

# Slaine



BOOKS OF INVASIONS

∞ VOLUME 1 ∞

PAT MILLS ★ CLINT LANGLEY















PAT MILLS ★ CLINT LANGLEY

# Slaine

BOOKS OF INVASIONS  
∞ VOLUME 1 ∞

WWW.2000ADONLINE.COM



Clint Langley





**WRITER**  
**PAT MILLS**

**ARTIST**  
**CLINT LANGLEY**

**SLÁINE: THE BOOK OF INVASIONS VOLUME 1**  
ISBN: 978-1-904265-82-5

*Sláine* created by Pat Mills and Angie Kincaid.  
Originally serialised in *2000AD*, Progs 2003, 1322-1326, 1350-1355.

Original Commissioning Editor: **Matt Smith**  
Letters: **Ellie de Ville**  
Collection Editor: **Jonathan Oliver**  
Design: **Luke Preece with thanks to Clint**

Published by Rebellion  
Riverside House, Osney Mead  
Oxford, OX2 0ES  
UK  
[www.rebellion.co.uk](http://www.rebellion.co.uk)

*Sláine* is © 2002, 2003, 2009 Rebellion A/S. No portion of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the express permission of the publisher. Names, characters, places and incidents featured in this publication are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead (except for satirical purposes) is entirely coincidental. All artwork and imagery in this book has been produced as work for hire. The exclusive copyright in the artwork and imagery is the property of Rebellion.

*2000AD*, the *2000AD* logo, **Rebellion** and the **Rebellion** logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Rebellion. The name *Sláine* and all characters, names and likenesses within are trademarks of Rebellion.

First published: January 2006  
10 9 8 7 6 5  
Fifth Printing: March 2013

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British library.

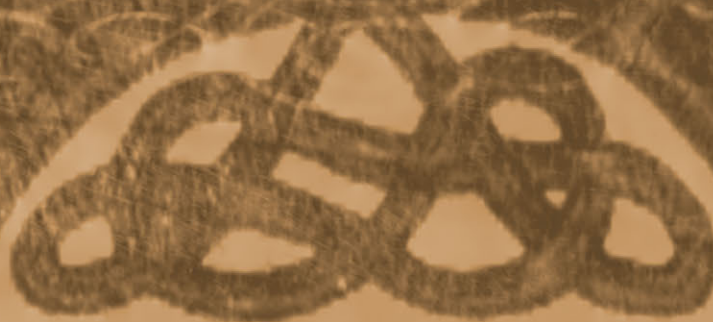
Cover illustrations: **Clint Langley**

Printed in Malta by **Gutenberg Press**  
Manufactured in the EU by LPPS Ltd., Wellingborough, NN8 3PJ, UK.  
Printed on FSC Accredited Paper

For information on other *2000AD* graphic novels, or if you have any comments on this book, please email [books@2000ADonline.com](mailto:books@2000ADonline.com)

To find out more about *2000AD* visit [www.2000ADonline.com](http://www.2000ADonline.com)





## **DEDICATIONS**

**Clint Langley:**  
For Anja and Bayon

**Pat Mills:**  
For Natasha and Ophelia







# MOLOCH

Script: Pat Mills  
Art: Clint Langley  
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000AD* Progs 2003, 1322-1326





ALBION.

WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM, YOU KNOW...

WE **HAVE** TO, UKKO. HE'S SOMEWHERE IN THIS DEVIL-INFESTED LAND.



WE MAY FIND HIM AT THE SWARMING IN NEW TROY...

THEN HE'LL **PAY**.

PAY A **THOUSAND** TIMES...



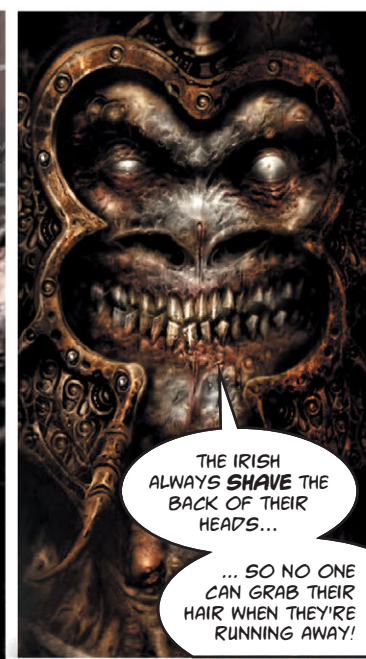
FOR WHAT HE DID TO HER...



SO WHERE ARE YOU **FROM**, STRANGER?

JUDGING BY HIS NECK TORC, I'D SAY HE WAS IRISH...

NO, HE CAN'T BE IRISH...



THE IRISH ALWAYS **SHAVE** THE BACK OF THEIR HEADS...

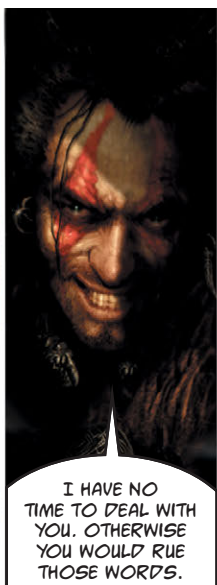
... SO NO ONE CAN GRAB THEIR HAIR WHEN THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY!





MAYBE THIS ONE'S A **STUPID** IRISHMAN?

ARE THERE ANY **OTHER** KIND?



I HAVE NO TIME TO DEAL WITH YOU. OTHERWISE YOU WOULD RUE THOSE WORDS.



BULL-DUNG! YOU'RE JUST NOT UP TO A FIGHT!



TIME TO GO, UKKO...

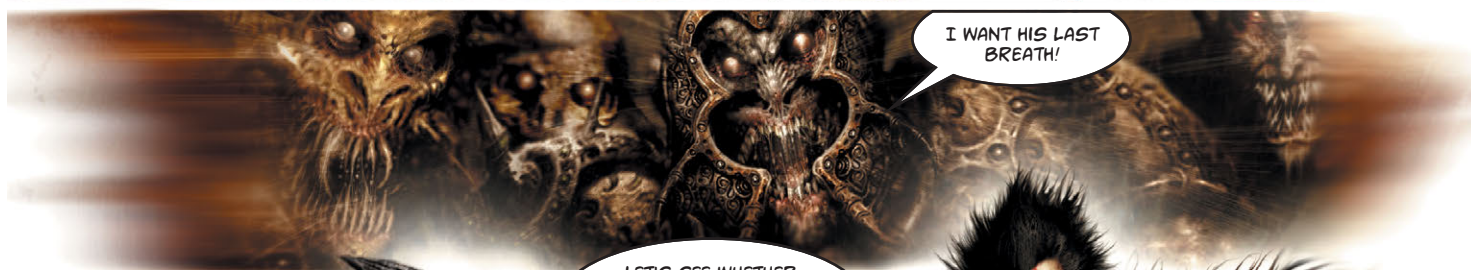
SOTH! AND I WAS HOPING TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE BARMAID!



RUNNING AWAY, EH? YOU SHOULD HAVE SHAVED THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD FIRST!



DO YOU THINK YOU FOMORIANS COULD FIND YOUR WAY BACK TO THE **CESSPIT** YOU CLIMBED OUT OF?



I WANT HIS LAST BREATH!



LET'S SEE WHETHER YOUR **SWORD** COURAGE MATCHES YOUR **LIP** COURAGE!

# Sláine





IS YOUR FRIEND  
CRAZY? HE'S TAKING  
ON FIFTEEN SEA  
DEVILS!

HE DIDN'T THINK  
IT TOO MANY!

WHO IS HE?

'HIS NAME IS  
SLAINE MAC  
ROTH...'

'HE USED TO BE  
THE HIGH KING  
OF IRELAND.'

'HOW DID HE LOSE HIS  
THRONE? WHAT HAPPENED?'

**THE SEA DEVILS  
INVADED OUR  
LAND, TOO...**

**'THEIR HIGH KING, BALOR OF THE  
EVIL EYE, APPOINTED A NEW  
COMMANDER — A SERPENT LORD  
KNOWN AS MOLOCH OF THE MANY  
SWORDS. HE WAS TO BRING  
GREAT SORROW TO SLAINE...'**



IRELAND, ONE  
YEAR EARLIER.





NEVER CAME TO IRELAND AN ARMY MORE **HORRIBLE** OR **FEARFUL** THAN THESE **ABOMINATIONS**! TWO THIRDS OF THE **CHILDREN**, THE **WHEAT** AND THE **MILK** THEY DEMANDED FROM US!

**WRATH** AND **SADNESS** SEIZED ON THE MEN OF IRELAND FOR THE BURDEN OF THE TAX...

BETTER TO FIND DEATH IN PROTECTING THE MOTHERLAND THAN BIDE UNDER BONDAGE AND TRIBUTE!

BUT, BECAUSE OF SLAINE'S **IMPORTANCE**, HIS TRIBES HAD MADE A RESOLUTION NOT TO LET HIM GO INTO BATTLE. HIS NINE STRONGEST KNIGHTS CHAINED AND GUARDED HIM —

MY TASK IS TO **DESTROY** THE FOMORIANS!

I SHOULD BE DRENCHING MY RIGHT HAND IN THEIR BLOOD!

YOU ARE THE **HUSBAND** OF THE **GODDESS**! WE DARE NOT LET YOU FORTH TO THE FIGHT!

BUT THE TRIBES OF THE EARTH GODDESS HAD WITH THEM THEIR **MAGICAL WEAPONS**:

THE **SPEAR OF THE SUN**, WHOSE HEAD WAS STEEPED IN A VESSEL OF STUPIFYING DRUGS IN ORDER TO RESTRAIN IT.

THIRSTING FOR BLOOD, NO SKIN IT PIERCED TASTED LIFE AFTERWARDS.



THE SWORD OF THE MOON,  
WIELDED BY SLAINE'S HUMAN  
WIFE — QUEEN NIAMH.

IT WAS A WEAPON OF  
EXTRAORDINARY  
SHARPNESS — A SINGLE  
BLOW WOULD CUT STRAIGHT  
THROUGH AND CLEFT  
ASUNDER THE ENEMY.

GREAT THE  
SLAUGHTER AND  
THE GRAVE-LYING  
FROM MY  
BLADE!

AND THE CAULDRON  
OF BLOOD, THAT HAD  
THE POWER TO  
REANIMATE THE DEAD...



... UNLESS THEIR  
HEADS WERE CUT OFF  
OR THE MEMBRANE  
OF THEIR BRAINS OR  
SPINAL CORDS WERE  
SEVERED.



UNABLE TO SPEAK, THE UNDEAD  
WERE EAGER TO RETURN TO THE  
BATTLE THAT WAS A GORY,  
WOUND-INFLECTING, GHASTLY MELEE.



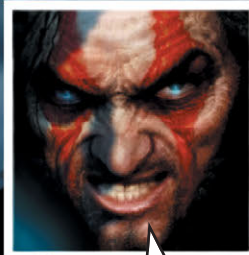
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING NOW,  
UKKO?



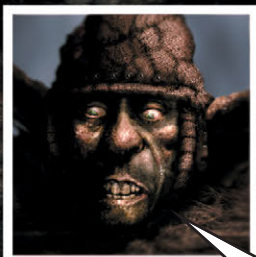


IT'S NOT GOOD, SLAINE! THE TWO SIDES ARE BONEHEWING, HACKING AND MUTILATING ONE ANOTHER! THE **STEAM** OF THEIR WOUNDS HANGS IN A MIST FROM THE SKY!

BUT **MORE** ABUNDANT IS THE STREAM OF BLOOD FROM THE WHITE SKINS OF YOUNG HEROES MANGLED BY THE WEAPONS OF THE SEA DEVILS!



YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A BITTER REPLY.



SOOTH! ONE OF THE DEMONS HAS MANY SWORDS!

HE FIGHTS WITH NO GENTLE KINDNESS!



'HE LEAVES HIS WEAPONS STUCK IN HIS VICTIMS!

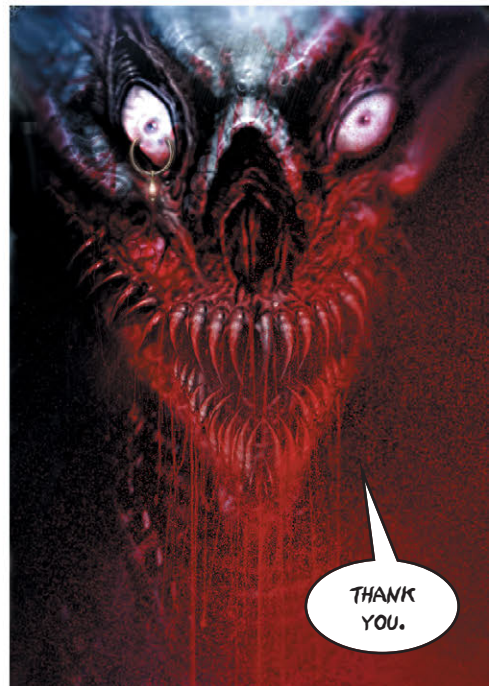
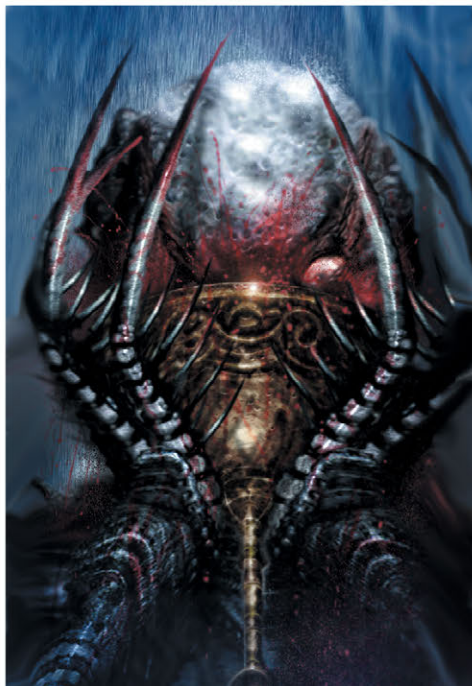
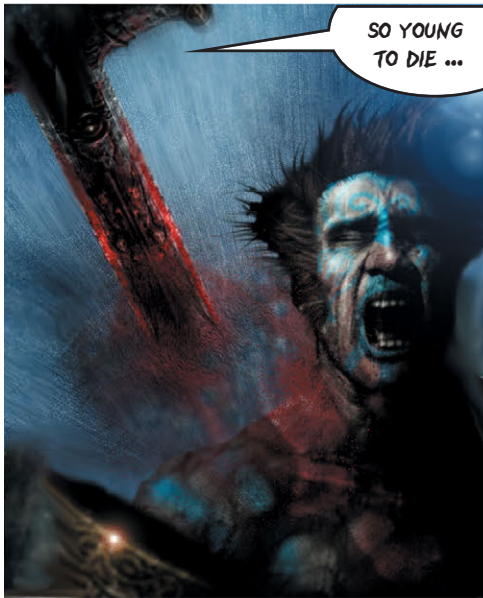
'HIS THIRD SWORD HAS GONE THROUGH NOT JUST ONE LIMB, BUT A WARRIOR'S WHOLE FRAME!



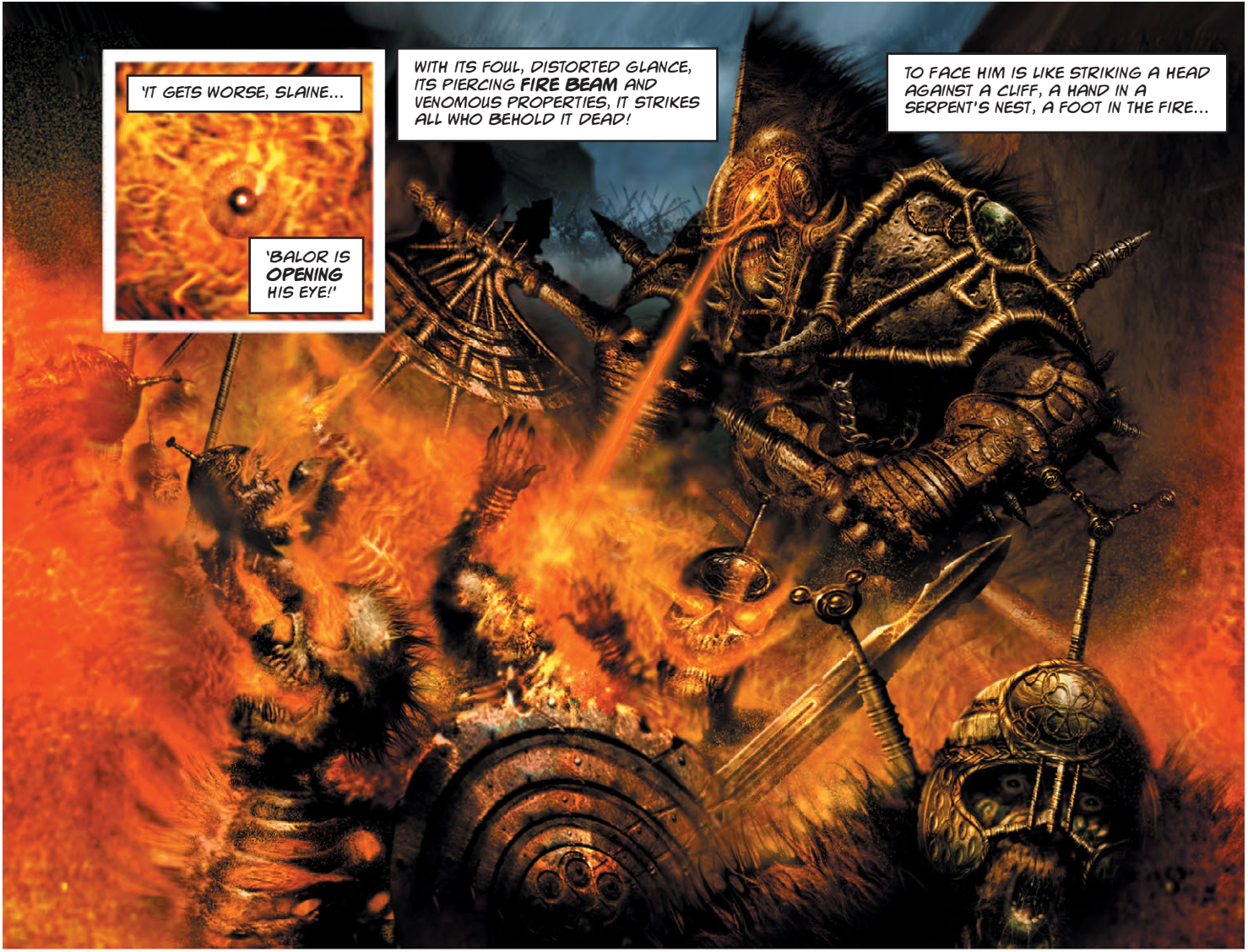
'HIS FOURTH SWORD HAS BROKEN INTO PIECES FROM THE SHEER FEROCITY OF HIS STROKE!











'T GETS WORSE, SLAINE...

WITH ITS FOUL, DISTORTED GLANCE,  
ITS PIERCING **FIRE BEAM** AND  
VENOMOUS PROPERTIES, IT STRIKES  
ALL WHO BEHOLD IT DEAD!

TO FACE HIM IS LIKE STRIKING A HEAD  
AGAINST A CLIFF, A HAND IN A  
SERPENT'S NEST, A FOOT IN THE FIRE...

'BALOR IS  
OPENING  
HIS EYE!'

OUR  
WARRIORS ARE  
FLEEING!

'THE SEA DEMONS' OFFSPRING...  
THE "ONES WHO HAVE BEEN  
MIXED"... ARE PURSUING THEM!

'OUR WOMEN ARE RECEIVING THEM  
AS **ENEMIES**, KILLING WITHOUT  
DISTINCTION THEIR OWN FATHERS,  
BROTHERS AND HUSBANDS!'

**COWARD!**  
YOU LET US FALL INTO  
THE CLUTCHES OF THE  
HALF-HUMANS?





SOME OF THE HALF-HUMANS ARE **MALFORMED, ANIMAL-LIKE** IN APPEARANCE. THEY'RE ROUNDING UP THE WOMEN, LICKING THE **TEARS** OFF THEIR FACES, COLLECTING THEM IN FLASKS...

... AS THEY BRUTALLY RAVISH THEM!



NOW THEY HAVE GOT HOLD OF THE CHILDREN! THEY'RE THROWING THEM ON THEIR **SWORDS!** LAUGHING AT THEIR SCREAMS! DRINKING THEIR BLOOD AND... **SOTH! NO!**



**SNAP!**



**SIRE! NO!**



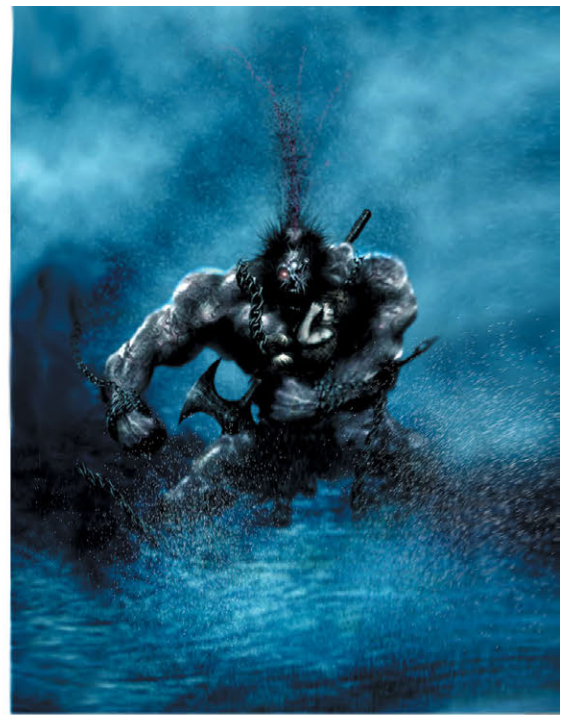
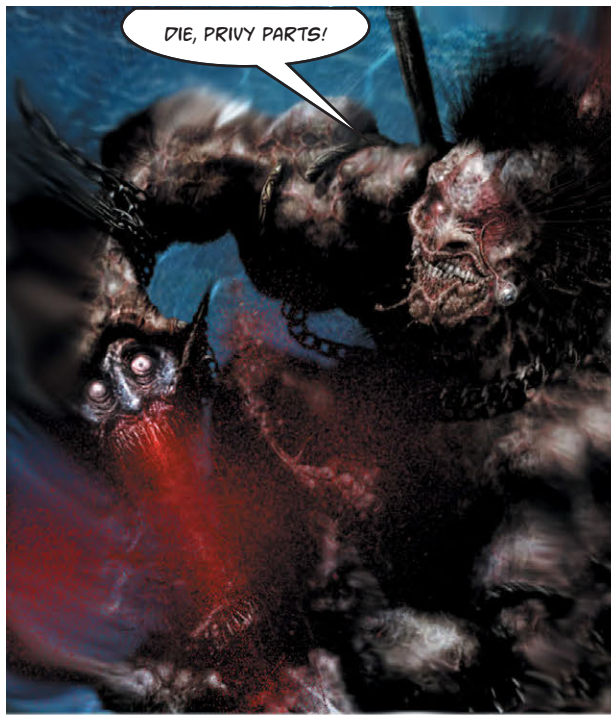
I WILL **DYE** MY AXE IN THEIR BLOOD!

IT WILL BE RED WITH DEATH AND REEKING WITH **SLAUGHTER!**





















I BLAME  
MAC ROTH...



HE ENCOURAGED THEIR  
DISOBEDIENCE BY REJECTING  
OUR TAX DEMANDS!



RESPONDING  
TO THEM WITH THE  
WORDS...

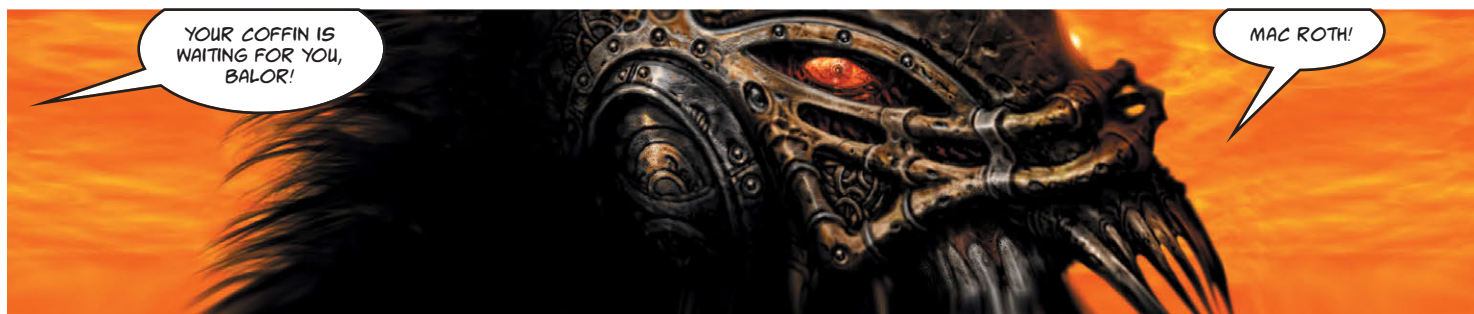
"KISS MY AXE!"



... CARVED IN  
OGHAM ON OUR TAX  
COLLECTOR'S  
HEAD!



THEY MUST  
ALL PAY FOR HIS  
INSOLENCE!



YOUR COFFIN IS  
WAITING FOR YOU,  
BALOR!

MAC ROTH!





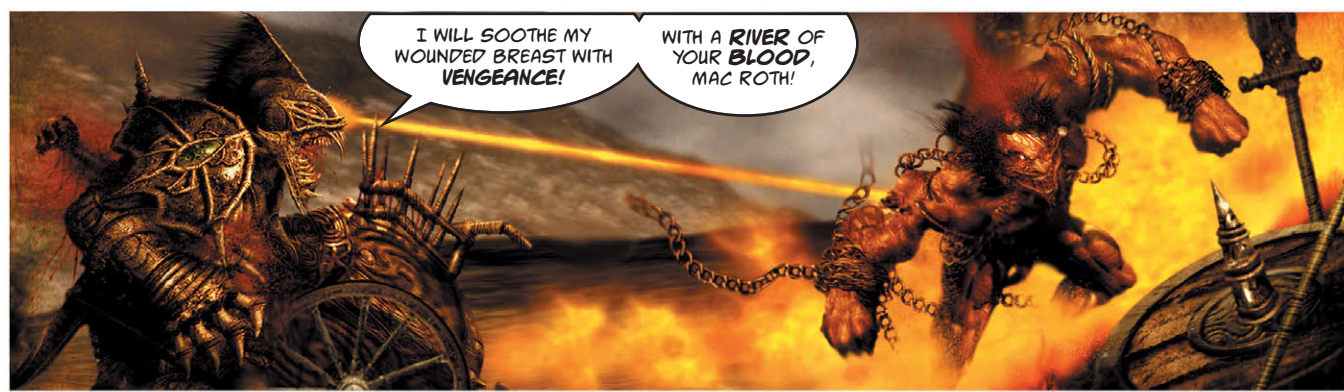
I'M GOING TO PUT  
YOU IN THE NARROW  
HOUSE!

NOW PUT ON  
YOUR SHROUD  
AND GET READY  
TO DIE!





YOU'RE GOING TO DIE  
**ALONE**, BALOR, WITH NO  
ONE TO TAKE YOUR  
LAST GASP!



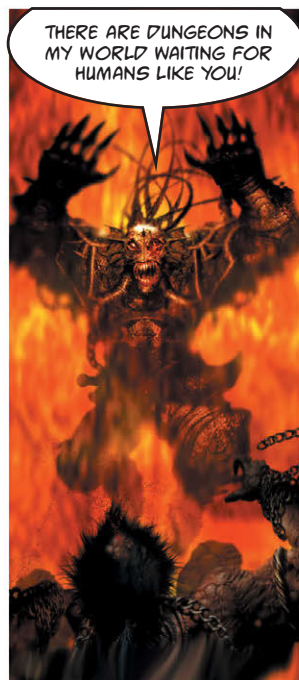
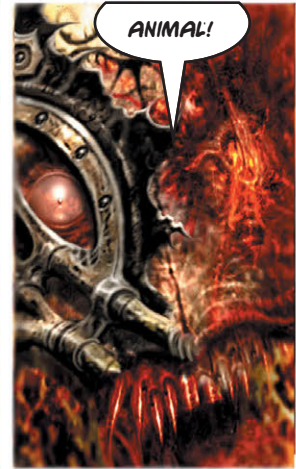
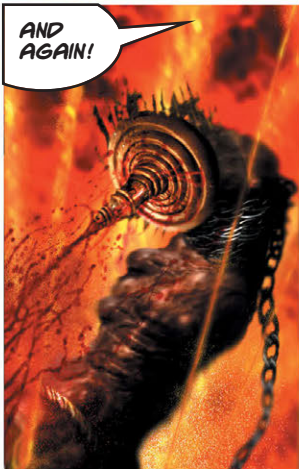
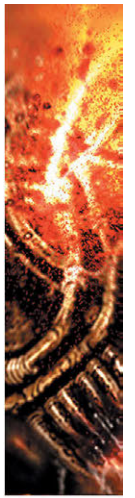
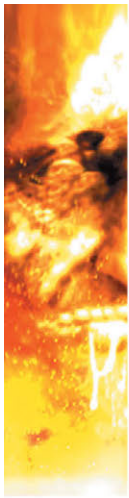
I WILL SOOTHE MY  
WOUNDED BREAST WITH  
**VENGEANCE!**

WITH A **RIVER** OF  
YOUR **BLOOD**,  
MAC ROTH!

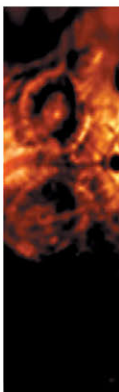
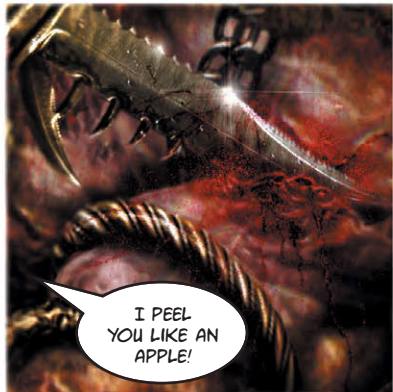
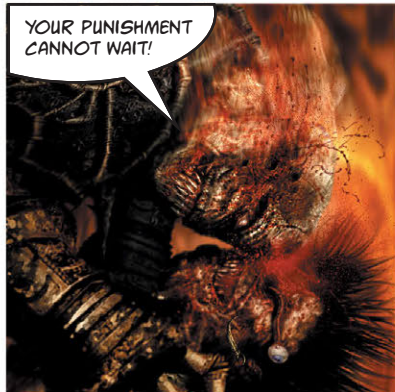
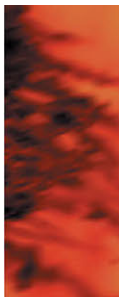


I WILL EAT YOUR  
**ENTRAILS** WHILE YOU'RE  
STILL ALIVE!











BEHOLD THE **HEART** OF BALOR  
OF THE EVIL EYE! THE HIGH KING  
OF THE SEA DEVILS IS  
NO MORE!

NOW LET'S DO  
THE SAME TO HIS SWARM!  
**IRELAND MUST BE FREED  
FROM THE SERPENT  
PEOPLE!**

SLAINE!

SLAINE!

SLAINE!



STOP THEM  
REACHING THE PORTAL  
TO THEIR OWN DENSITY!  
DON'T LET THEM **ESCAPE**  
TO THEIR SUBMARINE  
PALACES!

**SPARE NONE!**

DEATH TO THE  
FOMORS!





'THEREAFTER, THE BATTLE BECAME A  
ROUT. TWENTY THOUSAND REPTILES —  
AN ENTIRE SWARM — DIED THAT DAY.  
SLAINE DIDN'T THINK IT TOO MANY.'









ALBION.

YOU WERE LUCKY TO BE RID OF THEM. PARTS OF ALBION ARE INFESTED. **NEW TROY** IS THEIR NEW EARTH CAPITAL.

THAT'S WHAT WE HEARD. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.

BUT IF SLAINE WON, WHY IS HE SO UNHAPPY?

BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

BECAUSE OF MOLOCH...

AFTER THE BATTLE, THE FOULEST THROG OF SEA DEVILS WHO HAD FALLEN WAS GATHERED. DIVERSE SHAPES OF HALF-HUMANS AND REPTILES, EXTRAORDINARY TO LOOK UPON.

ALL THESE CREATURES SLAINE ORDERED PILED IN A HEAP AND BURNT. KINDLING A HUGE PYRE, LEST THE FOUL STENCH OF THEIR FILTHY CARCASSES MIGHT SPREAD A **PESTILENT VAPOUR** AND HARM THOSE WHO CAME NIGH WITH ITS SMELL OF **CORRUPTION**...

THE BONE-FIRE BRINGS JOY TO MY HEART, SLAINE.

AND TO MINE, NIAMH.

SLAINE'S KNIGHTS WERE CHECKED TO SEE IF THEIR WOUNDS WERE ON THEIR **FRONT SIDES**. THOSE WHO HAD SPEARS OR ARROWS IN THEIR **BACKS** WERE SUBJECTED TO LAUGHTER AND PUBLIC SCORN...

COME ON — LET'S GO FOR A SWIM! I WANT TO ENJOY THE SEA AGAIN!

AYE...





WHAT'S WRONG, SLAINE?

I'M TIRED OF THE RESTRICTIONS THE TRIBAL COUNCIL IMPOSE ON ME. THE WAY THEY TRIED TO STOP ME FIGHTING...

IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, I THINK I'D BECOME A WANDERER AGAIN AND JUST... RIDE OFF SOMEWHERE.



DON'T LET ME STOP YOU —

YOU'RE NOT. OF **COURSE** I PREFER THE BACK OF MY WIFE TO THE BACK OF A HORSE...



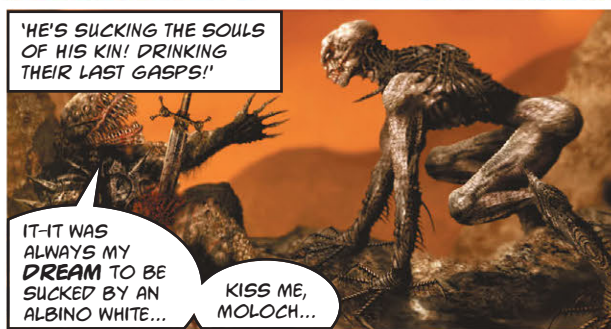
THANK YOU.

I THINK...



SLAINE! OVER THERE!

IT'S THE SERPENT LORD WITH THE MANY SWORDS! HE'S STILL **ALIVE**!



'HE'S SUCKING THE SOULS OF HIS KIN! DRINKING THEIR LAST GASPS!'

IT-IT WAS ALWAYS MY **DREAM** TO BE SUCKED BY AN ALBINO WHITE...

KISS ME, MOLOCH...



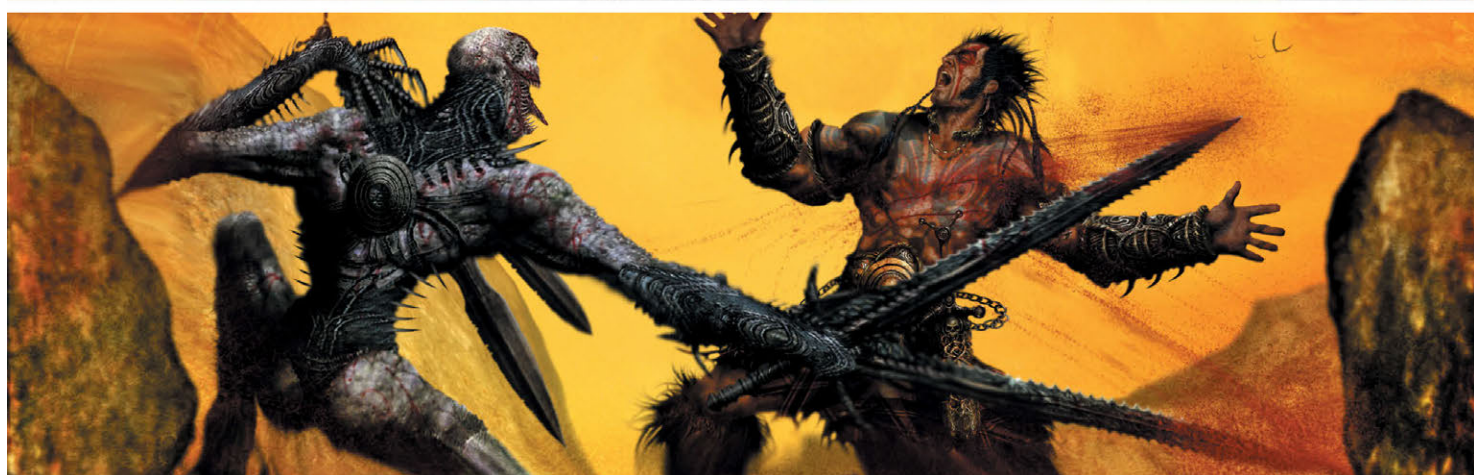
YESSSSSS...



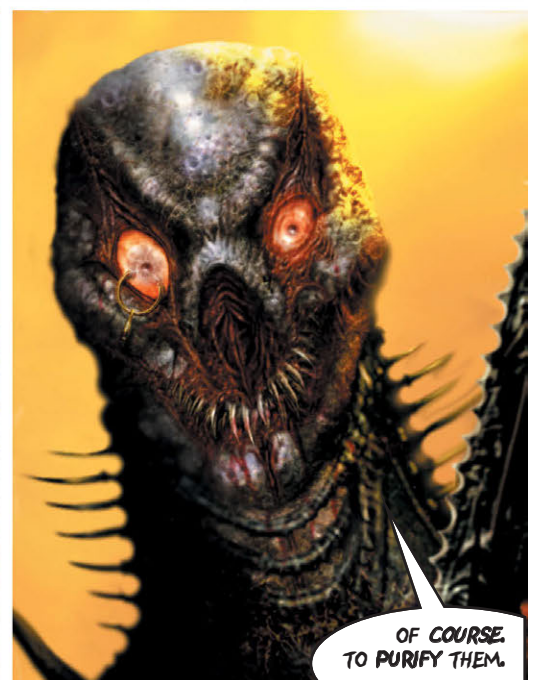
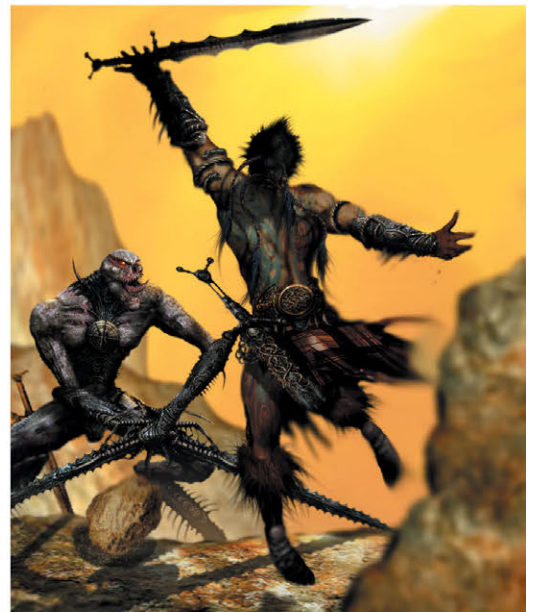
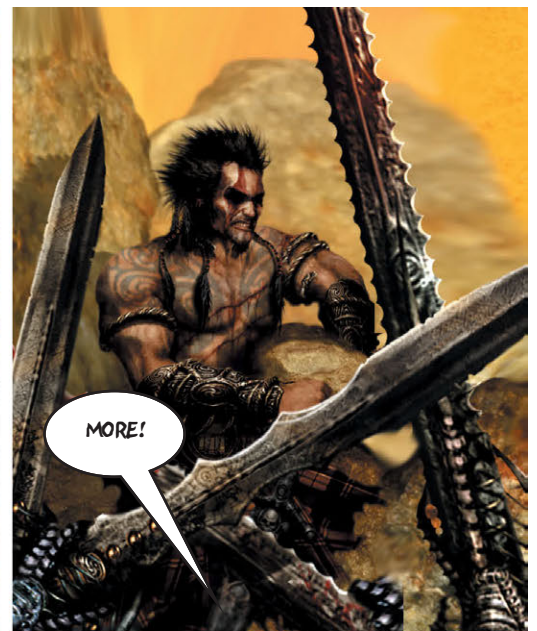
TIME TO SHED **YOUR** SKIN, REPTILE.

BALOR AND I FED FROM ONE BOWL. IT IS FITTING I SHOULD **AVENGE** HIM!

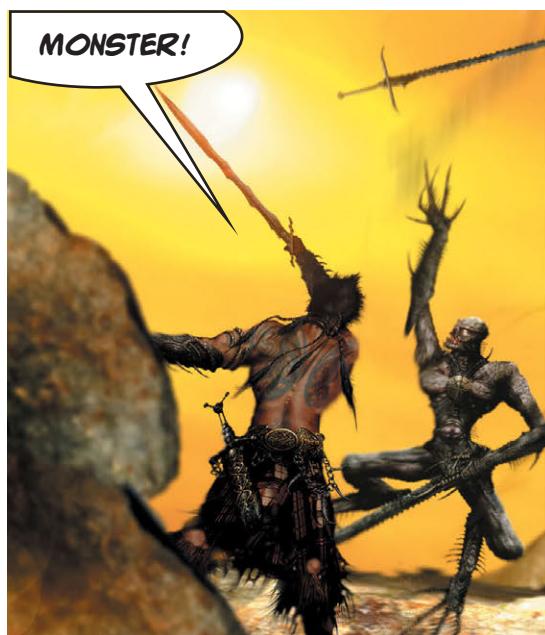










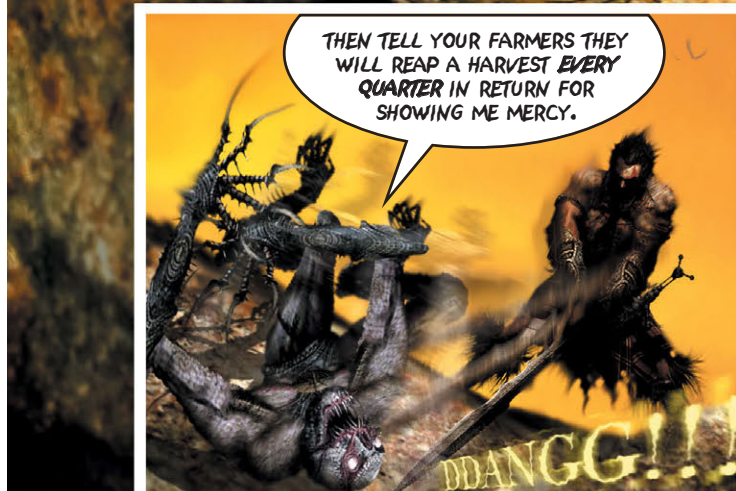






YES. SPARE MY LIFE  
AND THE COWS OF  
IRELAND WILL ALWAYS  
BE IN MILK.

THEN YOU SHALL NOT  
BE SPARED. EVEN YOU  
REPTILES HAVE **NO**  
**POWER** OVER THE  
AGE OF CATTLE OR  
THEIR CALVING.



THEN TELL YOUR FARMERS THEY  
WILL REAP A HARVEST **EVERY**  
**QUARTER** IN RETURN FOR  
SHOWING ME MERCY.



BUT **ONCE** A  
YEAR SUITS US  
VERY WELL.

NO, THAT  
DOES NOT  
SAVE YOU,  
VERMIN.



CAN YOU THINK  
OF ANYTHING  
ELSE THAT MIGHT  
HELP YOU?



YES. KILL ME AND MY PEOPLE  
WILL RETURN AND LAY WASTE  
TO YOUR LAND. OUR BEASTMEN  
WILL RAPE YOUR WOMEN AND  
EAT THE ENTRAILS OF  
YOUR CHILDREN.



BUT GIVE ME QUARTER  
AND I PROMISE YOUR  
KINGDOM WILL BE  
**FREE** FROM THE  
FOMORIANS UNTIL  
THE DAY OF  
DOOM.

YOU CANNOT BE  
TRUSTED. YOUR DAY OF  
DOOM IS RIGHT HERE,  
RIGHT NOW!

**WAIT!**





SIRE, THIS IS A **GREAT** OPPORTUNITY TO RID IRELAND OF THE SERPENTS **FOREVER...**

THIS NIGHT-SOIL WOULD **NEVER** KEEP HIS WORD!

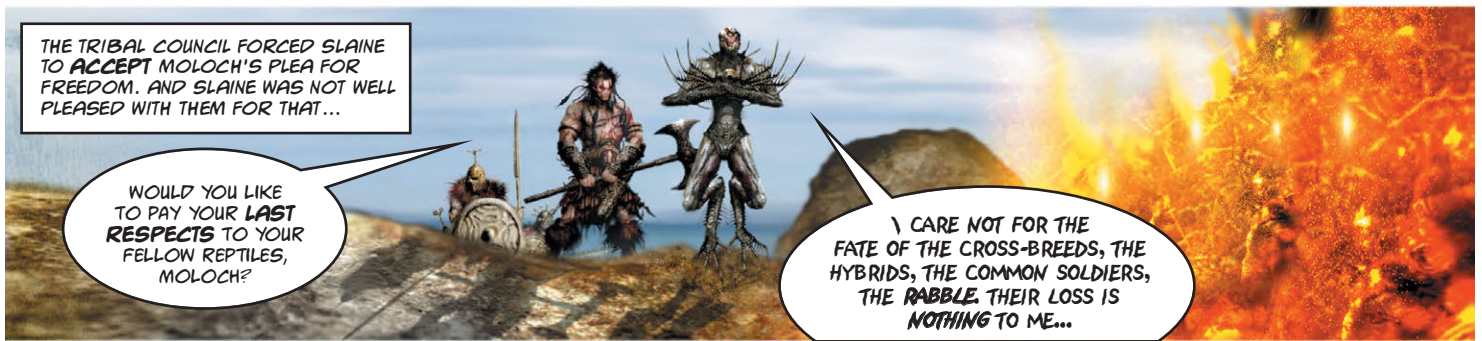
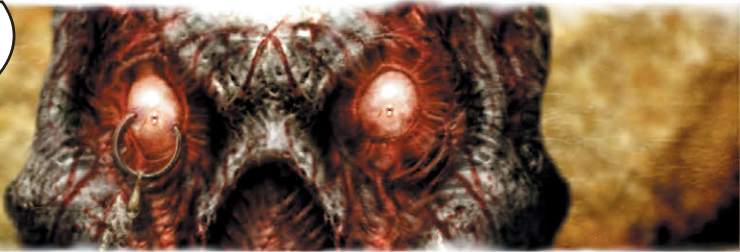
SIRE, THERE ARE **RULES** — EVEN FOR THE FOMORIANS. THINGS THEY **CANNOT** DO. OTHERWISE THEY **WOULD** HAVE OVERRUN THE EARTH BY NOW.

I UNDERSTAND...

...BUT THE LIZARD STILL DIES!

SIRE, MOLOCH IS AN **ALBINO WHITE!** A FOMORIAN WARLORD! **HIGHER** THAN BALOR! THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS DEATH FOR US WILL BE **DISASTROUS!**

HIS FATE **MUST** BE DECIDED BY THE TRIBAL COUNCIL!



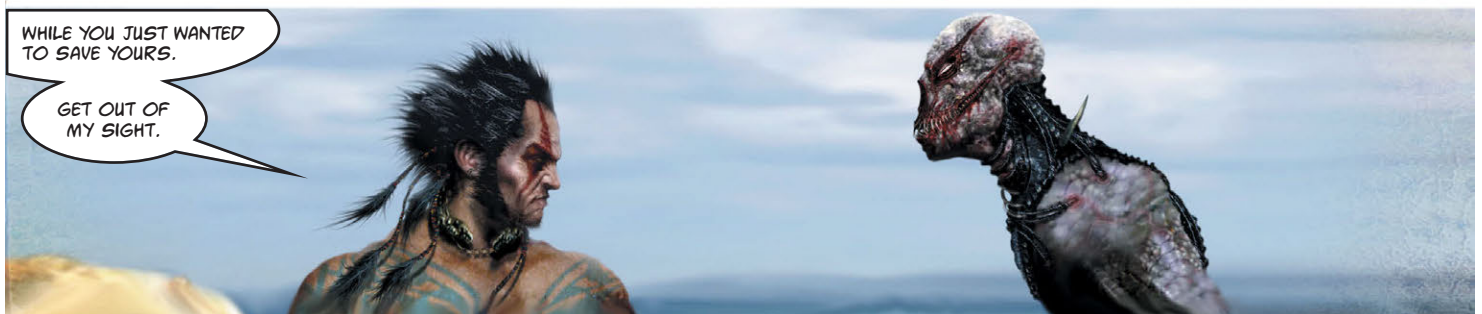
THE TRIBAL COUNCIL FORCED SLAINE TO **ACCEPT** MOLOCH'S PLEA FOR FREEDOM. AND SLAINE WAS NOT WELL PLEASED WITH THEM FOR THAT...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO PAY YOUR **LAST RESPECTS** TO YOUR FELLOW REPTILES, MOLOCH?

I CARE NOT FOR THE FATE OF THE CROSS-BREEDS, THE HYBRIDS, THE COMMON SOLDIERS, THE **RABBLE**. THEIR LOSS IS **NOTHING** TO ME...



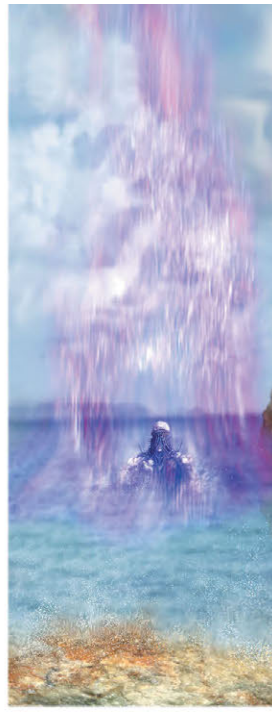
... AS TO BALOR AND THE FULL-BLOODS, I AM SADDENED BY THEIR **PASSING** OVER, BUT IT IS THE NOBLEST WAY FOR A FOMORIAN TO 'SHED HIS SKIN' IN BATTLE.



WHILE YOU JUST WANTED TO SAVE YOURS.

GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.





SLAINE, I'M SORRY THE TRIBAL COUNCIL DECISION WENT AGAINST YOU...

ME TOO, NIAMH. I JUST **KNOW** THAT **THING** WILL BE BACK. I **SHOULD** HAVE KILLED IT.



YOU **HAD** TO LET IT GO. IF YOU DISOBEYED THE TRIBAL COUNCIL **AGAIN**, THEY **WOULD** HAVE BANISHED YOU.

MAYBE THAT WOULD BE **BETTER** THAN FOLLOWING THEIR RIDICULOUS RULES...



MAYBE...

AND WHEN I THINK OF MOLOCH, I HAVE THIS **TERRIBLE** FEELING...





TELL ME WHAT THE  
**FUTURE** HOLDS,  
SEERESS.

I'M AFRAID THE FUTURE  
IS SHROUDED IN  
**DARKNESS**, SIRE.

I MUST KNOW  
IF IRELAND **WILL**  
BE FREE FROM  
THE REPTILES  
FOREVER.

BECAUSE THERE IS SOMETHING...  
**TERRIBLE** WAITING THERE WE  
ARE **FORBIDDEN** TO KNOW  
ABOUT...

UNTIL  
IT ACTUALLY  
**HAPPENS!**

DOESN'T  
THAT  
RATHER  
PUT YOU  
OUT OF A  
JOB?

TRY LOOKING  
BEYOND IT TO  
IRELAND'S  
**FAR**  
**FUTURE...**

THAT IS EVEN **MORE** TERRIBLE,  
SIRE! AND EVEN **MORE**  
SHROUDED IN DARKNESS!

ER, NIAMH...  
WHERE EXACTLY DID  
WE GET THIS SEERESS  
FROM?

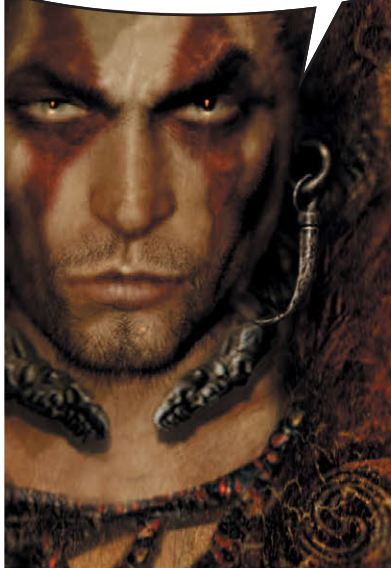
**WAIT!** THE DARKNESS IS  
CLEARING! I SEE THE DISTANT  
FUTURE AND IT'S...  
**HIDEOUS!**

I SEE A WORLD THAT WILL NOT BE DEAR TO ME:  
SUMMERS WITHOUT BLOSSOMS  
WOMEN WITHOUT MODESTY  
MEN WITHOUT AXES  
FORESTS WITHOUT TREES  
SEAS WITHOUT FISH  
WARS WITHOUT SWORDS  
STEEL DRAGONS PATROLLING THE SKY  
ROADS FILLED WITH SMOKING CHARIOTS  
DEVILS TRAPPED IN CRYSTAL MIRRORS  
AN EVIL WORLD!





A WORLD WHERE MEN GO AROUND  
**WITHOUT** AXES? THAT DOESN'T SOUND  
VERY LIKELY TO ME...

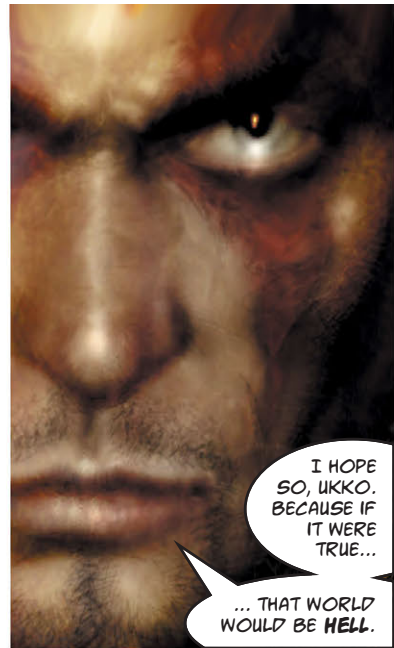


AND FORESTS **WITHOUT** TREES? AND  
SEAS **WITHOUT** FISH? THAT'S  
**IMPOSSIBLE!** I THINK SHE MADE  
THE WHOLE THING UP,  
SLAINE!



I HOPE  
SO, UKKO.  
BECAUSE IF  
IT WERE  
TRUE...

... THAT WORLD  
WOULD BE **HELL.**

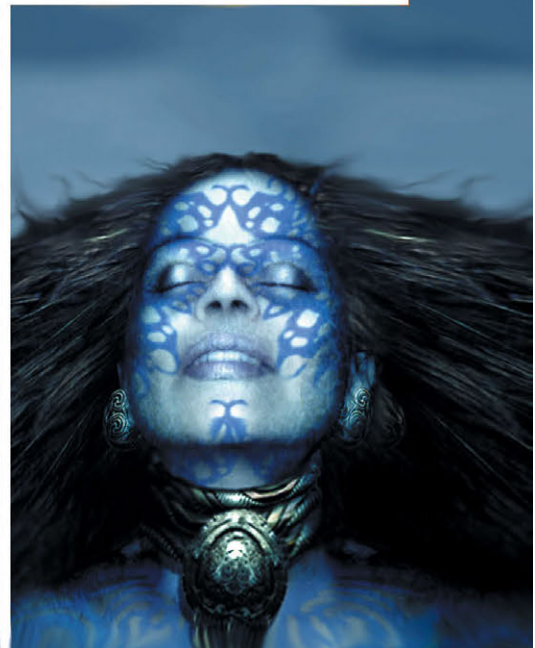
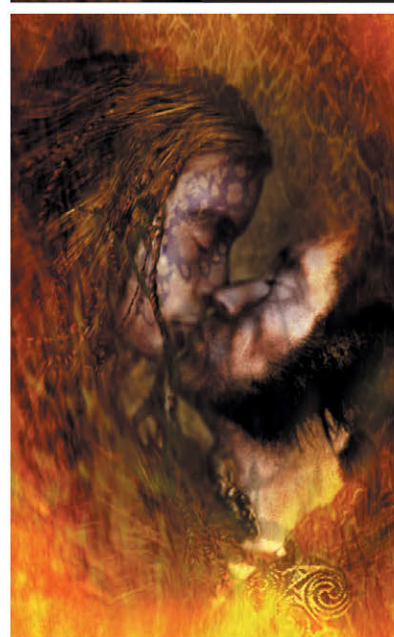


LET THE FUTURE  
**BE!** I'M GOING  
FOR A WALK.

I'LL JOIN YOU,  
NIAMH —



NO. I WANT TO SAY A LITTLE  
PRAYER TO THE GODDESS  
FOR OUR VICTORY.



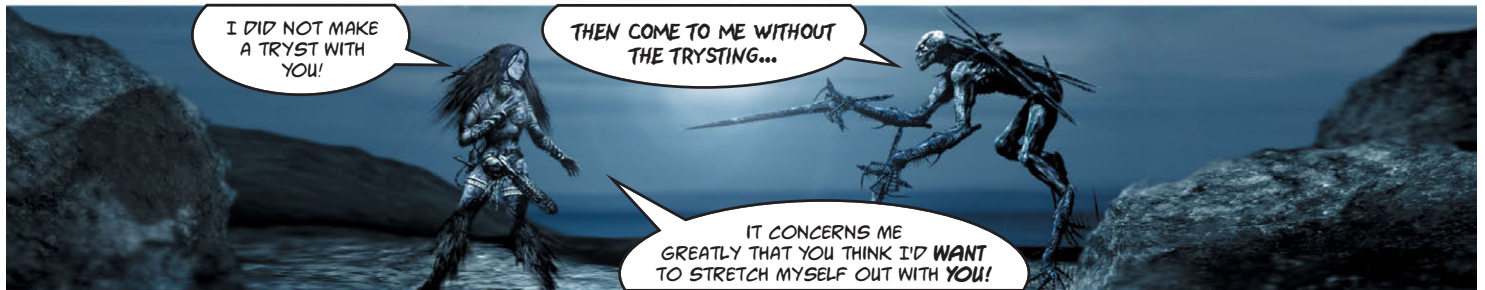




MIAMI... OVER  
HERE. I'VE BEEN  
WAITING...



SHALL I HAVE  
AN HOUR OF  
LOVE-MAKING  
WITH YOU?



I DID NOT MAKE  
A TRYST WITH  
YOU!

THEN COME TO ME WITHOUT  
THE TRYSTING...

IT CONCERNS ME  
GREATLY THAT YOU THINK I'D WANT  
TO STRETCH MYSELF OUT WITH YOU!



YOUR ANXIETY  
ON THIS MATTER  
WILL BE TAKEN  
AWAY...

YOU SEE, I PREFER  
THE EMBRACE OF  
HUMAN FEMALES  
WHEN THEIR LUST  
MATCHES MINE.



WHO IS SO SICK AS TO  
WANT TO BE THE LOVER  
OF A DEMON?

TO DESIRE THE  
SEED WHOSE FRUIT  
IS MONSTROUS?



WHAT WOMAN COULD  
CARESS **SERPENT SCALES**  
WITH HER FINGERS?

AND MINGLE  
**HONEST KISSES** WITH  
NIGHT-SOIL?



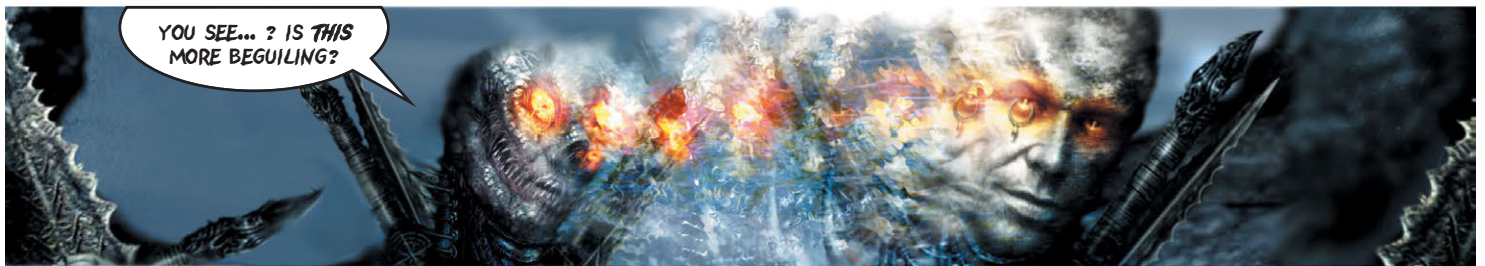
WHO WOULD UNITE  
REPTILIAN LIMBS TO  
SMOOTH ONES WHICH  
CORRESPOND NOT?

FULL EASE OF LOVE  
CANNOT BE TAKEN WHEN  
NATURE CRIES OUT  
AGAINST IT!

I CAN CHANGE MY  
APPEARANCE INTO A **HUMAN**, IF THAT IS  
MORE PLEASING TO YOU.



YOU SEE... ? IS **THIS**  
MORE BEGUILING?



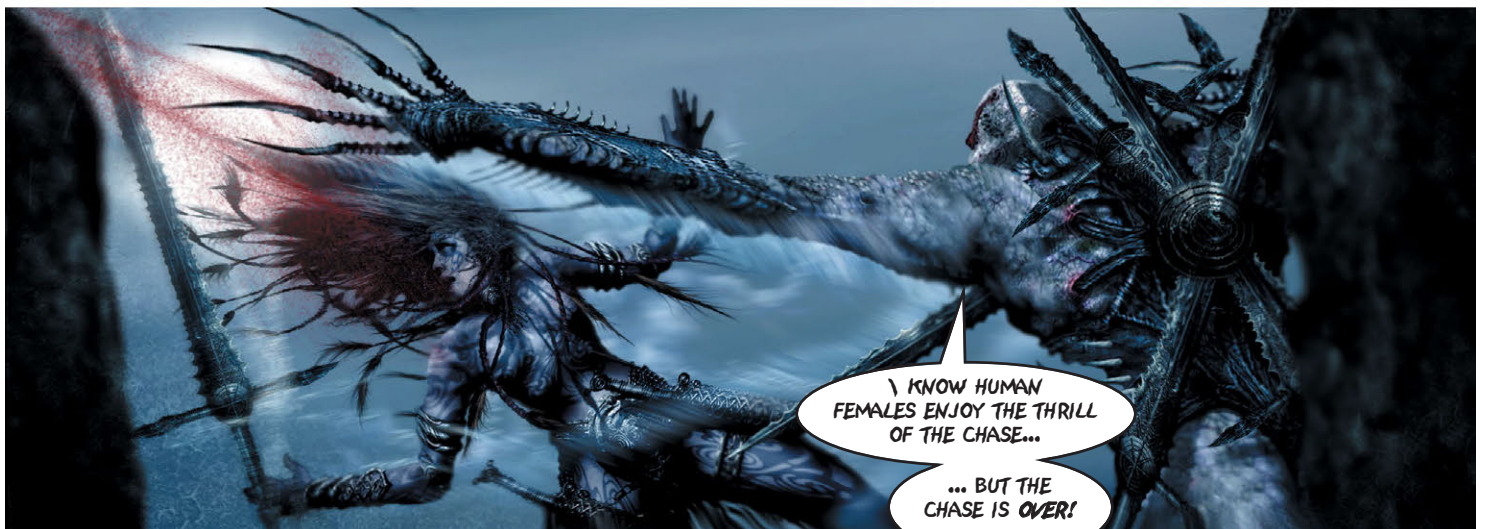
I DON'T DOUBT  
YOUR SKILL IN  
**DELUDING** THE  
EYESIGHT, BUT YOU  
CANNOT OBSCURE  
THE **EVIL** WITHIN  
YOU!

THEN SO BE IT! I'VE  
HAD **ENOUGH** OF YOUR GAMES!

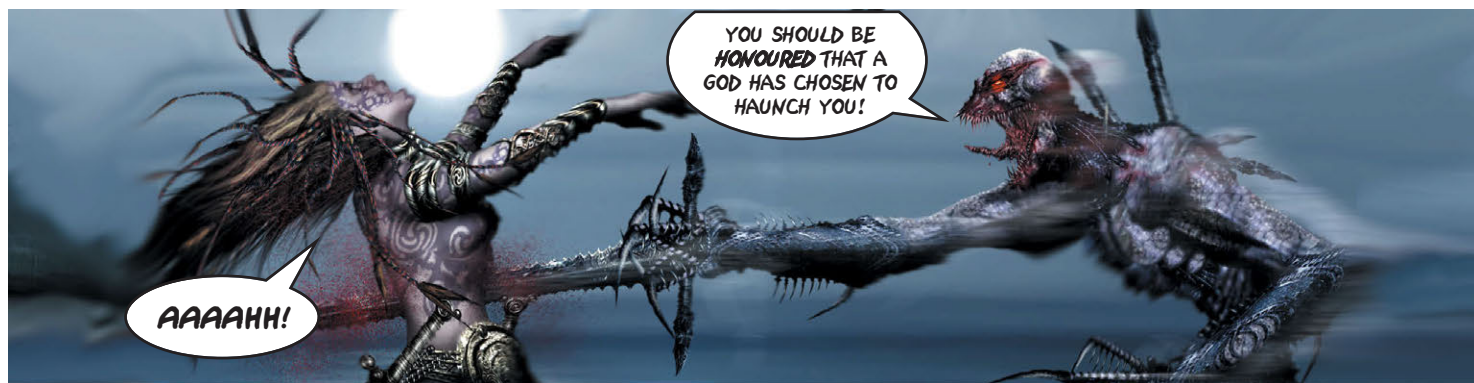


I KNOW HUMAN  
FEMALES ENJOY THE THRILL  
OF THE CHASE...

... BUT THE  
CHASE IS **OVER!**







AAAAHH!

YOU SHOULD BE  
HONOURED THAT A  
GOD HAS CHOSEN TO  
HAUNCH YOU!



NOOOO!



NIAMH... ?



TWO SWORDS! A  
REPTILE SYMBOL! IT  
MEANS... A DOUBLE  
CROSS!

MOLOCH!





NIAMH...!



I SEE ANOTHER WORLD THAT IS DEAR TO ME, HUSBAND. WHERE IT IS FOREVER SUMMER. I MUST GO...

NO, YOU **CAN'T**! YOU ARE DEAR TO ME, AND TO KAI!



AND YOU ARE BOTH **SO** DEAR TO ME. BUT I **MUST**. THE OTHERWORLD IS BECKONING ME.

IT IS MY TIME TO GO ON.

I **CAN'T** LET YOU GO! I **CAN'T** LIVE WITHOUT YOU!

BUT IT'S **ONLY** DEATH.

AND WE COME BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN, WITH SO MANY NEW FACES IN SO MANY TIMES. WE'LL **MEET** AGAIN, SLAINE, I PROMISE YOU...

NOW...

TAKE MY BREATH...

AWAY...



**MOLOCH!**









KAI HAD RETURNED FROM HIS DRUIDIC STUDIES FOR THE FUNERAL...

YOU'LL GET HIM, WON'T YOU, FATHER?

OH, I'LL GET HIM, SON...

... HE HAS AN APPOINTMENT WITH MY AXE.

SIRE, I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE LEAVING FOR ALBION?

AYE, **SETHOR**. KING BRUTUS HAS MADE THE SEA DEMONS WELCOME THERE. IT'S BECOME THEIR NEW OUTPOST ON EARTH.

IF HE'S **ANYWHERE** IN OUR WORLD, IT'LL BE ALBION.

SIRE, THE TRIBAL COUNCIL HAS DISCUSSED THIS MATTER, AND WE **SYMPATHISE** AND **UNDERSTAND** YOUR QUEST FOR JUSTICE...

BUT... ?

YOUR FIRST RESPONSIBILITY IS TO YOUR **KINGDOM**.

WHEN YOU BECAME HIGH KING, YOU SWORE TO BE WEDDED TO THE EARTH GODDESS **BEFORE** YOUR EARTHLY WIFE.

THEN I AM **NO LONGER** HIGH KING.

WHAT?

WELL, I-I SHALL HAVE TO DISCUSS THIS WITH THE TRIBAL COUNCIL, OF COURSE...

DO WHAT YOU LIKE.

GOODBYE, KAI. BETTER YOU STAY IN IRELAND UNTIL THIS IS OVER.



NEW TROY, ALBION.  
ONE YEAR LATER.

THESE ARE **EXCELLENT**  
**TEARS!** ALL RIGHT, HERE'S  
THE INFORMATION  
YOU NEED...



YOU WERE RIGHT, SLAINE.  
HE'LL BE AT **THE**  
**MIDSUMMER SWARMING.**



IT ONLY  
TOOK **ONE**  
BOTTLE OF  
TEARS!



IT'S A PITY  
THE DEMONS TASTE **FEAR**  
OR WE'D MAKE A FORTUNE  
SELLING THEM SALT WATER!

OH, I  
DON'T KNOW,  
UKKO...

... I **LIKED**  
COLLECTING  
THEM.

THEIR MISTAKE  
FOR TRYING TO  
ROB ME.



SO HERE'S YOUR  
REWARD, DWARF...



YOU CAN  
START A NEW  
LIFE IN A NEW  
LAND.



**PLEASE**  
LET ME COME  
WITH YOU, SLAINE!  
I'M SURE I'D BE  
USEFUL!

NO, I **MUST** DO  
THIS **ALONE**, UKKO.  
AFTERWARDS, THE  
CITY WILL BE IN AN  
UPROAR. YOU HAVE  
TO GET AWAY  
**NOW.**

BUT YOU **WILL**  
ESCAPE  
AFTERWARDS,  
WON'T YOU?  
YOU **ALWAYS**  
DO.

OF **COURSE** I'LL  
ESCAPE. COME ON.  
YOUR BOAT LEAVES  
IN TWO HOURS.



TELL ME ABOUT  
**THE SWARMING**  
ON THE WAY...





... AND HE SAID IT'S TAKING PLACE IN A GROVE OUTSIDE THE NORTH GATE.

MAKES SENSE. THE POINT WHERE MAGIC CURRENTS RUN **FULL CIRCLE** AROUND THE CITY WALLS.



**SOTH!** WHAT ARE THOSE FISH CREATURES?



SEA DEMONS FROM A SOUTHERN SWARM. THEY'RE CARRIED BY AND FEED OFF THEIR HUMAN HOSTS.

THEY'RE CALLED **QUINOTAURS** : 'FIVE LIMBED ONES'.



MORE DEMONS WEARING **HUMAN SKINS!** IT'S GOING TO BE QUITE A SWARMING!



WELL, THE **DUNG BOAT** IS OVER THERE. YOU'D BETTER SLIP ABOARD.

BUT WE WILL MEET **AGAIN** ONE DAY, RIGHT? IN SOME BAR SOMEWHERE? AND WE'LL DO IT **ALL** AGAIN? **RIGHT?**

JUST YOU AND ME, SLAINE? JUST LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS?



OF **COURSE** WE WILL, UKKO. OF **COURSE.**

**GOODBYE,** MY FRIEND.



HE... HE CALLED ME HIS...

**FRIEND!**

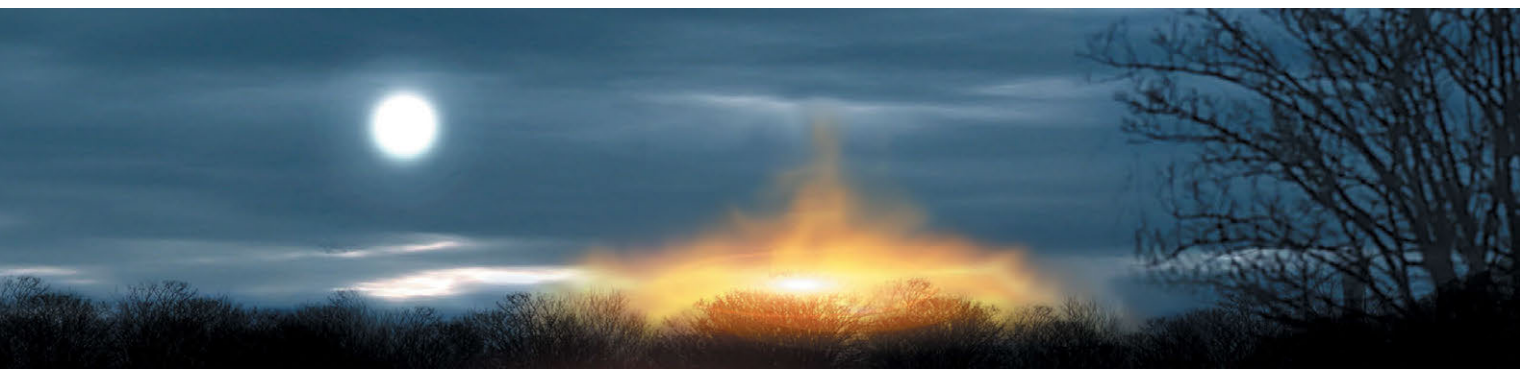


HIS **FRIEND!**













'ACCORDING TO THE GUARD,  
EVERY IMAGINABLE DEMON WILL  
BE AT **THE SWARMING**, SLAINE...

'GARGOYLES, WINGED DEVILS,  
HALF-HUMANS, QUINOTAURS, DOG MEN,  
BULL MEN, ALBINO WHITES... ON THE NIGHT  
WHEN THE DOG STAR **SIRIUS** IS IN  
ALIGNMENT WITH THE EARTH AND THE SUN.

'THEY INTEND TO DRAW DOWN A **GREAT  
OLD ONE** FROM SIRIUS THROUGH THE  
**CREMATION** OF CHILDREN...

**MOLOCH** IS PRESIDING FROM HIS OWL  
THRONE — SYMBOL OF HIS POWER —  
SURROUNDED BY A PIT OF FIRE...

'THE DEMONS WILL EXULT,  
TO **INCREASE** THE VICTIMS'  
TERROR AND **ATTRACT**  
THE STAR BEING.'

MOL-LOCH!

MOL-LOCH!

MOL-LOCH!



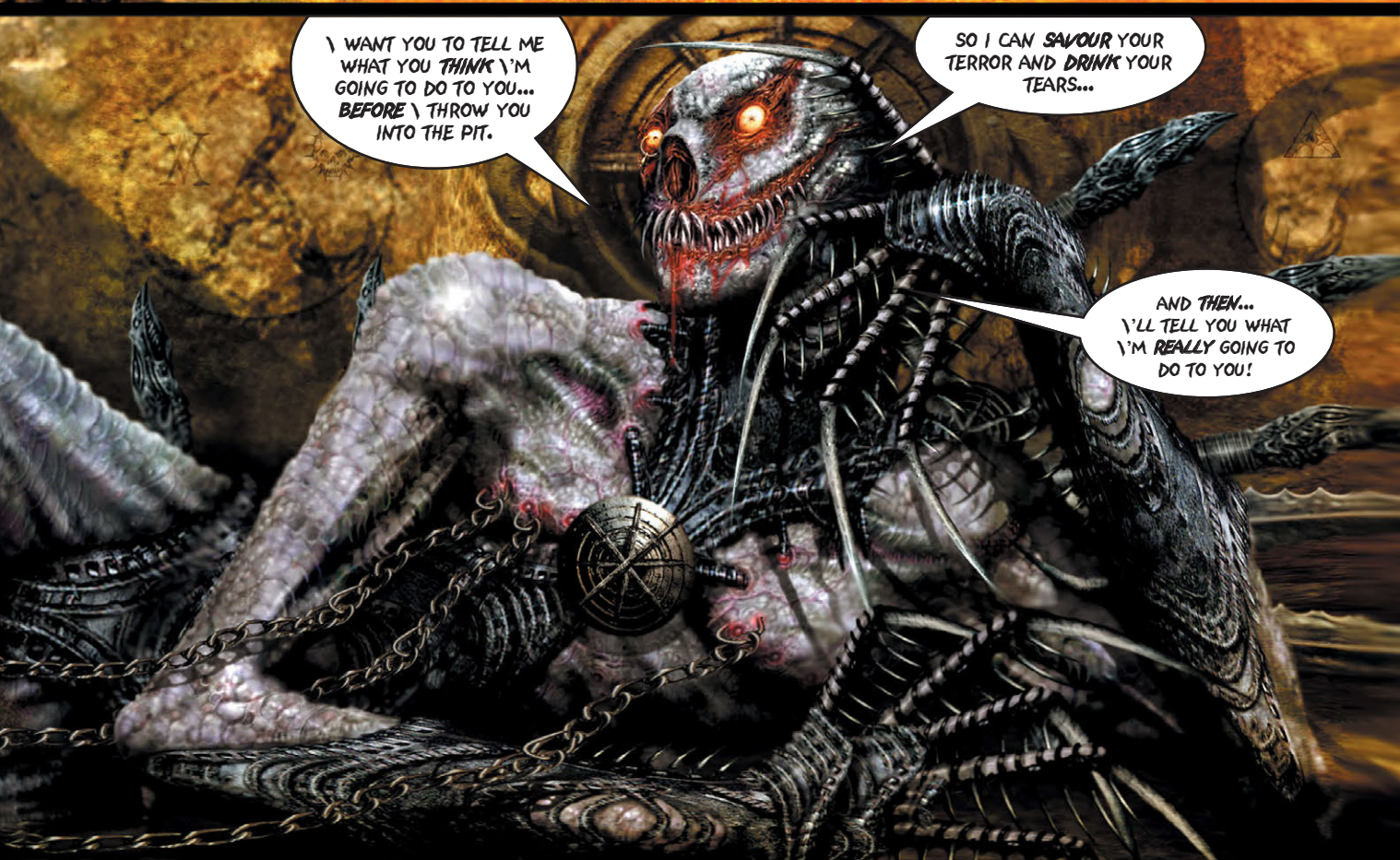




HARVEST THE  
LITTLE ONES!

BURN! BURN!

IT'S WHAT  
THEY **DESERVE**  
FOR THEIR  
INNOCENCE!



\ WANT YOU TO TELL ME  
WHAT YOU *THINK* \M  
GOING TO DO TO YOU...  
**BEFORE** \ THROW YOU  
INTO THE PIT.

SO I CAN **SAVOUR** YOUR  
TERROR AND **DRINK** YOUR  
TEARS...

AND **THEN...**  
\LL TELL YOU WHAT  
\M **REALLY** GOING TO  
DO TO YOU!



**MOLLLOCCCH!**

CHILDREN, RUN! IT'S YOUR  
ONLY HOPE!

WHO IS THIS  
INSOLENT **WARM BLOOD**  
WHO INTRUDES ON OUR  
HOLY NIGHT?

MY NAME IS  
**SLAINE MAC ROTH!**

AND MY BLOOD  
IS **WHITE HOT!**



SLAINE! IT'S GOOD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN!

BUT WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE? IS THERE  
A PROBLEM?

YOU SEEM A LITTLE...  
UPSET.

HAVE I DONE  
SOMETHING TO OFFEND  
YOU?

YOU  
MURDERED  
MY WIFE!

YOUR ANGER IS  
INTOXICATING!  
MORE! MORE!

NO! STAY OUT OF THIS!  
SLAINE'S MINE!

BUT YOU NEED  
PROTECTION, LORD  
MOLOCH —

THE SIRIAN DOES NOT LOOK  
FAVOURABLY ON THOSE WHO  
FEAR! \ WILL TAKE CARE  
OF MYSELF!

\M'S SORRY ABOUT  
THIS INTERRUPTION,  
SLAINE. IT'S SO  
RUDE.

WHERE WE WE?  
AH YES, NIAAH... \  
STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND  
WHY YOU ARE MAKING  
SUCH A FUSS? AREN'T  
YOU PLEASED A GOD  
MADE LOVE TO HER?



I SAID BACK OFF!

ALTHOUGH, IF I'M REALLY HONEST WITH YOU, SLAINE... SHE WASN'T THAT GOOD.

BASTARD!

EVEN SO, IT GIVES US SOMETHING IN COMMON. MAKES US LIKE BROTHERS...

AFTER ALL, WE BOTH HAD HER.

I KNOW THE PURPOSE OF YOUR FILTHY TAUNTS IS TO FEED ON MY RAGE...

ENJOY, BEFORE I SHUT YOUR VILE MOUTH ONCE AND FOR ALL!

YOU SEE, I HAVE **ONE** ADVANTAGE OVER YOU, MOLOCH...

YOU WANT TO LIVE. YOU PROVED THAT BY YOUR COWARDICE IN IRELAND.

BUT I WANT TO DIE!

I WANT TO JOIN NIAMH IN THE OTHERWORLD!

NO!  
NOOOOOO!

IT'S MY TIME TO GO ON...





... AS LONG  
AS I TAKE **YOU**  
WITH ME!

END OF BOOK ONE







# ∞ GOLAMH ∞

Script: Pat Mills  
Art: Clint Langley  
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000AD* Progs 1350-1355









ALL HAIL THE LIVING ATEN - THE STAR GOD!

BUT THE  
**CHILDREN** HAVE ESCAPED!  
THE CYTH CANNOT FEED ON  
THEIR TERROR! HE WILL  
TURN ON US!



AS I WAS SAYING, SLAINE... THERE IS  
NO *SPLIT* INTO DUALITY IN MY RACE.  
ANGER OR SORROW - WE ENJOY  
BOTH EMOTIONS *EQUALLY*.



IT'S THE SAME WITH MALE OR  
FEMALE. ANIMAL OR VEGETABLE.  
THEY'RE THE SAME TO US.



THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO MAKE  
YOU MY **BOY**, SLAINE!

I'VE HAD THE  
WIFE, NOW FOR THE  
HUSBAND. KEEP IT IN  
THE FAMILY.



IT MAY SOUND  
**SORDID**...

BUT YOU'LL COME  
AROUND TO THE IDEA -  
WITH A LITTLE  
**ENCOURAGEMENT**...





AND WHEN I'VE  
DEALT WITH YOU, YOU'LL  
BE A **VEGETABLE**...

AND A  
**DROOLING CABBAGE**  
REALLY HITS THE SPOT  
FOR ME!

YOU NIGHT-SOIL!  
SHUT YOUR VILE  
MOUTH!

I'M GOING TO  
TEACH YOU TO FEEL  
**DIFFERENTLY**  
ABOUT ME.

I WILL SHOW YOU  
THE **SPECIAL** WAYS  
I LIKE TO BE  
ADORED...

THAT'S BETTER. NOW  
GET DOWN ON YOUR  
KNEES...

NOW REPEAT AFTER ME... 'I  
WILL OBEY YOUR **EVERY**  
WHIM, LORD MOLOCH, MOST  
OF WHICH ARE MURDEROUS  
OR OBSCENE, AND  
USUALLY **BOTH**.

'FOR I AM  
YOUR WORTHLESS  
**SLAVE**.'

REPEAT IT,  
SLAINE!





I... WILL... OBEY  
YOUR EVERY WHIM,  
LORD MOLOCH...



... THE DAY THE  
SKY FALLS!



MY EYE!



MINE  
NOW!



NOW YOU'LL  
CRY TEARS OF  
BLOOD!

VENGEANCE!  
VENGEANCE FOR  
NIAMH!

I... I'M DYING... BUT KNOW THIS: ERIU IS  
ABOUT TO BE INVADED BY A NEW ENEMY,  
WHO WILL FINALLY TRIUMPH  
OVER YOU...

I HAVE SEEN  
IT WRITTEN IN THE  
STARS.

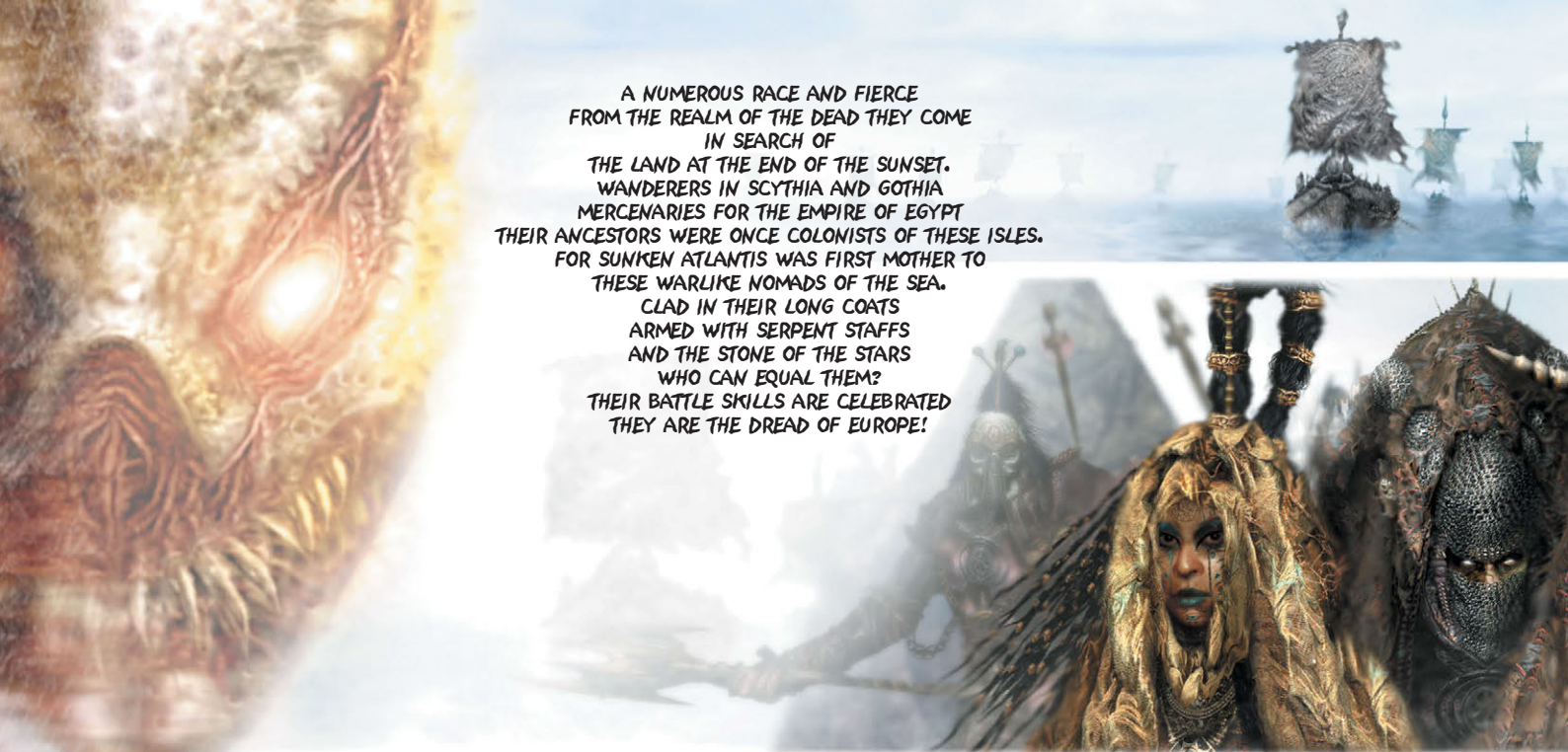
IMPOSSIBLE! NO ONE IS  
THE EQUAL OF THE TRIBES  
OF THE EARTH  
GODDESS!



AH, BUT THERE IS, SLAINE...  
A NUMEROUS RACE AND FIERCE FROM THE  
REALM OF THE DEAD THEY COME IN SEARCH OF  
THE LAND AT THE END OF THE SUNSET.



A NUMEROUS RACE AND FIERCE  
FROM THE REALM OF THE DEAD THEY COME  
IN SEARCH OF  
THE LAND AT THE END OF THE SUNSET.  
WANDERERS IN SCYTHIA AND GOTHIA  
MERCENARIES FOR THE EMPIRE OF EGYPT  
THEIR ANCESTORS WERE ONCE COLONISTS OF THESE ISLES.  
FOR SUNKEN ATLANTIS WAS FIRST MOTHER TO  
THESE WARLIKE NOMADS OF THE SEA.  
CLAD IN THEIR LONG COATS  
ARMED WITH SERPENT STAFFS  
AND THE STONE OF THE STARS  
WHO CAN EQUAL THEM?  
THEIR BATTLE SKILLS ARE CELEBRATED  
THEY ARE THE DREAD OF EUROPE!



I WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT BEFORE  
I DIED... THE TRIBES OF THE EARTH  
GODDESS WILL BE NO MATCH FOR  
THE STRANGERS!

THEIR BATTLE SKILLS  
ARE CELEBRATED! THEY  
ARE THE DREAD OF  
EUROPE!

MY AXE IS  
RUSTING IN MY  
HANDS!

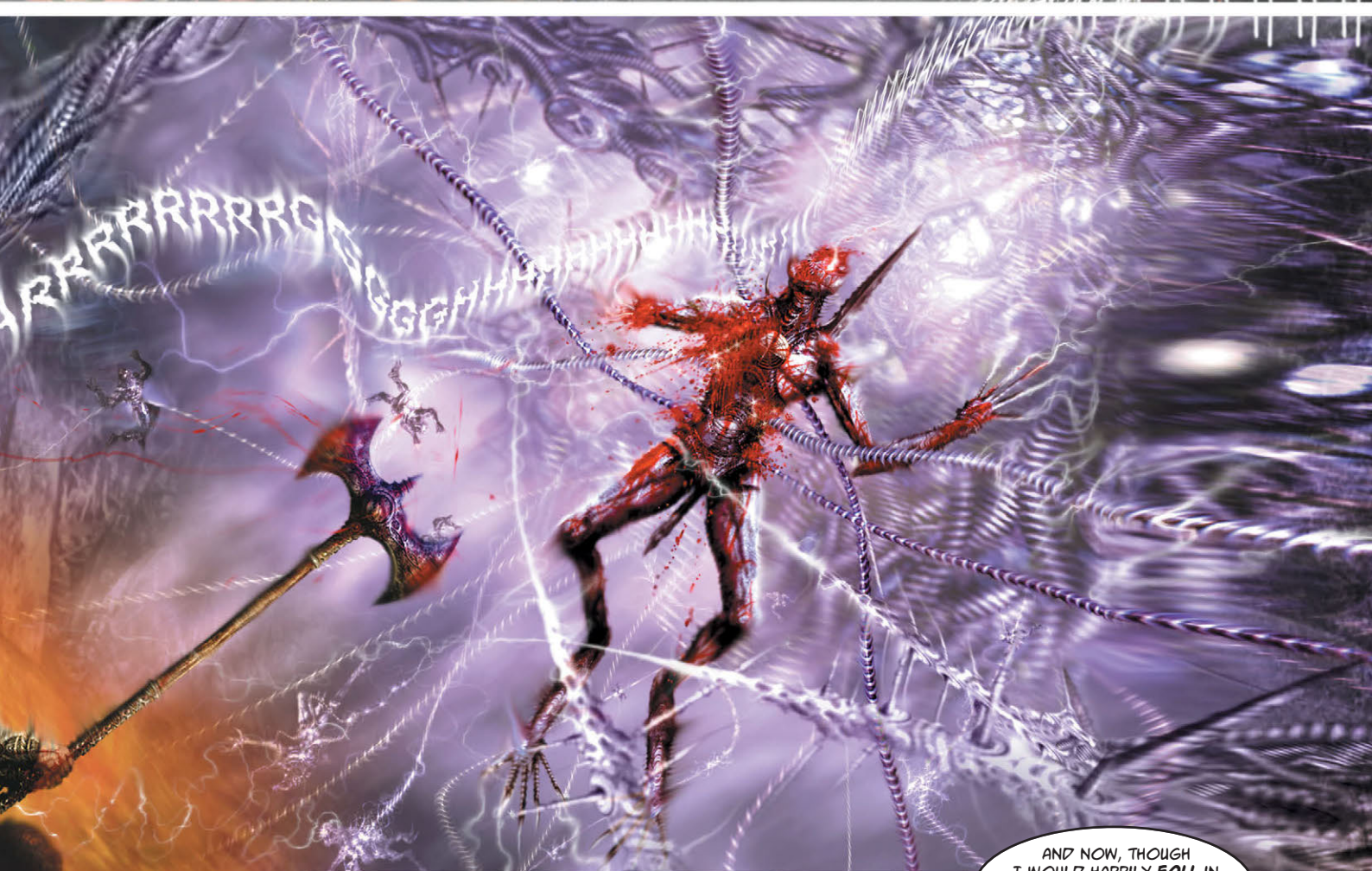


IT'S TIME  
TO FINISH ITS  
WORK!

THE CYTH HAS HIM!  
MOLOCH'S DEAD AT  
LAST!







AND NOW, THOUGH  
I WOULD HAPPILY **FALL** IN  
BATTLE, IT SEEMS IT IS **NOT**  
MY TIME. I MUST FIGHT MY  
WAY OUT.

I **HAVE** TO  
GO BACK TO ERIU,  
FOR MY SON **KAI** IS THERE. I  
MUST DISCOVER IF THERE IS  
ANY **TRUTH** IN MOLOCH'S  
PROPHECY...





'A NUMEROUS RACE AND FIERCE  
FROM THE REALM OF THE DEAD THEY COME  
IN SEARCH OF  
THE LAND AT THE END OF THE SUNSET.'

THIS STORM IS THE  
WORK OF THEIR DRUIDS,  
AMERGIN...



USE THE STAR SIGN  
TO CALM IT.

VERY WELL, SIRE. THE SPIRIT  
OF THE LAND **CANNOT**  
REFUSE ME, FOR **OUR**  
ANCESTORS WERE HERE  
LONG BEFORE THE TRIBES  
OF THE EARTH  
GODDESS...



SHE WHO WATCHES OVER THE  
SHINING SEAS! THE FERTILE  
HILLS! THE WOODED  
VALES!

I IMPORE THAT WE **REGAIN** THIS LAND OF  
ERIU, WE — THE CHILDREN OF ATLANTIS —  
WHO HAVE RETURNED OVER THE LOFTY  
WAVES TO CLAIM OUR  
**BIRTHRIGHT!**

I INVOKE THE  
GREAT LADY OF ERIU!



THE DRUIDIC WIND IS DYING DOWN,  
AMERGIN! IT IS AN OMEN! THE GODDESS  
IS ON **OUR** SIDE NOW!



GAE... ?



IT'S OVER! OUR  
YEARS OF WANDERING  
ARE FINALLY OVER,  
PRINCESS!





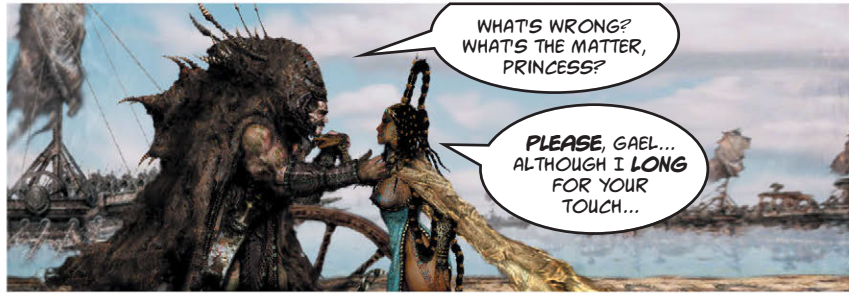
AND I WILL MAKE  
YOU **QUEEN** OF  
THIS LAND!

IT SEEMS LIKE  
ONLY YESTERDAY I WAS  
**PRINCESS MERITATEN** OF  
EGYPT, DAUGHTER OF THE  
PHARAOH AKHENATEN, AND  
YOU CAME AND SWEPT  
ME OFF MY FEET...



MY BEAUTIFUL  
'SCOTA'...

MY BEAUTIFUL  
'PIRATE'...



WHAT'S WRONG?  
WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
PRINCESS?

PLEASE, GAE...  
ALTHOUGH I **LONG**  
FOR YOUR  
TOUCH...



YOU KNOW THINGS ARE  
**DIFFERENT** BETWEEN  
US NOW.



BUT I'M **STILL** GAE...

I'M **STILL**...  
A MAN!



AND I'D **NEVER** LET  
THEM DO...

**THIS**...

TO YOU.



I **KNOW**, GAE. AND I  
LOVE YOU FOR IT. BUT  
I'M SO **CONFUSED**. I  
NEED MORE TIME...

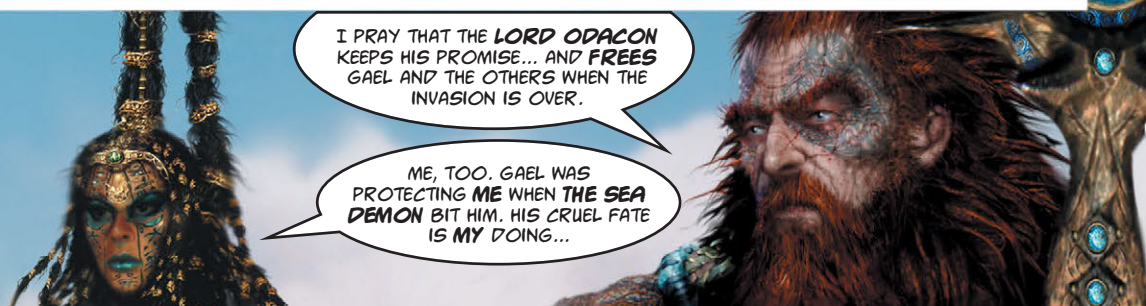
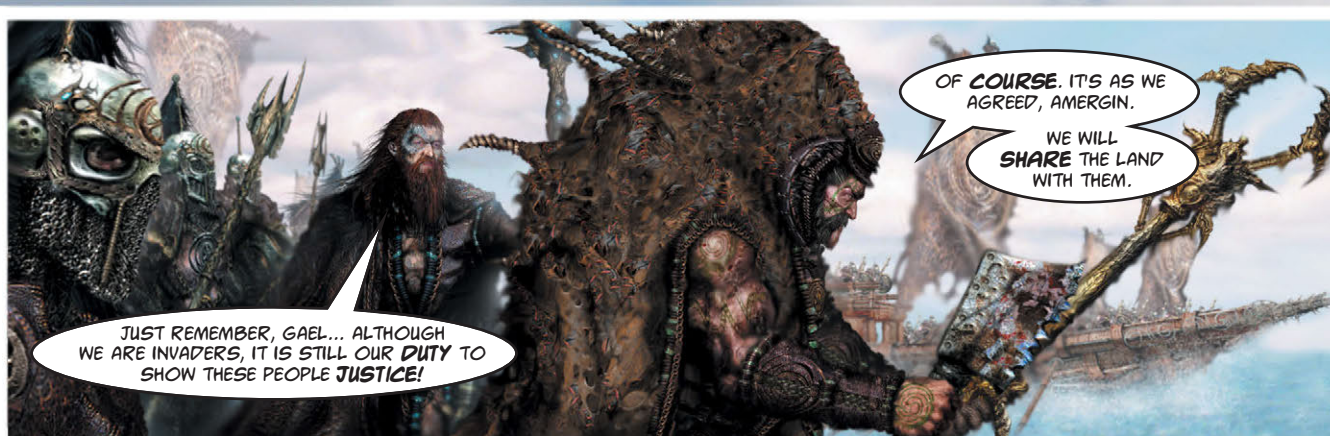
PLEASE BE  
**PATIENT** WITH  
ME.



VERY WELL.

WE'RE **CROSSING**  
THE **NINTH WAVE**! GET  
READY TO **LAND**!









'I PRAY THE DAY COMES WHEN  
HE AND HIS KNIGHTS ARE NO  
LONGER QUINOTAURS —  
FIVE-LIMBED ONES...

'HOSTS TO THE  
SEA DEMONS.



'AND GAEI IS NO LONGER  
LORD ODACON'S  
HOST... HIS GOLAMH!'

WE'LL SHARE  
THE LAND WITH  
THEM...



... THEY CAN  
HAVE THE EARTH FOR  
THEIR GRAVES!









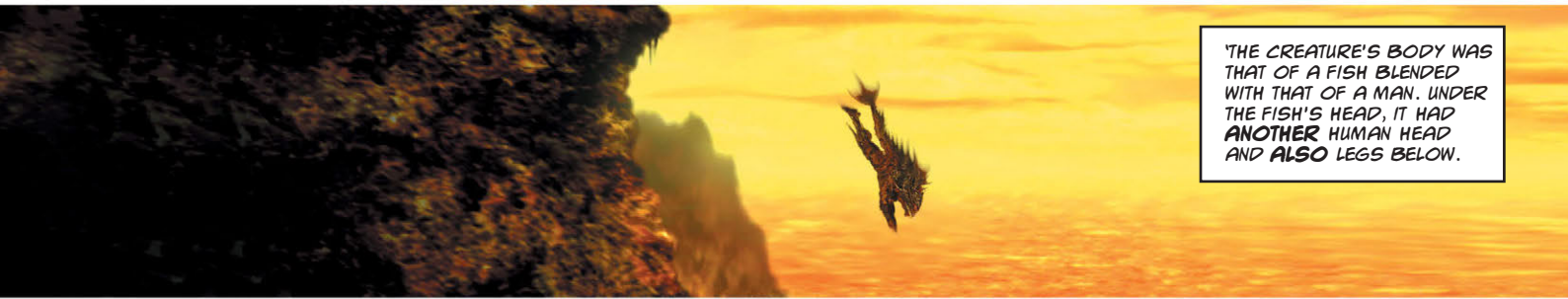








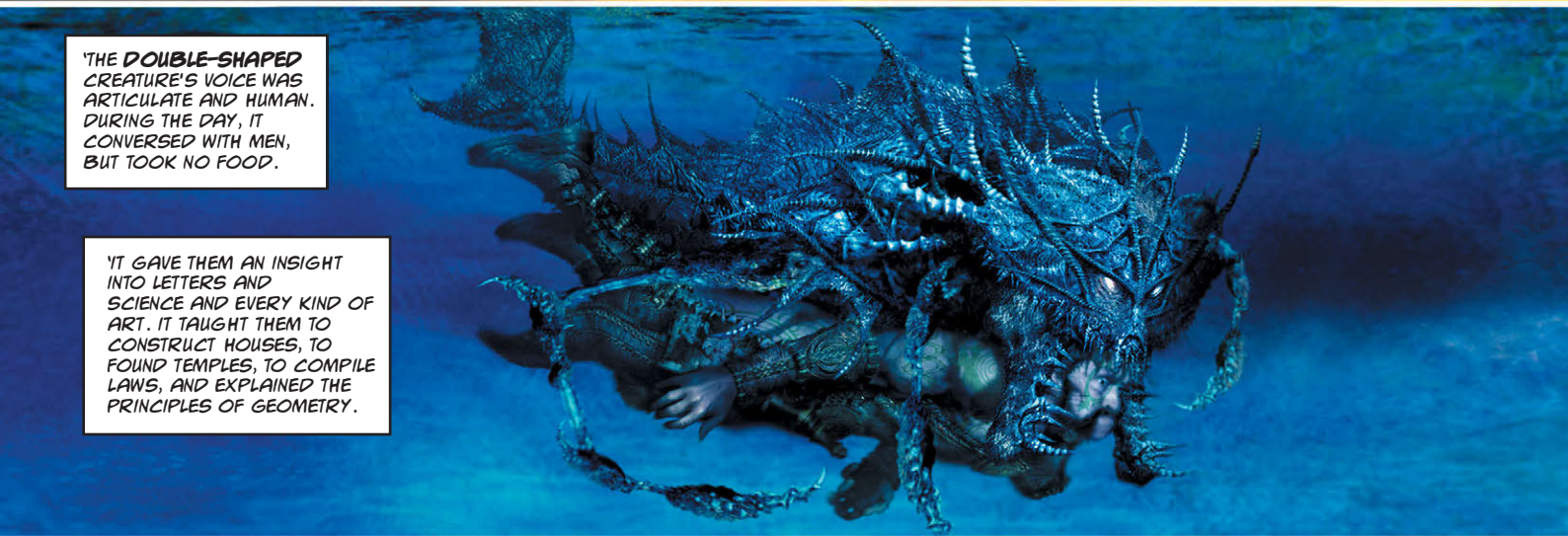
'IN ANCIENT TIMES, THERE APPEARED SEVERAL "ABOMINATIONS" FROM THE SEA, HAVING A COMPLICATED FORM BETWEEN A FISH AND A MAN.



'THE CREATURE'S BODY WAS THAT OF A FISH BLENDED WITH THAT OF A MAN. UNDER THE FISH'S HEAD, IT HAD ANOTHER HUMAN HEAD AND ALSO LEGS BELOW.



'ONE OF THESE ABOMINATIONS WAS NAMED ODACON.



'THE **DOUBLE-SHAPED** CREATURE'S VOICE WAS ARTICULATE AND HUMAN. DURING THE DAY, IT CONVERSED WITH MEN, BUT TOOK NO FOOD.

'IT GAVE THEM AN INSIGHT INTO LETTERS AND SCIENCE AND EVERY KIND OF ART. IT TAUGHT THEM TO CONSTRUCT HOUSES, TO FOUND TEMPLES, TO COMPILE LAWS, AND EXPLAINED THE PRINCIPLES OF GEOMETRY.



'IT MADE THEM DISTINGUISH THE SEEDS OF THE EARTH, AND SHOWED THEM HOW TO COLLECT FRUITS. IN SHORT, IT INSTRUCTED MEN IN EVERYTHING THAT WOULD HUMANISE MANKIND.

'BUT WHEN THE SUN SET, IT WAS THE CUSTOM OF THE ABOMINATION TO PLUNGE INTO THE SEA AND ABIDE ALL NIGHT IN THE DEEP; FOR IT WAS AMPHIBIOUS.'

— **BABYLONIAN ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDERS OF CIVILISATION.**







Gael... you wanted to see me?

NO, PRINCESS.  
I DO.



FOR SOME REASON THE GOLAMH OF LORD MUSARUS HAS LOST THE WILL TO LIVE. HE IS NO LONGER PROVIDING MUSARUS WITH *NOURISHMENT*.

THEREFORE MUSARUS NEEDS A *NEW* HOST...



HE'S ASKED FOR YOU.



NO!  
NOT MY WIFE!



SWEET ISIS! NO!

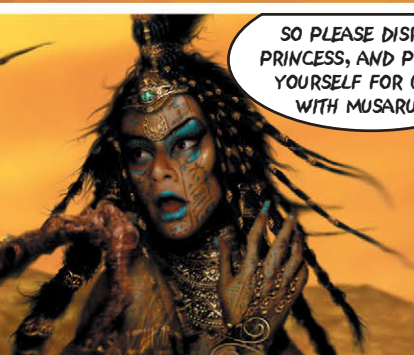
MY LORD,  
*PLEASE!* YOU  
PROMISED YOU'D  
NEVER DO THAT  
TO HER!



BUT IT IS AN  
*HONOUR*, GAEL.  
LORD MUSARUS IS A MOST  
*DISTINGUISHED*  
FOMORIAN.



YES. A YOUNG  
AND HEALTHY  
'DRY SKIN'. SHE  
IS PERFECT FOR  
MY NEEDS...



SO PLEASE DISROBE,  
PRINCESS, AND PREPARE  
YOURSELF FOR UNION  
WITH MUSARUS...



I'M GOING TO  
BE SICK!



FORGIVE ME, MY  
LADY, BUT MUSARUS  
USES ME LIKE A  
*GLOVE PUPPET*.

I DON'T  
WANT TO LIVE  
ANY MORE...



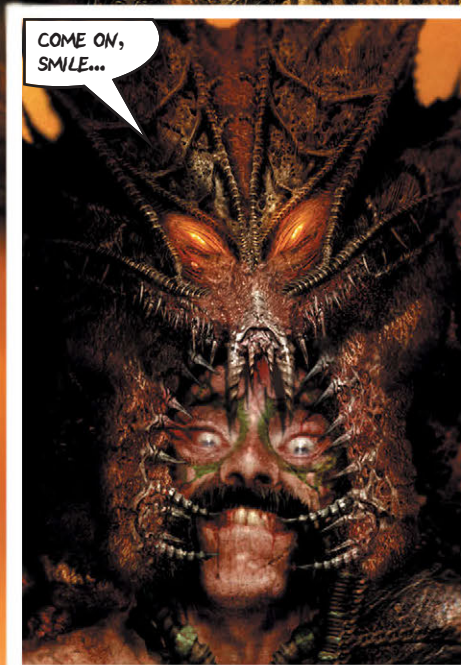


I HOPE YOU WILL NOT  
MAKE A *HABIT* OF  
BEING SICK...

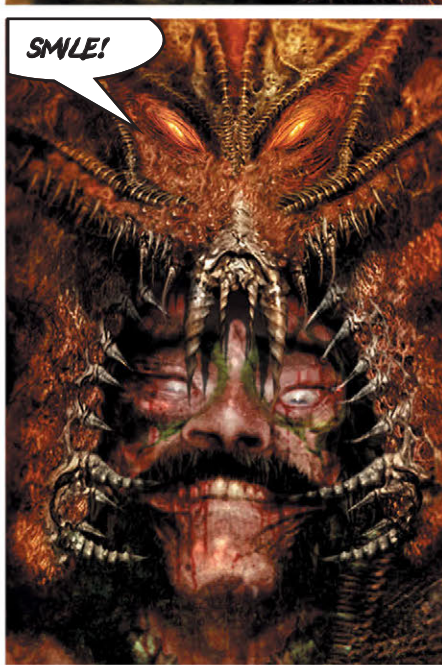
AFTER ALL, YOU'LL  
BE EATING FOR *TWO*  
SHORTLY.



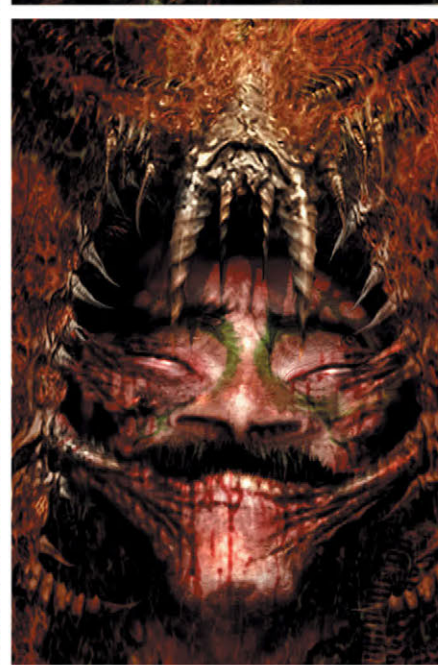
YOU SEEM A LITTLE  
*UPSET*, GAE? I THOUGHT YOU'D  
BE *PLEASED* WITH  
MY DECISION...



COME ON,  
SMILE...



*SMILE!*



IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT, GIRL.  
MY SALIVA CONTAINS A PAIN-  
KILLING DRUG...

I AM SO SORRY,  
MY LADY, BUT HE  
CONTROLS MY HANDS  
AND LEGS--

... SO BARE YOUR NECK.  
AND I WILL GIVE YOU MY  
*KISS OF DREAMS*.



MY KISS  
OF--

WHAT...  
ON... SEA...?



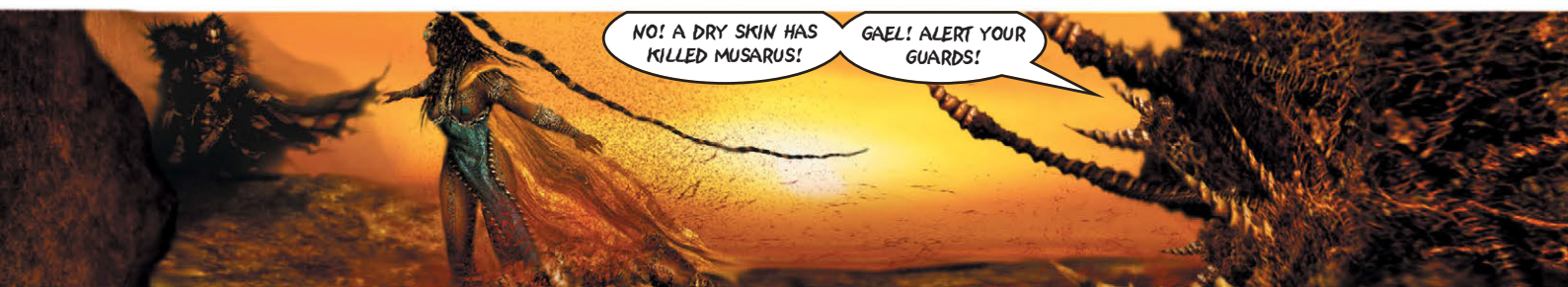


KISS MY AXE!



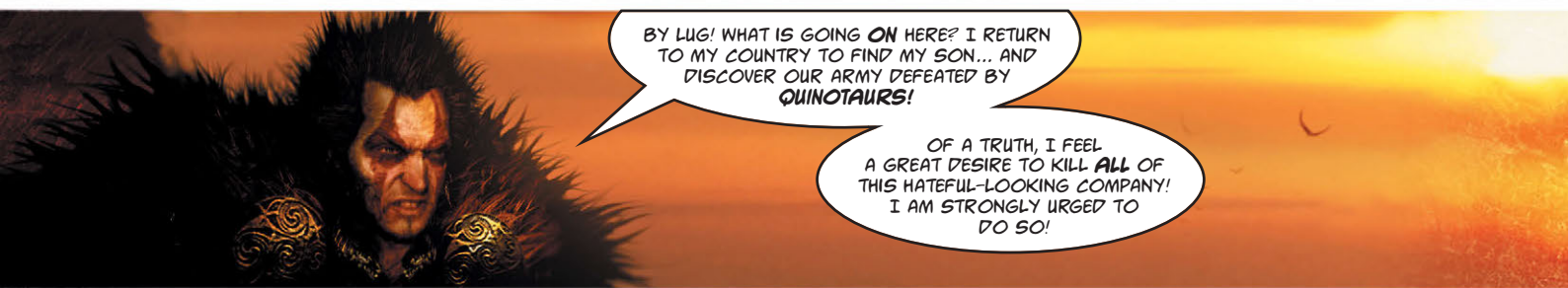
NO! A DRY SKIN HAS  
KILLED MUSARUS!

GAEL! ALERT YOUR  
GUARDS!



BY LUG! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE? I RETURN  
TO MY COUNTRY TO FIND MY SON... AND  
DISCOVER OUR ARMY DEFEATED BY  
QUINOTAURS!

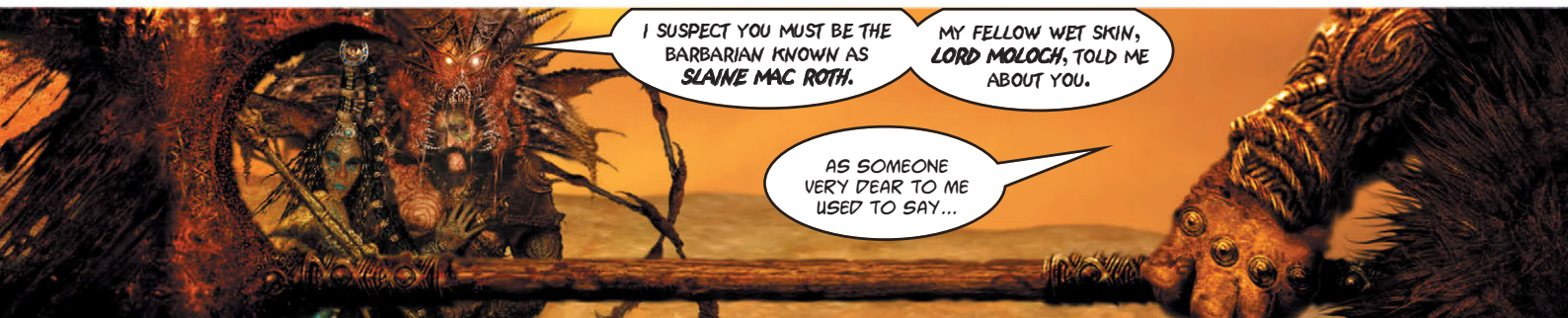
OF A TRUTH, I FEEL  
A GREAT DESIRE TO KILL **ALL** OF  
THIS HATEFUL-LOOKING COMPANY!  
I AM STRONGLY URGED TO  
DO SO!



I SUSPECT YOU MUST BE THE  
BARBARIAN KNOWN AS  
**SLAINE MAC ROTH**.

MY FELLOW WET SKIN,  
**LORD MOLOCH**, TOLD ME  
ABOUT YOU.

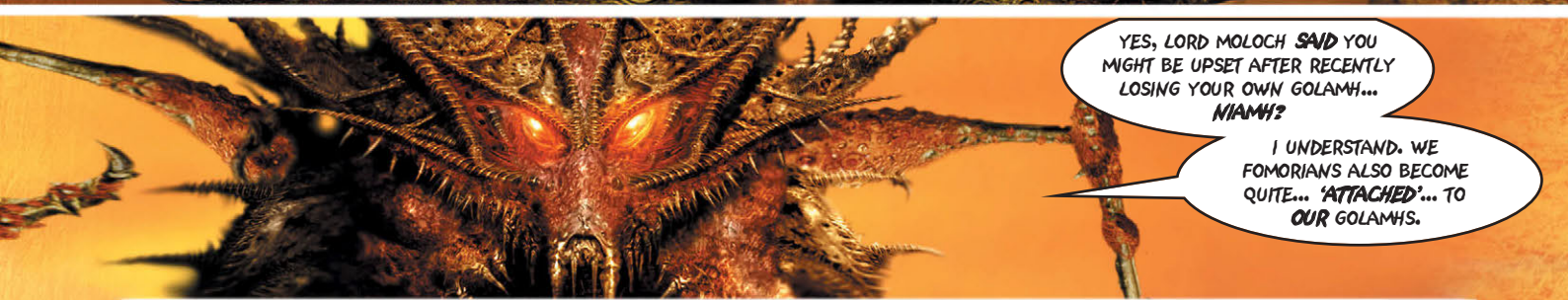
AS SOMEONE  
VERY DEAR TO ME  
USED TO SAY...







I DON'T SPEAK  
TO FISH.



YES, LORD MOLOCH **SAID** YOU  
MIGHT BE UPSET AFTER RECENTLY  
LOSING YOUR OWN GOLAMH...  
**NIAMH?**

I UNDERSTAND. WE  
FOMORIANS ALSO BECOME  
QUITE... **'ATTACHED'**... TO  
**OUR** GOLAMHS.



YOU ARE TALKING  
ABOUT MY  
**WIFE!**

NO, SLAINE! **CALM  
DOWN!**

I KNOW IT MUST  
LOOK STRANGE AND HORRIBLE  
TO YOU, AND I'M **SO** SORRY ABOUT  
YOUR COUNTRYMEN, BUT **PLEASE!**  
THERE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE ANY  
**MORE** VIOLENCE!



ALTHOUGH IF YOU WANT  
SOME, MY GOLAMH - GAEL -  
WILL BE PLEASED TO  
PROVIDE IT...



MY HUSBAND'S TRIBE HAVE  
WANDERED FOR SO MANY YEARS  
LOOKING FOR THEIR ANCIENT  
HOMELAND! THEY ONLY WANT TO  
**SHARE** THIS COUNTRY WITH YOU!



OUT OF MY WAY,  
GIRL!

THE ONLY  
THING I'LL SHARE IS  
MY **AXE!**



SLAINE HAS RETURNED TO IRELAND AND FOUND HIS LAND INVADDED BY ATLANTEANS UNDER THE CONTROL OF SEA DEMONS THE FOMORIANS...

DO IT. STRIKE ME DOWN!

NOW, GAEL. WHILE HE'S HESITATING...

I...

... CANNOT.

HE SAVED SCOTA FROM BECOMING LIKE ME...

I WOULD HAVE NO HONOUR.

I SEE, THAT'S A LITTLE FOOLHARDY OF YOU, GAEL, DON'T YOU THINK?

AND YOU ARE HARDLY LIVING UP TO YOUR REPUTATION AS THE 'DREAD OF EUROPE'.



'A MERCENARY FOR THE EMPIRE OF EGYPT, A DESCENDANT OF SUNKEN ATLANTIS, A WARLIKE NOMAD OF THE SEA, WHOSE BATTLE SKILLS ARE CELEBRATED.'

I DON'T SEE MUCH... 'CELEBRATING' HERE, GAEL, DO YOU?

I DON'T CARE, LORD ODACON. SCOTA IS EVERYTHING TO ME.

AND THIS IS PROBABLY **NOT** THE BEST WAY FOR YOU TO CLAIM THE LAND AT THE END OF THE SUNSET.

WE WILL NEED TO **DISCUSS** YOUR CONDUCT LATER, I'M AFRAID.

GUARDS.

DISPOSE OF THE DRY SKIN!

HE HAS DESTROYED OUR BELOVED LORD MUSARUS!

I DON'T THINK HE'S HERE FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE!

THERE ARE **THREE WORDS** I NEVER USE TO INVADERS OF MY COUNTRY...!



PEACE!

NEGOTIATE!

SURRENDER!

THIS LAND BELONGS TO THE  
TRIBES OF THE EARTH  
GODDESS DANU!

NOT TO FOREIGNERS IN  
LEAGUE WITH THE SEA  
DEMONS!

AND THERE ARE THREE  
WORDS I *DO* USE  
TO THEM...

PRIVY PARTS!

DUNG BAGS!





THROAT-HOOKING SHIELDS WITH FIXED SPEARS.  
I RECOGNISE THE **ATLANTEAN** DESIGN...

FROM THE TIME IRELAND WAS  
A COLONY OF ATLANTIS...



LIKE THEIR FLAME  
TORCHES AND STAFFS.

THE **FORBIDDEN WEAPONS** WE  
LEARNT OF IN THE RED BRANCH...



SO MOLOCH  
WAS RIGHT...



AND THEY'VE COME BACK TO TAKE **'THEIR'**  
HOMELAND WITH THE HELP OF THE FOMORS...

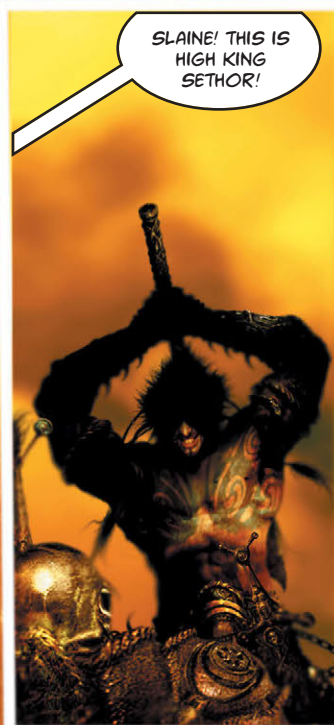


BUT ATLANTIS WAS  
DROWNED **THOUSANDS**  
OF YEARS AGO.

THEY HAVE **NO**  
RIGHT HERE NOW...







SLAINE! THIS IS  
HIGH KING  
SETHOR!

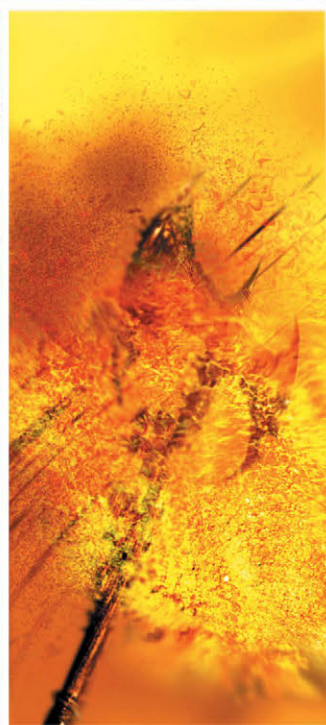


WE **MUST** MAKE PEACE  
WITH THE STRANGERS.  
THAT IS THE DECISION  
OF THE TRIBAL  
COUNCIL.



I LISTENED TO  
THE COUNCIL  
ONCE,  
SETHOR...

AND NIAMH  
**DIED!**



THIS TIME IT WILL  
BE DIFFERENT. I  
**PROMISE** YOU.



KING SETHOR  
HAS AGREED TO  
A **NEGOTIATED**  
SETTLEMENT  
WITH US.



HE WILL GIVE US **HALF**  
OF ERIU IN EXCHANGE  
FOR MY GREAT  
KNOWLEDGE AND  
WISDOM...



**OCH!**  
**NEVER!**



IT IS NOT FOR  
YOU TO  
CHALLENGE YOUR  
HIGH KING,  
SLAINE..



THE LAND AT THE END OF THE  
SUNSET IS THE **PROMISED LAND**.  
IT **ALWAYS** BELONGED TO THE  
ATLANTEAN EMPIRE.



WE WERE HERE  
**LONG BEFORE** THE  
TRIBES OF THE EARTH  
GODDESS.



THINK OF US AS  
**LIBERATORS**,  
SLAINE.



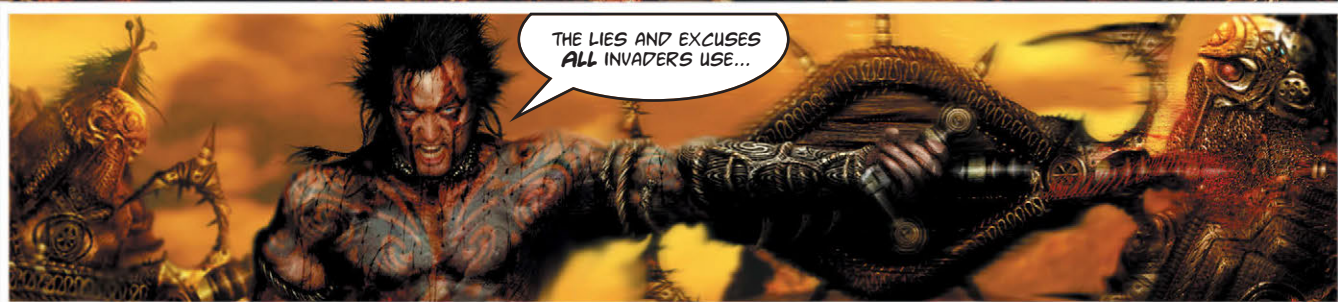
WE'VE COME HERE  
TO **LIBERATE** YOU FROM  
YOUR IGNORANCE AND  
BARBARISM...







MOLOCH OFFERED ME  
THE **SAME** LIES AND  
EXCUSES!



THE LIES AND EXCUSES  
**ALL** INVADERS USE...



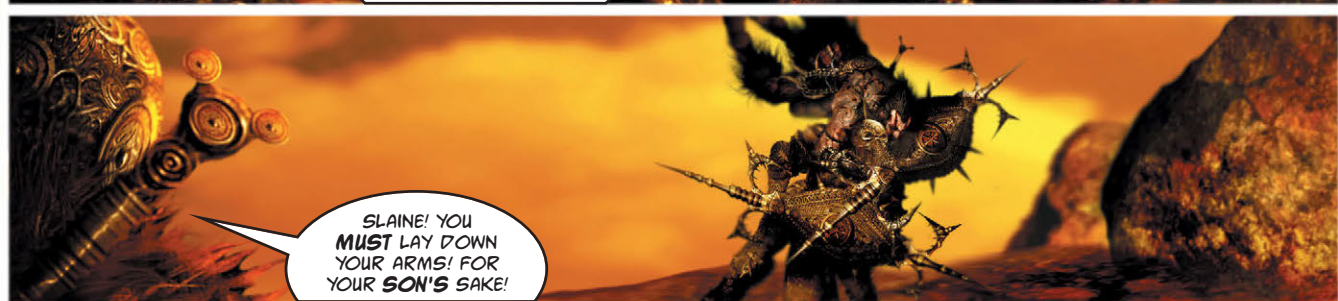
... WHEN THEY COME  
TO **STEAL!**



I AM SORRY ABOUT THIS, LORD ODAON.  
I **CANNOT** APOLOGISE ENOUGH. SLAINE IS  
A **TROUBLEMAKER**. IT'S WHY WE **HAD**  
TO GET RID OF HIM.

LET ME TRY  
AGAIN.

**SUCCEED**, SETHOR.  
I'M RUNNING OUT OF  
PATIENCE WITH YOU...



SLAINE! YOU  
**MUST** LAY DOWN  
YOUR ARMS! FOR  
YOUR **SON'S** SAKE!

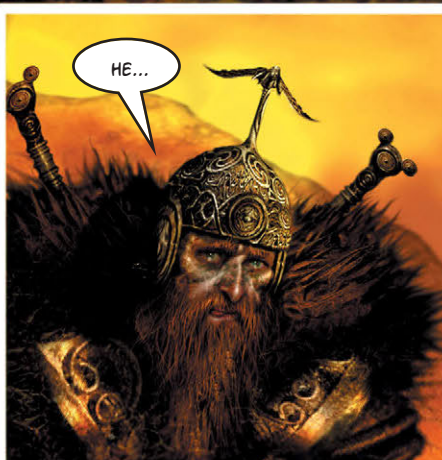


**KAI!**  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO KAI?





WHERE IS  
KAI?



HE...



H-HE WAS **IMPATIENT**  
WAITING FOR YOU TO  
RETURN. HE STOWED  
AWAY ON A SHIP  
BOUND FOR  
ALBION.



I LEFT MY SON IN YOUR  
SAFEKEEPING, SETHOR...  
AND YOU LET HIM  
**RUN AWAY?**

TO A  
DEMON-INFESTED  
LAND?



I-I HAD MORE  
**IMPORTANT**  
MATTERS TO ATTEND  
THAN THE FATE OF  
ONE REBELLIOUS  
TEENAGER —



LIKE  
**SURRENDERING**  
OUR COUNTRY  
TO THE  
INVADERS?



**THE PEACE TREATY**  
HAS TO BE APPROVED  
BY THE TRIBAL  
COUNCIL.

IF YOU  
HAVE ANY  
COMPLAINTS  
ABOUT IT, I  
SUGGEST YOU  
MAKE THEM 'IN  
**CIRCLE**'.

LATER FOR YOU,  
REPTILE.

KINDLY STAND DOWNWIND  
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING TO  
ME, MAC ROTH. I FIND THE  
ODOUR OF DRY SKINS  
**OFFENSIVE**.

AND **YOURS** IS  
PARTICULARLY  
STRONG.





THE TRIBAL COUNCIL IS  
NOW IN EMERGENCY  
SESSION!

ITS PURPOSE — TO **APPROVE**  
THE PEACE TREATY I HAVE MADE  
WITH THE ATLANTEANS AND THEIR  
FOMORIAN ADVISORS.

WHY IS **SLAINE**  
NOT AMONGST  
US?

AYE. AS  
A FORMER  
HIGH KING, HE  
IS ENTITLED TO  
BE PRESENT.

I WILL PERMIT SLAINE  
TO ADDRESS US AT  
THE APPROPRIATE  
TIME...

... **PROVIDED** HE  
BEHAVES IN A MANNER  
THAT IS **SEEMLY** AND  
RESPECTS THE  
**DIGNITY** OF MY  
OFFICE.

TRY TO  
SHOW SOME  
**UNDERSTANDING**,  
SIRE. HE'S BEEN  
THROUGH  
MUCH.

AND WE OWE HIM  
**EVERYTHING**. HE  
UNITED THE TRIBES  
OF THE EARTH  
GODDESS...

... **AND** SAVED US  
FROM THE DRUNE  
LORDS AND THE  
SEA DEMONS!

OF **COURSE**. AND, LIKE  
YOU ALL, I HAVE THE  
**GREATEST RESPECT**  
FOR SLAINE.

BUT...  
**UNFORTUNATELY**... HIS  
TIME IS GONE.

BUT IT WAS **OUR** FAULT HIS  
WIFE WAS RAPED BECAUSE WE  
IGNORED HIS WISHES AND  
AUTHORISED MOLOCH'S  
RELEASE.

I'LL NEVER  
FORGET THAT NIGHT.  
HE RAN DOWN TO  
THE OCEAN...

**MOLOCH!**





'FOR THREE DAYS HE WAS WARPED, **DEMENTED** WITH GRIEF...



'IN HIS RAGE AND FRUSTRATION, HE FOUGHT THE WAVES...

**MOLOCH!**

**MOLOCH!**  
COME OUT AND FIGHT!



'BUT THE DEMON REMAINED CONCEALED IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS.'



NIAMH WAS MURDERED BECAUSE OF **OUR** MISGUIDED ATTEMPT TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE FOMORS!

IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE **CRIME** AGAINST HER MEMORY TO **WELCOME** THE SEA DEMONS NOW!

AYE! THEY HAVE **ALWAYS** BROUGHT US MISERY AND PAIN! WE **HAVE** TO FIGHT THEM!

BUT **THESE** SERPENTS ARE DIFFERENT. THEY ARE **NOT** LIKE BALOR.

THEY CAN BRING US THE BENEFITS OF THEIR **MAGICAL SCIENCE**, THEIR **FANTASTIC WEAPONS**, THEIR **KNOWLEDGE** OF THE **STARS**...

**CIVILISATION!**







THEIR INVASION  
FLEET.



MUST BE AT LEAST  
SIXTY WARSHIPS.



SOME EQUIPPED  
WITH FIRE STAFFS.



THAT BLACK  
PYRAMID SEEMS  
TO BE IMPORTANT  
TO THEM...



PERHAPS IT IS THE **SOURCE** OF  
THEIR MAGIC... AND HAS A SIMILAR  
FUNCTION TO OUR **WEIRDSTONES**.

BUT WHY DIDN'T OUR **SKY  
CHARIOTS** DESTROY THEM  
WHEN THEY APPROACHED  
THE NINTH WAVE?

THANK YOU  
FOR SAVING ME,  
SLAINE.







NO WOMAN DESERVES  
THE ATTENTIONS OF A  
SEA DEMON.



ERIU IS SO  
**BEAUTIFUL**,  
SLAINE.

THERE ARE SO  
**MANY** SHADES OF  
GREEN HERE...

YES, WE  
LIKE IT.



IT'S SO **DIFFERENT**  
TO THE DESERT WHERE  
I GREW UP. IT'S SO  
**COOL**...

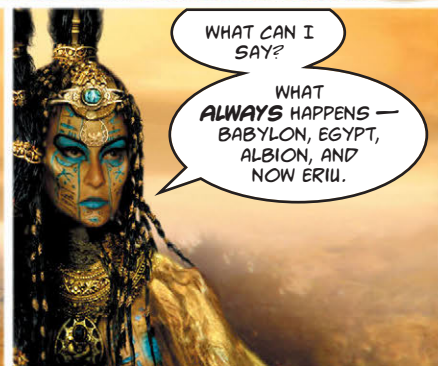
YOU MEAN...  
**DAMP?**



FOR SOMEONE  
FROM **MY**  
COUNTRY, THE  
SUN CAN BE  
AN **ENEMY**.



SO HOW DID YOUR  
HUSBAND BECOME A  
**GOLAMH?** WHAT  
HAPPENED?



WHAT CAN I  
SAY?

WHAT  
**ALWAYS** HAPPENS —  
BABYLON, EGYPT,  
ALBION, AND  
NOW ERIU.



THE SERPENTS SECRETLY RULE  
THE WORLD THROUGH THEIR  
HUMAN FOLLOWERS.

THEY ALWAYS HAVE  
AND PERHAPS  
ALWAYS WILL.



MY FATHER, THE PHARAOH, WAS  
SUCH A FOLLOWER. HE CLAIMED  
IT WAS THE **SUN, THE ATEN**, HE  
WORSHIPPED. BUT IT WAS  
A **MONSTER!**

A CREATURE FROM  
THE STARS!



AYE. I'VE MET  
THE ATEN.



IT DROVE HIM INSANE. HE REJECTED  
OUR BELOVED OLD GODS, AND  
FORCED THE PEOPLE TO WORSHIP THE  
ONE 'TRUE' GOD: THE ATEN, THE  
LORD OF THE LIGHT.

HE USED THE  
SERPENTS TO ENFORCE  
HIS WILL.



THEY CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION OF  
MY BEAUTIFUL MOTHER **QUEEN**  
**NEFERTITI** AND MY BROTHER  
**TUTANKHAMUN**.

THEN MY PEOPLE ROSE  
IN REVOLT, AND THE ATEN SENT  
MY FATHER TO FOUND A NEW  
KINGDOM IN A LAND ACROSS  
THE RED SEA...



'I HAD JOINED THE RESISTANCE. THAT'S HOW I MET **Gael** AND HIS ATLANTEAN MERCENARIES. WE FOUGHT TOGETHER TO RESTORE THE OLD GODS.'

WE'VE GOT THE SERPENTS ON THE RUN, PRINCESS!



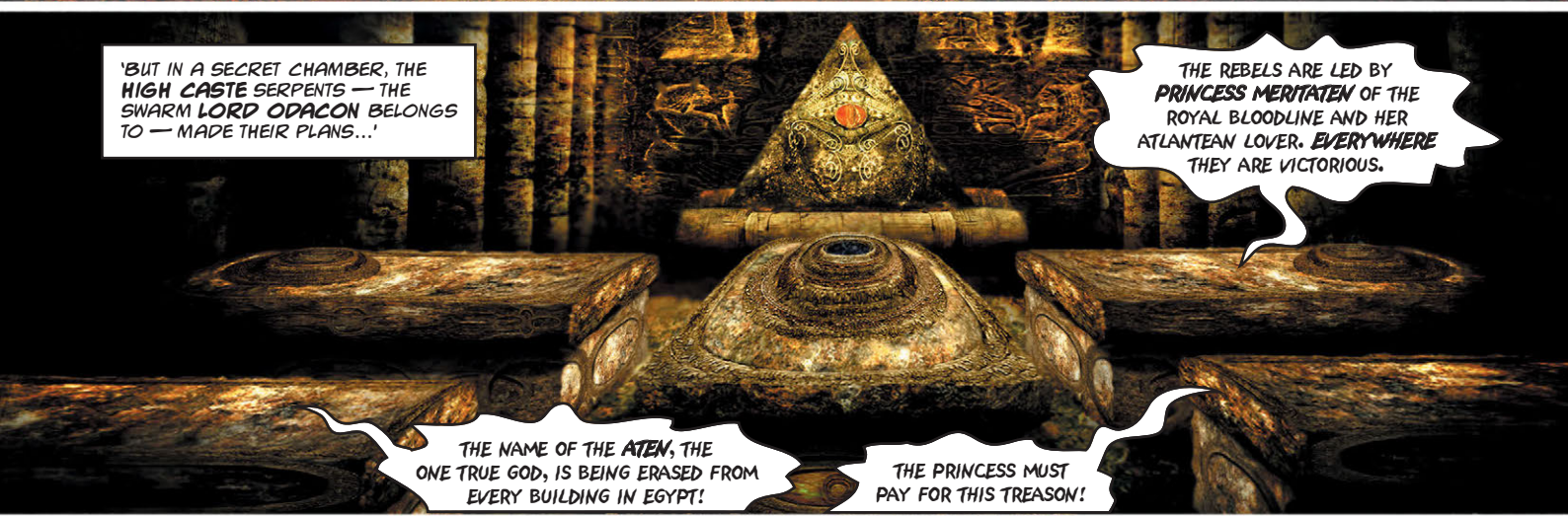
'BUT IN A SECRET CHAMBER, THE **HIGH CASTE** SERPENTS — THE **SWARM LORD ODACON** BELONGS TO — MADE THEIR PLANS...'

THE REBELS ARE LED BY **PRINCESS MERITATEN** OF THE ROYAL BLOODLINE AND HER ATLANTEAN LOVER. **EVERYWHERE** THEY ARE VICTORIOUS.

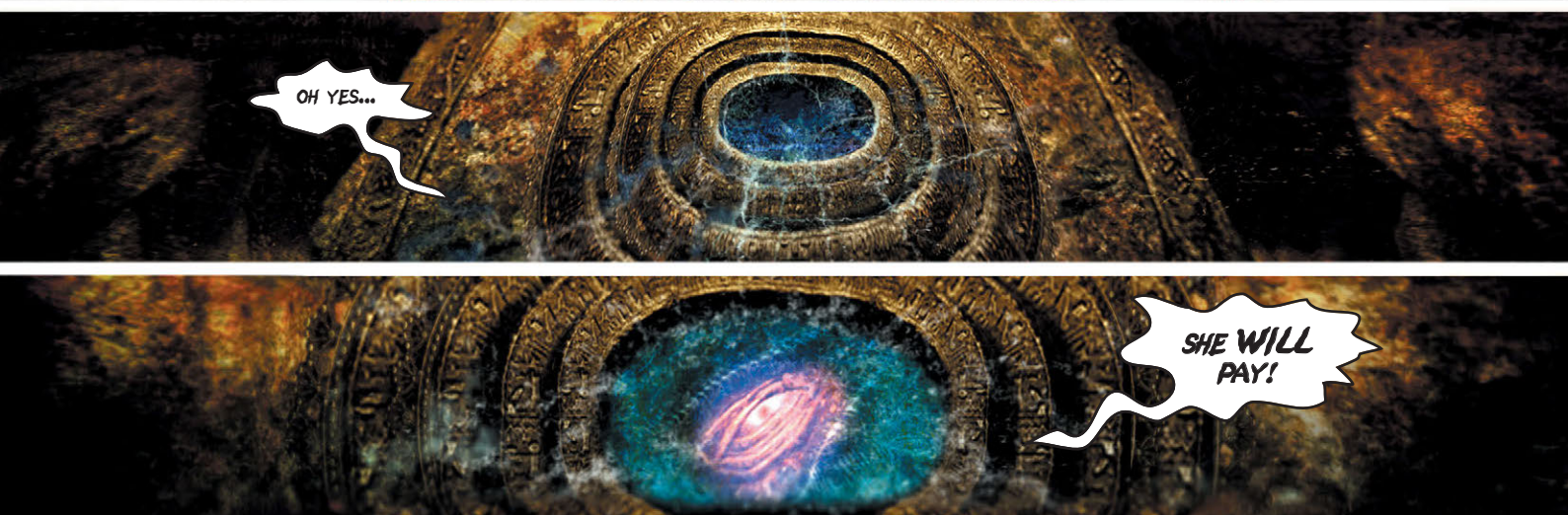
THE NAME OF THE **ATEN**, THE ONE TRUE GOD, IS BEING ERASED FROM EVERY BUILDING IN EGYPT!

THE PRINCESS MUST PAY FOR THIS TREASON!

OH YES...



SHE WILL PAY!





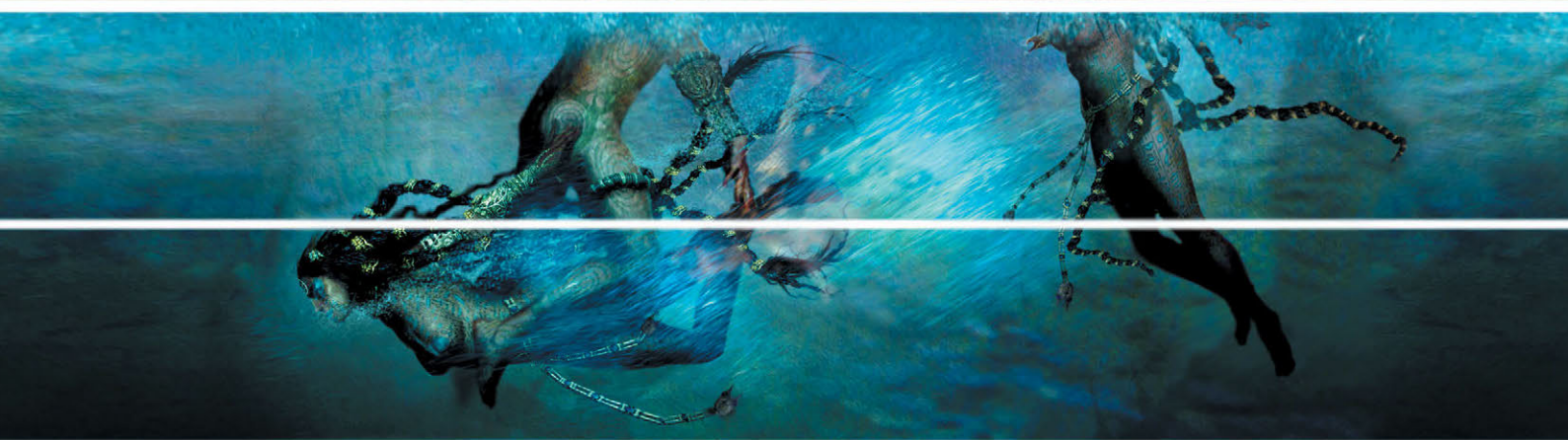


AFTER THE REBELLION, GAELE AND I LEFT EGYPT. TWO YEARS LATER OUR **BATTLE FLEET** WAS MOORED OFF THE AFRICAN COAST...

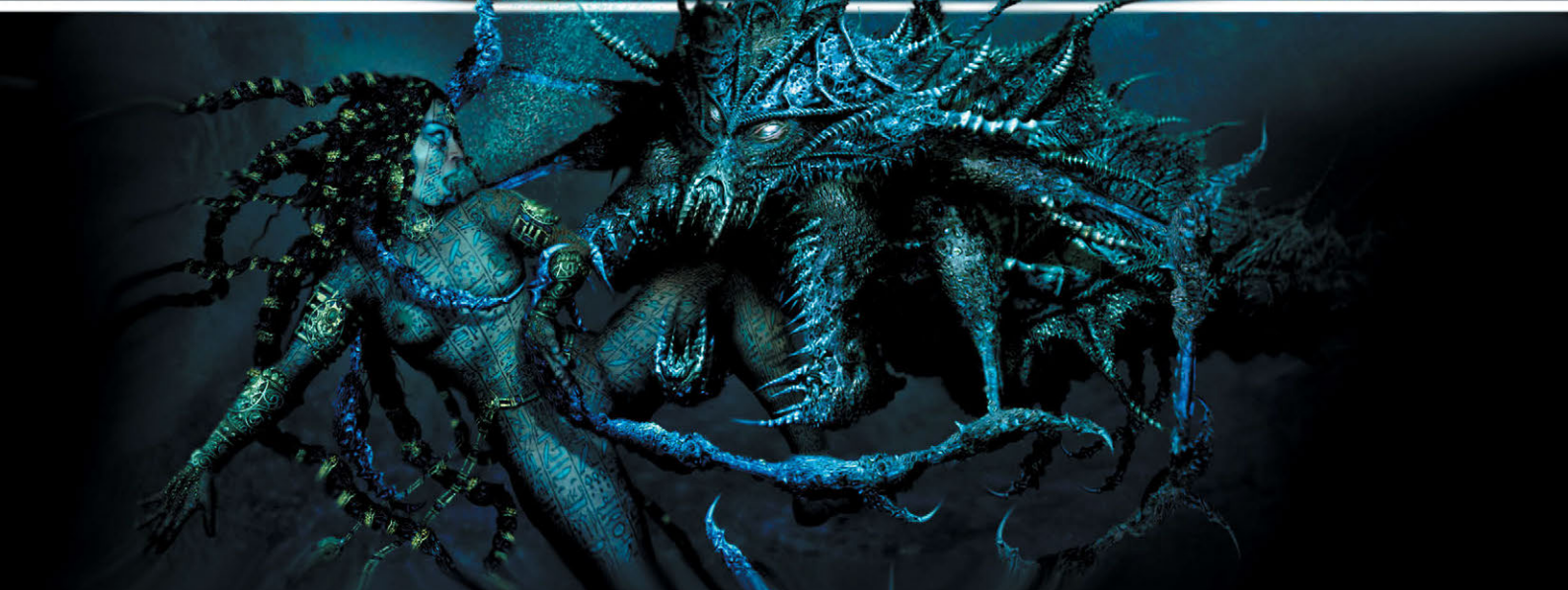


COME ON, PRINCESS PIRATE, LET'S GET ABOARD —

NOT JUST YET, GAELE. LET'S DIVE FOR **HIDDEN TREASURE**...



HA HA! DID YOU FIND THE **JEWELS** YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, PRINCESS?





PRINCESS... ?





AND THAT WAS IT.  
GAEL SAVED ME BY BECOMING LORD ODACON'S  
GOLAMH **INSTEAD**.

OTHER SERPENTS  
CAPTURED MORE ATLANTEANS  
AND TURNED THEM INTO  
GOLAMHS, ALSO.

BUT ODACON MADE A  
**COVENANT** WITH US. IN  
RETURN FOR OUR OBEDIENCE,  
HE WOULD HELP US REGAIN  
GAEL'S LOST  
HOMELAND.

THEN YOU MADE A  
COVENANT WITH  
**DEATH**, SCOTA.

WHAT CHOICE  
WAS THERE?

GAEL IS MY  
HUSBAND.

HE **WAS** YOUR  
HUSBAND.

SLAINE! THE TRIBAL  
COUNCIL WILL SEE  
YOU NOW.

GOODBYE,  
PRINCESS. I WISH  
YOU WELL.

BUT I FEAR THE NEXT  
TIME WE MEET SHALL BE ON  
THE **BATTLEFIELD**.

WELCOME,  
SLAINE MAC  
ROTH.

**FORMER** HIGH KING  
OF IRELAND.

NOW LISTEN  
TO **REASON**,  
SLAINE...

THE ATLANTEANS, AND THEIR  
SERPENT ADVISERS, ARE  
GIVING US A UNIQUE  
**OPPORTUNITY** TO **SHARE**  
THEIR **ADVANCED**  
CULTURE WITH US.





LORD ODACON HAS PROMISED TO HELP US BUILD GREAT TEMPLES, CANALS AND PYRAMIDS! JUST LIKE IN EGYPT!

INVENTIONS TO MAKE OUR LIFE **EASIER!** MILITARY BASES TO ENSURE OUR **SECURITY!**



WITH THEIR HELP, WE WILL CREATE A **BETTER FUTURE** FOR OUR CHILDREN AND OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.



IT'S CALLED **CIVILISATION**, SLAINE.



SPEAK IN THE CIRCLE, SLAINE MAC ROTH.



MY FELLOW TRIBESMEN, THE SERPENTS' 'CIVILISATION' WILL BRING WHAT IT ALWAYS BRINGS:

GREED. HATE. AND TAXES DESIGNED TO **STEAL** OUR CROPS, OUR WEALTH, OUR LIVES. AND FINALLY...

... OUR **SOULS.**



AND IF WE LOSE OUR SOULS, WE HAVE **NO REASON** TO LIVE.



SO I CALL FOR NO COMPROMISE. NO SURRENDER.

WE FIGHT THEM TO THE LAST MAN UNTIL WE DRIVE THEM BACK INTO THE SEA.



IT'S CALLED **FREEDOM**, SETHOR.



OH, WE TRIED... WE TRIED YOUR 'FREEDOM', SLAINE...





"WHEN THE STRANGERS  
FIRST APPROACHED  
THE NINTH WAVE, WE  
SENT OUR **SKY  
CHARIOTS** ALOFT TO  
ATTACK THEIR BATTLE  
FLEET..."



"THAT'S WHEN WE  
DISCOVERED  
THEY HAD SENT  
SERPENT RODS  
AND STAFFS..."



"THERE WAS WORSE  
TO COME: LORD  
ODACON CALLED  
ON THE POWER OF  
HIS **BLACK  
PYRAMID**..."



"SOME KIND OF  
**STONE FROM THE  
STARS** THAT  
ENABLES THE  
DEMONS TO CROSS  
SPACE AND TIME..."

"IT CREATED  
A GREAT  
**VOID** IN THE  
HEAVENS."



'OUR ENTIRE AIR FLEET WAS SUCKED INTO THE VORTEX AND VANISHED.

'SOME SAY THEY ARE NOW IN ANOTHER EARTH, PARALLEL TO OUR OWN...

'FOR THEY ARE OCCASIONALLY SEEN AS GHOSTLY SHIPS SAILING ACROSS THE SKY!'

SO YOU SEE, SLAINE, WE DID **TRY**. BUT **THIS** TIME WE **HAVE** TO BE **REALISTIC** AND **NEGOTIATE**.

THE SERPENT PEOPLE **CANNOT** BE DEFEATED.

OH, BUT THEY **CAN**.

AND I CAN **PROVE** IT.

**MOLOCH'S EYE!**

YOU KILLED **MOLOCH**?

A SERPENT LORD! AN ALBINO WHITE!

THE ELITE OF THE FOMORIANS! THAT IS A **FEAT** INDEED!

YOU PUT **NEW HEART** INTO US, SLAINE!

IF **MOLOCH** CAN BE DESTROYED SO CAN **ODACON**!

YOU HAVE NEVER FAILED US BEFORE!

I'M WITH YOU, SLAINE!

ME, TOO!

SO WE ARE **AGREED**, THEN?

WE **HAVE** TO FIGHT THESE INVADERS!

IT'S WAR.





SLIEVE MISH, NEAR  
TRALEE, IRELAND.

WE ATTACK TOMORROW,  
ONE HOUR AFTER  
DAWN.

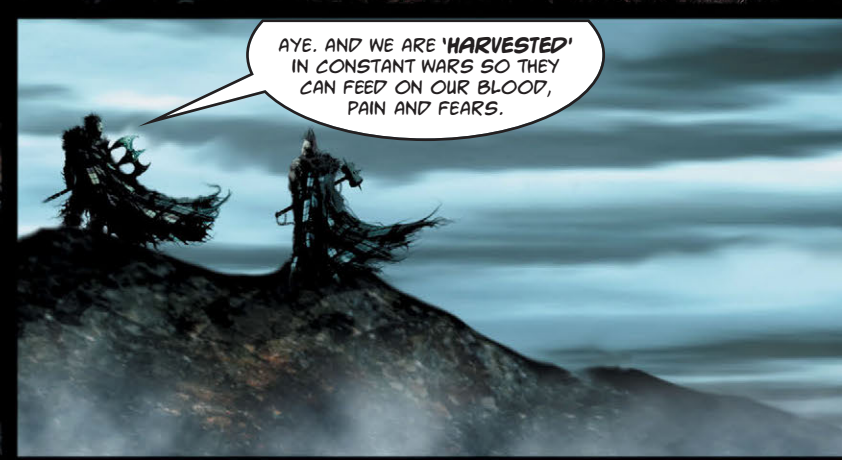


MY FORCES ARE READY  
AND WILL FIGHT WITHOUT  
FEAR.



AND YET **I** FEAR... FOR, EVEN IF  
WE WIN, THESE INVASIONS ARE  
**NEVER** GOING TO STOP.

BECAUSE  
THE SERPENTS  
BELIEVE THE '**SEA**'  
BELONGS TO  
**THEM**.



AYE. AND WE ARE '**HARVESTED**'  
IN CONSTANT WARS SO THEY  
CAN FEED ON OUR BLOOD,  
PAIN AND FEARS.



SO I HAVE TO FIND  
A WAY TO PROTECT  
MY PEOPLE...



... **FOREVER**.





SO TOMORROW THE BATTLE  
BEGINS, AMERGIN.

AND WE WILL LEARN  
WHETHER THE GODDESS  
FAVOURS US OR  
SLAINE'S TRIBES.



PERHAPS **THEN**  
LORD ODACON WILL  
FREE MY HUSBAND  
FROM BEING HIS  
**GOLAMH...**

HERE THEY  
COME, MY LADY.



GAEL! I THOUGHT  
YOU'D BE IN AN **ARK**  
TONIGHT?

LORD ODACON IS GENEROUS.  
AS A SPECIAL FAVOUR, HE IS  
PERMITTING US TO SPEND THE  
NIGHT **TOGETHER**.

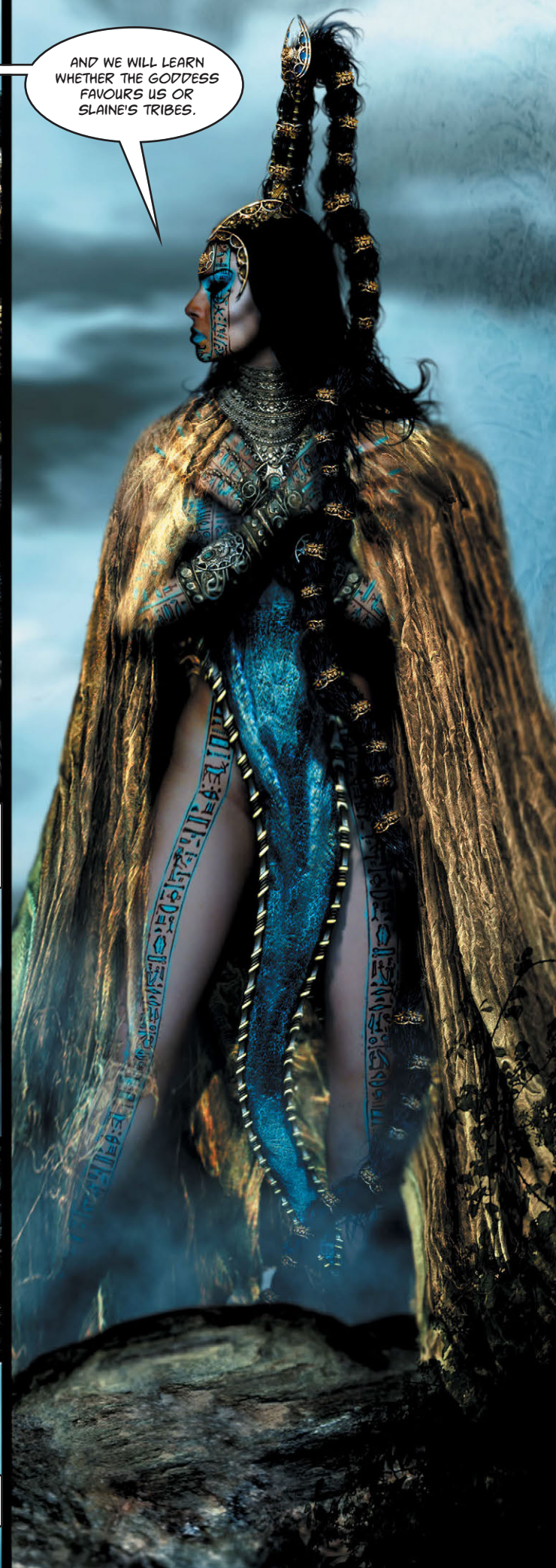
HE WILL  
RESPECT  
OUR  
PRIVACY.



SEE? HE IS  
ALREADY  
ASLEEP...



THEN WHY  
DON'T WE... ?







OH, GAE!

IT'S BEEN  
SO LONG!



JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS,  
EH, PRINCESS?

MMM...



BUT SO MUCH HAS  
HAPPENED SINCE  
THEN. POOR  
GAE!

IT'S NOT **ALL**  
BAD BEING HIS  
GOLAMH.

FOR A  
START, IT'S  
**INCREDIBLE**  
BREATHING  
UNDER WATER.



WHEN HE GIVES A FLICK OF  
HIS TAIL, WE FLY THROUGH  
THE WAVES, JUST LIKE A  
DOLPHIN!



OR A SHARK?

SSSHH!



'IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS, WE VISITED  
WONDEROUS **LOST CITIES**  
BELONGING TO EXTINCT SPECIES.

'CREATURES THAT LIVED  
BENEATH THE SEA, **MILLIONS**  
OF YEARS BEFORE WE  
HUMANS EVEN EXISTED.

'SO NOW I  
**UNDERSTAND** WHY  
THE FOMORIANS CALL  
THE WORLD "**SEA**".



'I HAVE SEEN HUMANS WHO  
HAVE BEEN **ALTERED**, SO  
THEY'RE MORE **ADAPTED**  
TO THE SEA THAN I.

'AND SUBMARINE PALACES  
THE SERPENT RACES LIVE IN,  
THAT ARE IN A **DIFFERENT**  
**DENSITY** TO OUR OWN.'

I HAVE SEEN **SUCH** SIGHTS,  
PRINCESS...

... BUT NONE  
AS **BEAUTIFUL** AS  
YOU.

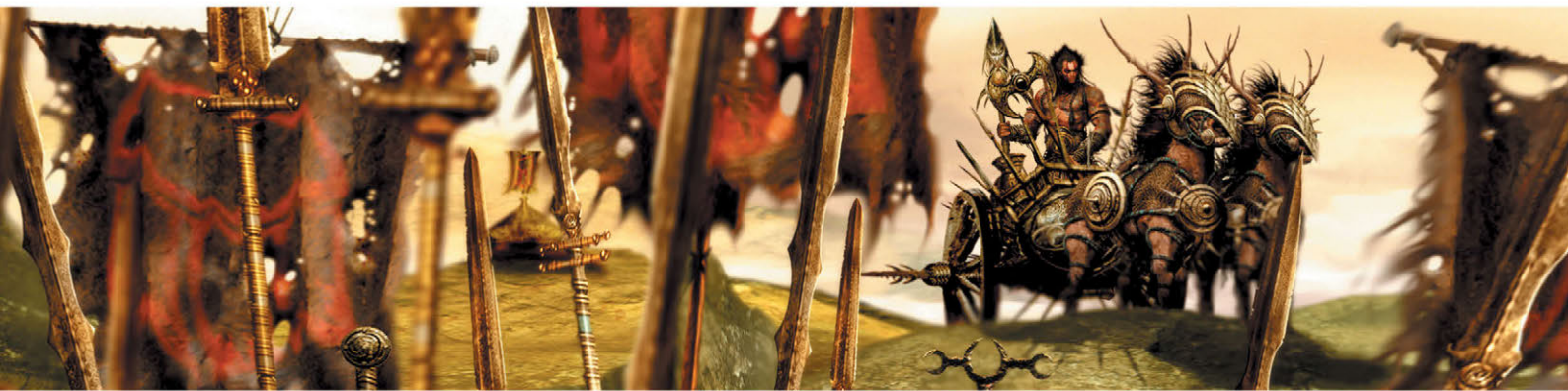
LOVE ME,  
GAEL...

ONE MORE  
TIME...

NIAMH... ?

FOR A MOMENT,  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE THERE  
BESIDE ME...









FOR FREEDOM!  
AND VENGEANCE!



VENGEANCE  
FOR NIAMH!



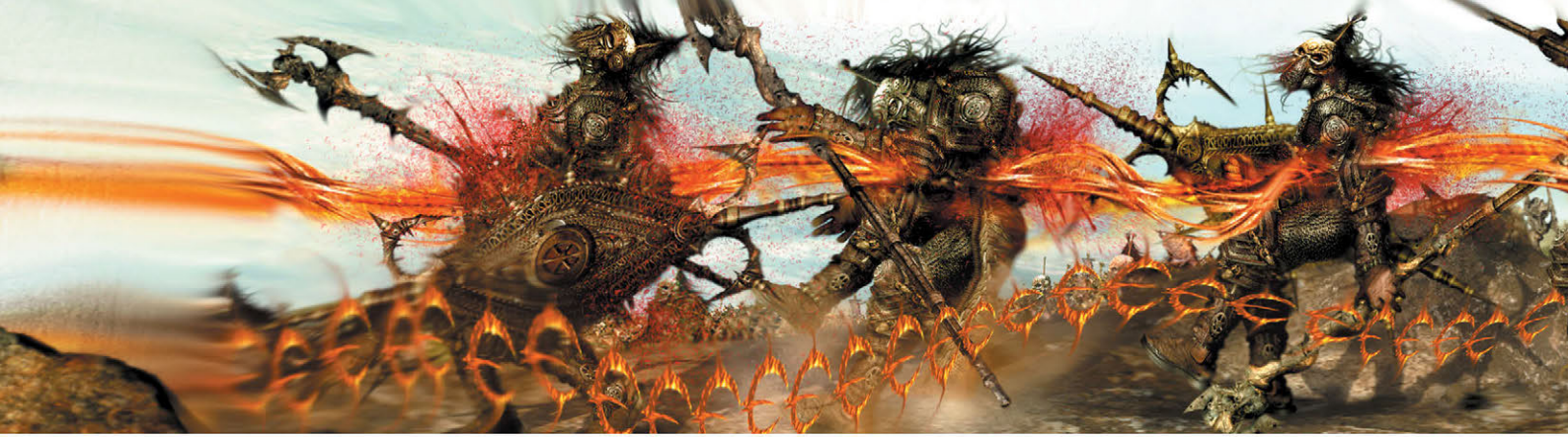
IBAR!

GO!

MAKE YOUR  
WAY THROUGH  
THE WOUNDS OF  
THE ENEMY!

DO NOT  
RETURN TO  
MY HAND UNTIL  
THERE IS NO  
INVADER LEFT  
STANDING!





















NIAMH'S SWORD!  
IT WAS BURIED WITH  
HER!



YOU HAVE  
DESECRATED  
HER GRAVE,  
SETHOR!

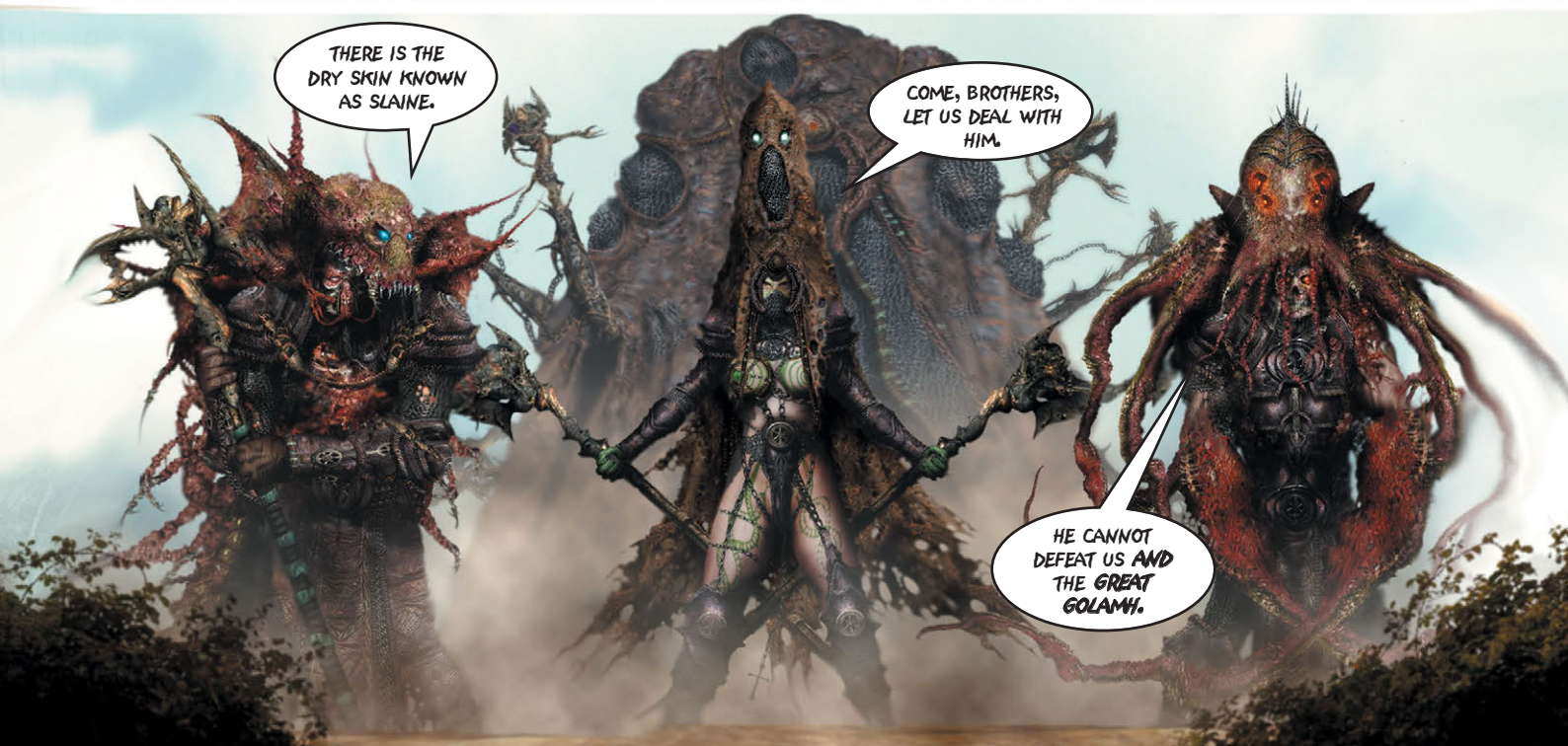


DO YOU WANT  
TO VENERATE  
THE DEAD?



OR **SAVE**  
THE LIVING?

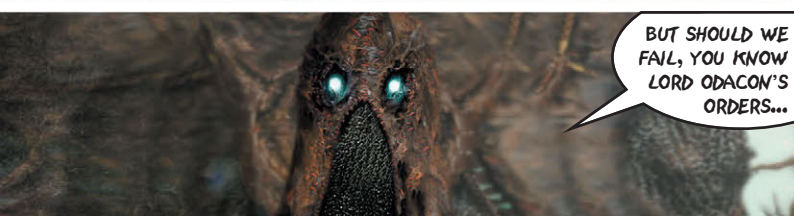
THE SILVER SWORD  
OF THE MOON WILL CUT  
THROUGH EVEN ATLANTIAN  
ARMOUR!



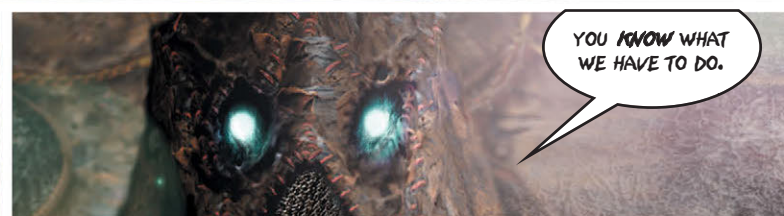
THERE IS THE  
DRY SKIN KNOWN  
AS SLAINE.

COME, BROTHERS,  
LET US DEAL WITH  
HIM.

HE CANNOT  
DEFEAT US **AND**  
THE **GREAT**  
GOLAMH.



BUT SHOULD WE  
FAIL, YOU KNOW  
LORD ODAON'S  
ORDERS...



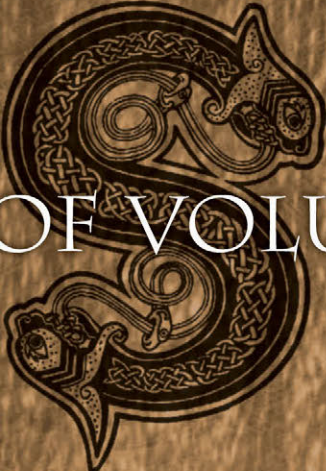
YOU **KNOW** WHAT  
WE HAVE TO DO.





GOLAMHS!





END OF VOLUME 1



CLINT LANGLEY ART GALLERY

*Clint Langley*













03  
Clint Langhelf









Original art by Clint Langley





Original art by Clint Langley





## CREATOR BIOGS

**Pat Mills** is the creator and first editor of *2000 AD*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he is the writer and co-creator of *ABC Warriors*, *Finn*, *Flesh*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Sláine*, *M.A.C.H 1*, *Harlem Heroes* and *Savage*. He also developed *Judge Dredd* and wrote one of the early *Dredd* serials — 'The Cursed Earth'. He wrote *Third World War* for *Crisis!*, a politically-charged spin-off from *2000 AD*, and *Black Suddha* for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. Outside *2000 AD* he is the writer and co-creator of the long-running classic anti-war story *Charley's War*, as well as *Marshal Law*. He has also written for the *Batman*, *Star Wars* and *Zombie World* series for the US market. Currently Mills is writing the best-selling series *Requiem* — *Vampire Knight* for Editions Nickel of France with artist Olivier Ledroit, and a spin-off series, *Claudia* — *Vampire Knight*, with artist Frank Tacito. Two further French series are in production.

**Clint Langley** began his *2000 AD* career with the fully-painted artwork of his co-created series *Dinosty*, and has also illustrated, *Judge Dredd*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Outlaw*, *Sinister Dexter* and *Tales of Telguuth*. However, it is the striking mixture of fully-painted art and digital manipulation on *Sláine* which are making him a firm favourite with fans! He is currently working on a new series of *ABC Warriors*.















# THE AXEMAN COMETH!

THE SEA DEVILS HAVE RISEN AGAINST TIR NAN OG, the Land of the Young, and Sláine, once the first High King of Ireland, must protect his tribe against this new tide of evil. Leading the demons is Moloch a hideous Fomorian lord, bristling with swords and driven by a perverse hunger for human suffering. Fighting alongside his warrior wife Niamh, Sláine must drive back the demons or pay a price too terrible to comprehend...

Written by 2000 AD's creator Pat Mills (*ABC Warriors*, *Charley's War*) this first volume in the Books of Invasions includes ten never-before-seen pages of art by Clint Langley (*Nemesis The Warlock*).

WWW.2000ADONLINE.COM

