

GRANT MORRISON STEVE YEO WELL
PHASE ONE





REBELLION

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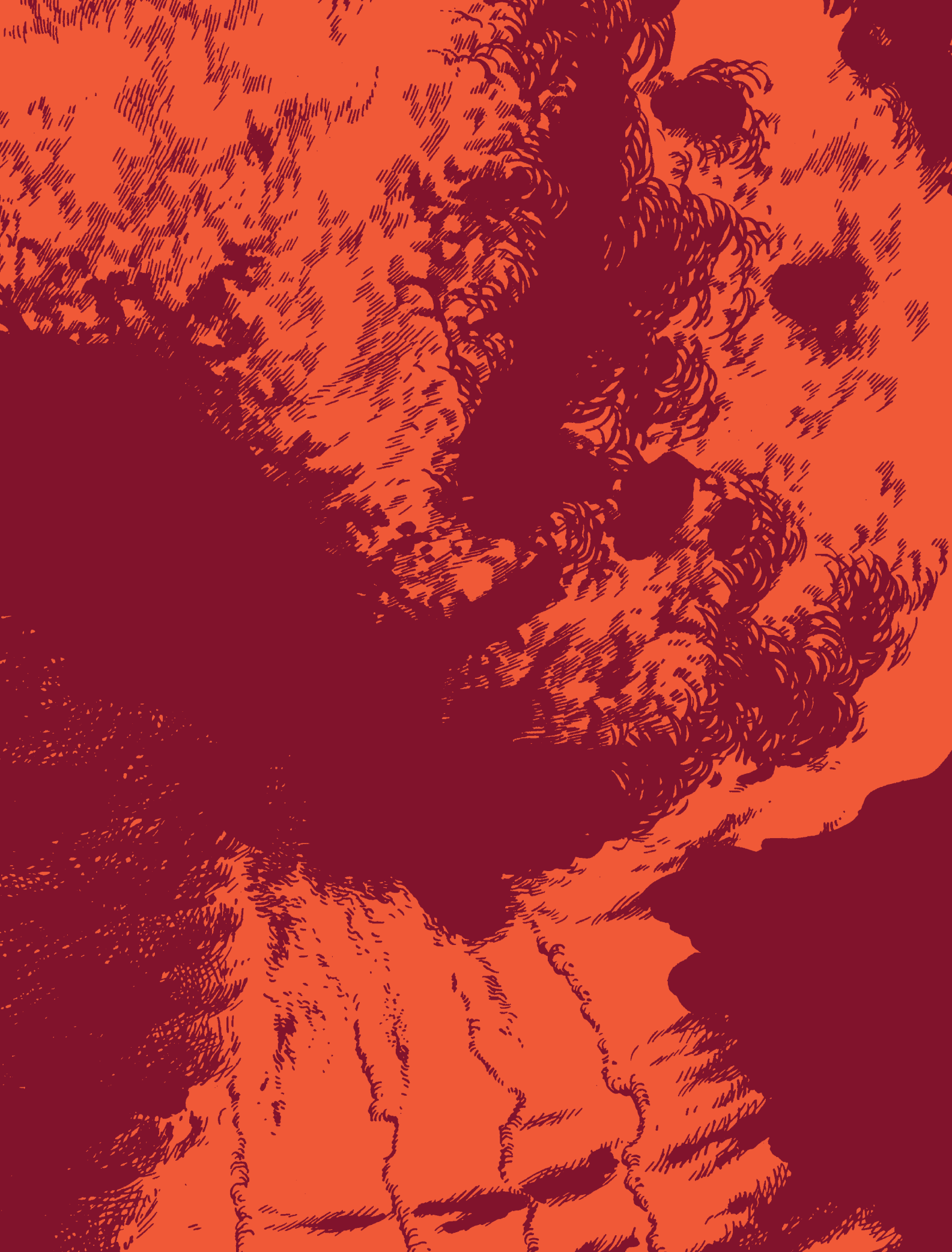
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P H A S

GRANTMORRISON



E O N E

STEVE YEOWELL



PHASE I

Script: Grant Morrison

Art: Steve Yeowell

Letters: Mark King

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 535-550

ZENITH

PROLOGUE: GROUND ZERO

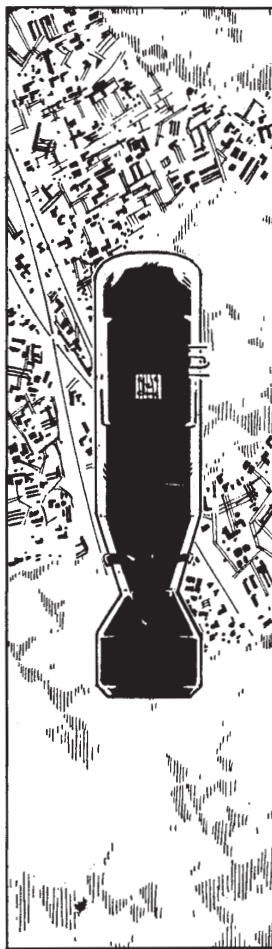
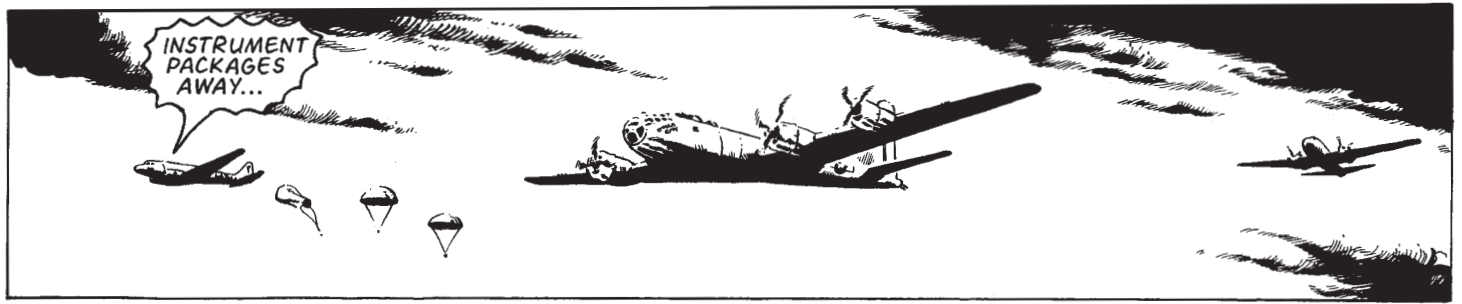
AND IT'S ONE IN THE EYE FOR ADOLF AS ALLIED FORCES ADVANCE ACROSS EUROPE TOWARDS A BELEAGURED BERLIN!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73E



BERLIN: DECEMBER 21, 1944.









BERLIN: JUNE 23, 1987.

BERLIN MUST SEEM
VERY HOT TO YOU,
HERR DOCTOR, AFTER
ANTARCTICA.

OH, NOT REALLY,
FRÄULEIN HAAS...

I REMEMBER
WHEN IT
WAS MUCH
HOTTER!

HA HA!

THIS
WAY...

...UH!..

THAT
SMELL!..
IS IT?..

YES. THAT'S
THE WAY OUR
MASTERS SMELL
WHEN THEY
MANIFEST
THEMSELVES
ON THIS PLANE.

NOT
EXACTLY
CHANEL Nº5,
I ADMIT.

ONE OF THEM
VISITED ME
HERE RECENTLY.

IT TOOK ME SIX DAYS
TO RECOVER FROM
ITS PRESENCE.

MM. YES.

I HOPE WE'RE
DOING THE
RIGHT THING,
FRÄULEIN...

WE HAVE WAITED
YEARS FOR THIS
HOUR, DRIESCH!
THIS IS NO TIME
FOR DOUBT.

NOW,
JUST DO
WHAT YOU
CAME
HERE TO
DO...

...AND WAKE
HIM UP!

LONDON: APRIL 30, 1987. 7-17A.M.

...AND YOU'RE WATCHING "GOOD MORNING BRITAIN" ON TV AM.

IN THE STUDIO WITH ME IS MARTIN HOWE, WHOSE BOOK "FLYING HIGH" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED...

IN THIS BOOK, MARTIN CASTS A CRITICAL EYE OVER CLOUD 9, THE GROUP OF BRITISH SUPERHUMANS WHO WERE AS MUCH A PART OF THE SWINGING '60'S AS THE BEATLES OR TWIGGY...

JOINING MARTIN, WE HAVE ZENITH, THE WORLD'S ONLY ACTIVE SUPERHUMAN, WHOSE SINGLE "HEAVEN CAN'T WAIT" IS CURRENTLY UP THERE AT NUMBER THREE IN THE NATIONAL POP CHARTS...

...AND RUBY FOX, WHO AS VOLTAGE WAS A FORMER MODEL AND MEMBER OF CLOUD 9.

RUBY, YOU LIVED THROUGH THOSE EXCITING TIMES AND KNEW PEOPLE LIKE SPOOK, MANDALA, LUX AND DR BEAT...

HAVING READ THE BOOK, DO YOU FEEL THAT MARTIN HAS COME DOWN TOO HARSHLY ON ALL OF YOU?

WELL, YES, QUITE FRANKLY I DO.



FIRSTLY, I THINK HIS
WHOLE APPROACH
IS WRONG.

REMEMBER,
WE WERE VERY
YOUNG, THE VICTIMS
OF AN EXPERIMENTAL
DRUG WHICH HAD GIVEN
US EXTRAORDINARY
ABILITIES. NONE OF
US REALLY KNEW
QUITE HOW WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO
BEHAVE.

REALLY, IT
SHOULDN'T HAVE
COME AS ANY
SURPRISE THAT
WE WERE ON A
COLLISION
COURSE...

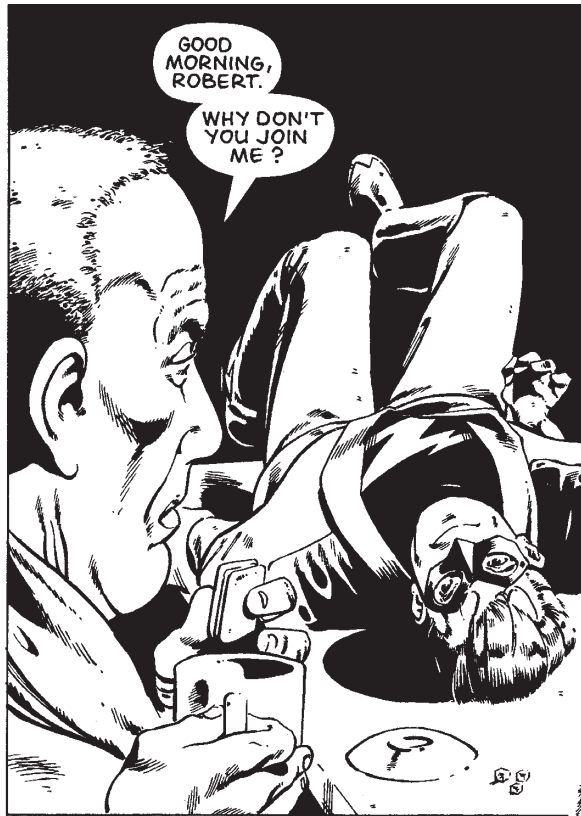
...WITH
DISASTER...



ZENITH
1: DROPPING IN

SKRRRAACH!

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MARK KING
COMPU-73e



9.48 A.M.

...WELL, YES, IT'S A NICE WEE IDEA, RICHARD, BUT I'LL HAVE TO SOUND OUT THE BOY HIMSELF AND RIGHT NOW HE'S IN THE SHOWER...

NO, I TELL A LIE. HANG ON.



THE GLASGOW MEGASTORE ON MAY THE TWENTY-NINTH. BIG PROMOTION FOR YOUR ALBUM. CAN YOU MAKE IT?

I'LL CHECK THIS MONTH'S BIOGRAM.

NAH, I WON'T BE ABLE TO FLY ON THE TWENTY-NINTH. IT FALLS RIGHT ON THE LOWEST POINT OF MY NEGATIVE PHASE.

BIOGRAM

MAY

PHYSICAL SENSITIVITY

INTELLECT

HELLO, RICHARD? SORRY, BUT YOU KNOW HOW THE BOY'S POWERS ARE TIED UP WITH HIS BIORHYTHM CYCLE...

THAT'S RIGHT...SO THE TWENTY-NINTH'S OUT, I'M AFRAID...

ZENITH, HOW ABOUT YOU...?

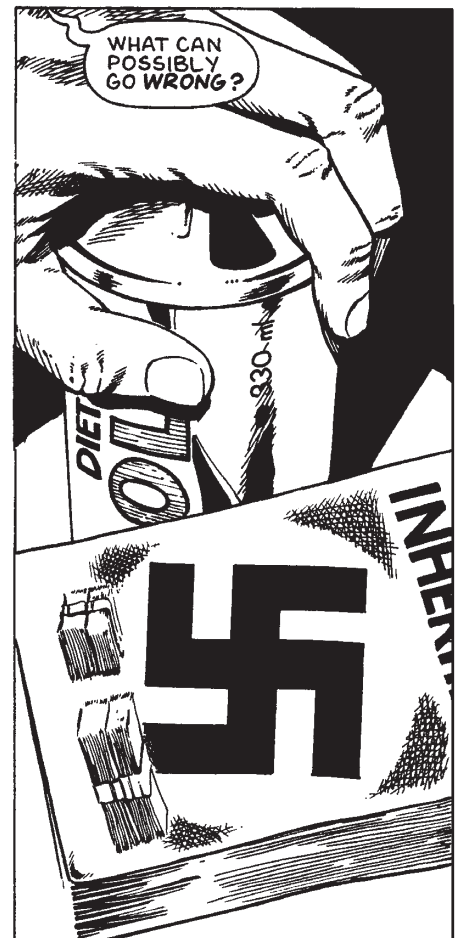
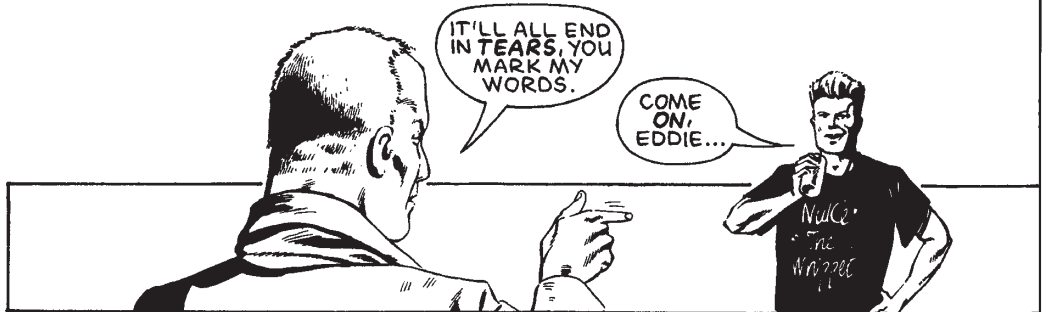
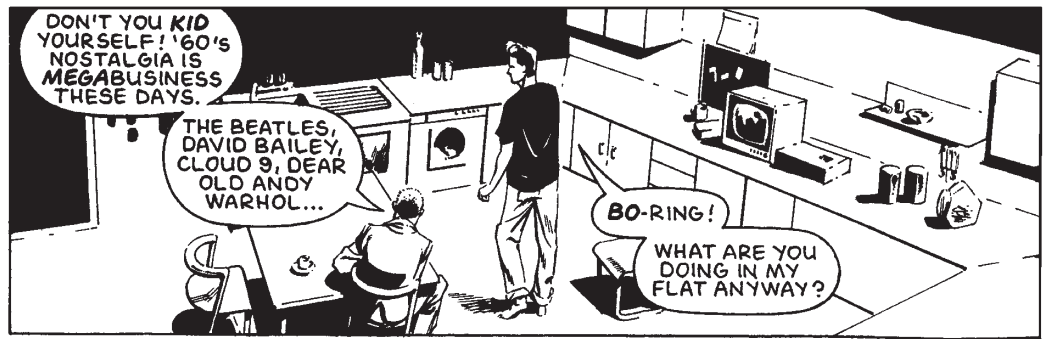
ALRIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL THEN...

DO YOU THINK MARTIN'S BOOK IS FAIR ON DR BEAT AND WHITE HEAT, YOUR PARENTS?

UH...I DUNNO. I GOT BORED ON THE CONTENTS PAGE.

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO TALK ABOUT MY RECORD?





BERLIN: APRIL 30, 1987.



I DON'T REALLY WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN THE DARK GOD COMES DOWN FROM OVERSPACE.

I'M AN OLD MAN... AND MY HEALTH...





ZENITH

2: BLOW UP

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THE ORDER
OF...OF THE
BLACK SUN...
WELCOMES
YOU...
LORD...

WE...
AWAIT...
THE
ENDLESS
NIGHT...



I CAN'T
BUH-BREATHE
PROPERLY...
MY...UH...NOSE
BLEEDING...
MY EARS...

SHUT
UP!



THIS...ISN'T
THE ONE WHO...
UH...VISITED
ME **BEFORE.**
THIS ONE
IS...MUCH
STRONGER...

I THINK...IT'S
THE ONE THAT...
POSSESSED THE...
ORIGINAL...
M-MASTERMAN...



THE NEW
BODY...IS
READY...

WHAT
IS IT
WAITING
FOR?

PERHAPS...WE
FORGOT ONE
IMPORTANT...
ELEMENT OF A
GOOD...OLD-
FASHIONED...
RITUAL, HERR
DOCTOR...



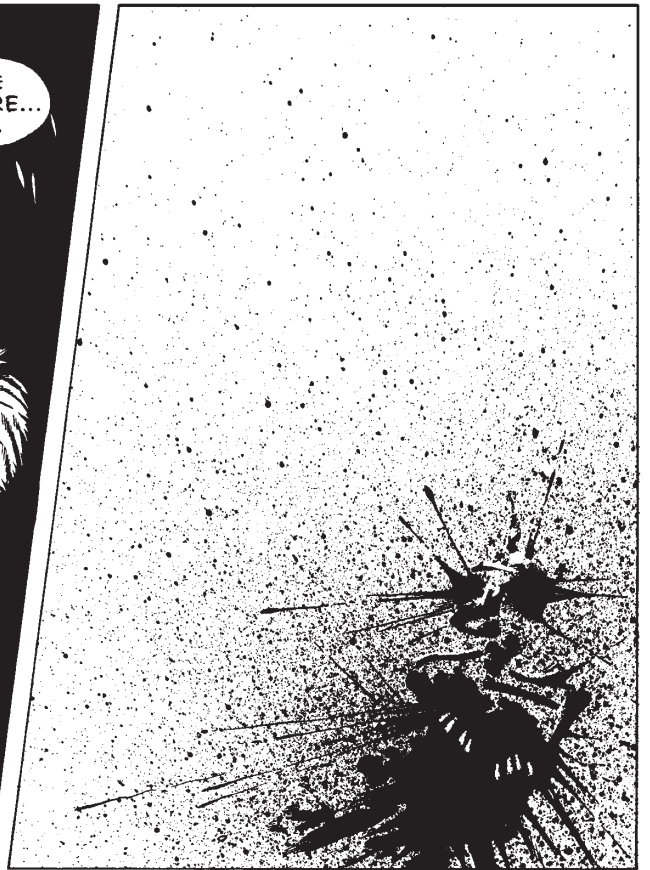
A
SACRIFICE!

HUNNH!



NO!

...NO!
WAIT!
...I...





LONDON: MAY 6, 1987.

I'M BEING HAUNTED. THE PAST IS COMING BACK TO HAUNT ME.

IT STARTS WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE PARIS FASHION SHOW. JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER HAS PRODUCED A "SUPERHUMAN COLLECTION" AND THE MODELS LOOK LIKE ME WHEN I WAS TWENTY.

LATER, THE BBC PHONE, ASKING IF I'D LIKE TO REPRESENT CLOUD 9 IN A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT THE SIXTIES. AS USUAL, THEY ASK HOW I FELT ABOUT LOSING MY POWERS.

AS USUAL, I LIE.

AT HALF PAST FIVE, MY VISION GOES HAYWIRE. MY HEAD STARTS TO POUND AND THE WORLD BREAKS INTO JIGSAW PIECES.

I HAVEN'T HAD A MIGRAINE LIKE THIS SINCE... SINCE 1971...

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THAT NO MATTER HOW FAST YOU RUN OR HOW FAR YOU GO, YOU CAN NEVER REALLY PUT THE PAST BEHIND YOU.

IT JUST FOLLOWS ON AT ITS OWN PACE AND SOONER OR LATER...

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...IT CATCHES UP.

ZENITH

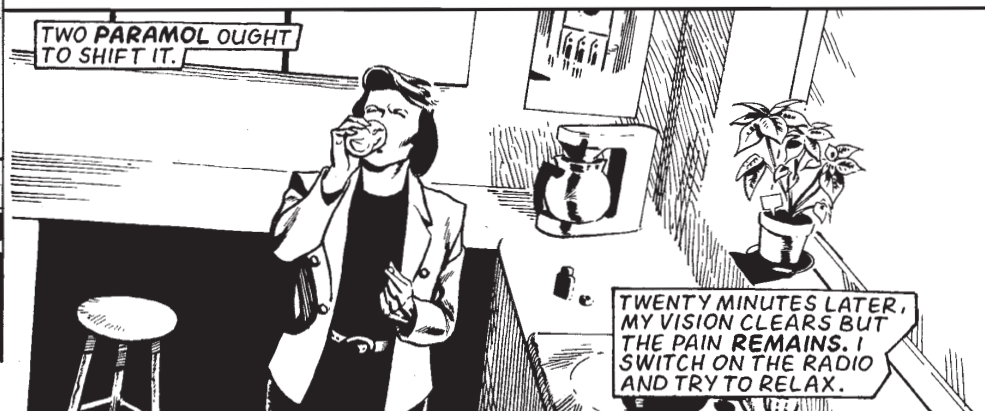
3: SHOCK TREATMENT

I LEAVE THE CAR AND TAKE A TAXI. THE DRIVER INVENTS TORTURES FOR MARGARET THATCHER ALL THE WAY TO STREATHAM.

I PAY HIM. THE MIGRAINE MAKES HIM LOOK LIKE A CUBIST PAINTING.



TWO PARAMOL OUGHT TO SHIFT IT.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, MY VISION CLEARS BUT THE PAIN REMAINS. I SWITCH ON THE RADIO AND TRY TO RELAX.

THE BEATLES START SINGING "ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE" AND I REMEMBER SITTING IN THE STUDIO WITH THEM IN 1967, DOING THE "ONE WORLD" BROADCAST.

MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A HAUNTED HOUSE.

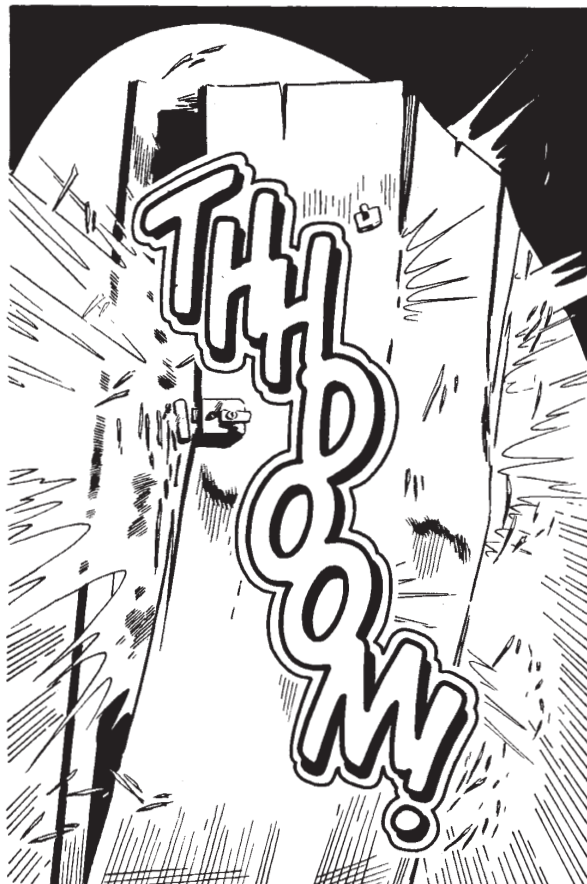


GHOSTLY VOICES ON THE AIRWAVES... DOORS, ENDLESSLY CREAKING...

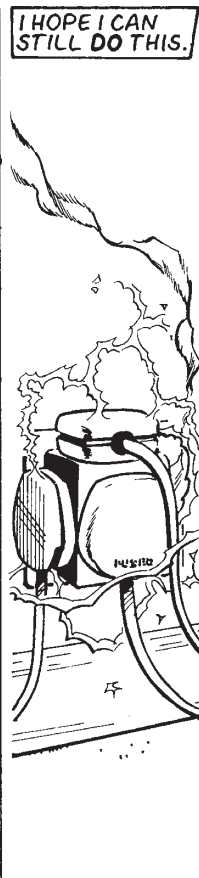
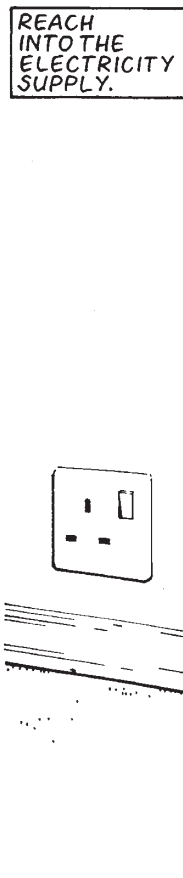
...DOORS...

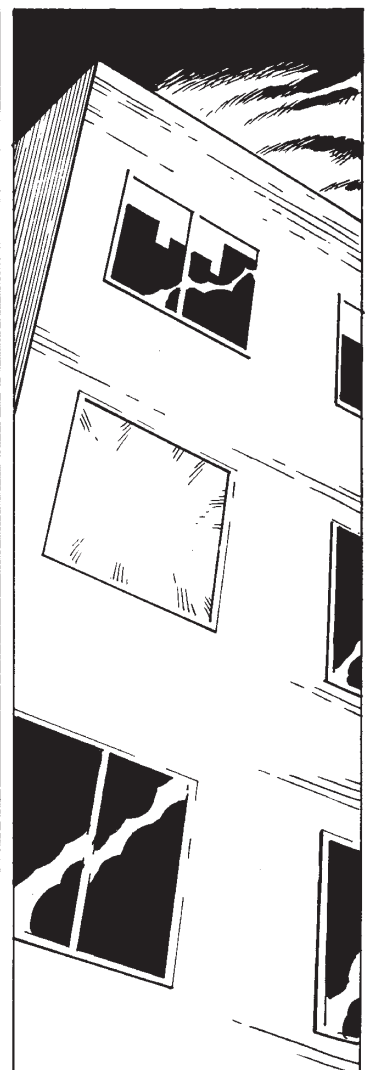


THE DOOR!



BOO.







THE ROAD COMES AT ME TOO FAST...
"NO PARKING"...COLD WIND...

I'M NOT GOING TO...
I CAN'T...



MY STOMACH FLIPS
OVER... LEAVES
SLAP MY FACE...

AND THEN THE HORIZON DROPS
AWAY AND THE SKY SPREADS OUT
LIKE A TURNER WATERCOLOUR...

AND SUDDENLY MY
HEADACHE IS GONE.



UNLESS...



LONDON: MAY 8, 1987.

ZENITH

4: HISTORY LESSONS

LET ME
GET THIS
STRAIGHTENED
OUT.

YOU'RE ASKING
ME TO HELP YOU
BECAUSE NAZIS
FROM ANOTHER
DIMENSION ARE
TRYING TO TAKE
OVER THE WORLD
AND ONLY YOU CAN
STOP THEM?

I'LL TELL YOU THE
KIND OF HELP YOU
NEED...

YOU...

NOW, NOW.
GIVE THE
LADY A
CHANCE,
ROBERT!

AFTER ALL, THIS IS
RUBY FOX. SHE USED
TO BE A SUPERHUMAN
LIKE YOU AND SHE
WAS A GOOD FRIEND
OF YOUR MUM AND
DAD'S...

LISTEN,
WE'RE MAKING
A VIDEO HERE,
EDDIE!

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AND TIME IS MONEY.

YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, ZENITH, OR WHATEVER STUPID NAME YOU CALL YOURSELF!



SO YOU LISTEN TO ME!

GRZZZ!
ZZZZZ!
RRRAK!



LOOK'S LIKE YOUR VIDEO'S BEEN POSTPONED.

...THE GENERATOR...

BUT I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T...



YOU THOUGHT WRONG.

EVERYONE DID.

NOW WILL YOU LISTEN?



YOU'VE GOT TWO MINUTES.

CONVINCE ME.

"OKAY. IN 1923, THE POET AND MYSTIC, DIETRICH ECKARDT, INITIATED A GERMAN ARMY CORPORAL INTO AN OCCULT GROUP CALLED THE CULT OF THE BLACK SUN.



"THAT CORPORAL'S NAME WAS ADOLF HITLER.

"SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER, THAT INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE AUSTRIAN STOOD POISED TO CHANGE THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

"AND ALL BECAUSE ECKARDT, HAUSHOFER AND THE OTHERS, RECOGNISING HIS POTENTIAL AS A MEDIUM, HAD PUT HITLER IN TOUCH WITH CERTAIN ENTITIES...



"THESE BEINGS, KNOWN VARIOUSLY AS THE GREAT OLD ONES, THE DARK GODS OR THE MANY-ANGLED ONES, OCCUPY DIMENSIONAL SPACES ABOVE OUR OWN."

"AND THEY WANT OUR PLANET."

"AIDED BY EXTRADIMENSIONAL TECHNOLOGY, NAZI SCIENTISTS DEVELOPED THE ÜBERMENSCH..."



"WHAT LORD HAW-HAW, IN HIS PROPAGANDA BROADCASTS, CALLED MASTERMAN... THE ARYAN 'NEW MAN'."

"AND AS YOU KNOW, DEFECTING GERMAN EXPERTS HELPED THE BRITISH TO PRODUCE MAXIMAN, OUR RESPONSE TO THEIR MASTERMAN."



"AT THE SAME TIME, THE AMERICANS HAD JUST COMPLETED WORK ON A SUPERWEAPON OF THEIR OWN..."

"AND I THINK WE ALL KNOW HOW THAT TURNED OUT."



"THE ONLY THING EVERYONE FORGOT, WAS THAT THE NAZIS WERE FOND OF USING TWINS IN THEIR EXPERIMENTS."

"AND NOW A SECOND MASTERMAN IS AWAKE, HERE, IN LONDON!"

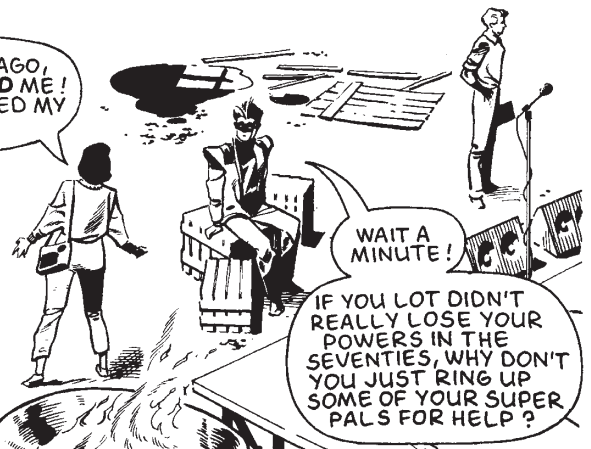


"THE THING IS, THEY NEED PHYSICAL BODIES AND HUMAN ANATOMY IS TOO FRAIL TO CONTAIN THEM."



"THAT'S WHY THE 'MASTER-RACE' EXPERIMENTS HAD ONLY ONE TRUE PURPOSE — THE CREATION OF SUPER-HUMAN PHYSICAL VEHICLES FOR THE DARK GODS."

"TWO NIGHTS AGO, HE ATTACKED ME! HE DESTROYED MY FLAT..."



"WAIT A MINUTE!"

"IF YOU LOT DIDN'T REALLY LOSE YOUR POWERS IN THE SEVENTIES, WHY DON'T YOU JUST RING UP SOME OF YOUR SUPER PALS FOR HELP?"

LIKE WHO? YOUR PARENTS
DISAPPEARED IN 1968. SPOOK
FELL INTO A MIRROR AND WAS
NEVER SEEN AGAIN. LUX JUST
DISINTEGRATED...

WHO'S LEFT
TO HELP
ME..?



NOT ME,
THAT'S FOR
SURE.

I MEAN,
WHAT D'YOU
THINK I AM?
SOME KIND OF
BOXER OR
SOMETHING?

WHY SHOULD I
GET MY HEAD
KICKED IN FOR
YOU?



ON SUNDAY, MAGENTA'S
INTERVIEWING ME FOR
NETWORK 7. THEN THERE'S
THE JONATHAN ROSS
SPECIAL AND THE PHOTO-
SESSION FOR THE FACE...

AND YOU WANT ME
TO GET IN A FIGHT?
FORGET IT!



EH, MAYBE YOU
SHOULDN'T JUST
REJECT THE
IDEA, ROBERT.
THINK OF WHAT
IT WOULD DO FOR
YOUR CAREER...

"ZENITH WINS
WORLD WAR
II!" I CAN SEE
IT NOW...

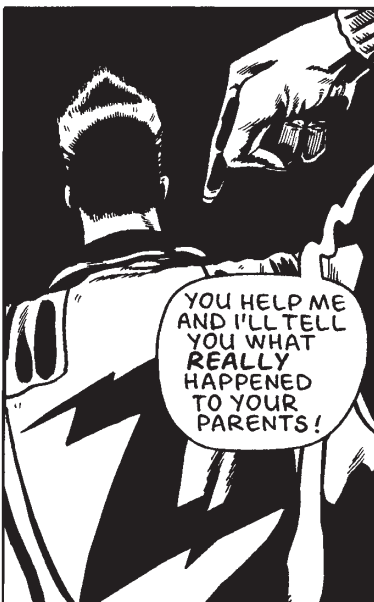
NO WAY,
EDDIE.



OKAY!
THAT'S
IT!

I DIDN'T WANT TO
RESORT TO THIS
BUT IF YOU INSIST
ON BEING SO PIG-
IGNORANT, TRY
THIS FOR SIZE...

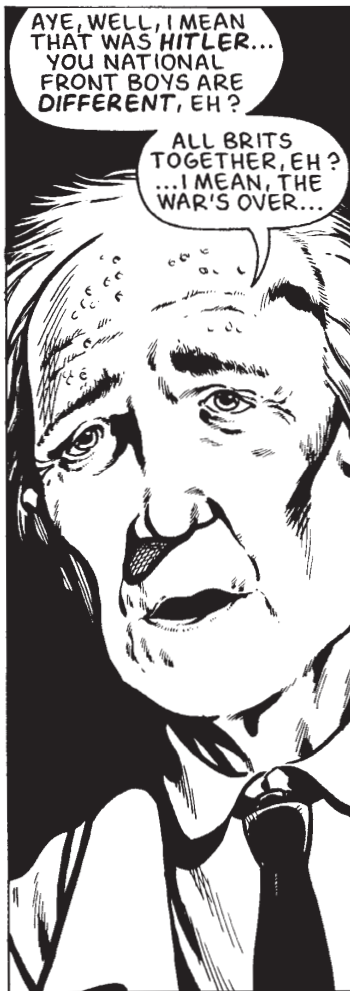
YOU HELP ME
AND I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT
REALLY
HAPPENED
TO YOUR
PARENTS!



YOU
WHAT?



NIGHT. EAST END OF LONDON.





WILLIAM WHITLOCK.
THE MAN WHO
STARTED
IT ALL.

WILLIAM V
MAXIMA
1918 - 1944
"Tyger! Tyger!"
Wm. B.

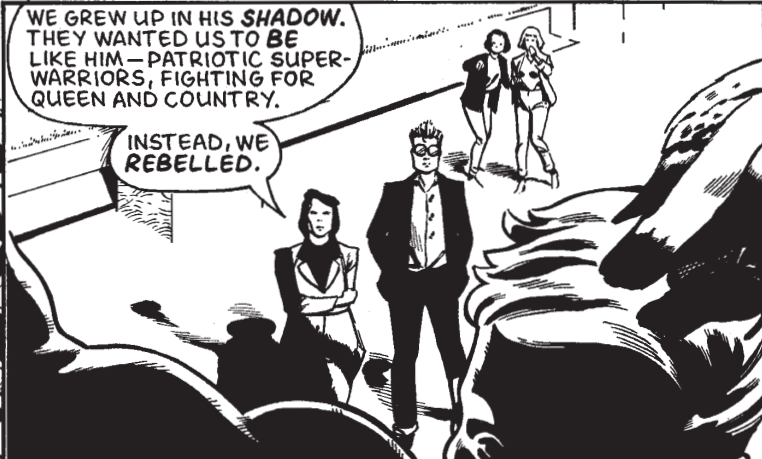


YEAH, LISTEN, RUBY,
IF I WANT "THE WORLD
AT WAR" I'LL WATCH
THE REPEATS ON
CHANNEL 4.

YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT WAS
LIKE, ZENITH.

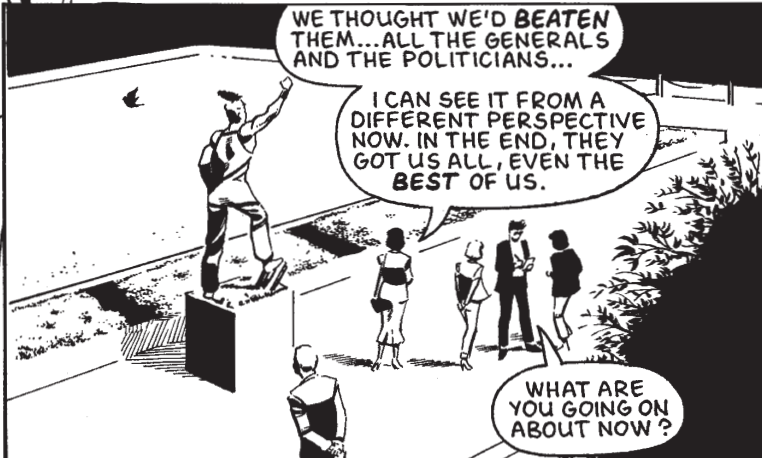
HOW CAN YOU
POSSIBLY
UNDERSTAND?

WILLIAM V
MAXIMA
1918 - 1944
"Tyger! Tyger!"
Wm. B.



WE GREW UP IN HIS SHADOW.
THEY WANTED US TO BE
LIKE HIM - PATRIOTIC SUPER-
WARRIORS, FIGHTING FOR
QUEEN AND COUNTRY.

INSTEAD, WE
REBELLED.



WE THOUGHT WE'D BEATEN
THEM... ALL THE GENERALS
AND THE POLITICIANS...

I CAN SEE IT FROM A
DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE
NOW. IN THE END, THEY
GOT US ALL, EVEN THE
BEST OF US.

WHAT ARE
YOU GOING ON
ABOUT NOW?



I'M TALKING ABOUT
PETER ST JOHN! YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT TIME CAN DO
TO PEOPLE!

IT CAN MAKE
THEM LATE.

COME ON, HAVE
YOU GOT THESE
PRESS PASSES
TO GET US IN?

I STILL THINK
THIS IS A BAD
IDEA...

HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL ?
NOT ONLY ARE WE GOING
TO MEET THE SUPER-HIPPY
OF THE SIXTIES BUT NOW
HE'S A TORY MP!

MY STREET CRED'S
JUST ROLLED OVER
AND DIED.

HE WON'T HELP US. I
DON'T REALLY WANT
TO SEE HIM.

IF YOU'VE STILL
GOT YOUR SUPER-
POWERS, HE MIGHT
STILL HAVE HIS.

WHAT'S HIS
NAME AGAIN,
ANYWAY?

"HIS NAME'S PETER.

"PETER St JOHN.

"BUT HE USED TO
BE MANDALA.

2000AD

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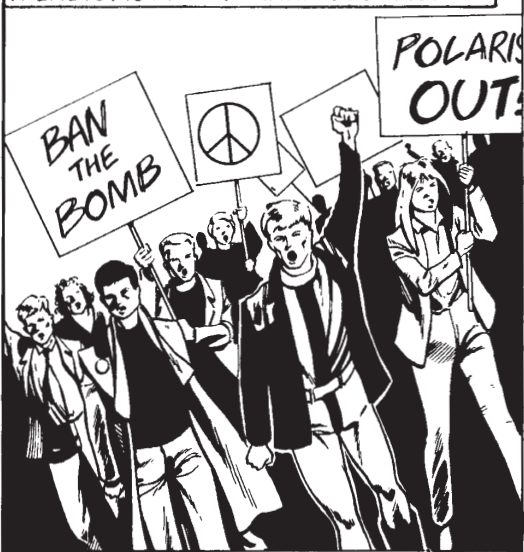
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MARK KING

COMPU-73E

ZENITH

5: CORRIDORS OF POWER

"THAT'S WHY I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE'S DOING NOW. HE WAS ALWAYS SO IDEALISTIC AND FORWARD-LOOKING."



"I MEAN, HE WAS THE FIRST OF US TO SUPPORT CND AND THE FIRST TO PROTEST AGAINST VIETNAM."

"WHEN THE BEATLES DISCOVERED TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION, MANDALA WAS WITH THEM."



"WHEN TIMOTHY LEARY TOLD US TO 'TURN ON, TUNE IN AND DROP OUT', MANDALA WAS ALREADY WAY AHEAD OF HIM."

"MORE THAN ANY OF US, HE REPRESENTED A WHOLE GENERATION OF PEOPLE WHO BELIEVED THAT PEACE AND LOVE COULD SAVE THE WORLD."



"AND NOW..."

NOW HE'S MRS THATCHER'S GOLDEN BOY.

THAT'S WHAT I MEANT ABOUT TIME.

HE SOUNDS LIKE A COMPLETE PAIN TO ME...



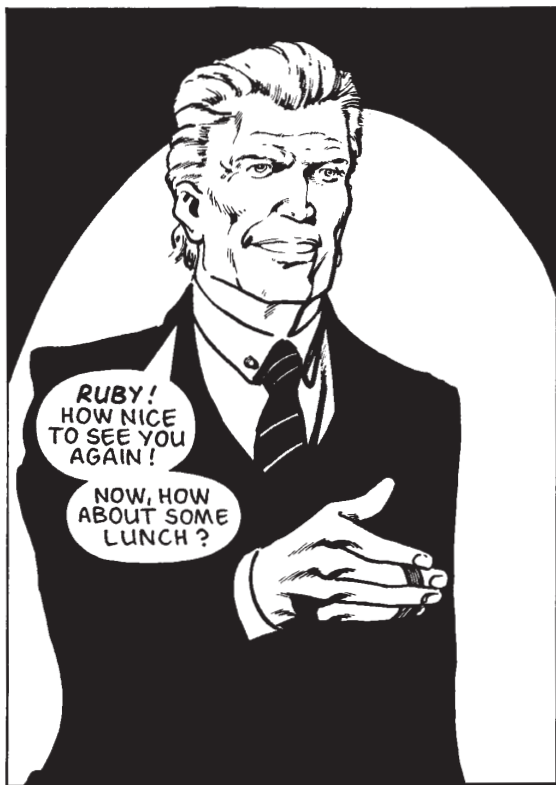
OOPS...ER...

...UH..?

PETER?



RUBY!
HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
NOW, HOW ABOUT SOME LUNCH?



LUNCH.

...AND THAT'S THE STORY.

I FELT I HAD TO WARN YOU, PETER. MASTERMAN MAY BE COMING AFTER YOU NEXT...

AH... YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, RUBY...

WELL, NOT TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT ON IT, WHAT YOU'VE JUST TOLD ME SOUNDS UTTERLY PREPOSTEROUS.

I BEG YOUR PARDON...?

APART FROM WHICH, YOU'VE BROUGHT ME HERE UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

ACCORDING TO YOUR SECRETARY, I WAS TO BE INTERVIEWED FOR YOUR MAGAZINE.

FALSE PRETENCES ?!

WELL, YOU AND YOUR LOT ARE EXPERTS ON THOSE !

PETER! PLEASE!

THERE ARE ONLY THREE OF US LEFT FROM CLOUD 9... YOU, ME AND SIADWEL RHYS...

I NEED YOUR HELP!

IF THIS IS SOME PATHETIC PUBLICITY STUNT TO ORGANISE A CLOUD 9 REUNION, YOU CAN COUNT ME OUT!

I'M SORRY, BUT I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SHARE YOUR UNHEALTHY OBSESSION WITH WHAT WE DID IN THE PAST.

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, RUBY, IS THAT YOU'VE SPENT TWO DECADES LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER, WISHING YOU COULD BE **BEAUTIFUL** AGAIN.



I, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE MY SIGHTS SET FIRMLY ON THE **FUTURE**.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A SPEECH TO PREPARE AND AN ELECTION CAMPAIGN TO FIGHT.



I HOPE WE CAN COUNT ON YOUR VOTE, RUBY.

YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR **POWERS**, HAVEN'T YOU..?



SEE ? WHAT DID I TELL YOU ?

NEVER TRUST A HIPPIE.



ZENITH

newscientist

6: PATTERNS

DREAM TIGERS

DAVID CAMBRIDGE.
'LUX.'

ENGENETICS:
UNLOCKING THE GATES
OF CREATION?
QUANTUM HAUNTINGS:
CHRONON THEORY REVISITED

SYDNEY

THE COMING RACE

LONDON: MAY 13, 1987.

BULWER-LYTTON

THAT SUPER-
NAZI'S MADE A
REAL MESS OF
YOUR FLAT,
RUBY.

STILL, IT
COULD HAVE
BEEN WORSE.
YOU'RE LUCKY
THE FIRE BRIGADE
TURNED UP WHEN
THEY DID.

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MARK KING

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SO THIS IS SIADWEL
RHYS. RED DRAGON.

WELL, HE LOOKS
PRETTY TOUGH. WE
SHOULD HAVE GOT IN
TOUCH WITH HIM FIRST,
INSTEAD OF WASTING
OUR TIME WITH THAT
MANDALA GUY.

MM. YES, WE
PROBABLY
SHOULD
HAVE.

HE DROPPED
COMPLETELY OUT
OF SIGHT THOUGH,
AND I HAD NO
PARTICULAR
INCLINATION TO
KEEP IN TOUCH
WITH HIM.

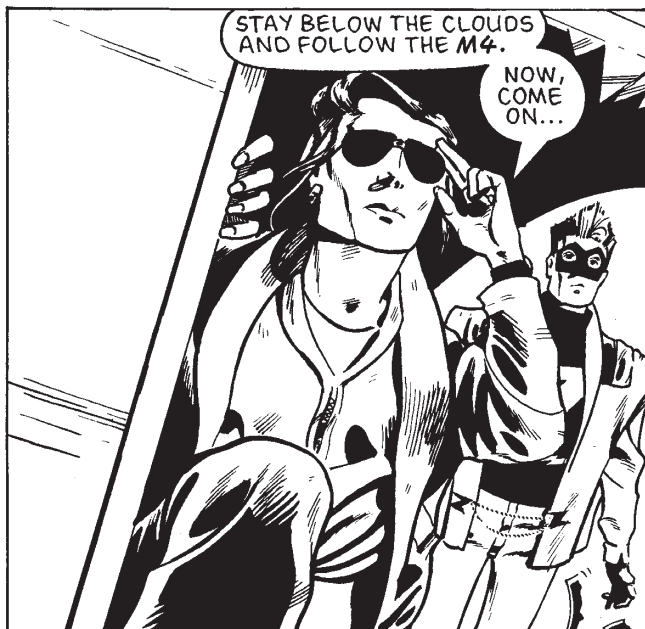
TO TELL THE TRUTH,
HE WAS REALLY THE
ODD-MAN OUT WHEN
WE WERE YOUNGER. HE
WAS SO MACHO, ALWAYS
WANTING TO GET INTO
FIGHTS...

WE
DIDN'T GET
ON VERY
WELL.

HE SOUNDS
BRILLIANT!

WHAT
WERE HIS
POWERS?

STRENGTH,
FLIGHT, THE
USUAL. HE WAS A
PYROKINETIC
TOO, LIKE YOUR
MOTHER.



I HAVE SET THEM IN MOTION.
THEY ARE COMING TO ME.

HOW I LOVE TO WATCH THE
MINDLESS PATTERNS THEY
MAKE IN SPACETIME.

WHILE THIS PUPPET BODY RESTS AND HEALS
ITSELF, I WILL ASCEND AND WATCH THEIR
BLIND PROGRESS TOWARDS ME.

THE MAGICKS THAT
BIND ME TO THIS
PLACE DO NOT
PERMIT A FULL
WITHDRAWAL
INTO OVERSPACE.

INSTEAD, I
DISLOCATE MY
CONSCIOUSNESS.

I SHIFT IT BACK ALONG THE
VAST FLESHSCAPE OF MY
TRUE BODY.

I PREEN THE CONTINENTAL
SPAN OF MY WINGS. WITH
HOOKS AND TONGUES, I
CLEAN GREY EON-DRIFTS
FROM THE UPLANDS OF MY
FACIAL TOPOGRAPHY.

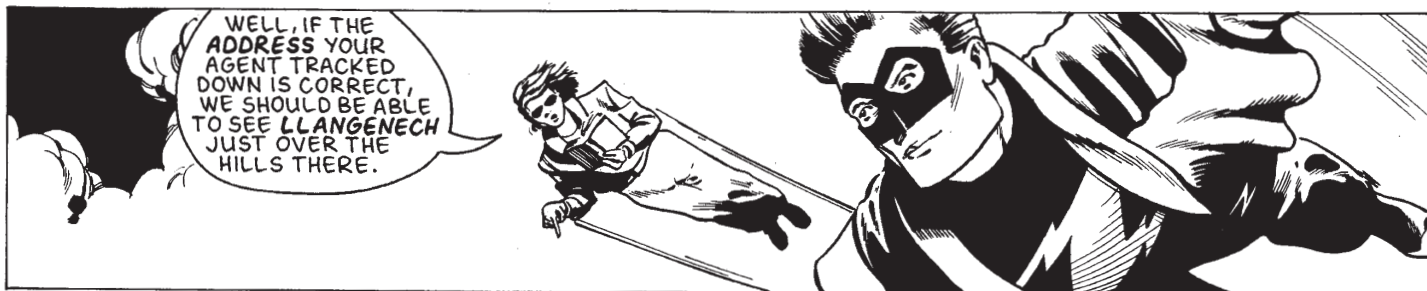
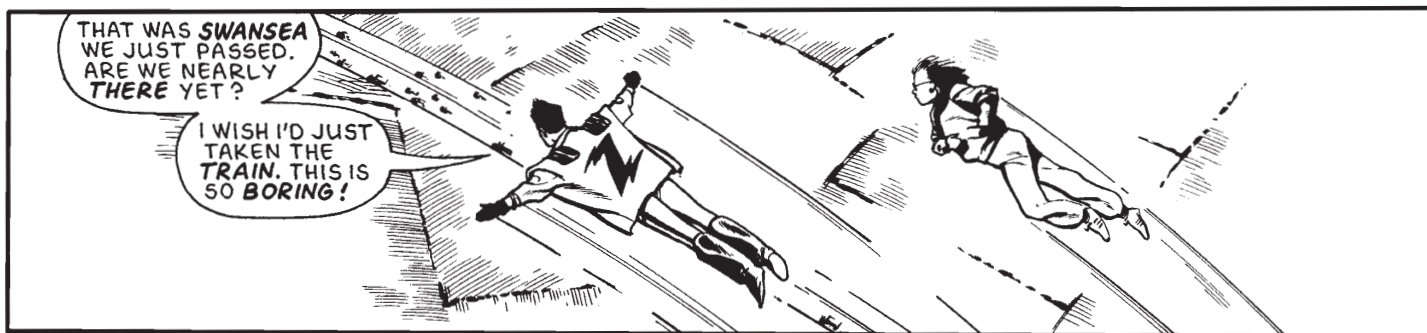
FAR BELOW,
I FEEL THE
CIRCULATORY
TIDES AND PULSES
OF THE TINY
EARTHFORM I
OCCUPY WITH MY
ESSENCE.

I PEEL BACK MY MANY
LIDS, EXPOSING EYES
LIKE SPINNING OCEANS
OF BROKEN GLASS.

I LOOK DOWN
UPON A WORLD
RIPE WITH
SOULS.

AND I BEGIN
TO DROOL.







SIADWEL?

SIT YOURSELF
DOWN, RUBY!
DON'T BE A
STRANGER!

AND WHY DON'T
YOU INTRODUCE
ME TO YOUR
SISTER AND YOUR
TWO FRIENDS?

OH
NO.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73E

7: FEAR OF FLYING

ZENITH

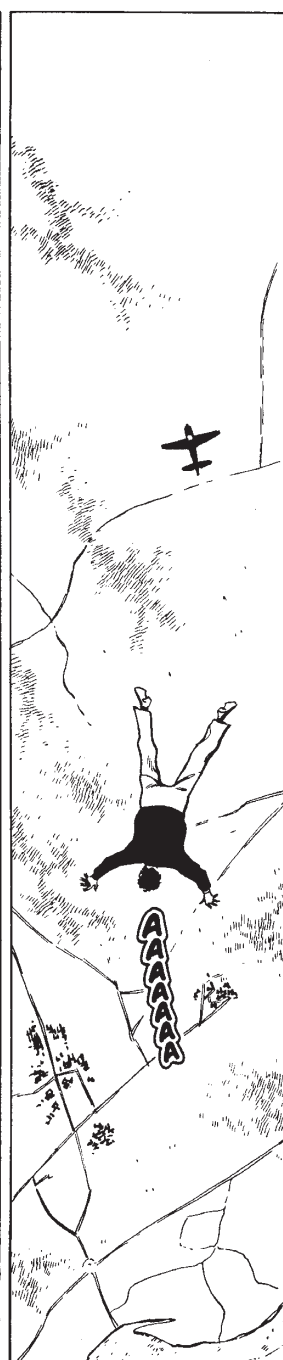
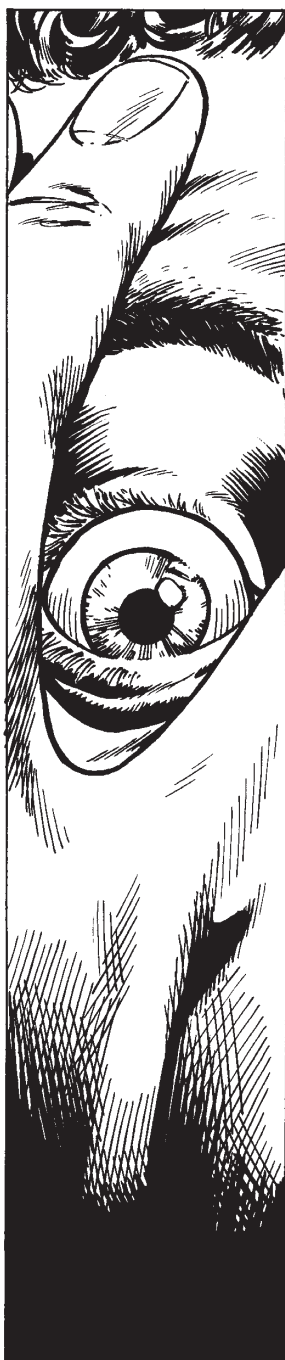
LLANGENECH: MAY 13, 1987.

I DON'T
BELIEVE
THIS!

THIS IS THE
GUY WHO'S ALL
THAT STANDS
BETWEEN US AND
A HOMICIDAL
SUPER-NAZI?
THE GUY WE'VE
JUST HAD TO
CARRY HOME?











I
LOST MY
POWERS!

FWOONF!



RIGHT.
LET'S GET
STARTED.

ZENITH

8: ENTER THE DRAGON!

LLANGENECH: MAY 14, 1987.

All it takes is a spark, just one spark to start a fire. That's what they say, anyway. This one started a little differently.

COME ON!
JUST ONE
DROP...!

YOU'RE
NO GOOD TO
US DRUNK,
RHYS.

BUT THAT'S MY
LAST BOTTLE,
MAN!

YOU
CAN'T...

WHAT ?

PLP
PLP
PLP

I'LL
KILL
YOU!

KILL ME ?

YOU
CAN'T EVEN
CATCH ME,
FATSO!

COME
BACK!

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GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73E



NICE TRY, FAT MAN.



MAY 15.

Now that Siadwel's finally sober, I've been trying to explain to him about Masterman and the Dark Gods. He just nods. It's as though he doesn't really know quite what's hik him...

HEY, RHY'S!



...nor how to deal with it.

So we set to work refining his pyrokinetic powers. I remember when he was young, he could light someone's cigarette from 500 yards away. Half a kilometre...



NNG!



It was his party trick.



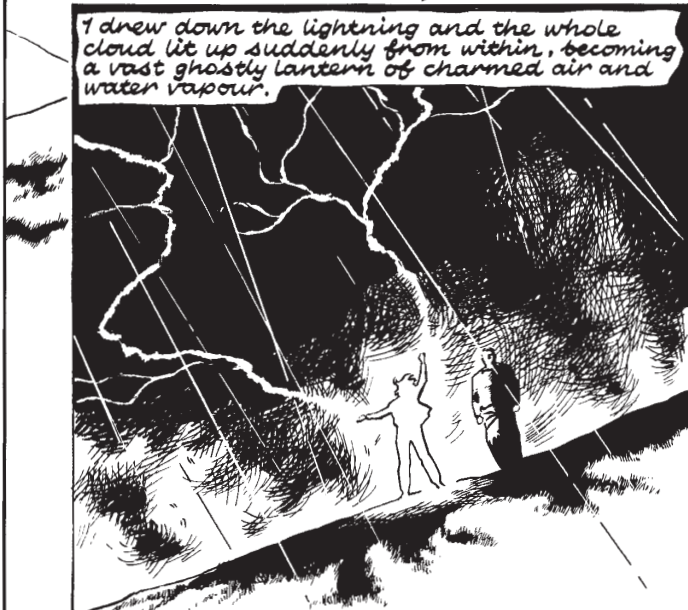
When he was young.

MAY 16.

Today we built a cloud. Siadwel heated the air and then let it rise and cool into a huge and beautiful cumulonimbus.



I drew down the lightning and the whole cloud lit up suddenly from within, becoming a vast ghostly lantern of charmed air and water vapour.

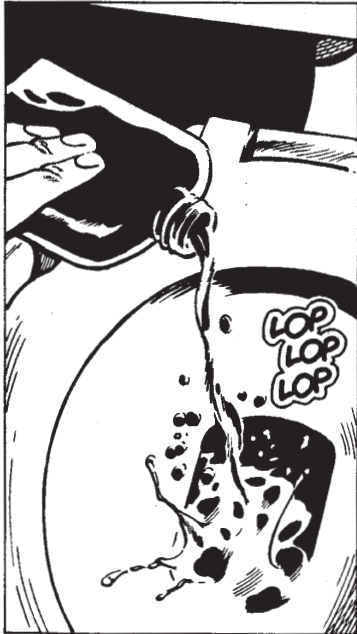


Standing in the slate-grey rain, watching our cloud trawl across Welsh mountains, I heard Siadwel whisper a line of poetry from Dylan Thomas...



...and for the first time, I felt that we still had a chance...that perhaps we might even win.





LONDON: MAY 18, 1987.

...WORD IS THAT THERE'S
A STORM BREWING OVER
THIS POLL TAX BUSINESS,
PETER.

WITH THE ELECTION
COMING UP, THE PM
WANTS A UNITED
FRONT ON THIS
ONE.

2000AD
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GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73E

SO IF YOU CAN USE YOUR
FAMOUS POWERS OF
PERSUASION ON SOME
OF OUR REBELLIOUS
BACKBENCHERS, I THINK
I CAN GUARANTEE SOME
INTERESTING NEWS FOR
YOU IN THE NEXT CABINET
RESHUFFLE.

I'LL DO
MY BEST,
NORMAN.

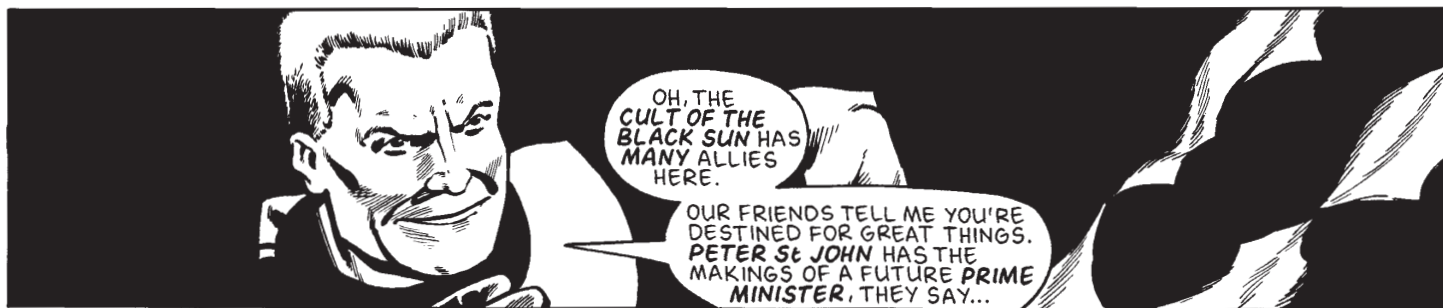
F N F
G N F

ZENITH

AH! COME IN!
AND BRING
YOUR NOTEPAD!

HOW DID
YOU GET
IN HERE?

9: STORM
WARNINGS



LLANGENECH: MAY 18, 1987.

...NOW YOU
DROP THIS
BOMBHELL
ON ME!

YOU NEVER TOLD
ME THAT YOUR
SUPERPOWERS
WERE LINKED TO
YOUR **BIORHYTHM**
CYCLE!

YEAH, WELL
I MUST
HAVE FORGOT.
IN ALL THE
EXCITEMENT.

YOU DON'T
"FORGET"
THINGS LIKE
THAT!

SO YOU'RE TELLING
ME THAT YOU COULD
LOSE ALL YOUR
POWERS ANY
DAY NOW?

ONLY SOME OF
THEM. AND NOT
TILL THE 24th.
TODAY'S MY
GOOD DAY...

OH, NOW
I SEE IT!

YOU ONLY
HELPED **SIADWEL**
REGAIN HIS POWERS
SO THAT HE COULD
DO ALL THE FIGHTING
AND SAVE YOU FROM
GETTING YOUR
CLOTHES DIRTY!

THAT'S
WHY THE
PAPERS
CALL ME
"SUPERBRAT"
RUBY.

LIKE THE
HELMET,
RHYS.

WELL
WICKED.

WE BETTER
GET MOVING.

WEATHERMAN
SAYS THERE'S
THUNDER ON
THE WAY.

YES, I CAN
FEEL THE
PRESSURE.

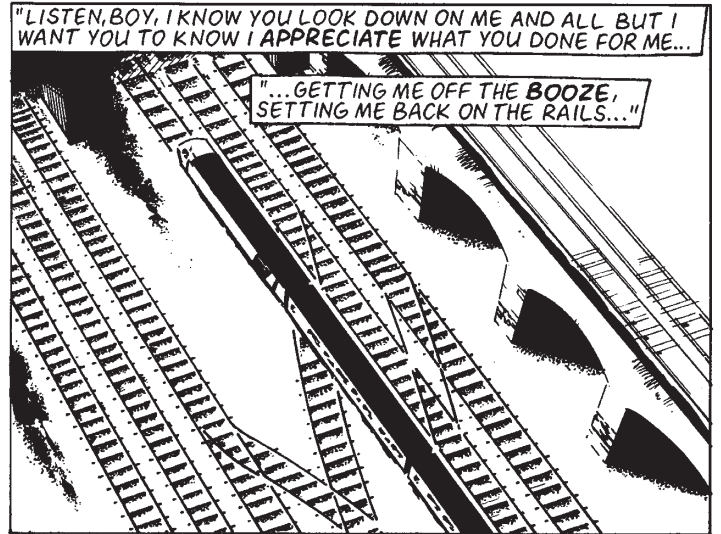
LISTEN, I'M GOING
TO TAKE THE **TRAIN**
BACK. FLYING TAKES
TOO MUCH OUT OF ME
AND I'VE A FEELING
I'M GOING TO **NEED**
MY STRENGTH.

YOU MEAN
YOU DON'T
WANT TO
GET WET.

YOU
THINK THERE'S
GOING TO BE
TROUBLE?

I
DON'T KNOW,
SIADWEL.

IT'S JUST A
FEELING.



"AND SO THEY CAME UP WITH THIS PLAN AND...WELL, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN THEY TOLD ME."

"I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE THEY'D DO THAT..."



"FUNNY, I NEVER LIKED HIM BUT THE ONLY ALLY I HAD THEN WAS PETER ST JOHN. MANDALA HE WAS IN THEM DAYS."

"WE TRIED TO CONVINCE THE OTHERS TO STOP AND THINK..."



"BUT THEY JUST WENT OVER OUR HEADS ANYWAY AND SET THE PLAN IN MOTION."

"I PROMISED I'D SAY NOTHING AND I NEVER HAVE. I KEPT THE SECRET."



"BUT THESE THINGS HAVE A WAY OF COMING TO THE SURFACE, SOONER OR LATER."

"THAT'S WHEN THEY'LL GET A SHOCK."



"YOU MARK MY WORDS, BOY."

HELLO AGAIN, RUBY.



WELCOME TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

10: BURN BABY, BURN!

"...RAIN AND FIRE AND THUNDER...
IT'S LIKE THE DELUGE... THE
APOCALYPSE..."

"WHAT'S GOING ON
DOWN THERE..?"

THERE APPEAR TO BE TWO **SUPER-
HUMANS** FIGHTING EACH OTHER.
FROM WHAT I HEAR, ONE OF THEM'S
DRESSED UP LIKE **MASTERMAN**,
FROM WORLD WAR TWO.

COULD YOU PLEASE
COME ALONG, SIR..?
WE'RE **EVACUATING**
THE HOUSE.

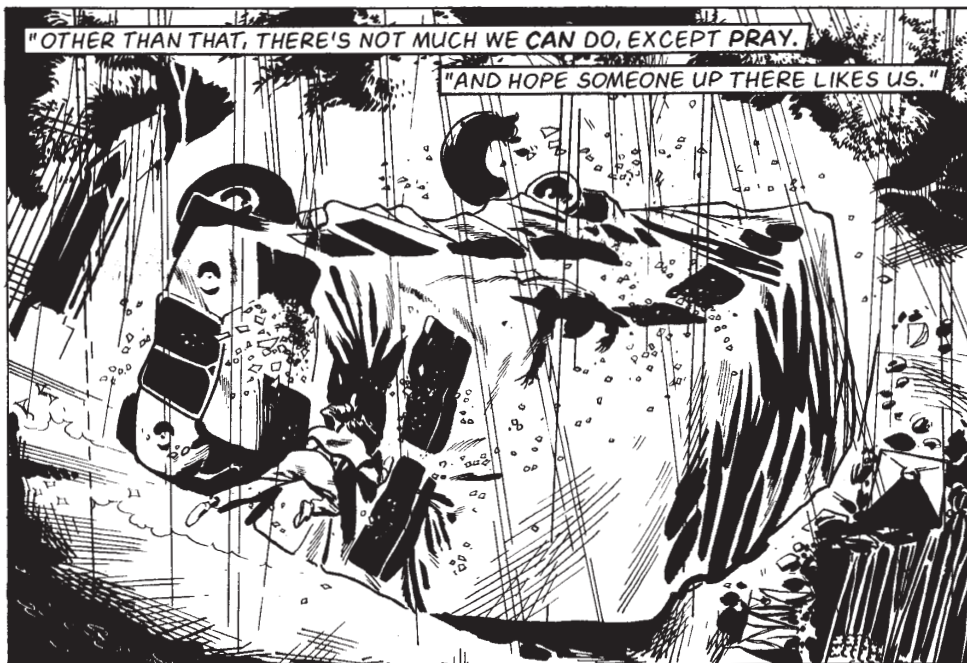
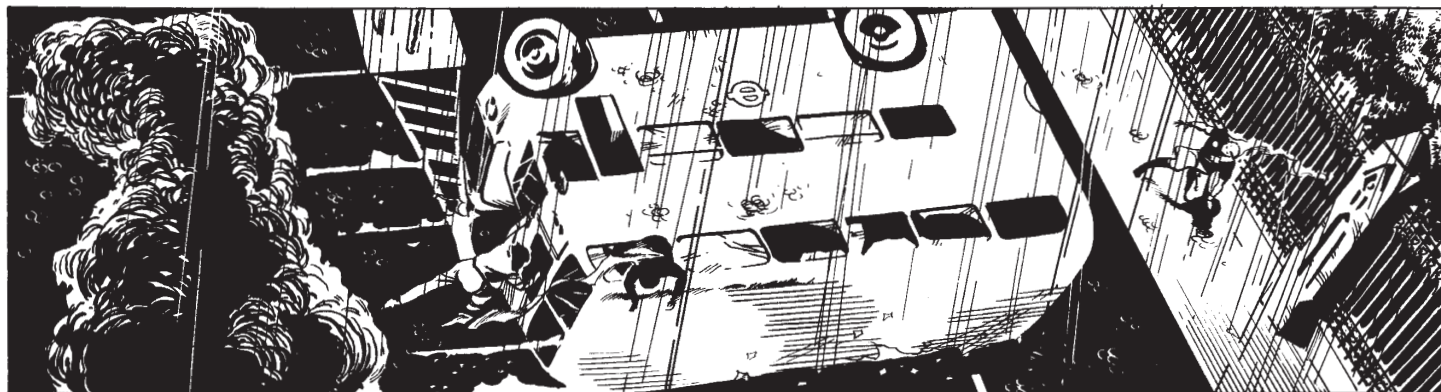
"**SUPERHUMANS FIGHTING EACH
OTHER ?**"

"**THAT'S ALMOST
UNHEARD OF...I...**"

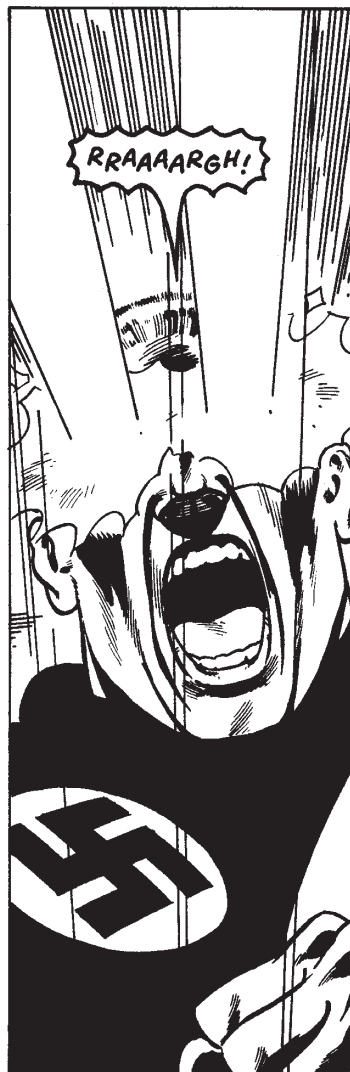
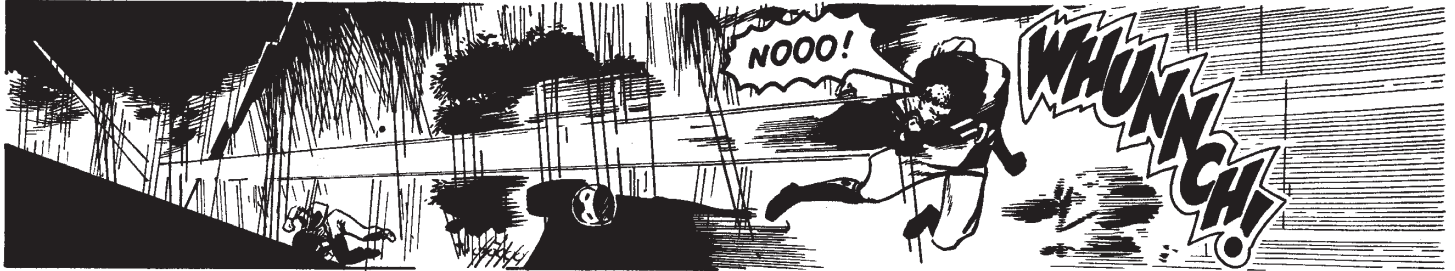
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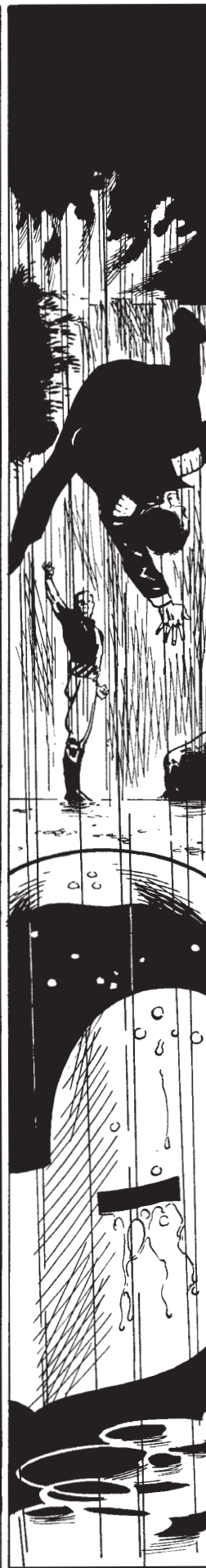
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GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING

COMPU-73e









ZENITH

11: LONDON'S BURNING

LONDON: MAY 18, 1987.

...AND LONDON HASN'T SEEN SCENES LIKE THESE SINCE THE DAYS OF THE BLITZ... VEHICLES ARE BURNING, THE DEAD LITTER THE STREETS...

...AND AT THE HEART OF IT ALL, FORMER '60s SUPERHUMAN, RUBY FOX...

"...FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE AGAINST A SECOND SUPERHUMAN, THIS ONE DRESSED AS WARTIME GERMANY'S MASTERMAN..."

I BURNED RED DRAGON, RUBY. CAN'T YOU SMELL HIM COOKING?

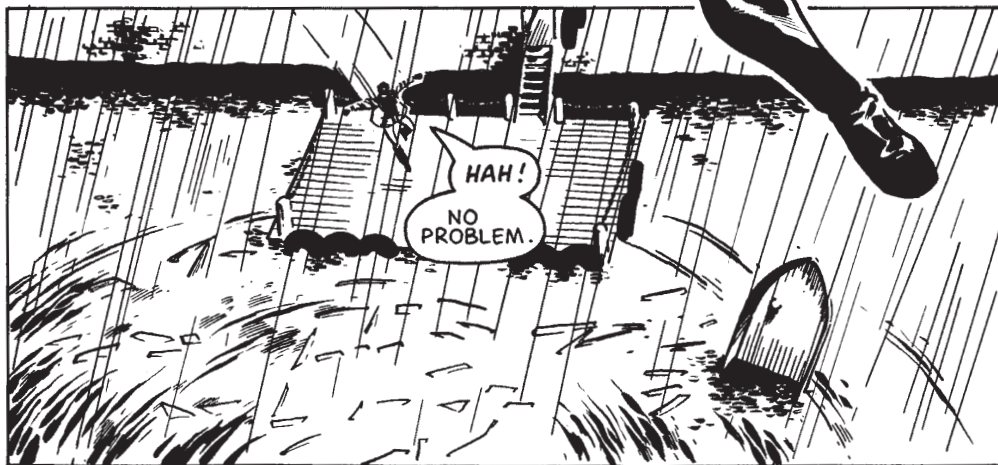
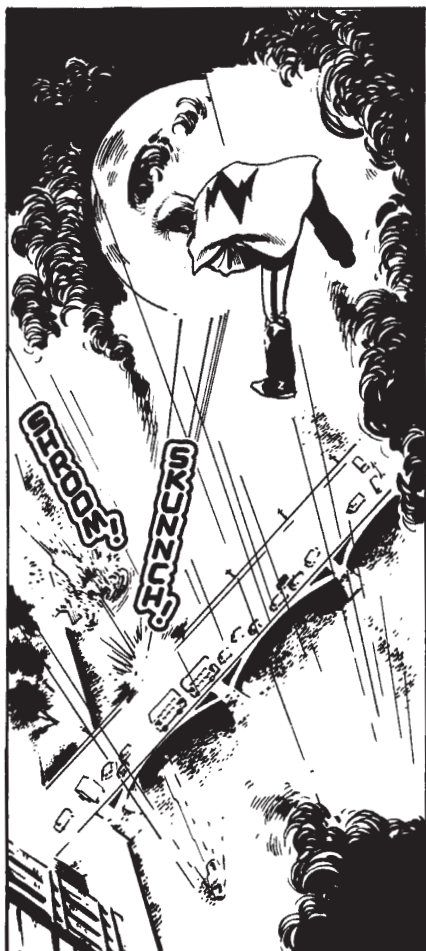
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW, BITCH, AND THERE'S NO ONE TO HELP YOU.

NO ONE AT ALL.

HEY!

FAK!

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ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73E





"...AND APPARENTLY SOMEONE HAS JUST BEEN PUNCHED THROUGH THE CLOCKFACE OF BIG BEN. WE KNOW THAT THE POP SINGER, ZENITH IS DEFINITELY INVOLVED IN THIS UNPRECEDENTED BATTLE BETWEEN SUPERHUMANS..."



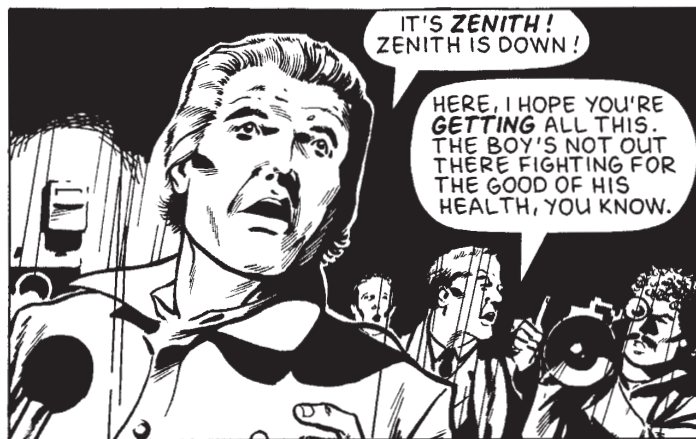
...BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL JUST WHO THAT WAS ...THE SPEED...

I'M ZENITH'S AGENT, YOU SEE. AYE, THAT'S MACPHAIL...PEE... AITCH...THAT'S IT...



OUFF!

WHUMP!



IT'S ZENITH! ZENITH IS DOWN!

HERE, I HOPE YOU'RE GETTING ALL THIS. THE BOY'S NOT OUT THERE FIGHTING FOR THE GOOD OF HIS HEALTH, YOU KNOW.



EDDIE..?

GET ME OUT OF THIS, EDDIE...





LONDON: MAY 18, 1987.

...AND HERE IN **PARLIAMENT SQUARE** IT'S CERTAINLY NOT OVER YET, AS CONSERVATIVE MP AND FORMER SUPERHUMAN, **PETER St JOHN**, ENTERS THE BIZARRE BATTLE WHICH HAS ALREADY COST **DOZENS** OF LIVES AND **THOUSANDS** OF POUNDS WORTH OF DAMAGE...

"...WE MERE MORTALS CAN ONLY HOPE THAT HIS EXTRAORDINARY ABILITIES WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO TURN THE TIDE..."

PATHETIC OLD MAN! YOU THINK I'M AFRAID OF A FEW COLOURED LIGHTS?

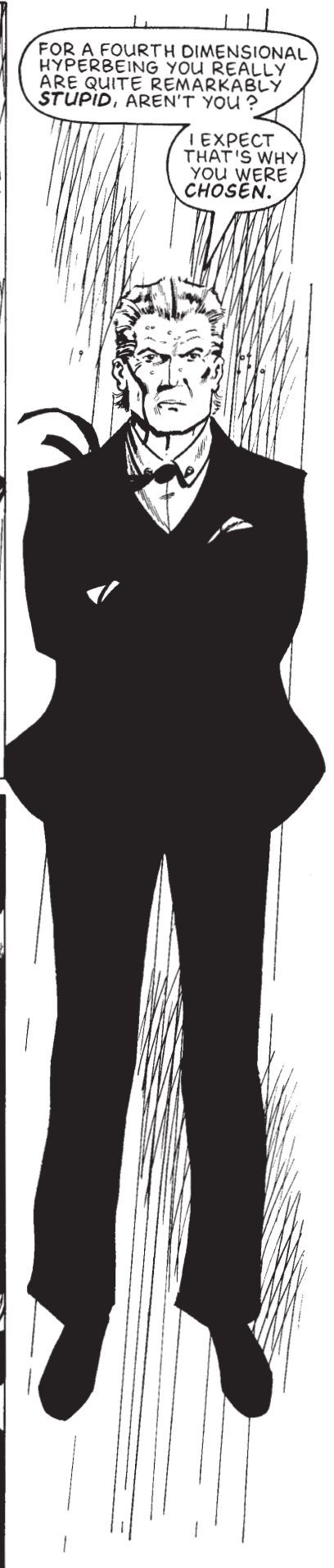
I HAVE LIGHTS OF MY OWN...

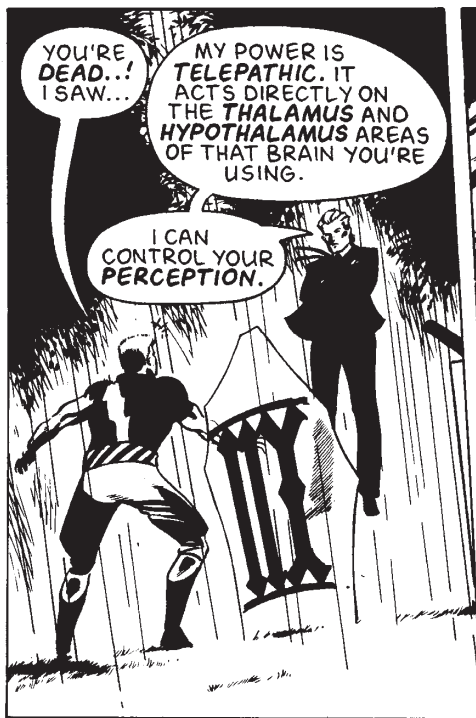
SEE ?!

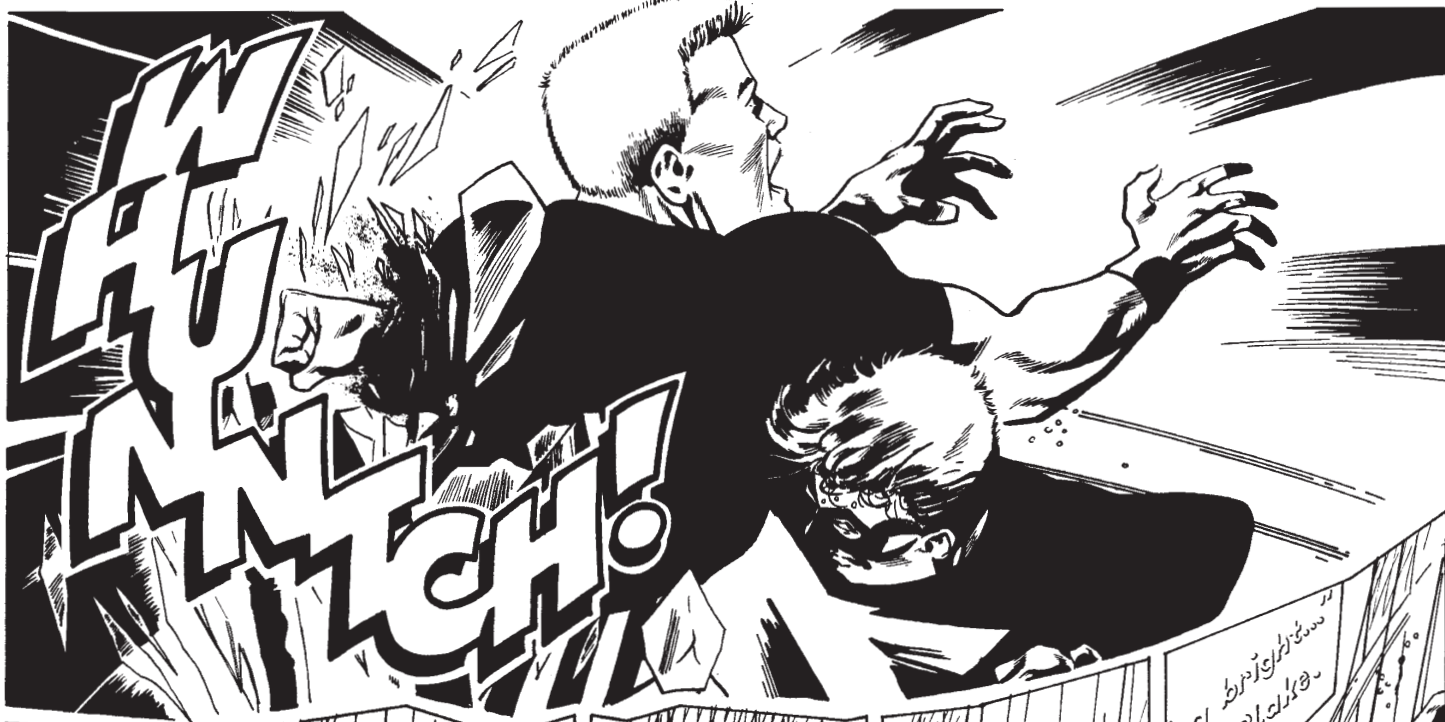
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MARK KING
COMPU-73E

ZENITH

12: MIND GAMES









13: INTO THE ABSOLUTE ELSEWHERE

LONDON: MAY 18, 1987.

THEY HAVE DESTROYED MY PHYSICAL BODY.

THEY HAVE MOCKED AND HUMILIATED ME AND OVERTURNED PLANS THAT TOOK MILLENNIA TO CONCEIVE.

REVENGE WILL BE SWEET.

AND SLOW.

VERY SLOW.

I CAN'T SHIFT THESE THINGS! WHAT ARE THEY?

THEY'RE PART OF IT. THREE DIMENSIONAL CROSS-SECTIONS OF ITS REAL BODY!

ZENITH

THEY THINK THEY UNDERSTAND POWER. THEY THINK THEY HAVE FACED THE WORST AND SURVIVED...

ZENITH!

DON'T LET IT PULL YOU IN!

IT IS TIME THEY LOOKED UPON MY TRUE FACE...



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LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
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I FOLD THEM, SCREAMING, THROUGH
HYPERSPACE. I TURN THEM INSIDE OUT,
LIKE GLOVES, AS I PEEL THEM FROM THE
SURFACE OF THEIR HOME DIMENSIONS.

I LET THEM SEE THE COLLIDING X-RAY
MONTAGE THAT IS THE WORLD BEHIND.
LET THEM GLIMPSE THE MANY-ANGLED
GLORY OF THE MACROVERSE AHEAD.

AND THEN I
DROP THEM.

AND I WAIT.

AH

ZENITH!
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

I
DON'T KNOW.
I FEEL
WEIRD.

WHERE
ARE
YOU?

I'M
DOWN
HERE.

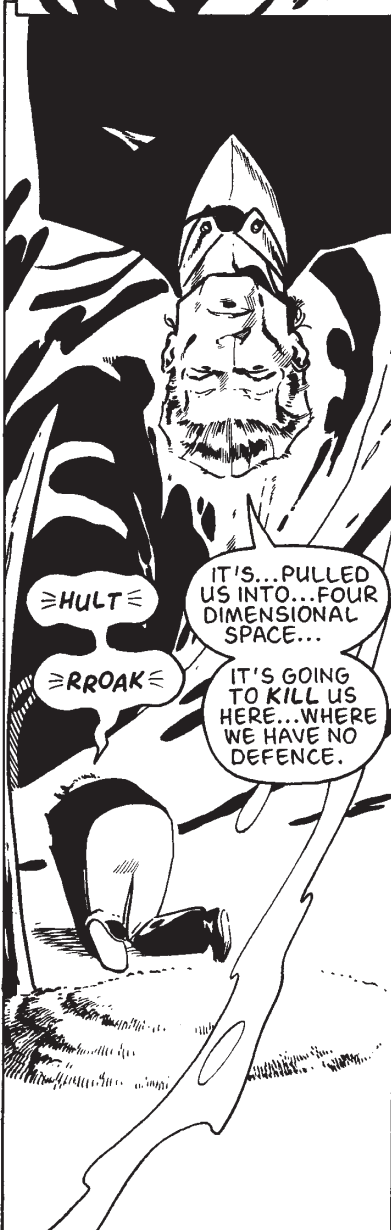
WHAT..?



UH!
EVERYTHING'S
MOVING... I CAN'T
MAKE ANY SENSE OF
WHAT I'M SEEING...
...I...



...I THINK
I'M GOING
TO...
...URR...



≡HULT≡

≡RROAK≡

IT'S...PULLED
US INTO...FOUR
DIMENSIONAL
SPACE...

IT'S GOING
TO KILL US
HERE...WHERE
WE HAVE NO
DEFENCE.



OH,
BRILLIANT!

SO WHAT
DO WE DO
NOW?

WE TRY
TO GET
OUT.



OUT OF WHAT?
WHERE IS THIS
PLACE?

THIS IS
PART OF
ITS BODY.

I WON'T TELL YOU
WHICH PART, BUT THOSE
LUMINOUS ASH DEPOSITS
YOU'RE STANDING IN ARE
DROPPINGS...UNDIGESTED
SOULS.



SOULS..?

HOW COME
YOU KNOW
ALL THIS?

I'M
TELEPATHICALLY
SCANNING THE
SURFACE OF
ITS BRAIN
COLONY...





14: FAMOUS LAST WORDS

THE 4TH DIMENSION: NO TIME.

WE'VE GOT REALLY BIG PROBLEMS HERE, St JOHN! THIS THING'S GOING TO EAT OUR SOULS, YOU KNOW?

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WE...

SHUT UP!

UNNH!

THRAAT!

SHIK!

SPLAAK!

SPLAK!

UFF!

THAT'S A GOOD BOY!

2000AD
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ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73E



WE'VE HAD IT...!
IT'S JUST GOING
TO KILL US AND
WE CAN'T STOP
IT...

KILL
YOU?



I HAVE **TWO** LAST WORDS.

DO YOU REMEMBER
WHEN YOU BROKE
INTO MY OFFICE AND
TRIED TO INTIMIDATE
ME? I HOPE YOU DO.



YOU'LL BEG FOR IT TO BE
THAT **SIMPLE** AFTER YOU'VE
SPENT A THOUSAND YEARS IN
THE **AGONY HIVES** WITH
OUR **SPAWN** FEEDING OFF
YOUR BRIGHT AND DRIPPING
SOULS.

OH
NO.

ANY
LAST
WORDS?

GOOD!
THEN...

YES.



"BECAUSE THAT'S WHEN I
IMPLANTED A POWERFUL
TELEPATHIC SIGNAL...
A POST-HYPNOTIC
COMMAND."



I ONLY HAVE TO SAY TWO
WORDS AND THE NERVE
LATTICES IN YOUR BRAIN
COLONY WILL GO INTO
SPASM, PRODUCING A
CATASTROPHIC EPILEPTIC
SEIZURE.

NO!

THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
I'LL KILL YOU!
I...



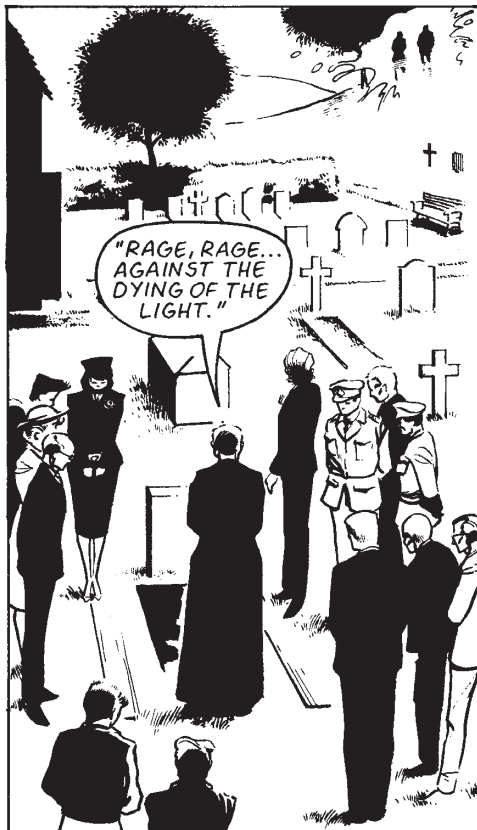
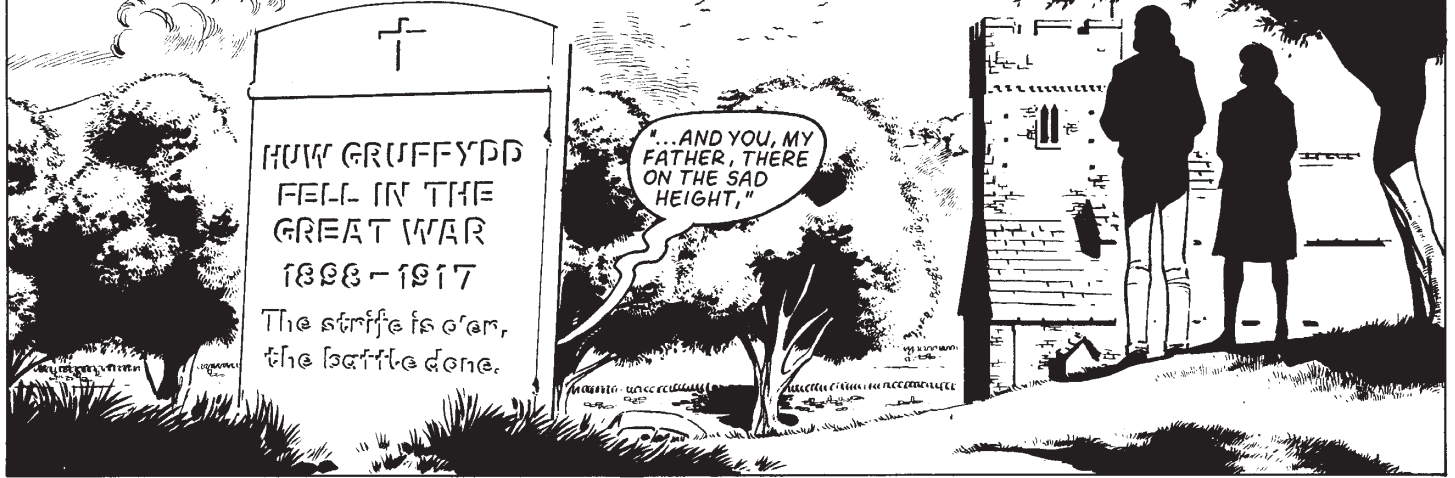
TYGER!
TYGER!

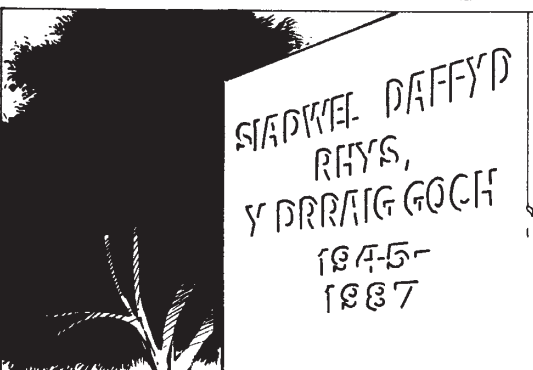




ZENITH

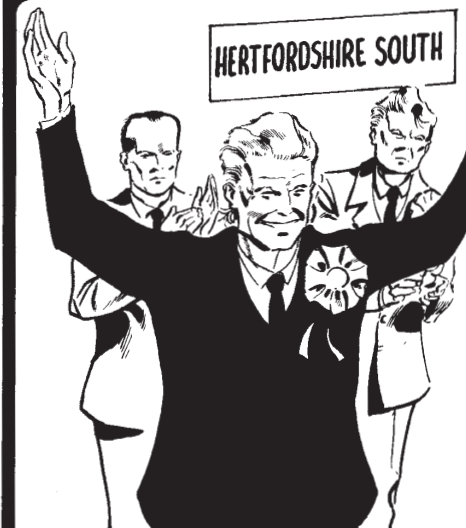
EPILOGUE: LATE RESULTS





LONDON: JUNE 12, 1987.

...PETER St JOHN IS DULY ELECTED AS THE MEMBER FOR HERTFORDSHIRE SOUTH.



THOSE WERE THE SCENES OF JUBILATION LAST NIGHT AS PETER St JOHN INCREASED HIS MAJORITY IN HERTFORDSHIRE SOUTH, PAVING THE WAY FOR THE TORY ELECTION LANDSLIDE...



ALREADY SOME OPPOSITION MP'S, INCLUDING TAM DALYELL, ARE CALLING St JOHN'S RECENT BATTLE WITH MASTERMAN, "THE MOST SHAMEFUL PIECE OF TORY PROPAGANDA SINCE THE FALKLANDS WAR.", WHILE OTHERS HAVE HAILED HIM AS A HERO...



TONIGHT WE TAKE A LOOK BACK OVER THE COLOURFUL CAREER OF PETER St JOHN AND SPECULATE ABOUT THE POST HE'S LIKELY TO BE OFFERED IN MRS THATCHER'S NEW CABINET...



HELLO...? PRIME MINISTER...? YES, YES I HAVE...

CERTAINLY... I'D BE GLAD TO ACCEPT THE DEFENCE POST...

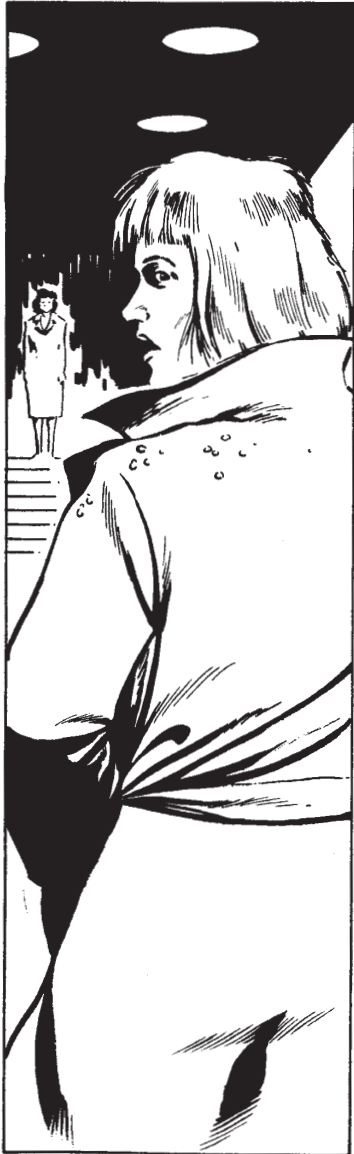


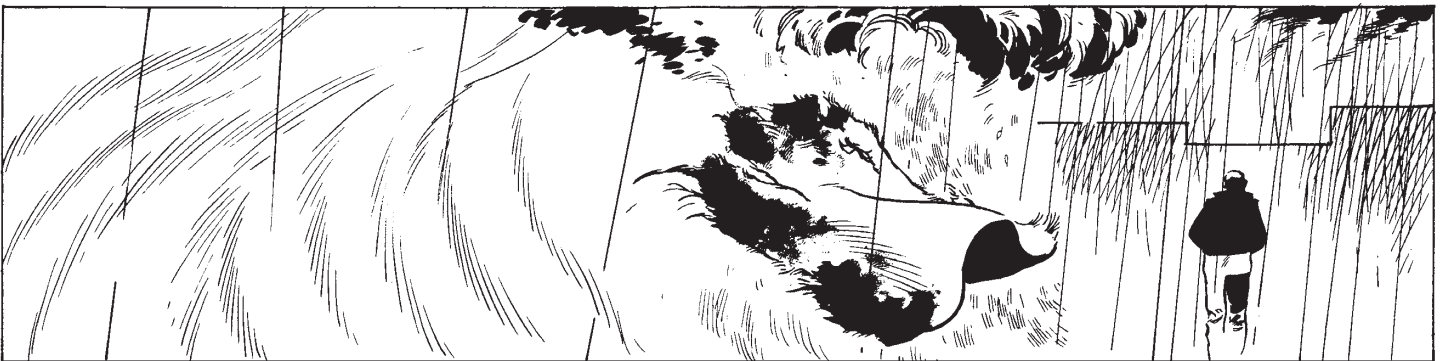
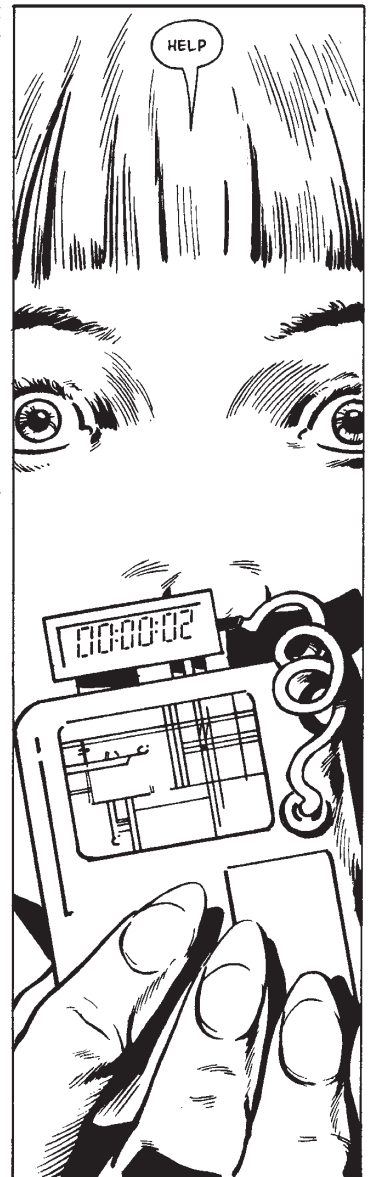
...YES, PRIME MINISTER!

LONDON: JUNE 19, 1987.



BERLIN: JUNE 23, 1987.







INTERLUDES

WHITLOCK // PEYNE

Script: Grant Morrison

Art: Steve Yeowell

Letters: Mark King

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 558-559

LAUENBURG, GERMANY:
DECEMBER 17, 1944.

MR WU'S A
SUPERHUMAN NOW,
OH LORDY! HE'S
GOT THE STRENGTH
OF TEN, THEY ALL
DECLARE.

BUT WHILE
HE'S PICKING
UP TANKS

MRS WU
JUST PICKS
UP YANKS!

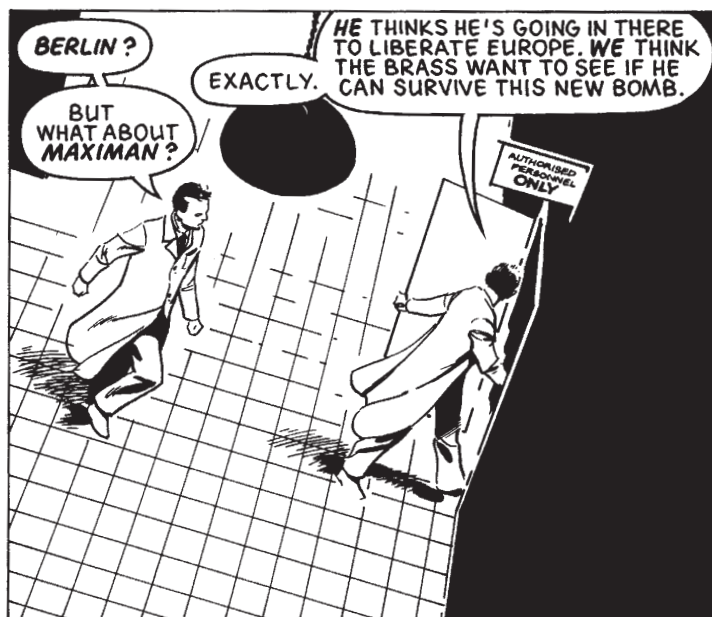
AND MR WU'S A
SUPERHUMAN
NOW!

ZENITH
INTERLUDE
1: WHITLOCK

AD
SCRIPT
GRANT MORRISON
ART
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING
MARK KING
CREDIT CARD



ALDERMASTON, ENGLAND:
DECEMBER 18, 1944.



LAUENBURG, GERMANY:
DECEMBER 18, 1944.

THANK HEAVENS
THE ATTACKS
HAVE STOPPED.

OH, IT'S
SO COLD!

IS IT?

I DON'T FEEL
ANYTHING.

LISTEN, JOYCE, MONTY'S
TOLD ME I'VE TO HEAD
ON TOWARDS **BERLIN**
TOMORROW. JUST ME
AND AN INFANTRY
DIVISION.

EVERYONE ELSE HAS
BEEN ORDERED TO
STAY PUT FOR SOME
REASON.

TO TELL THE
TRUTH, I'LL
BE GLAD TO
GET GOING.

MOST OF THE MEN DON'T
LIKE ME, YOU KNOW. THEY
KNOW I CAN'T BE HURT
LIKE THEM. THEY THINK I'M
JUST PLAYING SOLDIERS.

BILL, THAT'S NONSENSE
AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU'RE
A **HERO** TO THESE MEN.

YOU'RE
MAXIMAN!

LOOK!

WHAT IS IT?

**TANK
SHRAPNEL.**

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE
THIS BACK TO YOUR
LITTLE BROTHER?
FOR HIS COLLECTION.

YOU TAKE IT BACK.
IT'LL BE BETTER
COMING FROM YOU.

HMM.



NEXT: **PEYNE**

Extracts from "SEIZING THE FIRE", by
Dr MICHAEL PEYNE (Unpublished):

IN FEBRUARY 1945, FOLLOWING THE
SURRENDER OF JAPAN, A MEMORIAL
SERVICE WAS HELD FOR MAXIMAN.

THE HYPOCRISY OF THE WHOLE SORRY
CHARADE TURNED MY STOMACH.



CHURCHILL KNEW THE AMERICANS
HAD DEVELOPED THE ATOM BOMB,
KNEW THAT THEY PLANNED TO
USE IT ON BERLIN.

AND STILL HE SENT MAXIMAN TO
HIS DEATH—CONSIGNED AN ANGEL
TO THE FIRES OF HELL.

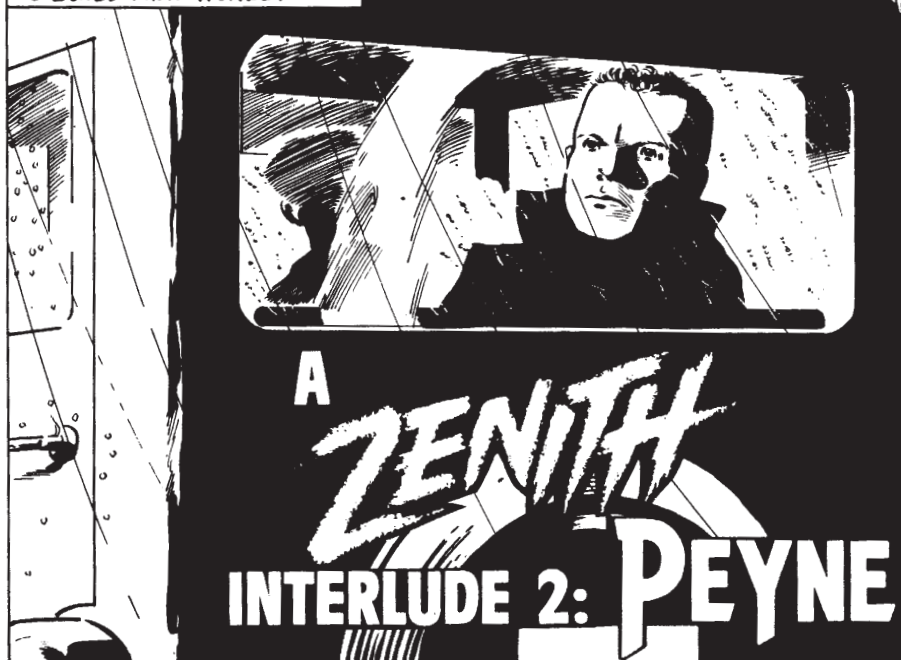


I HATED MANKIND. I HATED OUR
PETTINESS, OUR GREED, OUR
IGNORANT CRUELTY.

I DREAMED OF A
Purer WORLD.



AND I VOWED THEN AND THERE
TO BUILD THAT WORLD.



DURING THAT FRAGILE SPRING OF '45, WHEN OUR PLANET WOKE AT LAST FROM A NIGHTMARE OF WAR, I CONTINUED WITH MY RESEARCHES INTO SUPERHUMANITY.

THERE WAS A NEW OPTIMISM IN THE AIR, A SENSE OF INFINITE POSSIBILITY.



I KNEW IT COULD NOT LAST.

THE SIGNS WERE CLEAR; SHADOWS CAST BACK BY THE LIGHT OF A TERRIBLE FUTURE.



MANKIND WOULD BE DESTROYED. WE HAD FULFILLED OUR EVOLUTIONARY PURPOSE AND MUST NOW MAKE WAY FOR THE COMING RACE, THE CHILDREN OF THE QUANTUM ERA.



I RE-READ BLAKE'S POEM, "THE TYGER"—THAT EVOCATION OF THE POWER AND TERROR OF RAW CREATION—AND I SAW MY PURPOSE CLEARLY ARTICULATED.

I WOULD RESCUE THE FUTURE FROM HUMANITY. I WOULD CREATE "TYGERS".



I KNEW THEN HOW GODS MUST FEEL.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HAD PROVIDED ME WITH A VOLUNTEER TEST GROUP OF TEN PREGNANT WOMEN. WE PERIODICALLY INJECTED A VARIANT OF THE MAXIMAN SERUM INTO THEIR EMBRYONIC CHILDREN.

AND THEN WE WAITED.



AND IN THE SMOKY TWILIGHT OF THAT POST-WAR YEAR, THE TYGERS ARRIVED IN OUR MIDST.

**GOVERNMENT
PROPERTY
KEEP OUT**



THE FIRST TWO, FOX AND RIDGEWAY, WERE GIRLS.

THE THIRD, A SEXLESS ABOMINATION, WAS MERCIFULLY STILLBORN.



THEN CAME THE St JOHN INFANT AND YOUNG CAMBRIDGE.

I WAS FORCED TO SHOOT THE SIXTH BABY.



IT WAS AN APPALLING, SKINLESS CREATURE WITH A DOZEN MOUTHS THAT WHIMPERED AND BIT THE MIDWIVES.

NERVOUSLY, WE AWAITED THE NEXT FOUR BIRTHS.



RHYS, McDOWELL AND MOON ARRIVED IN PINK AND PERFECT HEALTH.

AND THEN THE FINAL CHILD EXPLODED INTO THE WORLD.

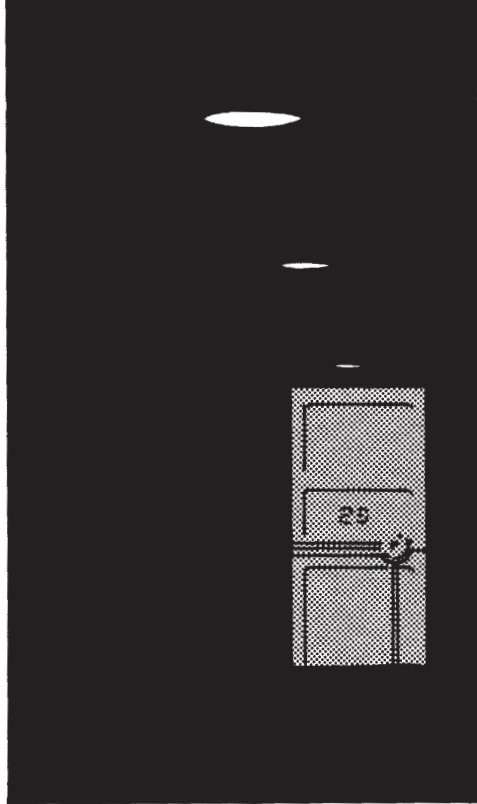


I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE FEAR THAT TOOK ME WHEN IT ROSE UP IN A STORM OF SHAPES, SPEAKING IN TONGUES.

GOD KNOWS I TRIED TO KILL IT BUT IT SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE.



IN THE END WE NAMED IT CHIMERA AND TRAPPED IT IN AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELD SNARE—WHERE IT REMAINS TO THIS DAY.



FOR MORE THAN A DECADE, THE REMAINING CHILDREN SHOWED NO INDICATION OF ANY SUPERIOR ABILITIES.

AND THEN PUBERTY ARRIVED.

FOR MORE THAN A DECADE, THE REMAINING CHILDREN SHOWED NO INDICATION OF ANY SUPERIOR ABILITIES.

AND THEN PUBERTY ARRIVED.

A black and white comic strip panel. In the background, two girls are playing with a doll, a boy is sitting on a chair, and another boy is crawling on the floor. In the foreground, a boy is reading a book titled "WILLIAM THE DICTATOR" by "RICHARD GROWING".

AND WITH IT CAME A DAZZLING SPECTRUM OF UNEXPECTED POWERS — MANIPULATION OF ELECTRICAL FIELDS, DEMATERIALIZATION, PYROKINESIS.

AND FLIGHT. MAN'S OLDEST DREAM, MADE REAL AND BEAUTIFUL.



AND WITH IT CAME A DAZZLING SPECTRUM OF UNEXPECTED POWERS — MANIPULATION OF ELECTRICAL FIELDS, DEMATERIALIZATION, PYROKINESIS.

AND FLIGHT. MAN'S OLDEST DREAM, MADE REAL AND BEAUTIFUL.

IN 1964, I WAS AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR MY WORK IN A FIELD FOR WHICH I HAD COINED THE TERM "ENGENETICS". IT WAS ONE OF THE GREAT MOMENTS OF MY LIFE.



BACK IN ENGLAND, MY SUPERIORS, SEEING ONLY THE LIMITED MILITARY POTENTIAL OF THE CHILDREN, ATTEMPTED TO MOULD THEM INTO A FIGHTING UNIT — "TASK FORCE UK".

THE IDEA WAS LAUGHABLE.

A black and white illustration depicting a scene in England. In the foreground, a large, dark silhouette of a man in a military uniform is shown from the back, looking towards a group of children. The children are dressed in military uniforms. One child is running towards a large, light-colored rectangular object, possibly a tent or a large box, while others watch. A speech bubble above the children says "THE IDEA WAS LAUGHABLE." The background shows a line of evergreen trees.

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THESE WERE NOT CREATURES WHO COULD
BE CONTROLLED OR GIVEN ORDERS.

WHEN THEY THREW AWAY THEIR UNIFORMS
AND REFUSED TO ASSIST THE USA IN
VIETNAM, I APPLAUDED.

I COULD NOT KNOW HOW
CLOSE THE END WAS.

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CLOSE THE END WAS.

IT ALL HAPPENED IN THE SPACE OF A FEW TERRIBLE YEARS. **WHITE HEAT** AND **Dr BEAT** VANISHED IN 1968.

IN '69, **PENELOPE MOON — SPOOK** — FELL INTO A MIRROR AND WAS LOST FOREVER.



LUX DIED WHEN HIS BODY'S CHEMICAL STRUCTURE INEXPLICABLY DISINTEGRATED.



VOLTAGE, MANDALA AND RED DRAGON FELL VICTIM TO A NEAR-FATAL ILLNESS AND WHEN THEY RECOVERED, THEY HAD LOST THEIR SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES.

THE AMERICANS GLEEFULLY INITIATED A WORLDWIDE SUPERHUMAN TEST BAN TREATY, WHICH FORBADE "INHUMANE" EXPERIMENTATION ON HUMAN BEINGS.

I WAS DISCREDITED, CAST INTO THE WILDERNESS.



BUT IN MY HOUR OF DARKNESS I RECALLED THE WORDS OF **PICO DELLA MIRANDOLLA** IN HIS GREAT "ORATION"—
"Thou shalt have the power, out of thy soul's judgement, to be reborn into the higher forms, which are divine."

AND I RESOLVED TO BEGIN AGAIN.



WORKING ILLEGALLY NOW AND FUNDED BY A PROMINENT BUSINESSMAN, I PREPARED FOR THE NEXT STEP BY CREATING **SHOCKWAVE** AND **BLAZE**.

THE TIME HAD COME AT LAST TO REMAKE THE WORLD AND I NEEDED ONLY ONE THING MORE.



ZENITH.

I NEEDED ZENITH.





GALLERY

FUNERAL IN BERLIN!

PROG 535
15 AUG 87

\$1.70 Malaysia
75c Australia
85c New Zealand
(Inc. G.S.T.)
88g Mercury
210g Venus
66g Mars
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
429g Neptune

28p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

WW2 WAS JUST THE START OF...
ZENITH!



PROG 536
22 AUG 87

\$1.70 Malaysia
75c Australia
85c New Zealand
(Inc. G.S.T.)
88p Mercury
210p Venus
66p Mars
110p Saturn
2p Pluto
429p Neptune

28p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



McCarthy
— YEOWELL 87



BORN IN THE U.K.
ZENITH
A POWER TO BE RECKONED WITH!

FROM FLOWER POWER TO CORRIDORS OF POWER...

PROG 540
19 SEP 87

£1.70 Malaysia
75c Australia
85c New Zealand
(Inc. G.S.T.)
88p Mercury
210p Venus
95p Mars
110p Saturn
2p Pluto
429p Neptune

28p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD



IT'S A
ZENITH
HAPPENING, MAN!

STEVE DILLON '87

MASTERMAN: A BLAST FROM THE PAST!

PROG 544
17 OCT 87

£1.70 Malaysia
75c Australia
85c New Zealand
(inc. G.S.T.)
88g Mercury
210g Venus
66g Mars
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
429g Neptune

28p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



2000 AD BLITZES EAGLE AWARDS AGAIN! DETAILS INSIDE!

PROG 549
21 NOV 87

95c Australia
\$1.00 New Zealand
(inc. G.S.T.)
\$1.80 Malaysia
88g Mercury
210g Venus
66g Mars
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
429g Neptune

28p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

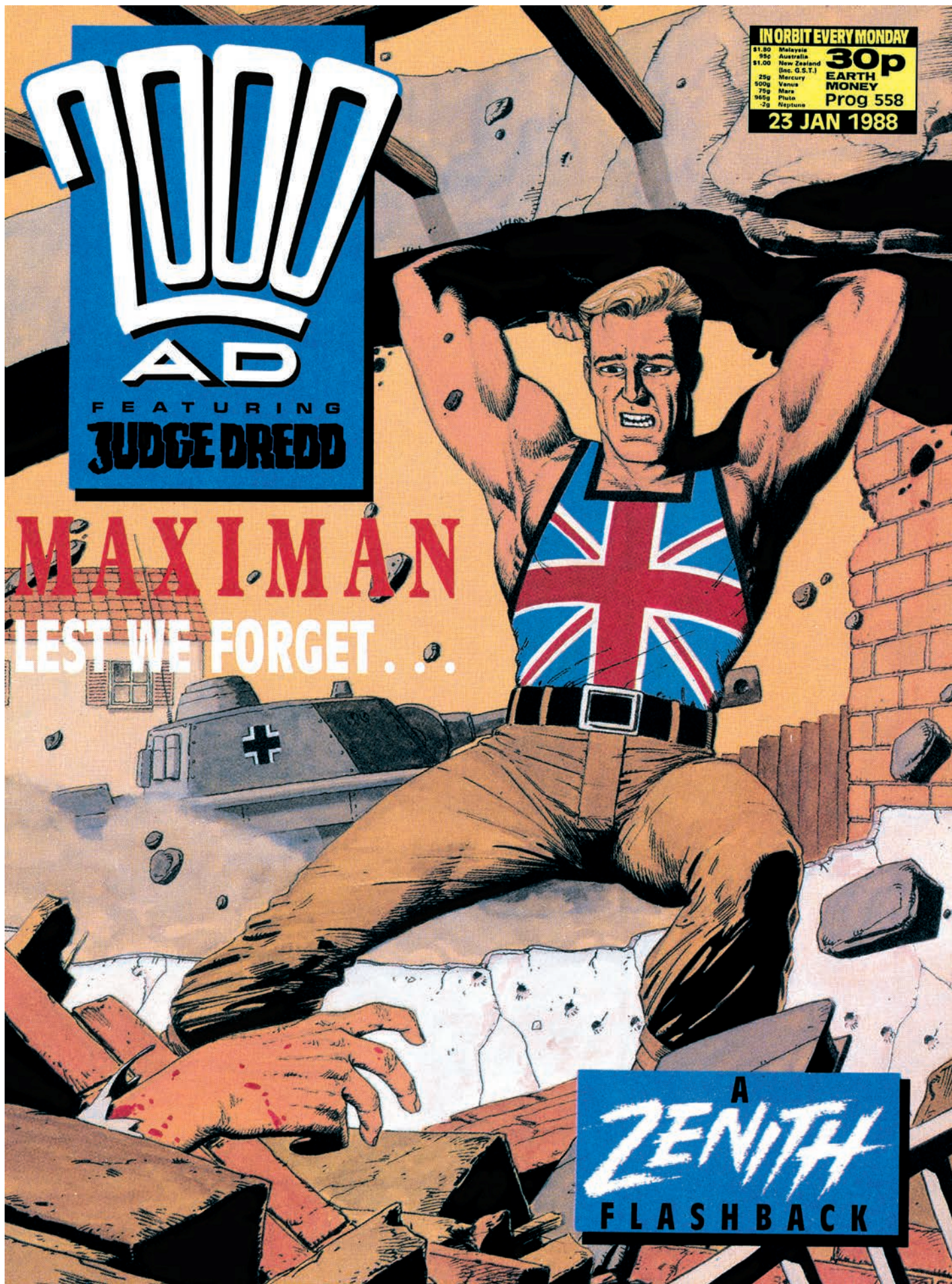
2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



ZENITH

HORROR ON THE FLIP-SIDE!
(EXTENDED VERSION)



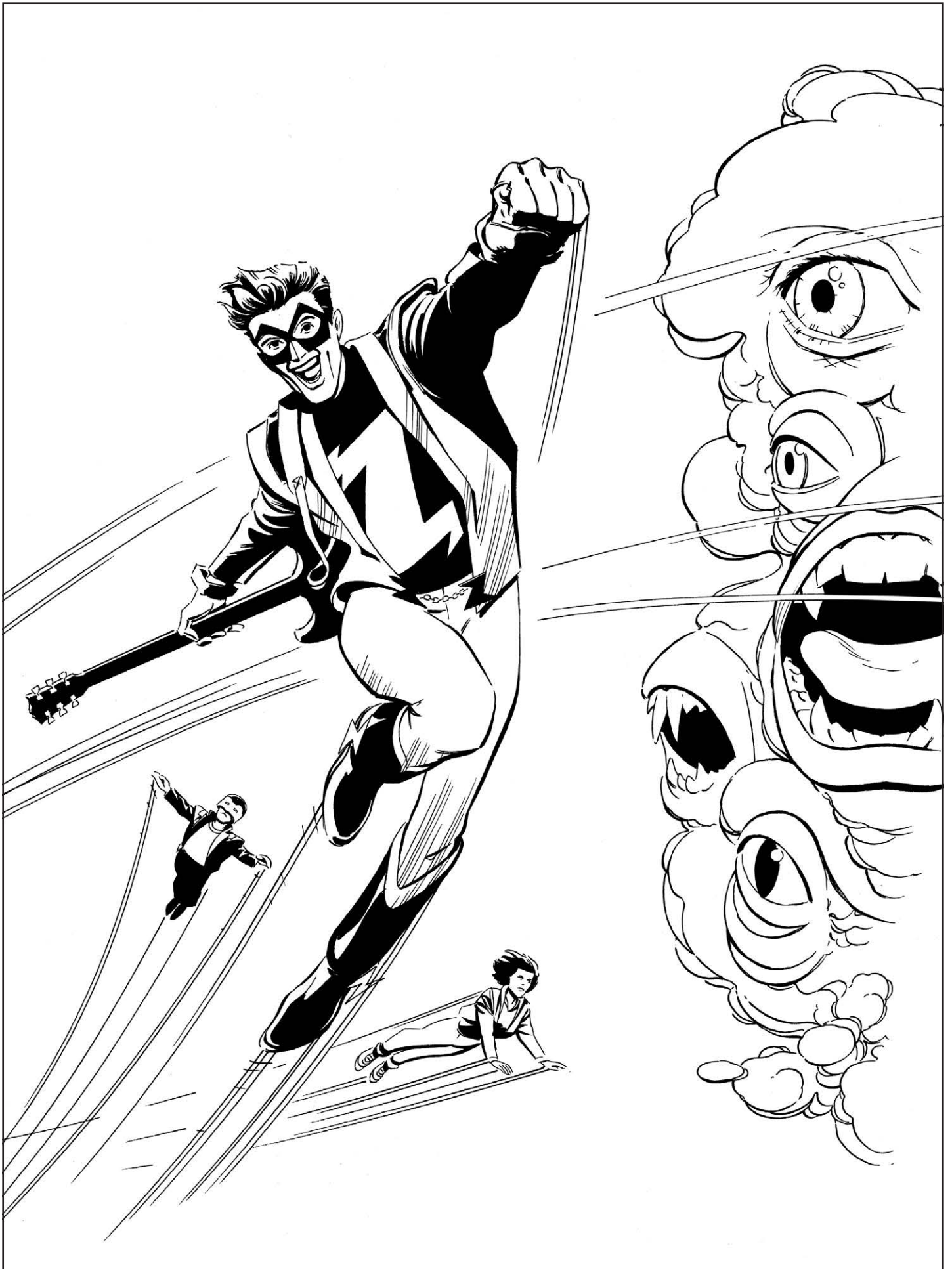
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

\$1.80	Malaysia
95c	Australia
\$1.00	New Zealand
(Inc. G.S.T.)	
25c	Mercury
50c	Venus
75c	Mars
95c	Pluto
3c	Neptune

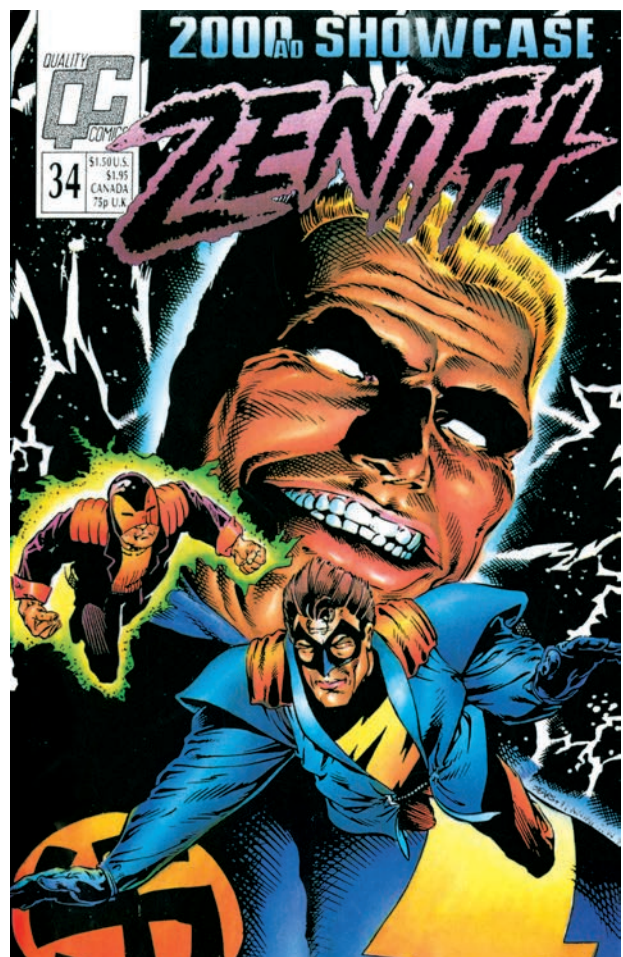
30p
EARTH MONEY
Prog 558
23 JAN 1988

MAXIMAN
LEST WE FORGET...

A
ZENITH
FLASHBACK



Zenith Phase 1: Cover by **Steve Yeowell**



QUALITY
QC
COMICS

37

\$1.50 U.S.
\$1.95
CANADA
75p U.K.

2000^{AD} SHOWCASE

ZENITH





38

\$1.50 U.S.
\$1.95
CANADA
75p U.K.

2000^{AD} SHOWCASE



WATCH THE AXIS FALL
UNDER THE POWER OF
MAXIMAN!
BRITAN'S OWN SUPERHERO

Rich
S. DELAROSA



THE PIN-UP HERO

ZENITH

THE
LOOK :

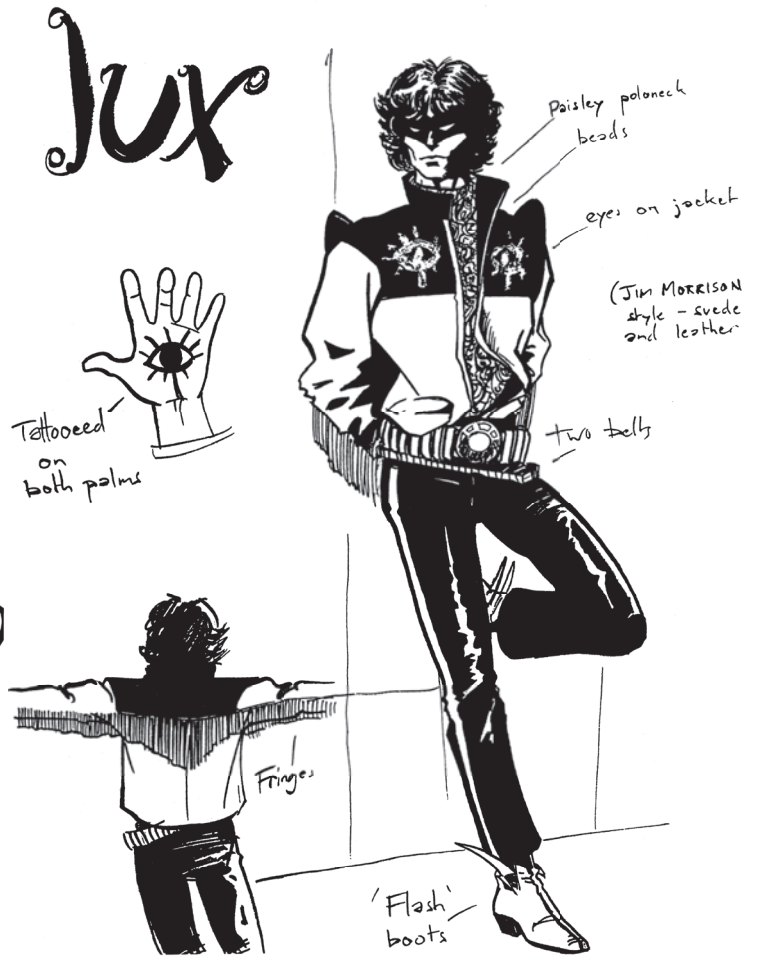
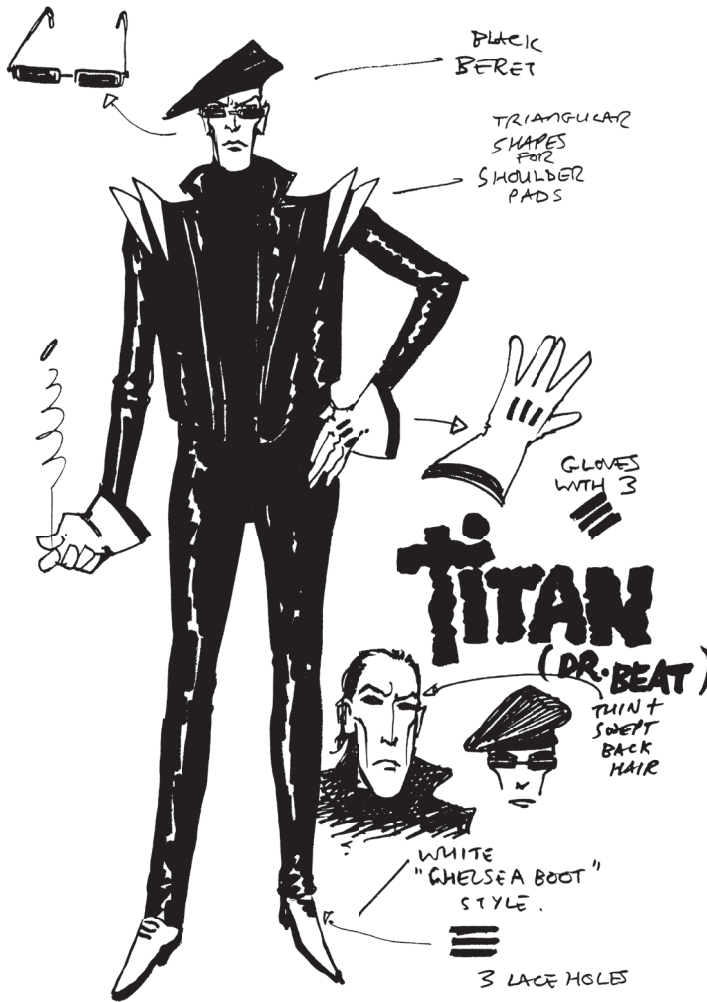
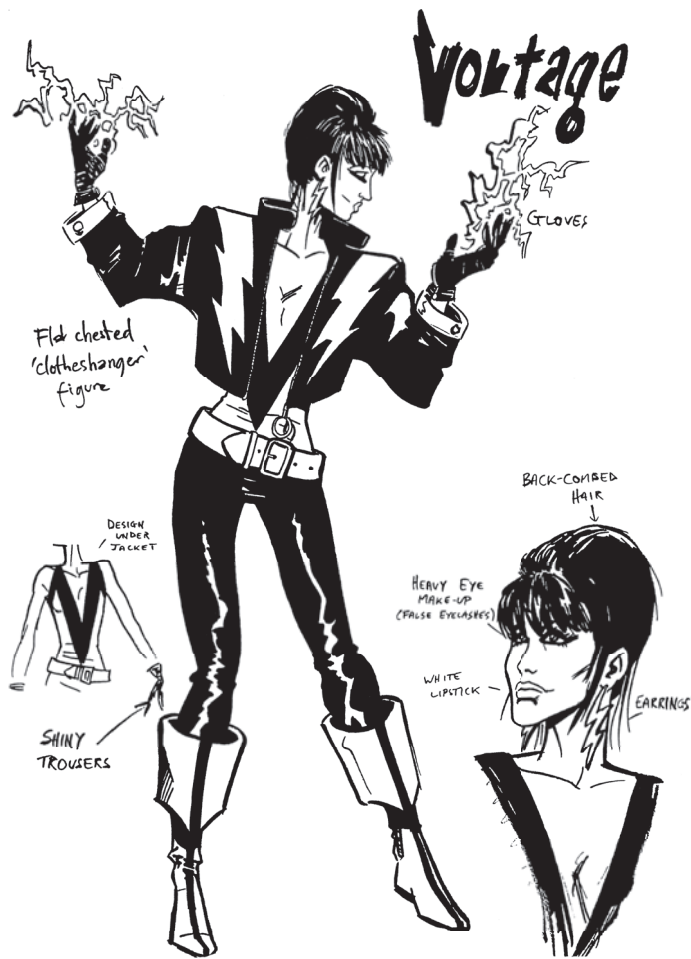
NICK
KAMEN
MEETS
MORRISSEY.

(EARLY
ELVIS)

A HINT OF "ZORRO"

The following 5 pages
contain concept sketches
and character designs from
artist **Brendan McCarthy**







DOC STRANGE
GOES
"PAISLEY"
STYLE
COSTUME

WITH
FURRY AFGHAN WAISTCOAT

SEE
PETER ST
JOHN
FOR
REF.

Mandala

MYSTIC
"EYE"
OVER
PEACE
SIGN
AS HIS
EMBLEM.

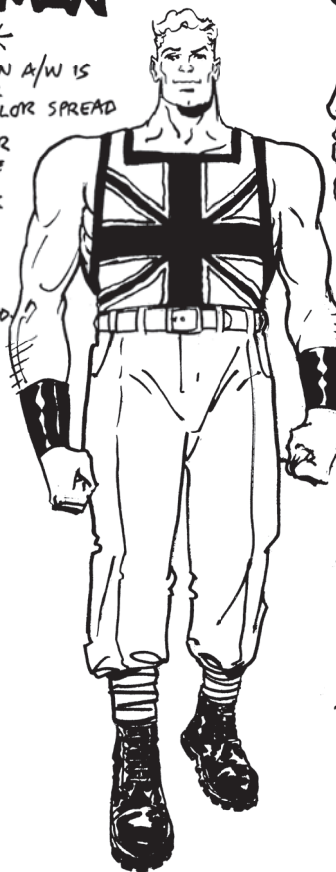


TASK
FORCE
U.K.

STANDARD ISSUE UNIFORM
WORN BY ALL THE 'CLOUD
' 60's CHARACTERS WHEN
THE MILITARY FIRST INTRODUCE
THEM TO THE PUBLIC IN
1963. (Vaguely reminiscent
of early 'X-Men', 'Fantastic

MAXI
MAN

*
WHEN A/W IS
FOR COLOR SPREAD
OR
COVER
LEAVE
UNION
JACK
IN LINE
SO IT
CAN
BE
COLORED



SKETCH

CLEAN CUT
GOOD LOOKS.



A BIT 'NAFF'



SPOOK!



TRANSPARENT
PLASTIC
CLOAK

TOO
HARSH

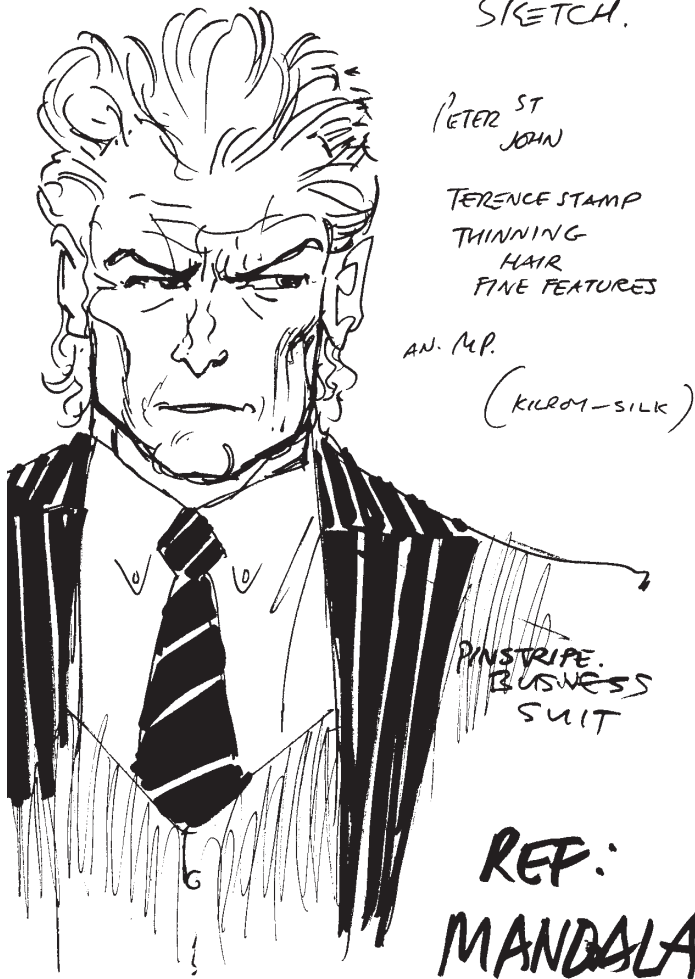
WIFE LIKE,
SHORT MINI
SKIRT.

BEST
FACE.

COY +
BASHFUL

COBWEBS →





WHITE
HEAT

DIANA DORS
MEETS
EMMA PEEL.

LEATHER
JUMP SUIT.

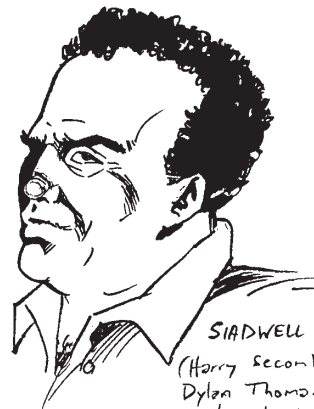
BLOND
BUFFANT.

Red
Dragon

(THERE OUGHT
TO BE A BIG
WELSH DRAGON ON
HIS TUNIC BUT I
CAN'T FIND A
PICTURE ANYWHERE
SO I'LL LEAVE IT
TO YOU.)

MODIFIED TASK
FORCE UK' OUTFIT
RED + BLACK -
very striking

Black flame-
resistant jacket



SIADWELL RHYS
(Harry Secombe meets
Dylan Thomas and
gets legless)



Greta Haas
(A little like Kathleen
Turner. Everything white)







Original sketches
by **Steve Yeowell**

GRANT MORRISON

Grant Morrison is one of the most successful ex-2000 AD writers, with a host of critical awards and a huge following. He began his career on Marvel UK's *Zoids* before coming to the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where his strip *Zenith* became a fan-favourite. At first a prolific writer of 'mature readers' comics, including the award-winning *Animal Man*, *Batman: Arkham Asylum*, *Doom Patrol*, *The Invisibles* and *The Filth* for Vertigo, he has gone on to write successful runs on the *X-Men* and *Batman* and won numerous awards for his work on *All-Star Superman*.

STEVE YEOWELL

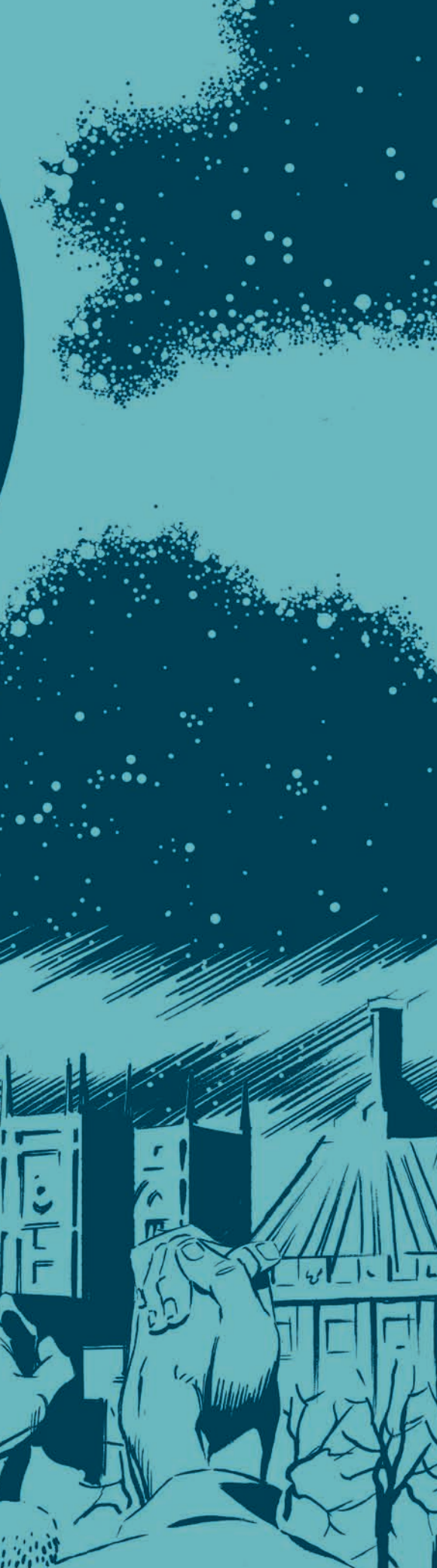
Steve Yeowell has been a massively popular 2000 AD artist, since his debut as artist of the classic *Zenith*. He is also co-creator of *Maniac 5*, *Red Fang*, *Red Razors* and *The Red Seas*, and has pencilled *Armitage*, *Black Light*, *DeMarco*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *A Life Less Ordinary*, *Nikolai Dante*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *The Scarlet Apocrypha*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Vector 13* and *Black Shuck*.

His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Batman*, *Doom Patrol*, *The Invisibles*, *Sebastian O*, *Skrull Kill Krew*, *Starman* and *X-Men*.



CHEERS.





ZENITH

THE EPIC SUPERHUMAN SAGA BEGINS!

Berlin, 1945: British war hero Maximian lies defeated at the feet of German 'Übermensch' Masterman. His victory is short-lived, as the allies drop a nuclear bomb on their location, killing both men.

Over forty years later, the world has become all-too familiar with the existence of superhumans. Now there is only one left – Zenith – an egotistical pop star who is anything but heroic. Unfortunately for mankind, dark gods from another dimension known as the 'Many-Angled Ones' have sent Masterman's twin to take over the planet and only Zenith and a small number of depowered heroes from the 'Flower Power' generation stand a chance of defeating him!

Written by Grant Morrison (*All-Star Superman*) with art by Steve Yeowell (*Judge Dredd*), This long-awaited 2000 AD take on superheroes begins here!



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