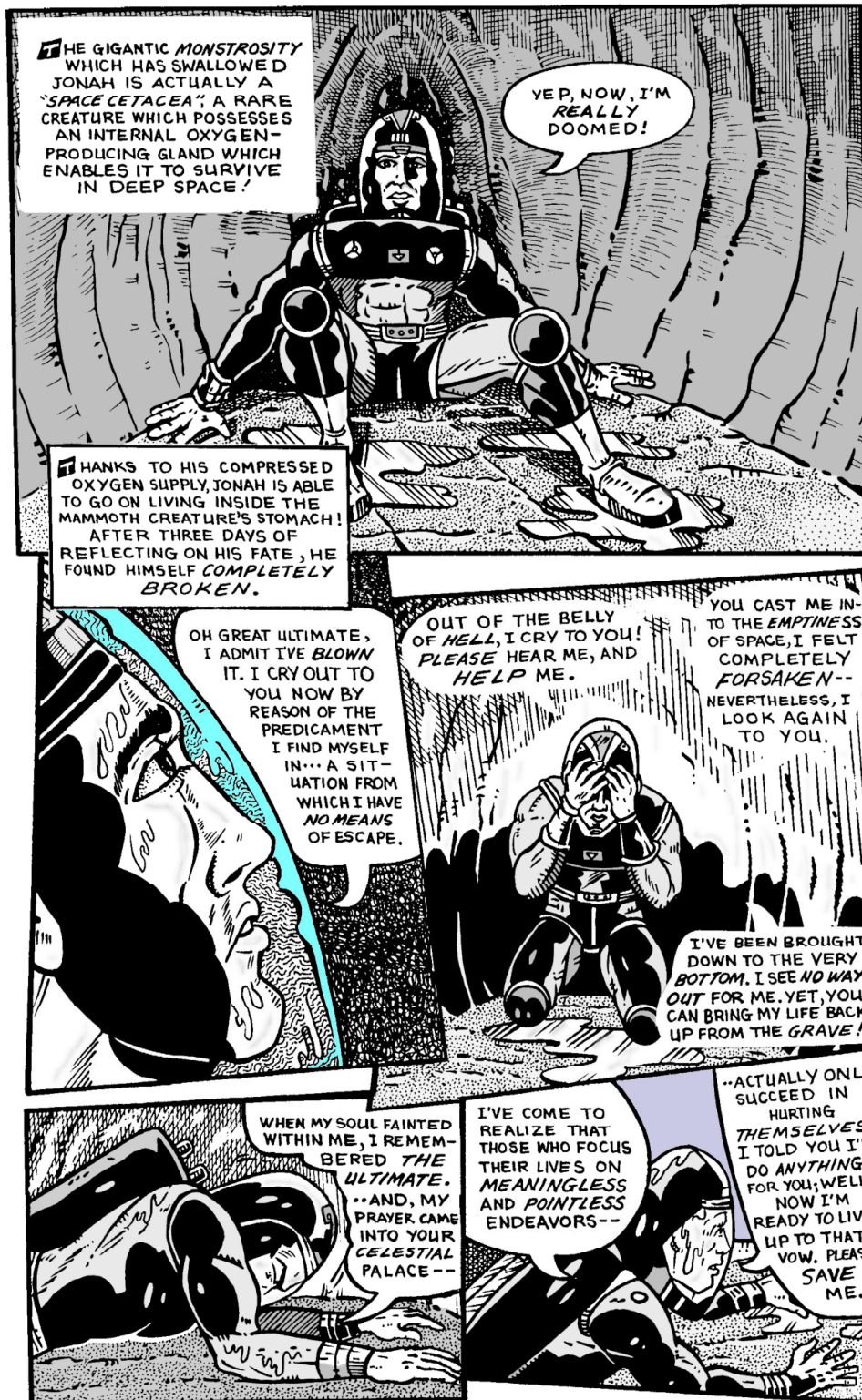
JUST-- DO IT.

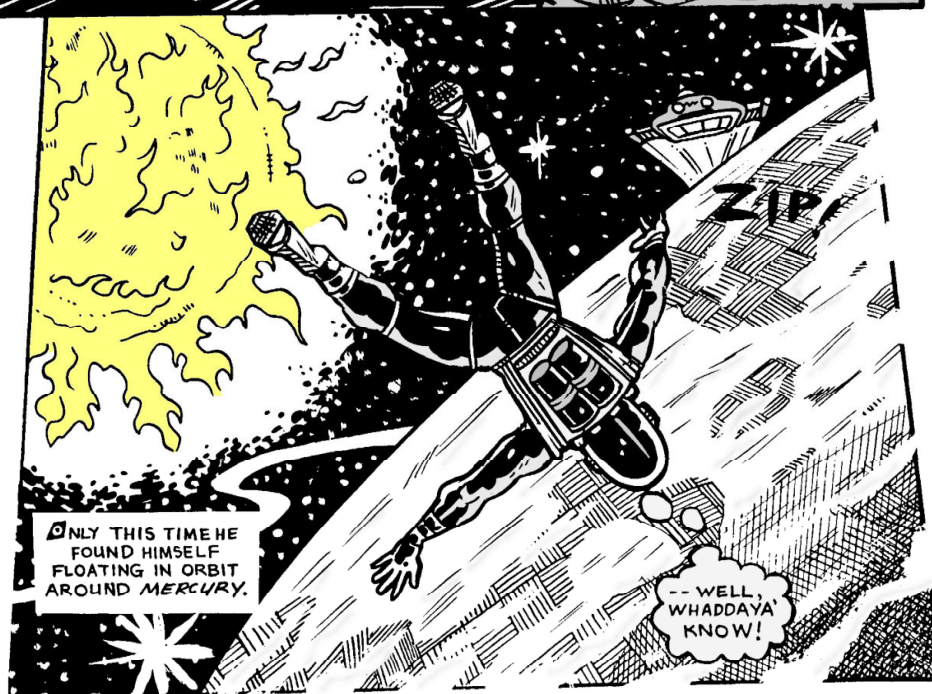


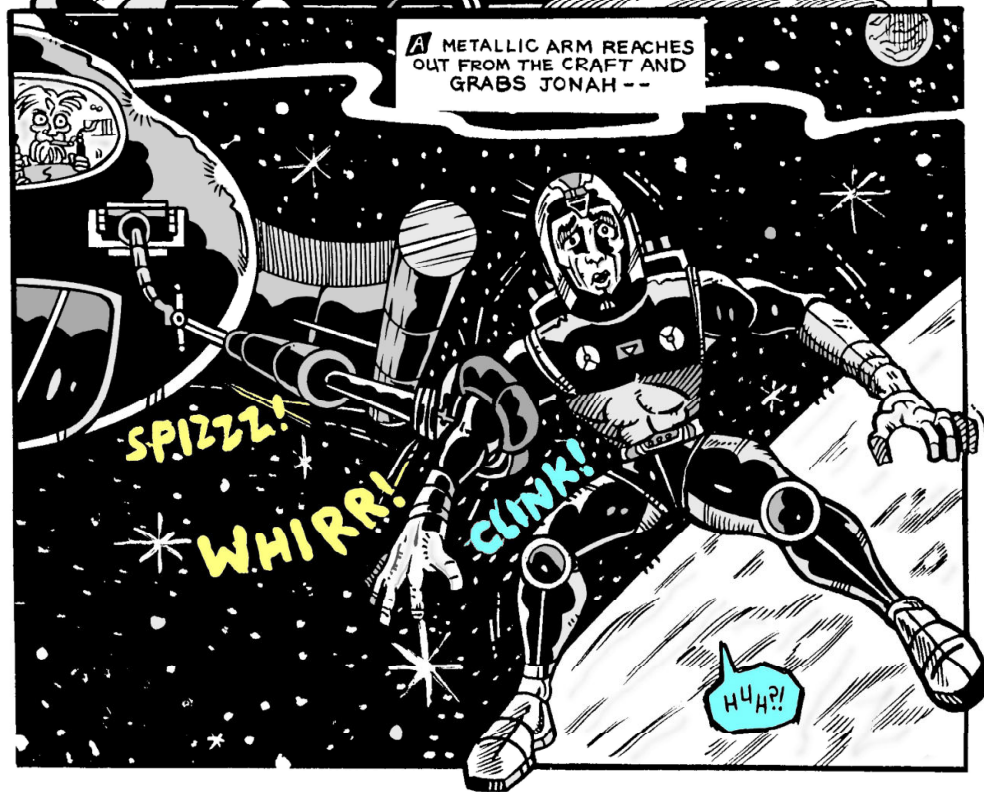
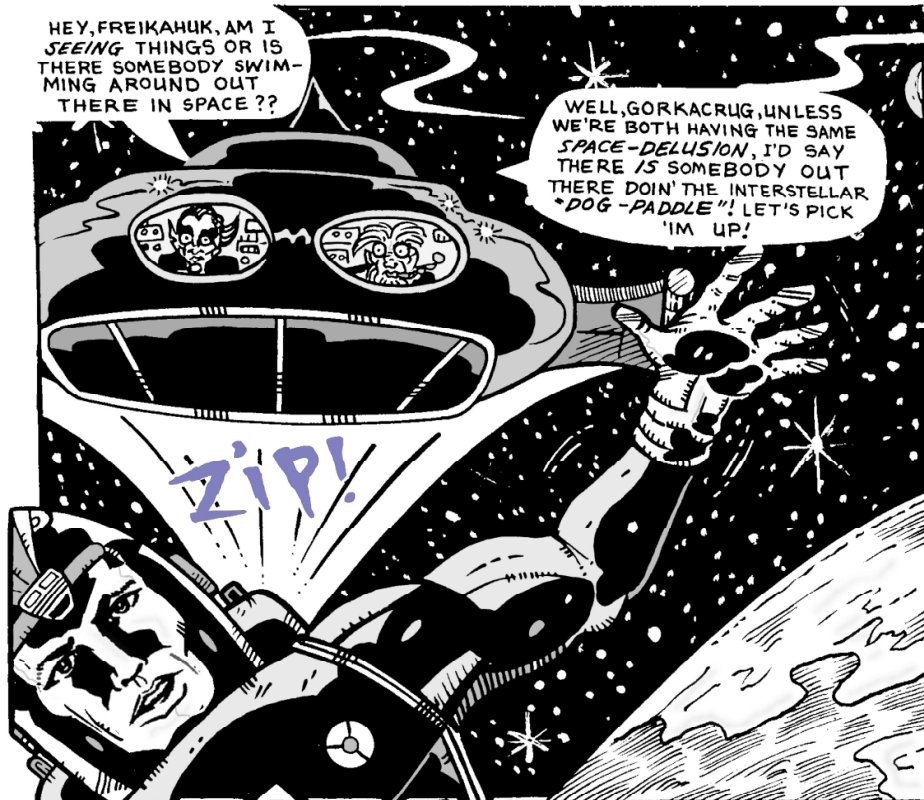


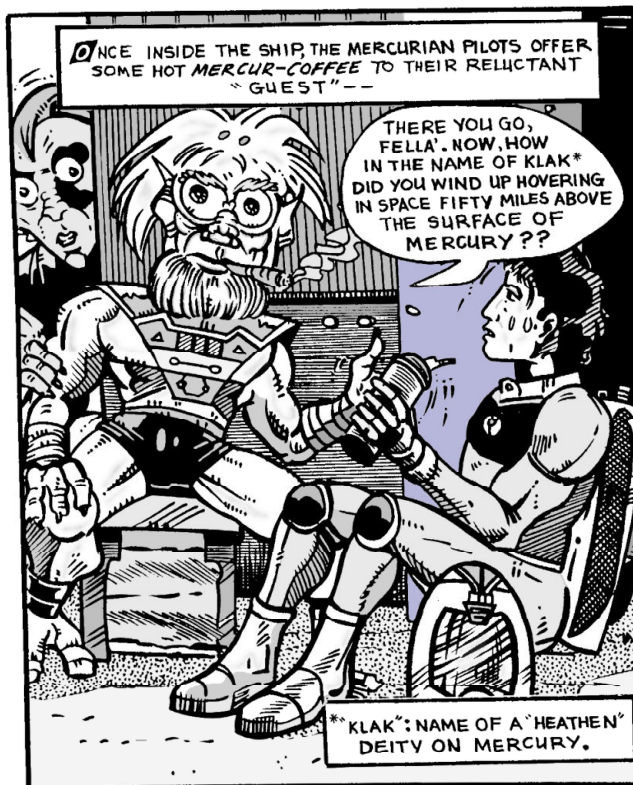




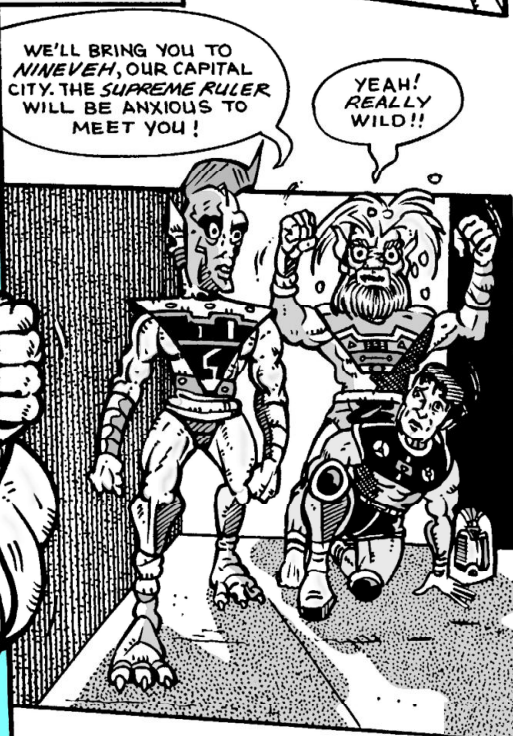


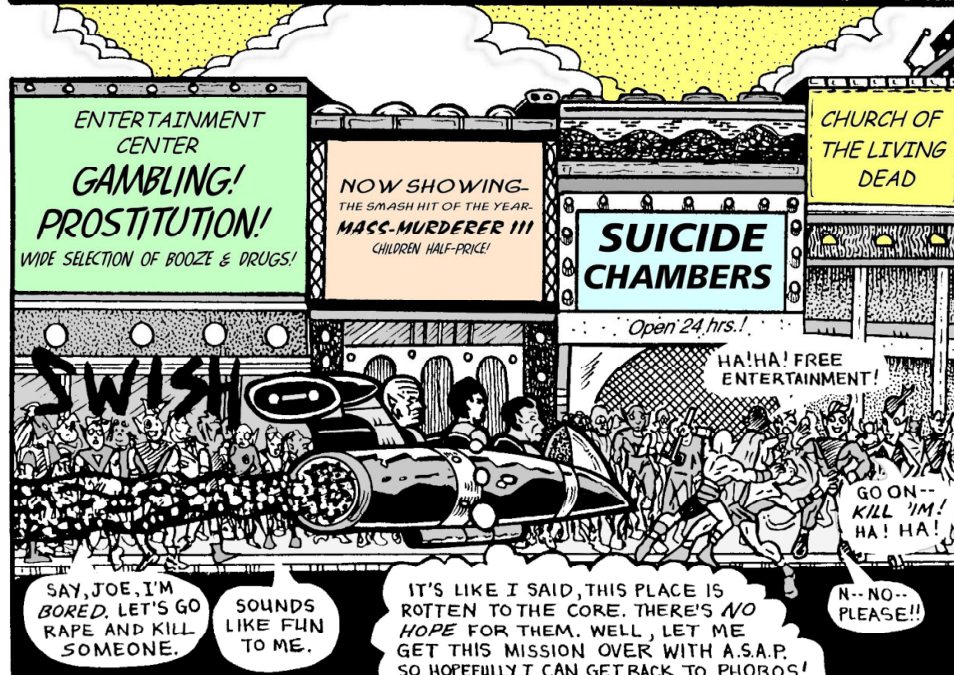






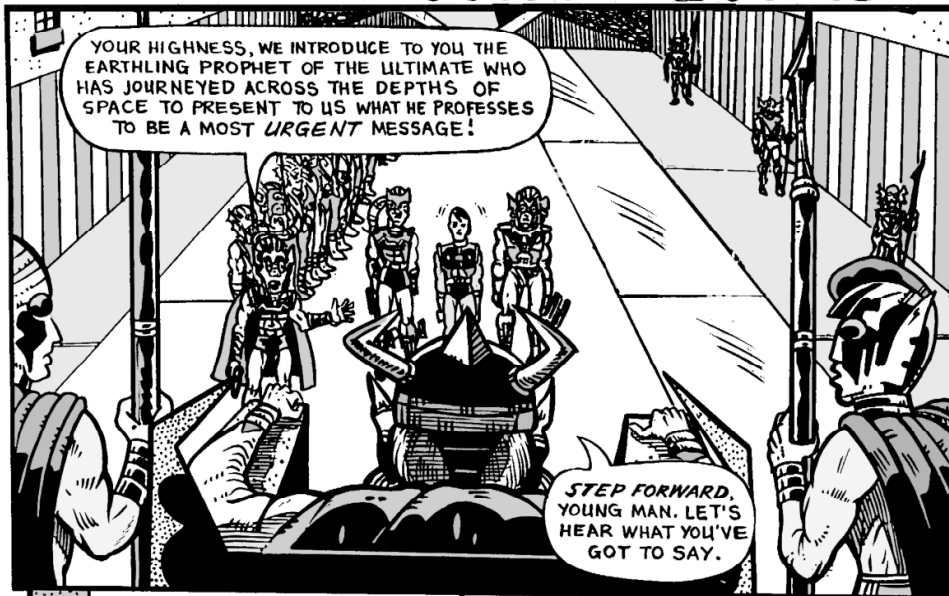
DONAH THEN RELATES TO THE TWO BEMUSED ALIEN PILOTS THE INCREDIBLE ACCOUNT OF HIS GALACTIC ADVENTURE...





UPON ENTERING THE IMPERIAL FORTRESS OF THE SUPREME RULER OF MERCURY, JONAH ONCE AGAIN HEARS THE VOICE OF THE ULTIMATE-- A VOICE WHICH HE ALONE CAN HEAR--

JONAH, I WANT YOU TO TELL THE PEOPLE OF MERCURY THAT I'M GIVING THEM *FORTY DAYS* TO MAKE A COMPLETE MORAL AND *SPIRITUAL* "TURN-AROUND." IF BY THEN THEY HAVE NOT COMPLIED WITH MY DEMANDS, THEIR CIVILIZATION WILL BE *OVERTHROWN* AND *DESTROYED*.



JONAH IS FRANKLY *INTIMIDATED* BY THE MAJESTIC PALATIAL SURROUNDINGS, AND HE'S MORE THAN A BIT APPREHENSIVE ABOUT THE SUPREME RULER'S RESPONSE TO HIS ADMITTEDLY *APOCALYPTIC* PRONOUNCEMENT.

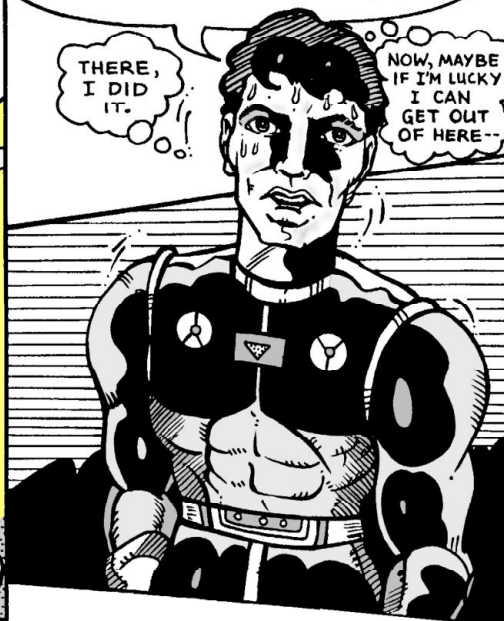
YOUR MAJESTY, I COME HERE ON A MISSION OF *WARNING*. I BRING YOU *GRIM TIDINGS* FROM THE ULTIMATE.

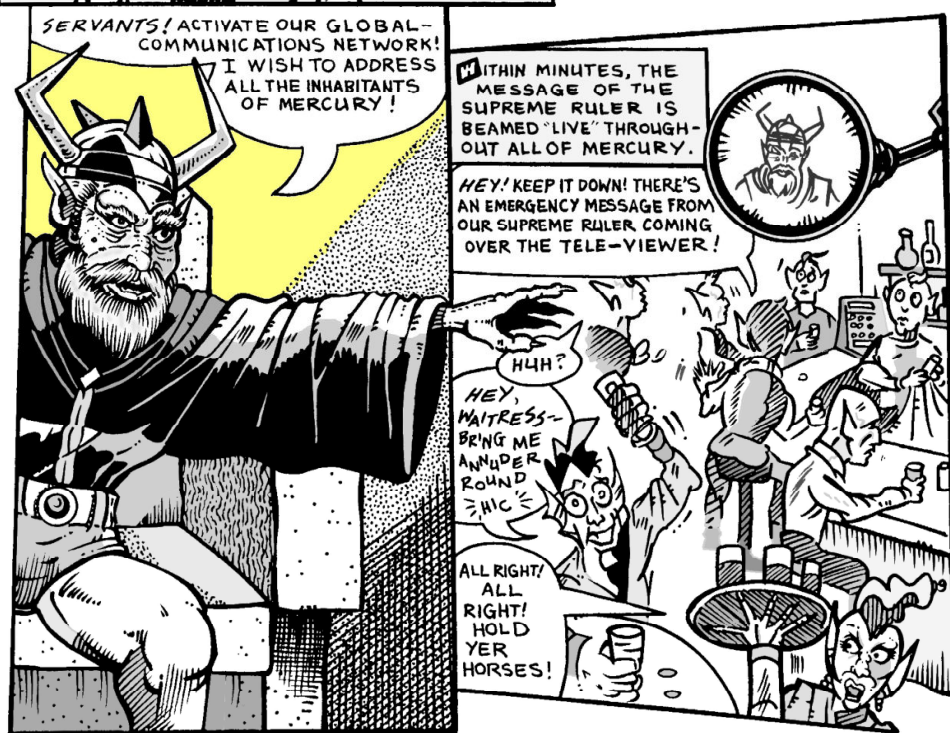
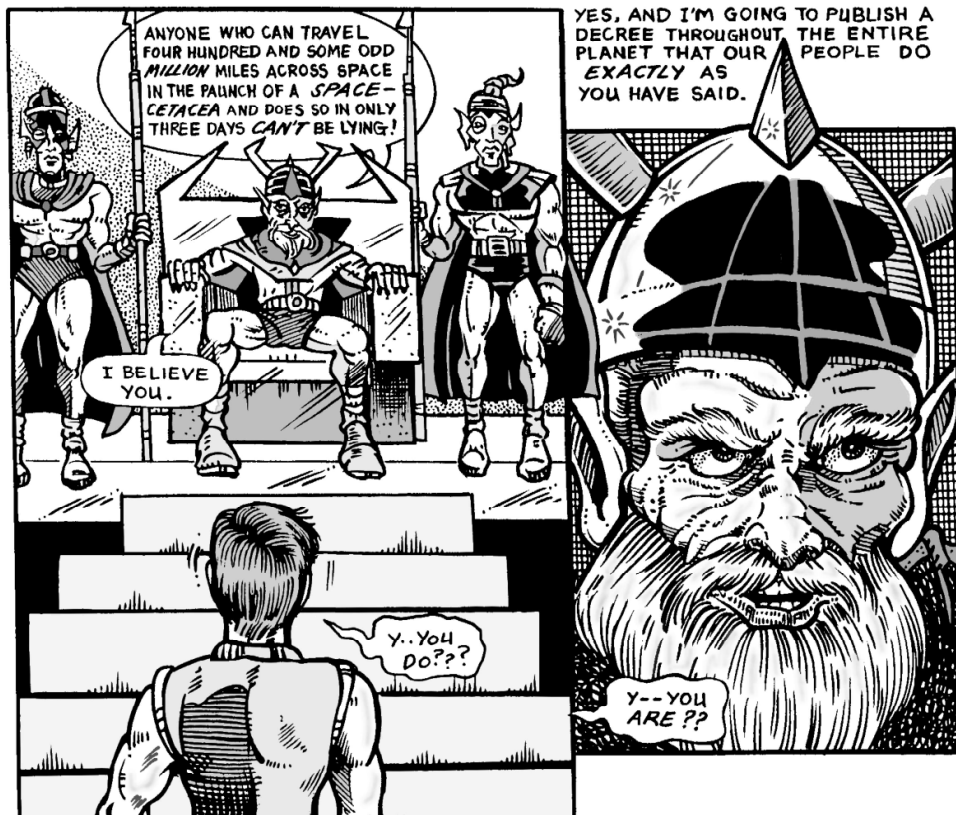
GO ON--

THE WICKEDNESS OF THE PEOPLE OF MERCURY IS *SO GREAT* THAT THE ULTIMATE CAN NO LONGER BEAR IT. HE GIVES YOU ONLY *FORTY DAYS* IN WHICH TO *CHANGE YOUR WAYS*. IF YOU REFUSE TO DO SO, HE WILL HAVE YOU COMPLETELY *WIPE OUT*.

THERE, I DID IT.

NOW, MAYBE IF I'M LUCKY I CAN GET OUT OF HERE--





PEOPLE OF MERCURY, WE HAVE CHOSEN THE *WRONG* ROAD. AS YOUR LEADER, I ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I HAVE MADE SOME VERY BAD DECISIONS...



I HAVE TOLERATED THE PRESENCE OF *EVL* IN OUR SOCIETY... AND NOW IT HAS GROWN TO *EPIDEMIC* PROPORTIONS.

-- *SADLY*, I'VE BEEN *NUMB* TO JUST HOW FAR GONE THE SITUATION HERE HAS BECOME... BUT, THIS CANNOT GO ON FOREVER. WE'VE REACHED THE *END* OF THE ROAD. AND, BEFORE US STANDS A GREAT GALACTIC "*DEAD END*" SIGN.



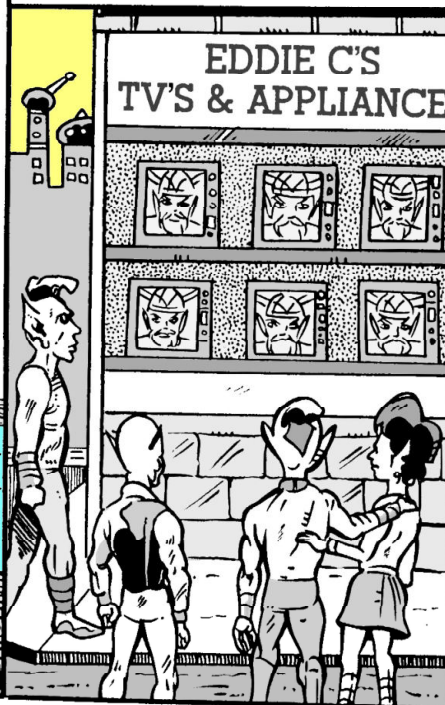
..IN SHORT, WE HAVE RECEIVED AN *ULTIMATUM* FROM THE ALMIGHTY, DELIVERED TO US BY THE NOW FAMOUS EARTH-MAN FOUND EARLIER TODAY FLOATING IN ORBIT AROUND OUR PLANET. WE HAVE BEEN TOLD TO *CLEAN UP* OUR ACT. AND, THAT'S JUST WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO.



HEY, MOM-- IS THIS FOR REAL??

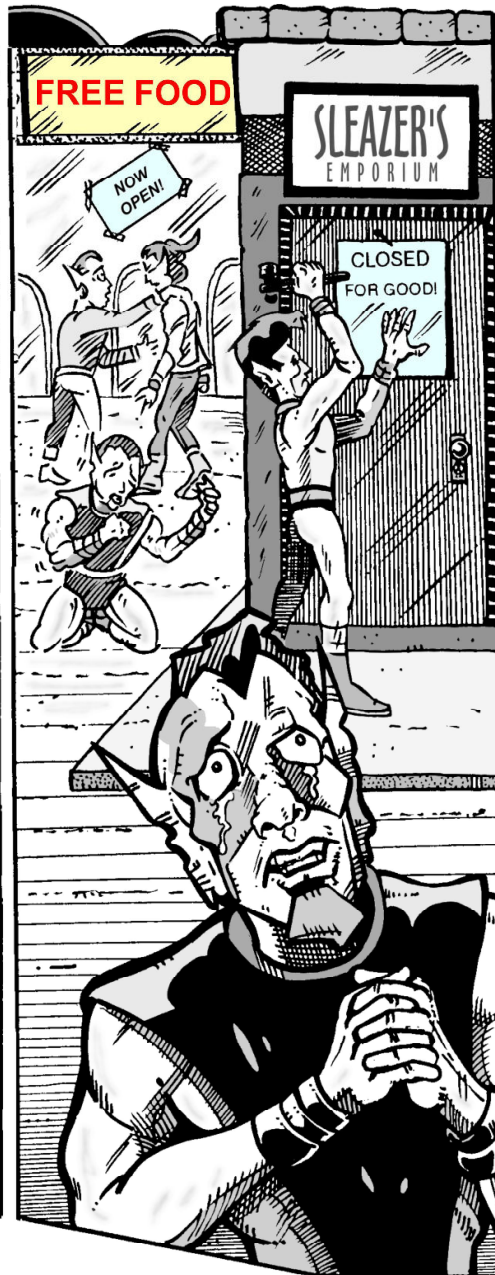
SHHH! QUIET, SON!

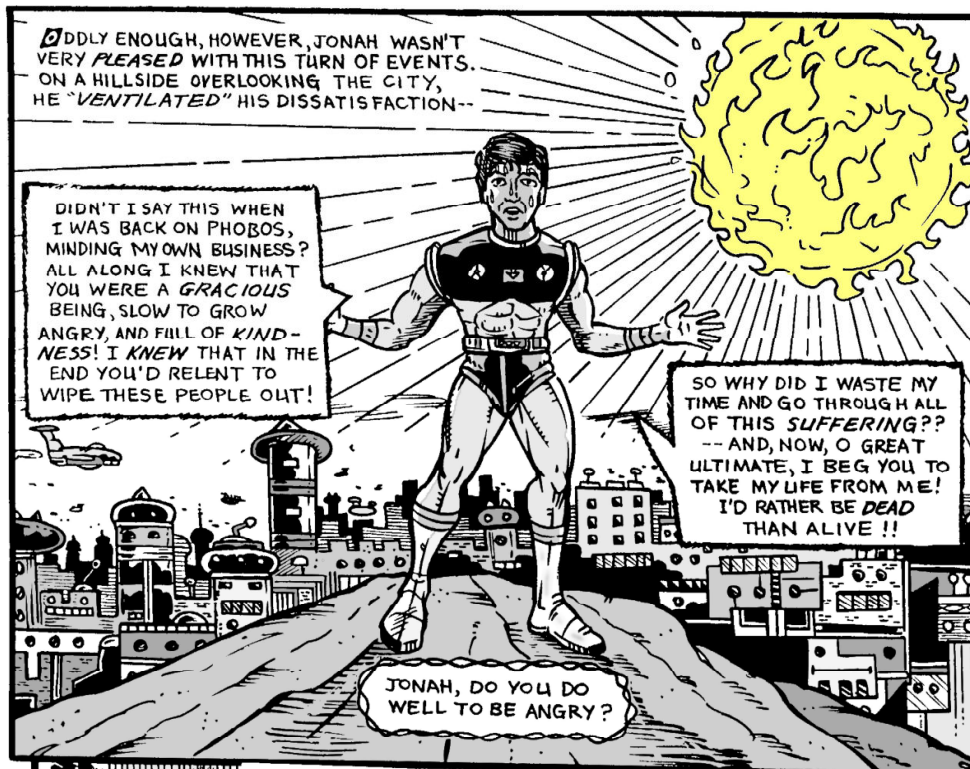
I'M DECLARING A WORLD-WIDE "STATE OF EMERGENCY." ALL BUSINESSES ARE TO BE TEMPORARILY SHUT DOWN. ALL TELE-PROGRAMMING IS TO BE *SUSPENDED* UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. NO FOOD OR DRINK IS TO BE SOLD OR CONSUMED. I WANT ALL OF YOU TO CRY *MIGHTILY* TO THE ULTIMATE, IMPLOING HIS *MERCY* AND *FORGIVENESS*.

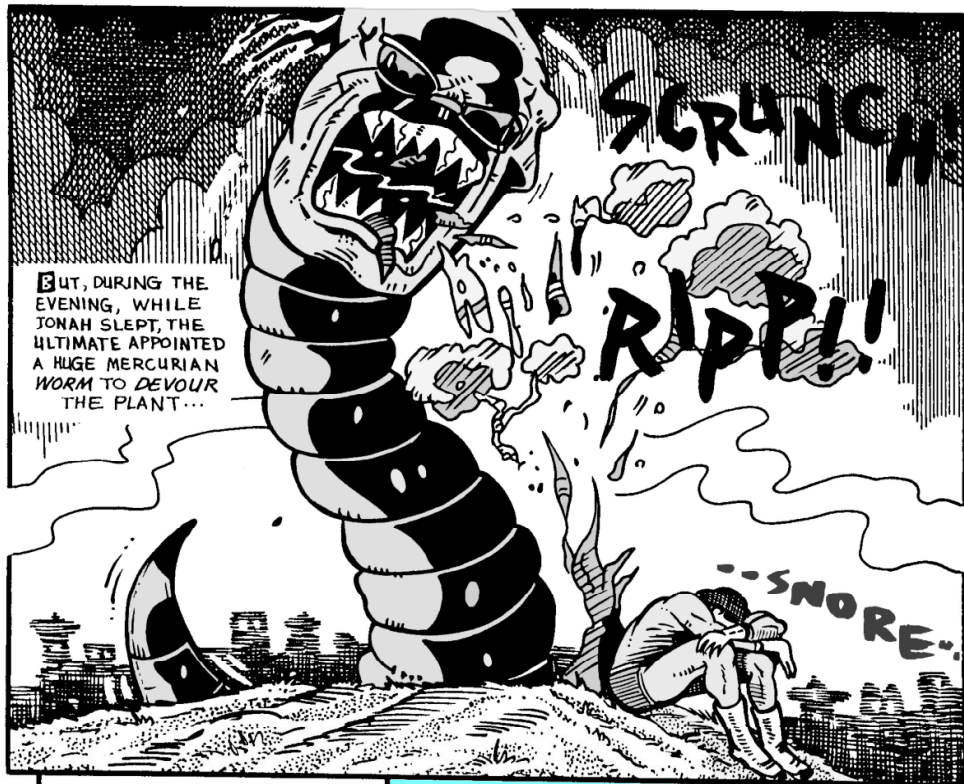




AMAZINGLY, THE PEOPLE LISTENED AND OBEYED THE VOICE OF THE RULER. THE "MARKET" FOR EVIL DRIED UP VIRTUALLY OVER-NIGHT. AND, AT THE HIGHEST LEVEL, LAWS WERE CHANGED TO REFLECT THE WISHES OF THE ULTIMATE. THE MERCURIAN SOCIETY DID A 180-DEGREE TURN-AROUND. AND, AS A RESULT, THE ULTIMATE DECIDED TO SPARE THEM.







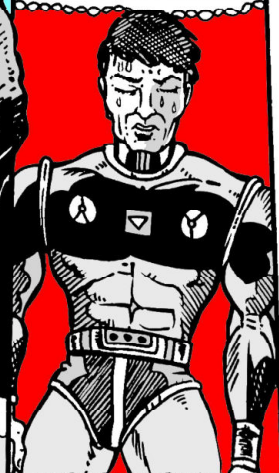
AND, COME MORNING, THE ULTIMATE SENT A *FERCE* WIND AND THE *BLASTING* RAYS OF THE SUN TO BEAT DOWN ON THE HEAD OF JONAH SO THAT HE WAS READY TO *FAINT* AND HE WISHED IN HIMSELF TO *DIE*.



DO YOU DO WELL TO BE ANGRY OVER THE PLANT?



JONAH, YOU HAD PITY ON A *PLANT*, WHICH YOU DIDN'T CULTIVATE OR MAKE GROW, WHICH CAME UP IN A NIGHT AND VANISHED IN A NIGHT. -- AND SHOULDN'T I SPARE *MERCURY*, A PLANET WHICH HAS *MILLIONS* OF *LIVING INHABITANTS*--



OFTEN I WONDER IF SOME OF THE "DISEASES" KIDS HAVE TODAY REALLY
STEM FROM ONE UNDERLYING ILLNESS:

L.P.L.D.

LACK OF PARENTAL LOVE DISORDER

