

BASED ON H.G. WELLS' WAR OF THE WORLDS

Scarlet Traces

VOLUME ONE



IAN EDGINTON

Writer

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

IAN EDGINTON

To Jane, Connie, Seth and Corinthia, who are all the worlds I need.

D'ISRAELI

To Ian Edginton, where would I be now without you?

To Nick Percival for getting it started, Alan Barnes for rescuing it and Dave Land for helping it flourish.

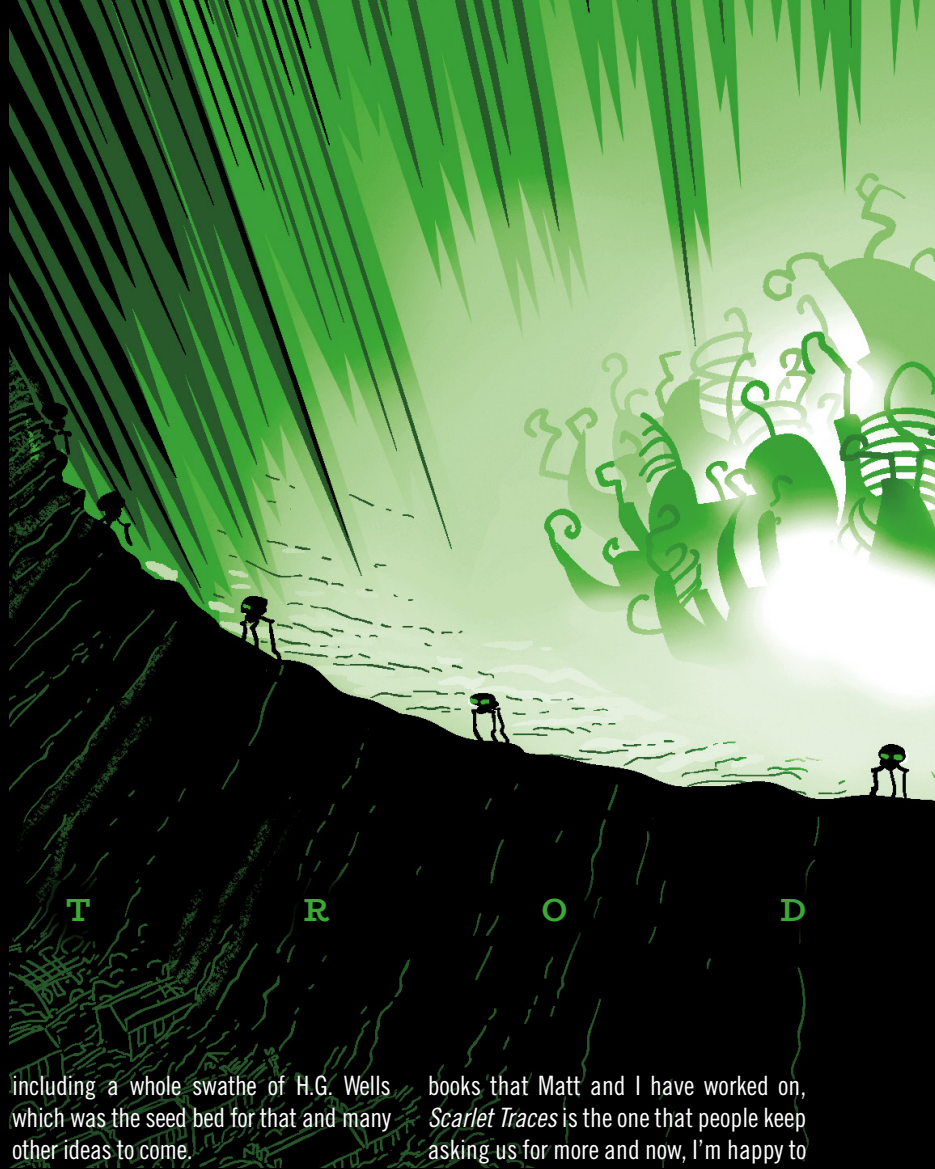
And to Lynn, for keeping me going through it all.

Scarlet Traces

VOLUME ONE



Scarlet Traces Created by: **Ian Edginton & D'Israeli**



I N T E R V I E W

'Funk and Precautions'

Ideas are never forgotten, especially if you're a writer. They're squirreled away, like acorns to be dug up in times of need. I have dozens of notebooks into which I've jotted interesting names, overheard snippets of conversations (writers are aural pickpockets, don't trust them!) intriguing 'What ifs?' and other assorted gubbins. There's one idea that I never wrote down though, I never really needed to as it loitered around my subconscious for years waiting for its number to be called:

'What happened to all the Martian technology after the end of the War of the Worlds?'

It seemed like an obvious question but as far as I could tell no one had asked it. In my teens I'd been laid low with glandular fever and to pass the time I read voraciously

including a whole swathe of H.G. Wells which was the seed bed for that and many other ideas to come.

Forty years on, that stray thought has had more mileage than I ever could have imagined. Furnished and burnished by the singular visuals of Matt Brooker, aka D'Israeli, *Scarlet Traces* has transitioned through a number of publishers, spawned a sequel and a prequel before settling in here, at Rebellion.

Scarlet Traces was never just about Martian machinery, it's also an observation on Empire and colonialism, on what it means to be a hero, on doing the right thing for the wrong reasons and vice versa. It's the high concept that draws people in but it's the details and subtleties that holds them. Of all the

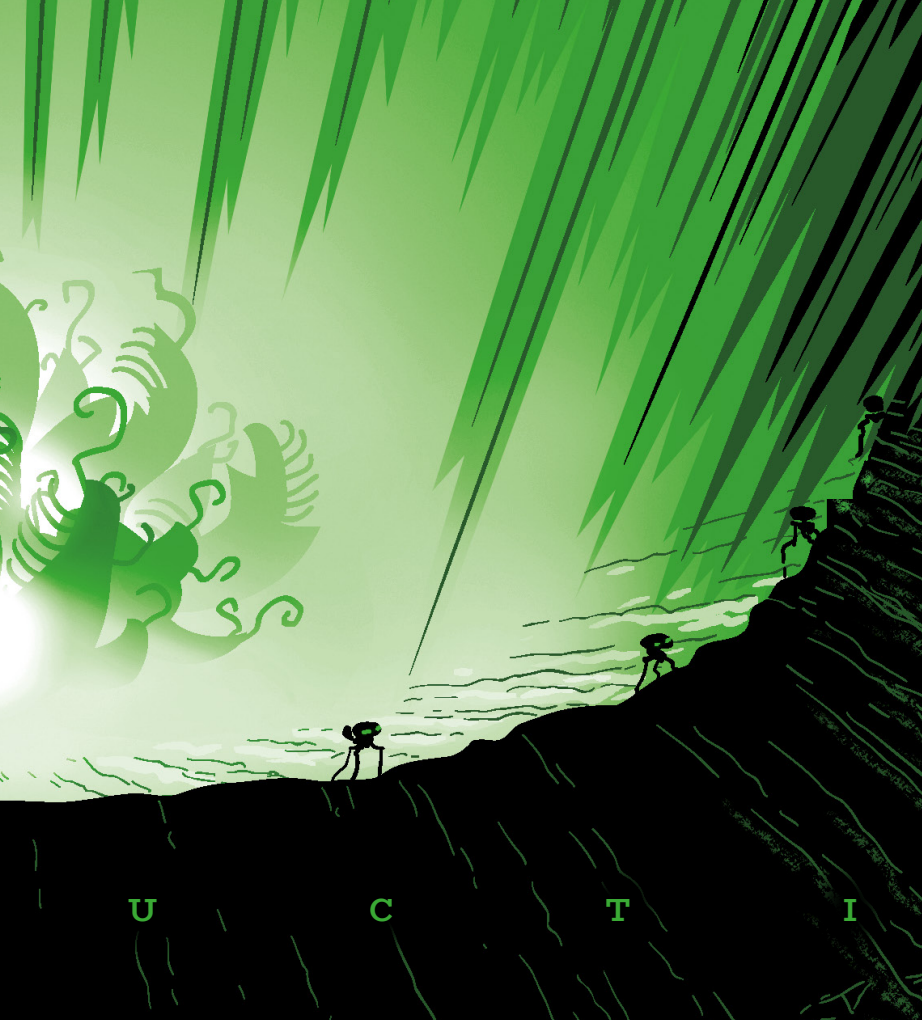
books that Matt and I have worked on, *Scarlet Traces* is the one that people keep asking us for more and now, I'm happy to say, we can oblige them.

I must mention in dispatches the sterling stewardship of Dave Eliot and Steve White of Tundra UK, the late Gary Reed of Caliber Comics, the noble folk at Cool Beans, Randy Stradley at Dark Horse and the redoubtable Alan Barnes who all saw merit in the story and carried it forwards.

By the way, the line 'funk and precautions' isn't a George Clinton track but spoken by the shell-shocked Artilleryman in Wells novel:

'No proud dreams and no proud lusts; and a man who hasn't one or the other... what is he but funk and precautions.'

Ian Edginton
Birmingham, October 2016



U C T I O N

'It All Comes Back to Scarlet Traces'

Scarlet Traces? Let me tell you what it means to me.

For nearly a decade it was nothing more than Ian Edginton's inspired ideas and my photocopied scribbles making the rounds of submissions editors. But when it finally took off, it changed my life.

I'd been his middling, sorta-doing-okay artist for years - in the 80's and 90's I did few high profile things (such as colouring on *Miracleman* and inking on *Sandman*) but I'd still never managed to pay the bills regularly. I even worked for 2000 AD as a colourist, but I never quite managed to work my way up to Art Droid, despite doing a couple of Future Shocks.

The *Scarlet Traces* came along. At first for ahead-of-its-time online comics publisher Coolbeans, who folded halfway through the project, then by 2000 AD's sister publication, The Judge Dredd Magazine, who published *Scarlet Traces* in their reprint slot. The reprint fee was just enough for us to live on while we finished the book, and meanwhile, 2000 AD editor Matt Smith saw some of the pages and commissioned *Leviathan* from us. And that was the real start of my 2000 AD Art Droid career.

Scarlet Traces went on to Dark Horse where they commissioned a sequel, *The Great Game*, and acquired rights to do the source novel, War of the Worlds, which also appears in this volume.

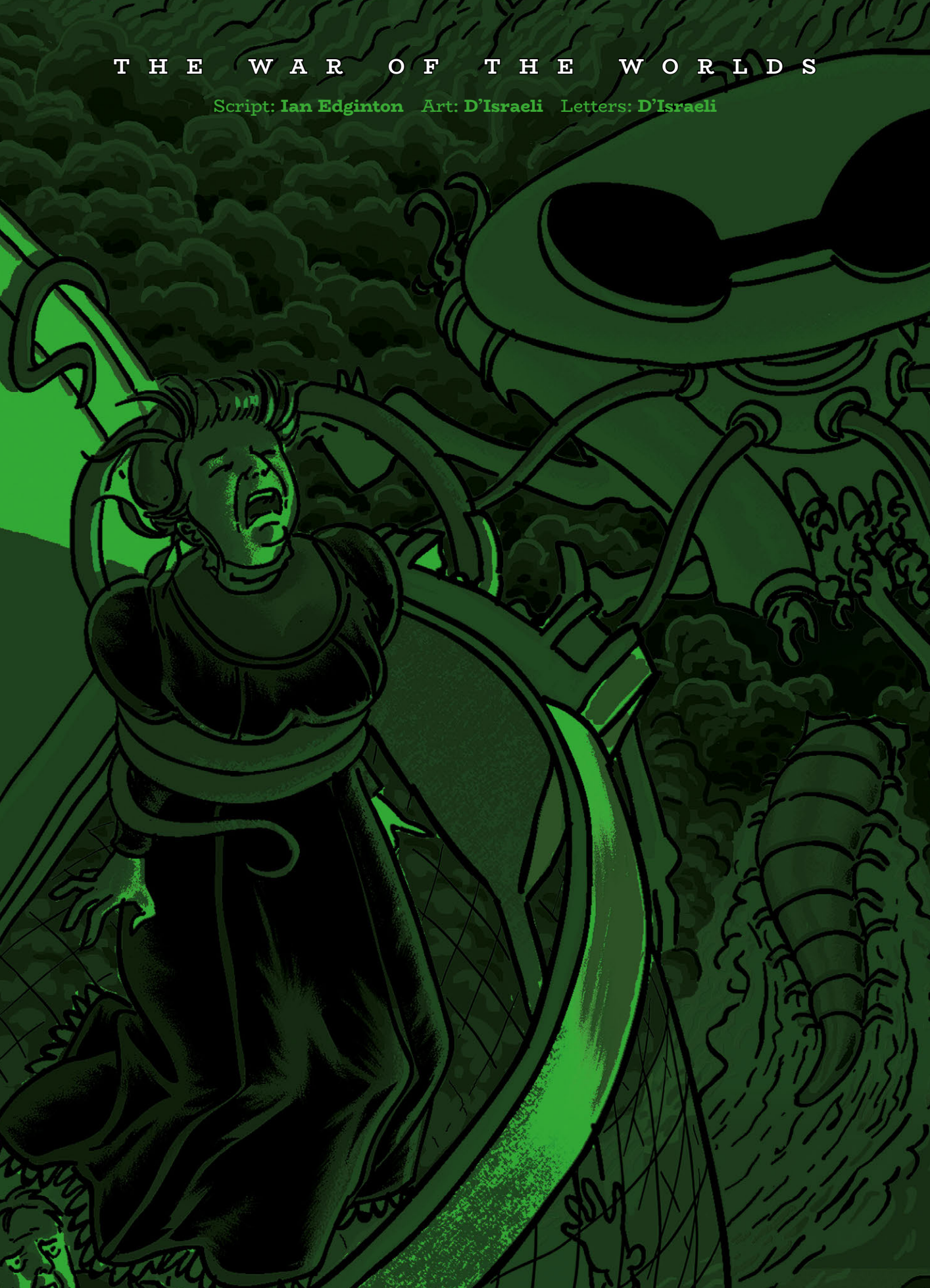
But it's *Scarlet Traces* that changed my life; my first long-form project working digitally, the one where I finally worked out who I was as an artist and really showed what I could do.

Now *Scarlet Traces* has come back to 2000 AD, and Ian and I are producing new chapters for the first time in a decade. I am where I hoped I would be, back in those days of inspired ideas and photocopied scribbles.

Matt Brooker (D'Israeli)
Nottingham, October 2016

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Script: Ian Edginton Art: D'Israeli Letters: D'Israeli

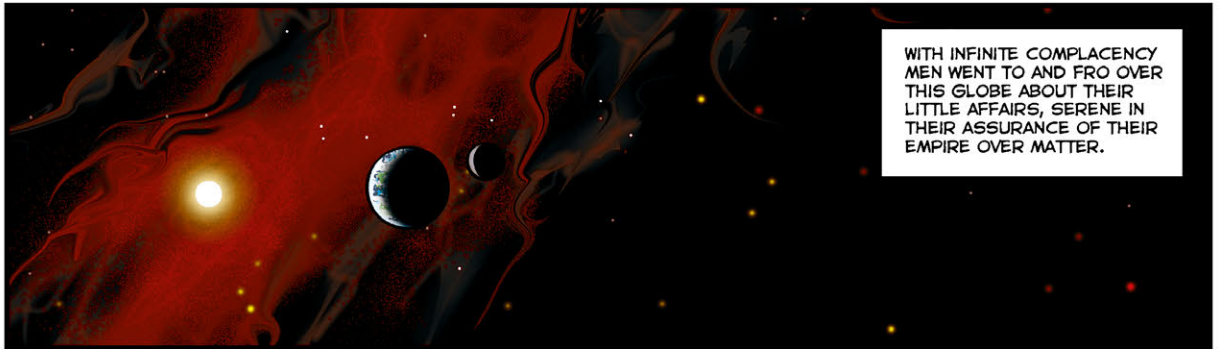




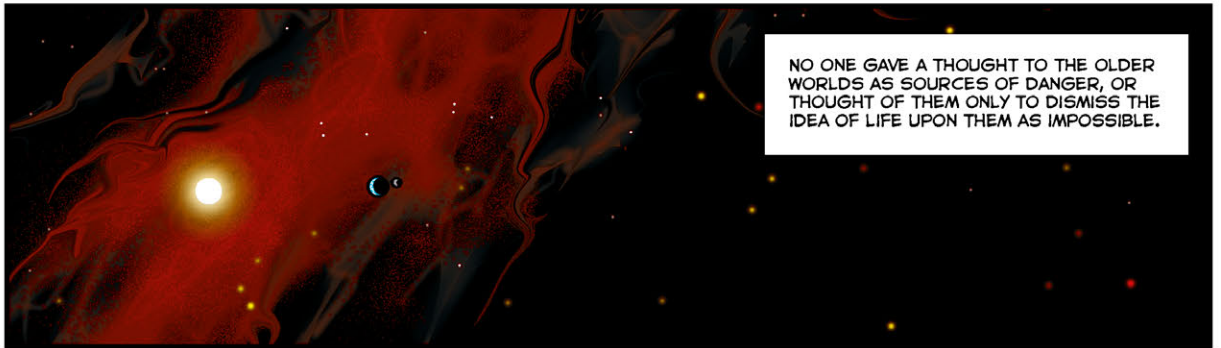
NO ONE WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IN THE LAST YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THAT THIS WORLD WAS BEING WATCHED KEENLY AND CLOSELY BY INTELLIGENCES GREATER THAN MAN'S.



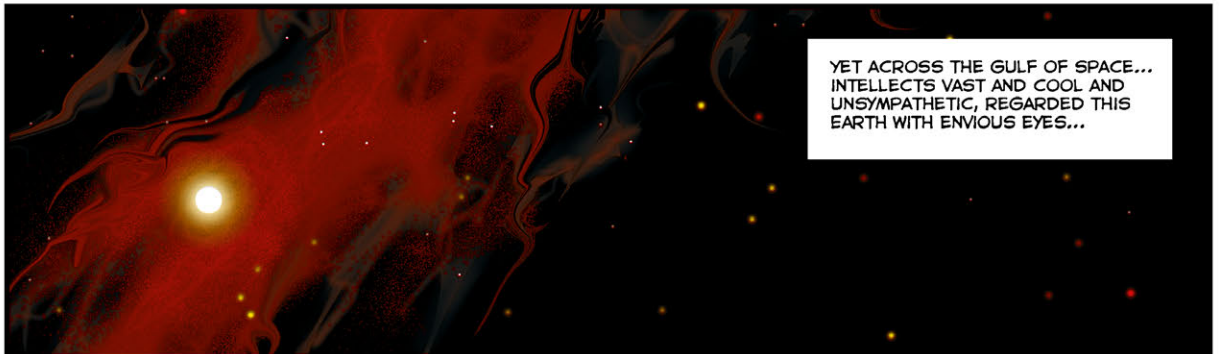
THAT AS MEN BUSIED THEMSELVES ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS CONCERNS, THEY WERE SCRUTINISED AND STUDIED AS A MAN WITH A MICROSCOPE MIGHT SCRUTINISE THE TRANSIENT CREATURES THAT SWARM AND MULTIPLY IN A DROP OF WATER.



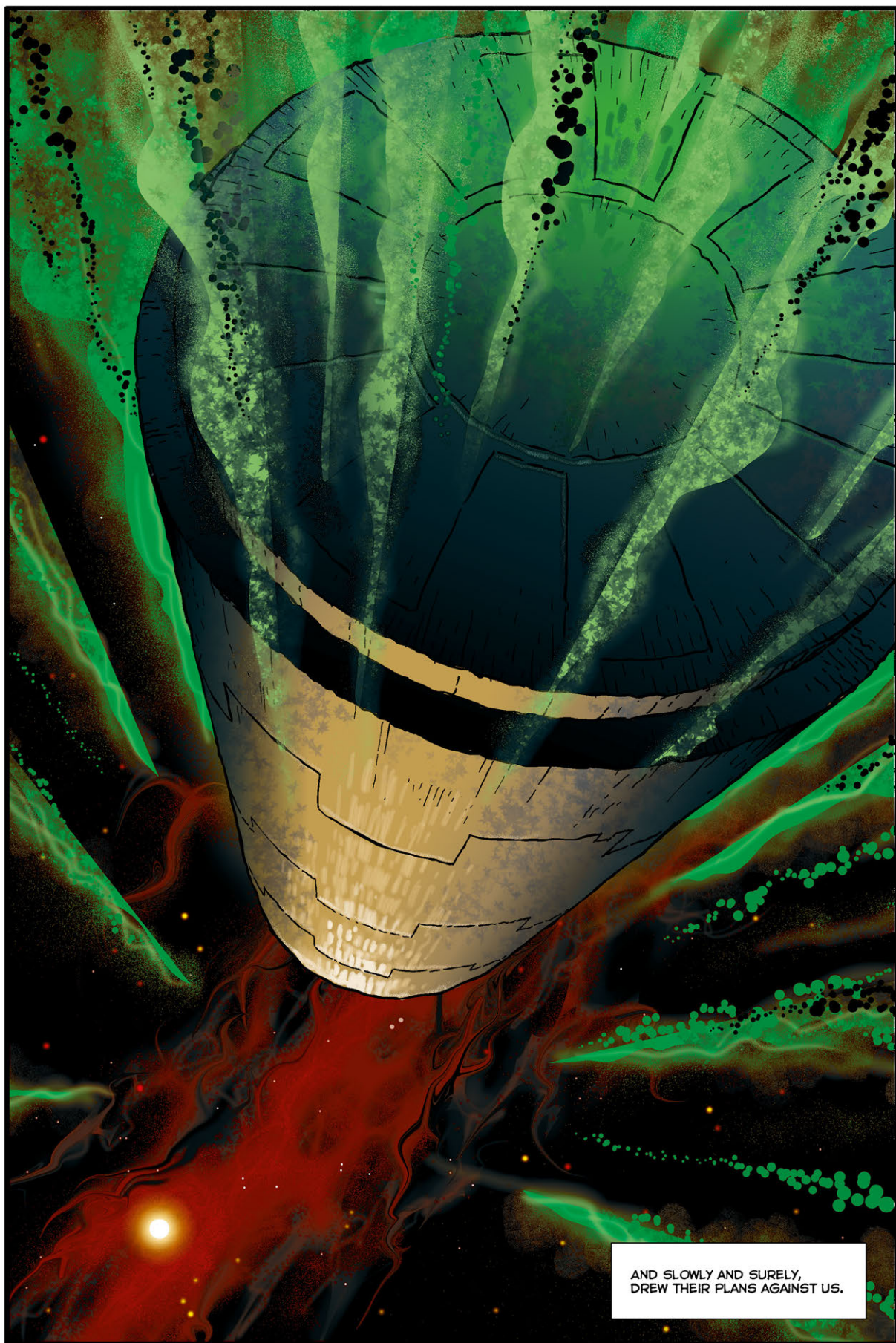
WITH INFINITE COMPLACENCY MEN WENT TO AND FRO OVER THIS GLOBE ABOUT THEIR LITTLE AFFAIRS, SERENE IN THEIR ASSURANCE OF THEIR EMPIRE OVER MATTER.



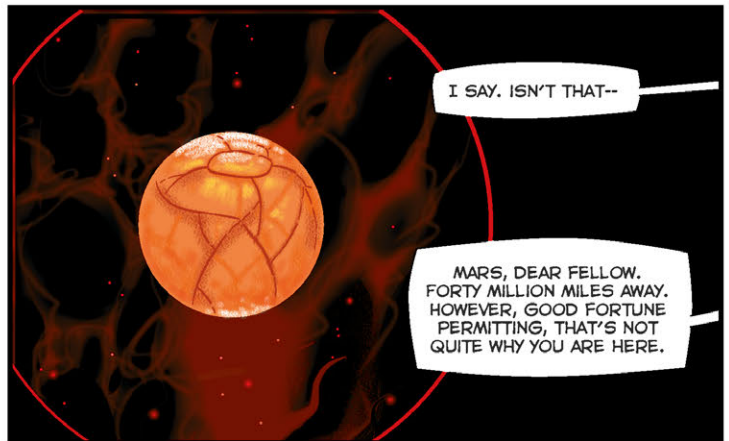
NO ONE GAVE A THOUGHT TO THE OLDER WORLDS AS SOURCES OF DANGER, OR THOUGHT OF THEM ONLY TO DISMISS THE IDEA OF LIFE UPON THEM AS IMPOSSIBLE.

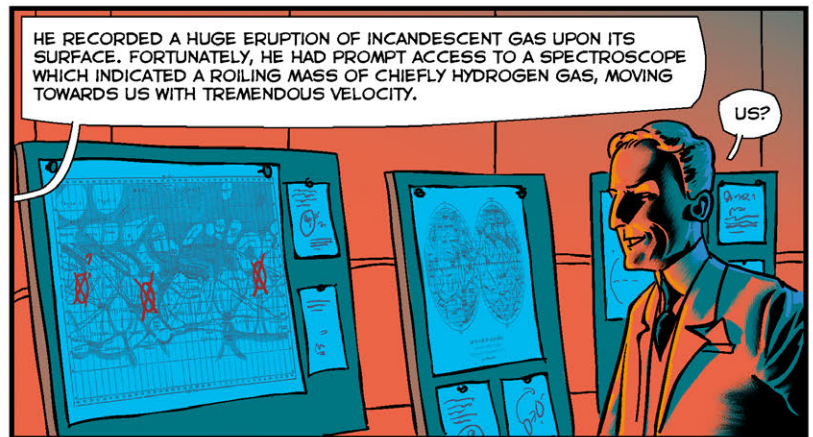
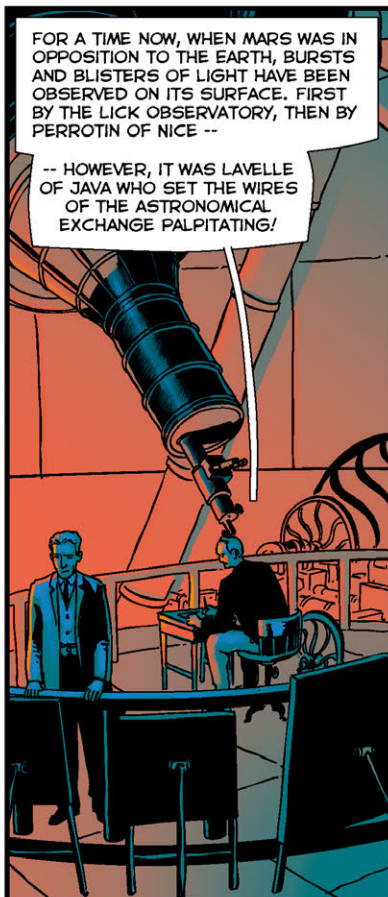
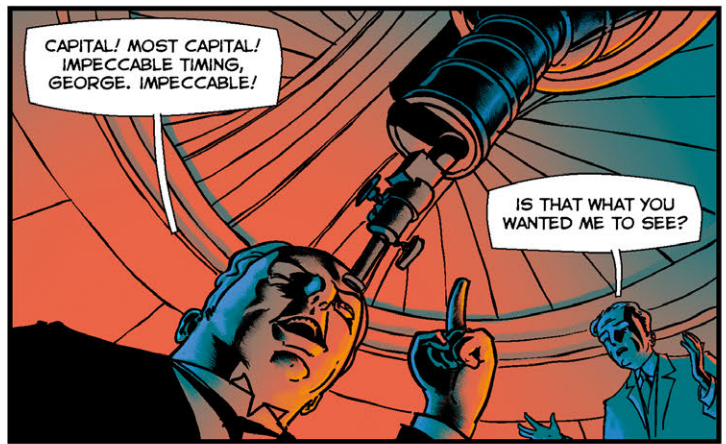
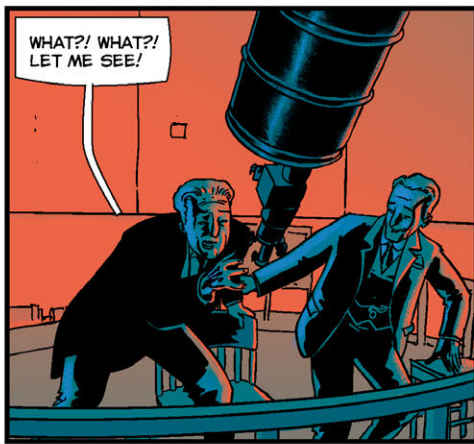


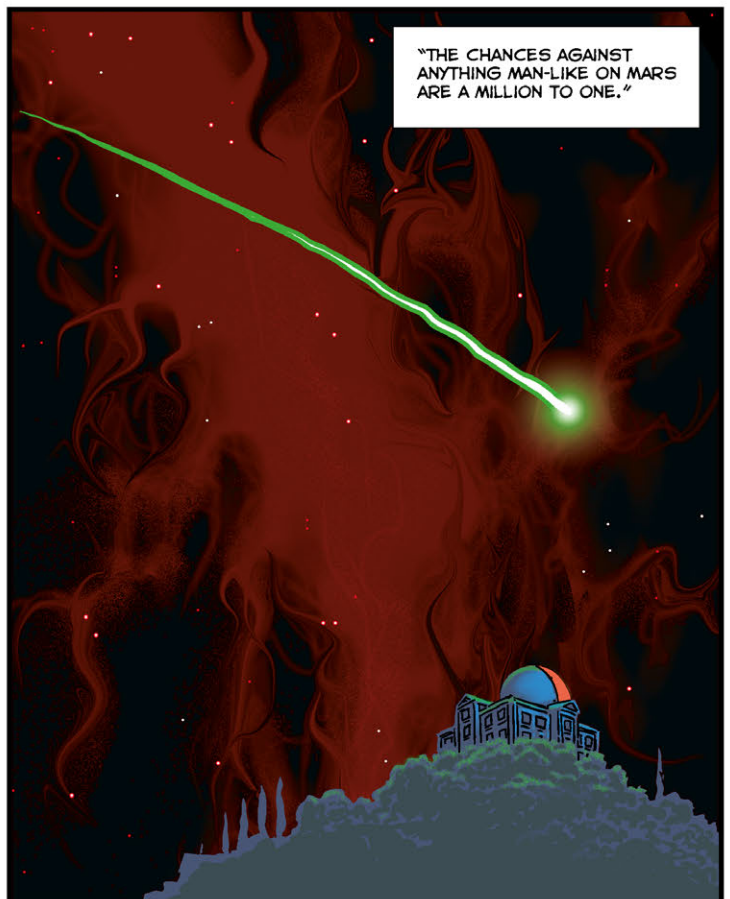
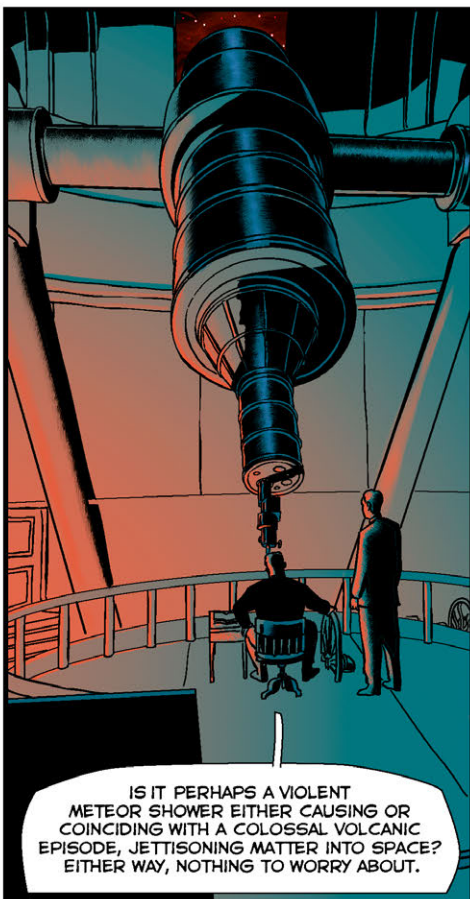
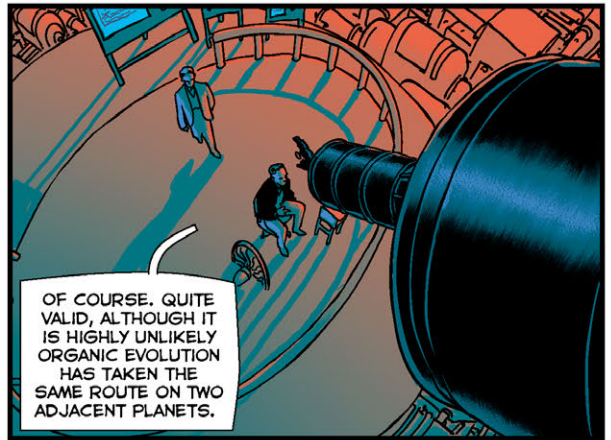
YET ACROSS THE GULF OF SPACE... INTELLECTS VAST AND COOL AND UNSYMPATHETIC, REGARDED THIS EARTH WITH ENVOUS EYES...

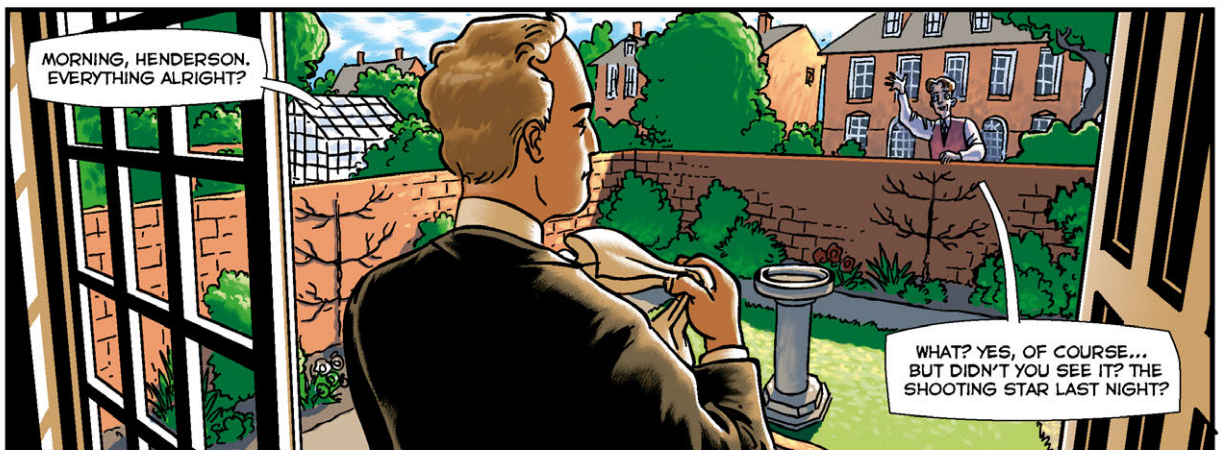
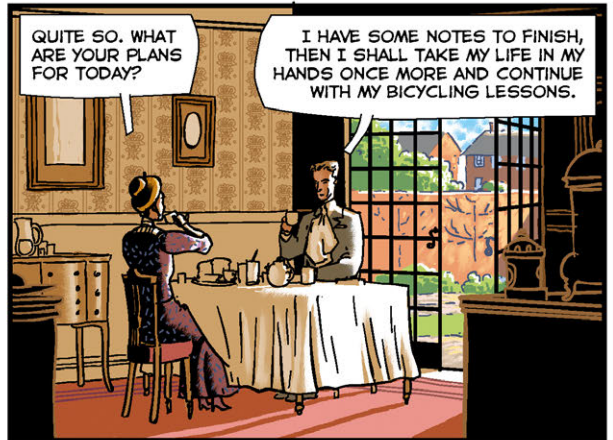
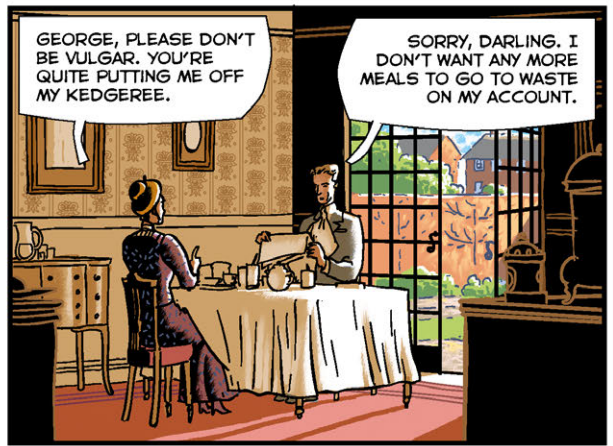


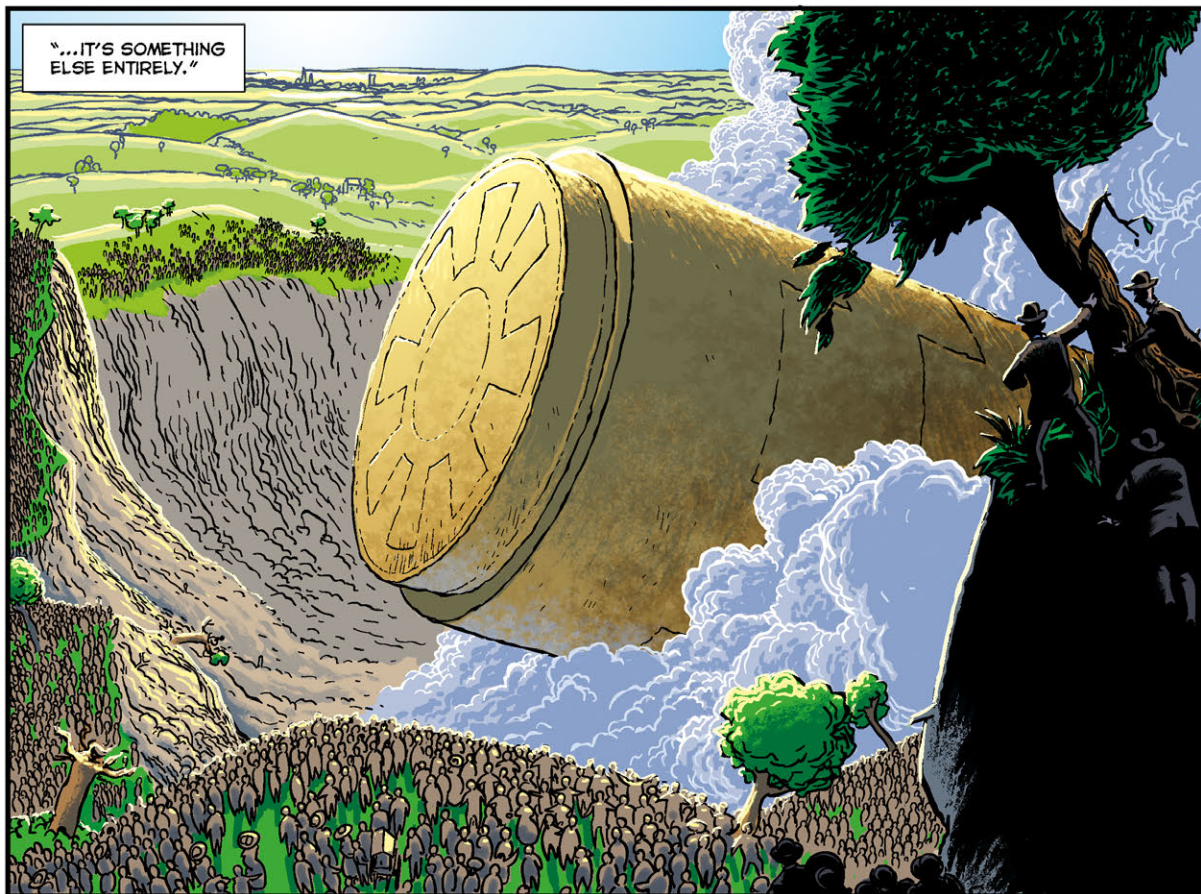
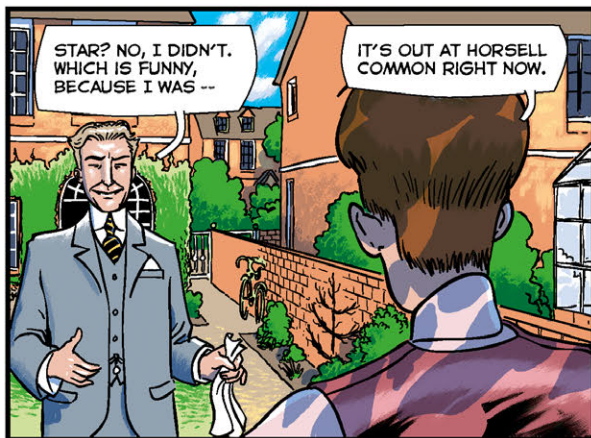
AND SLOWLY AND SURELY,
DREW THEIR PLANS AGAINST US.

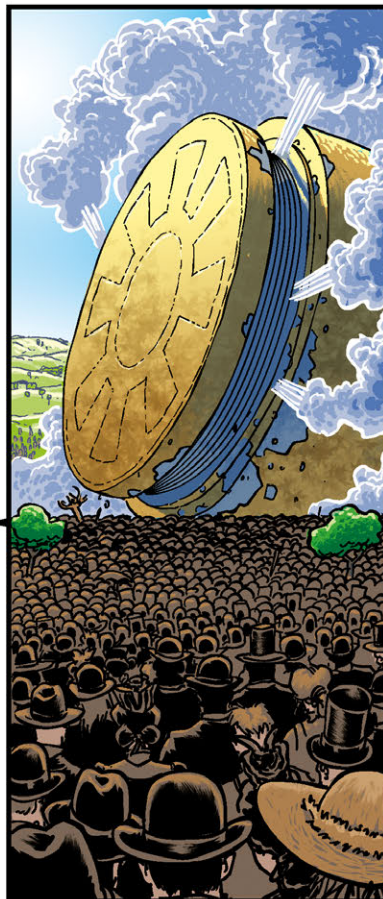


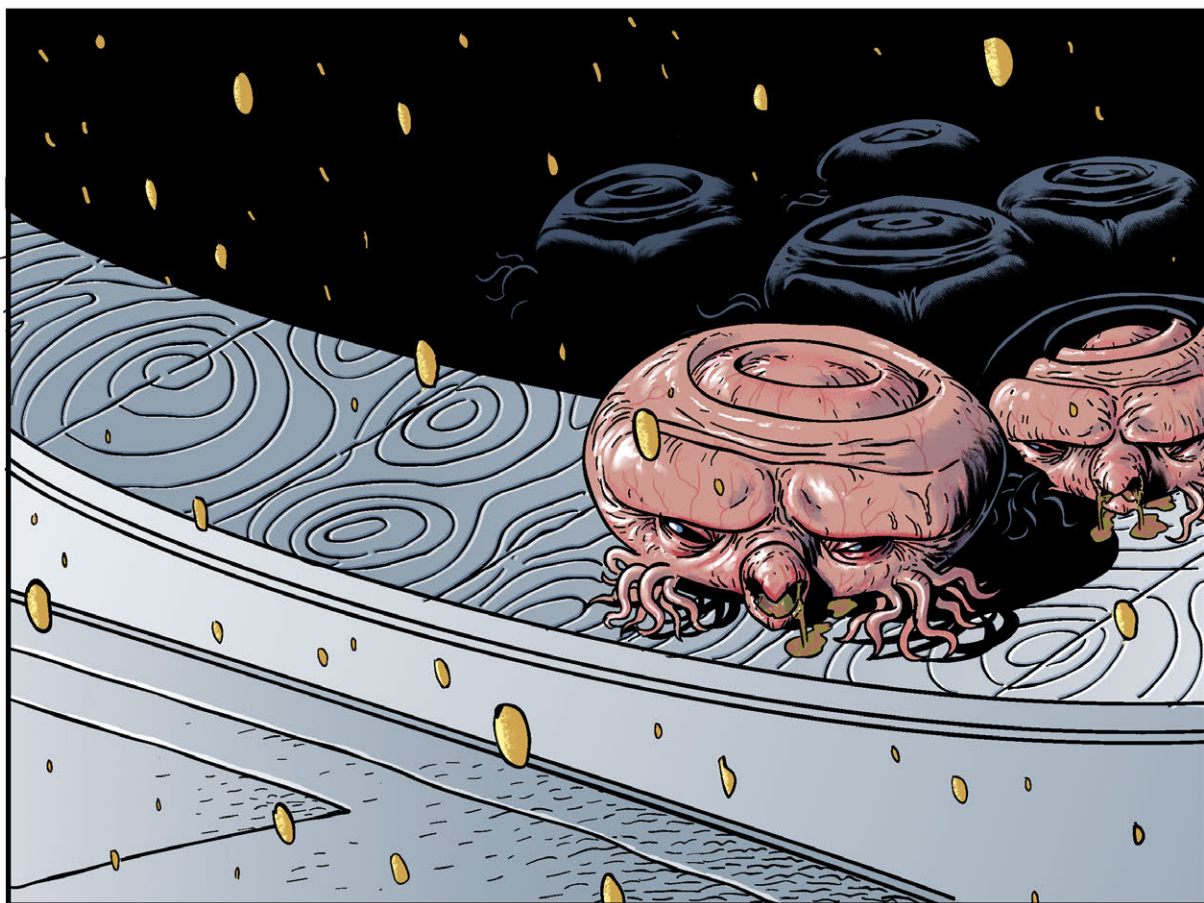
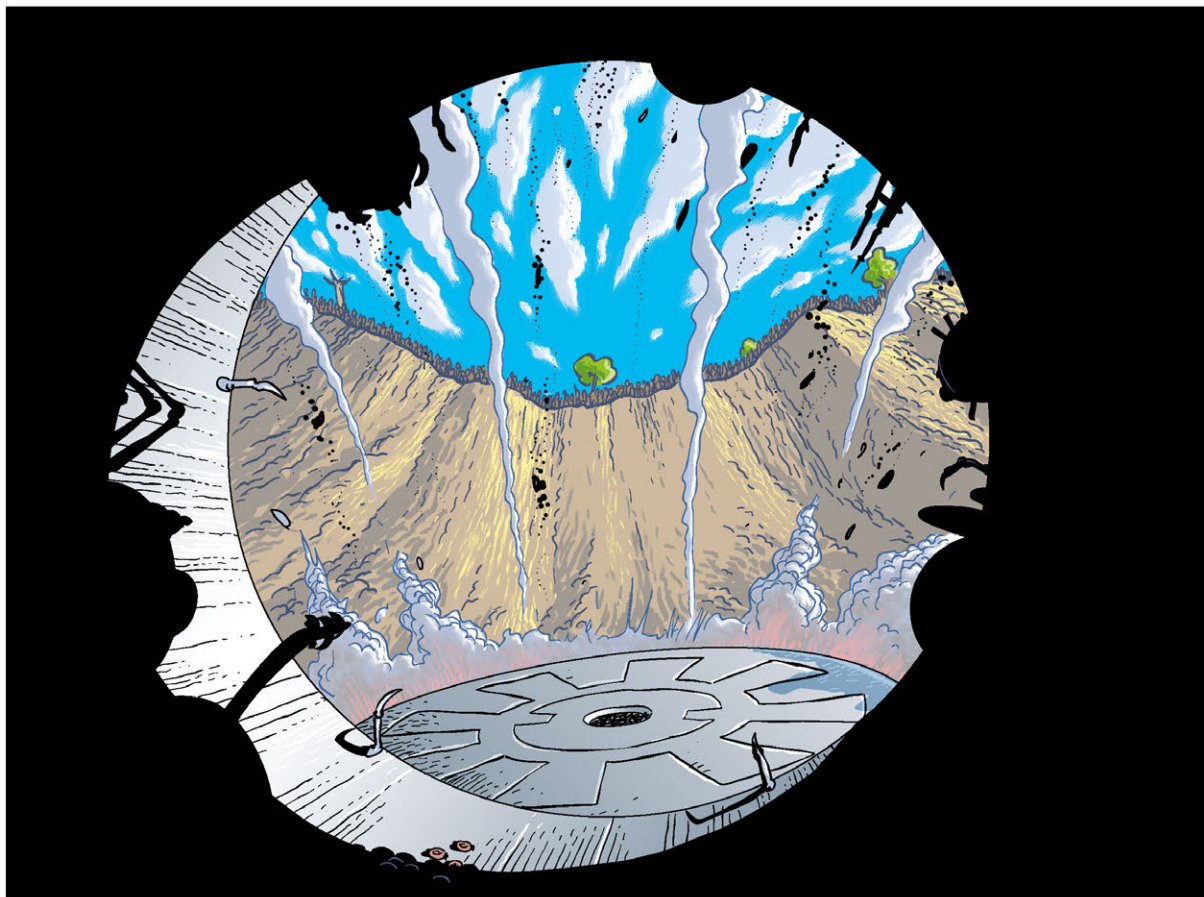


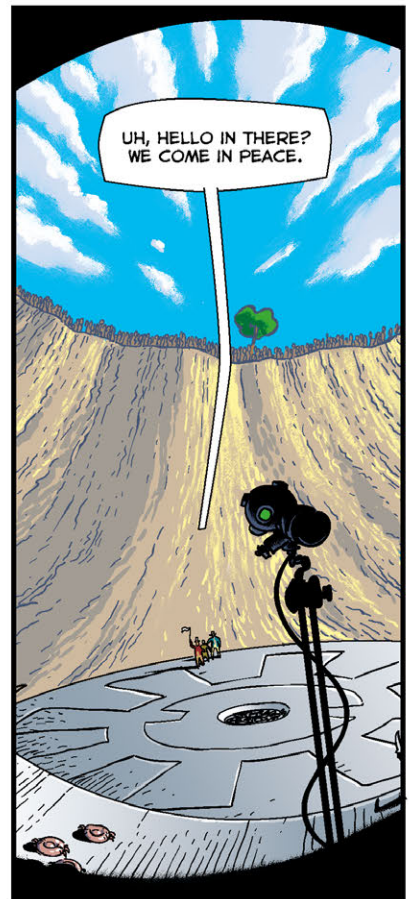
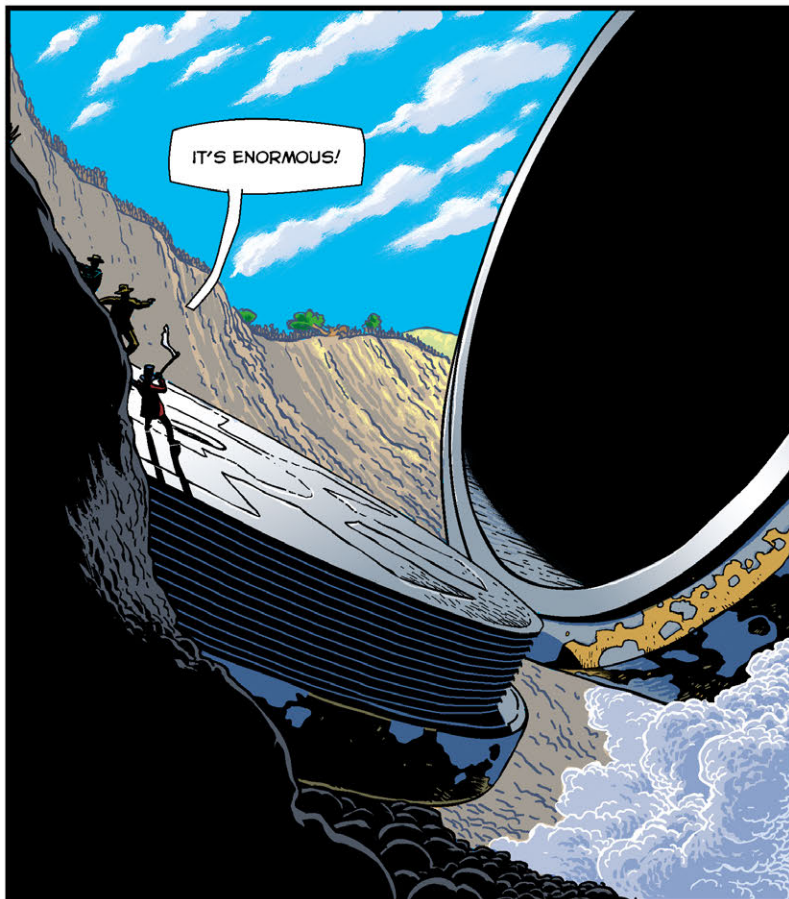
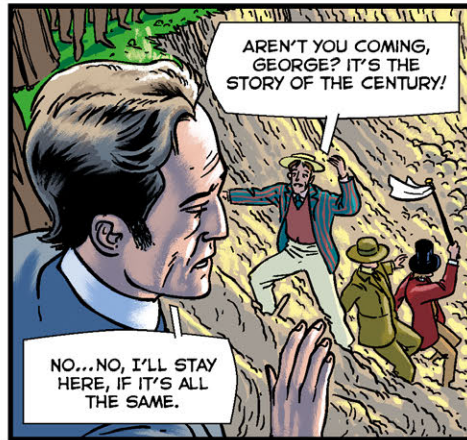


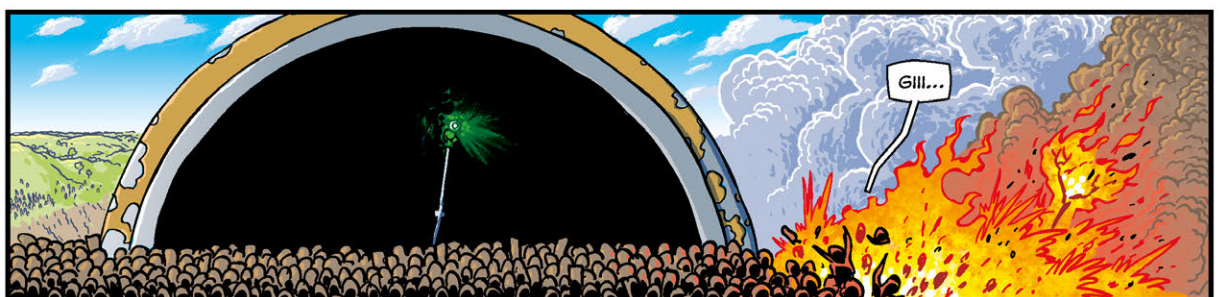
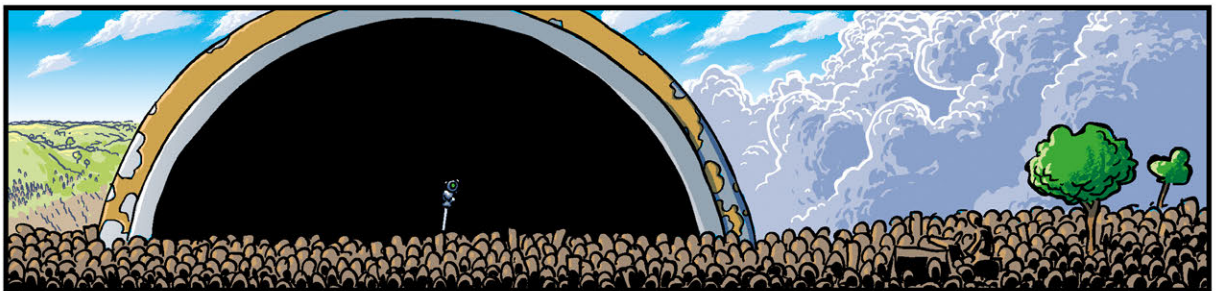
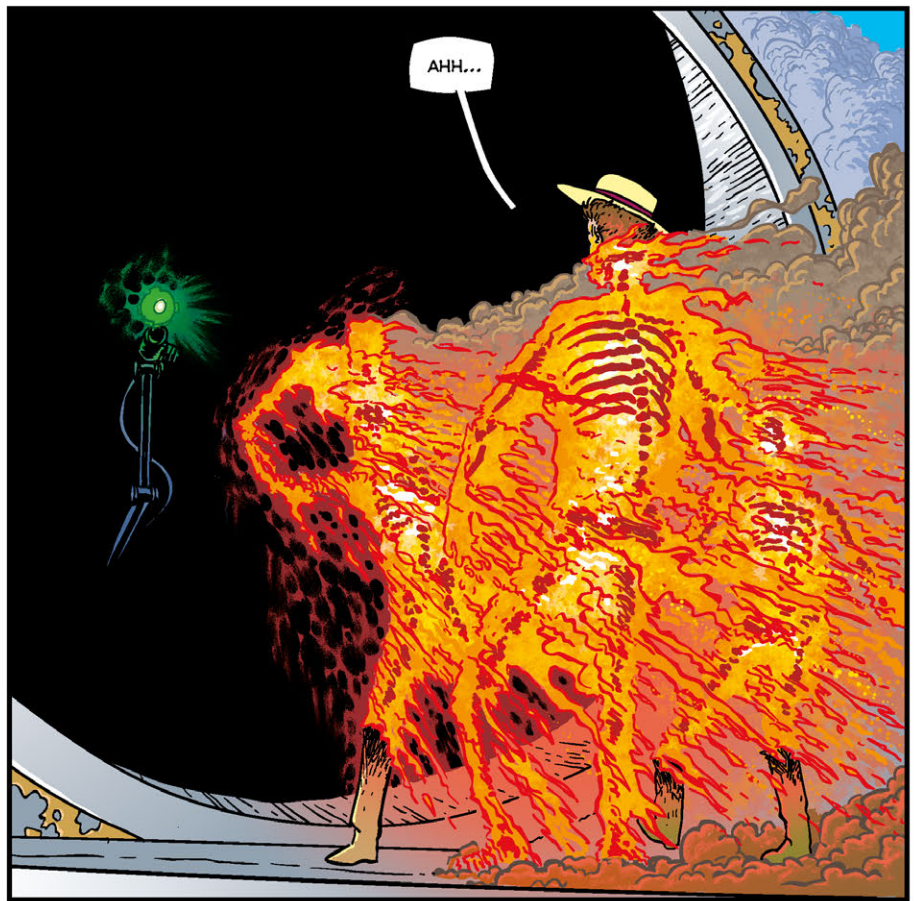


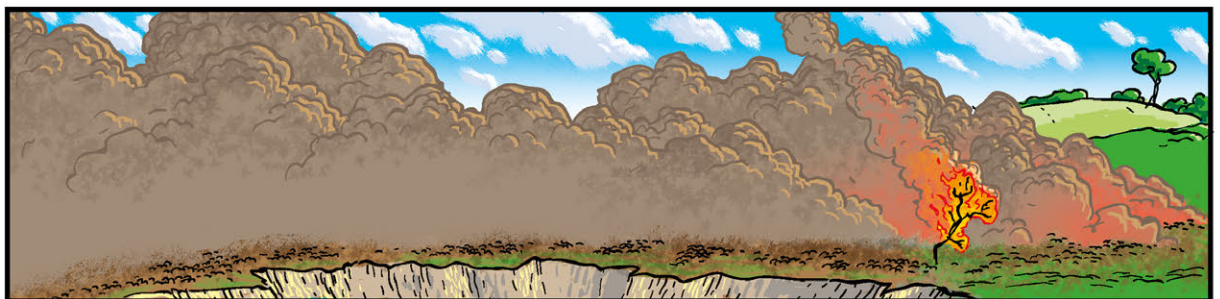
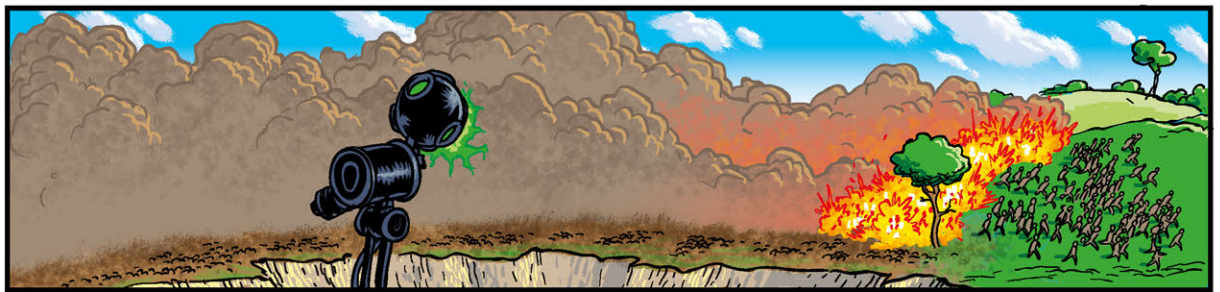
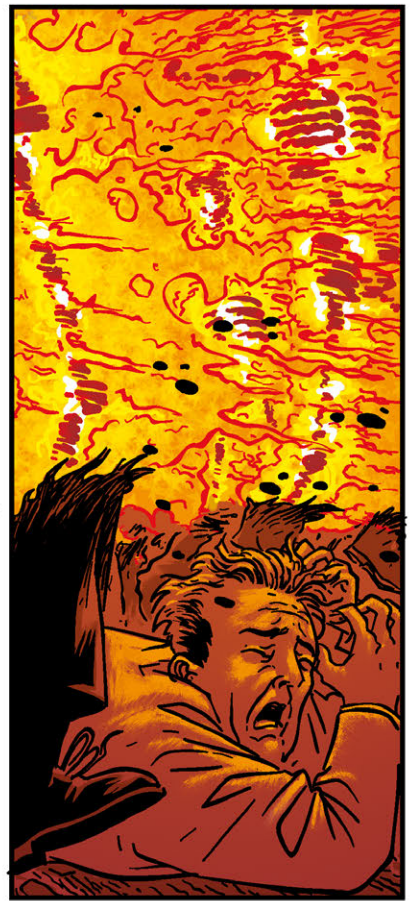


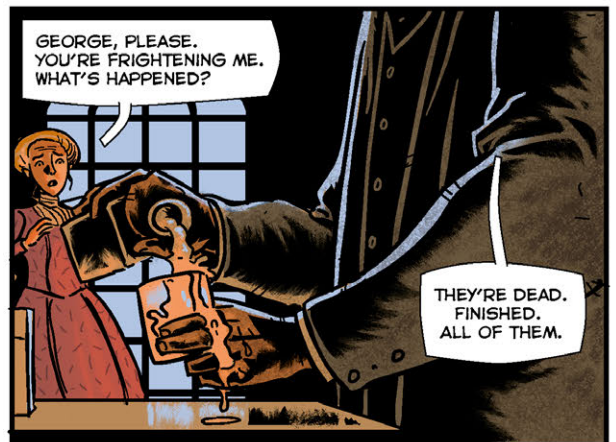
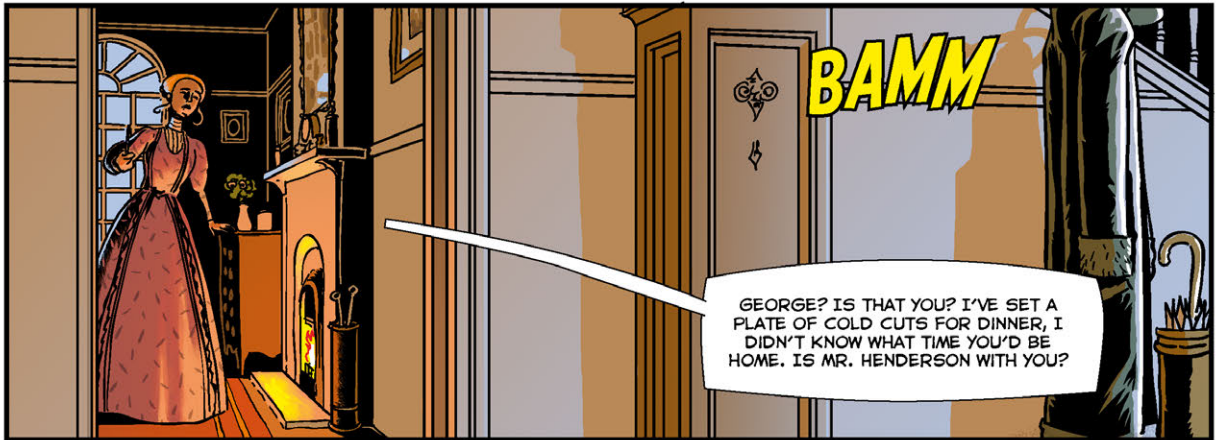
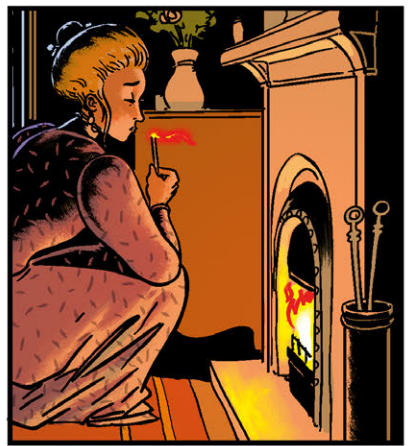


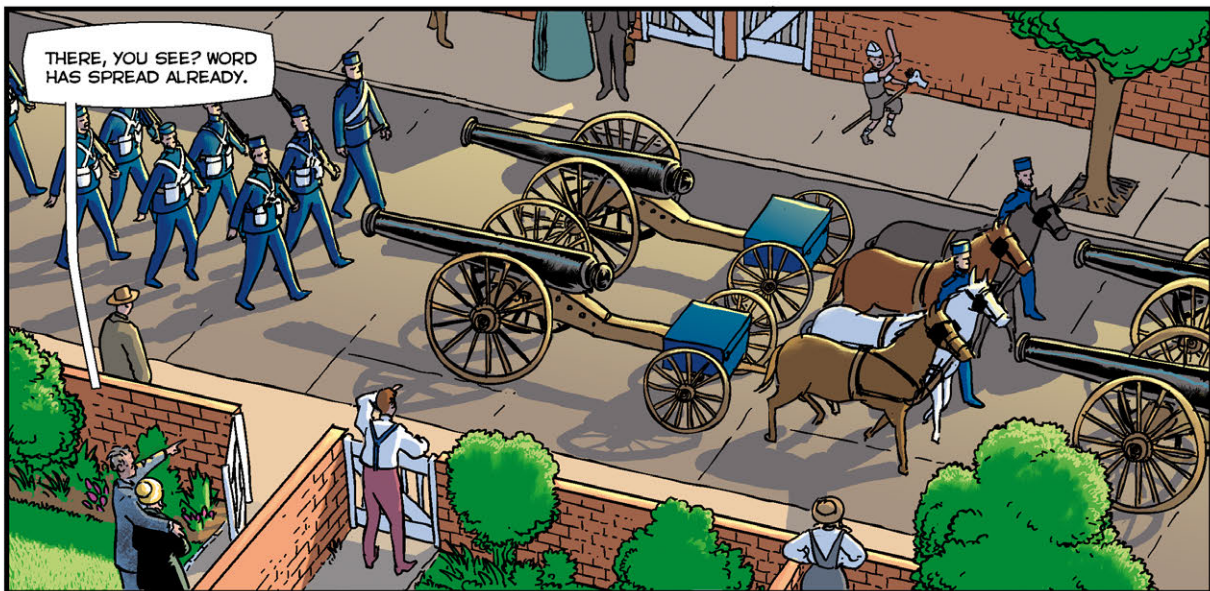
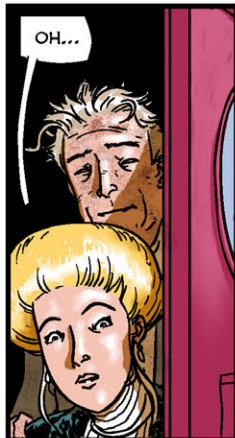
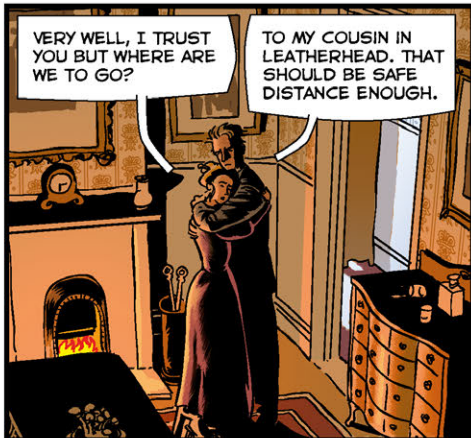
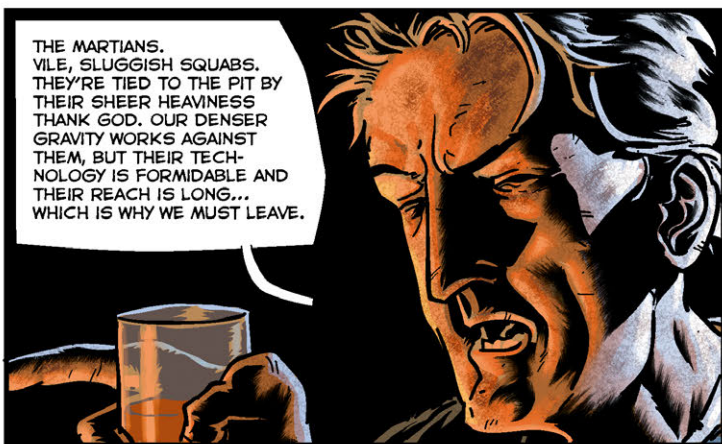




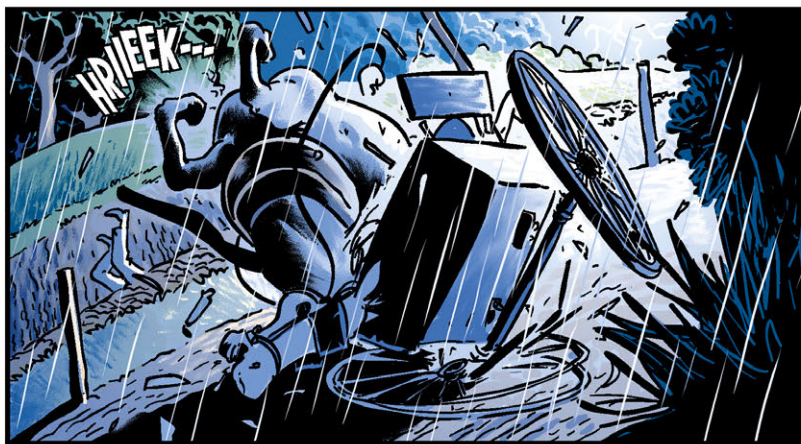
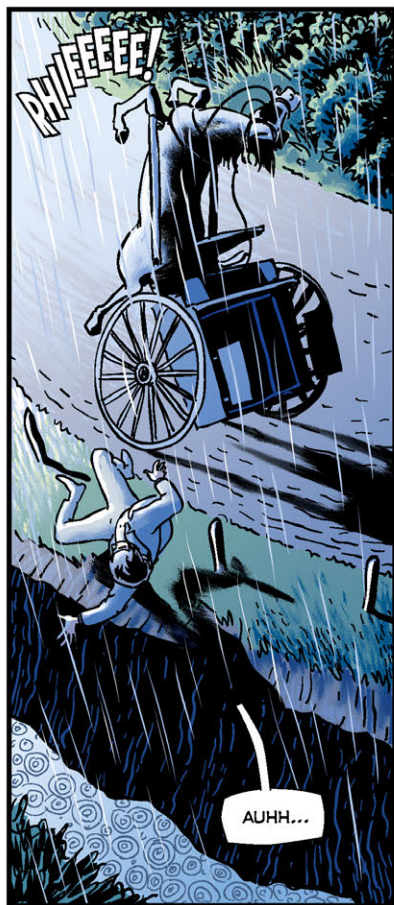


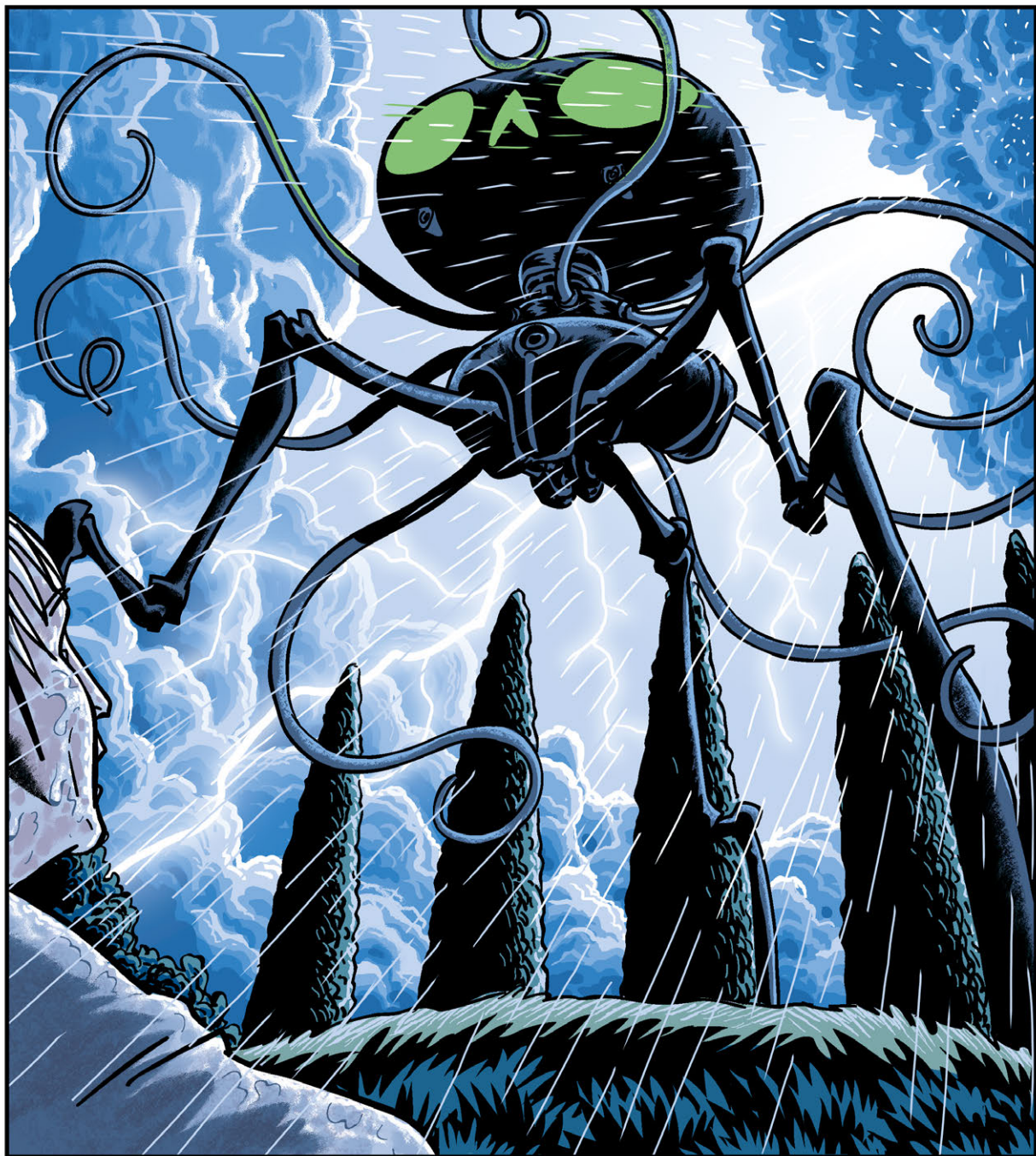


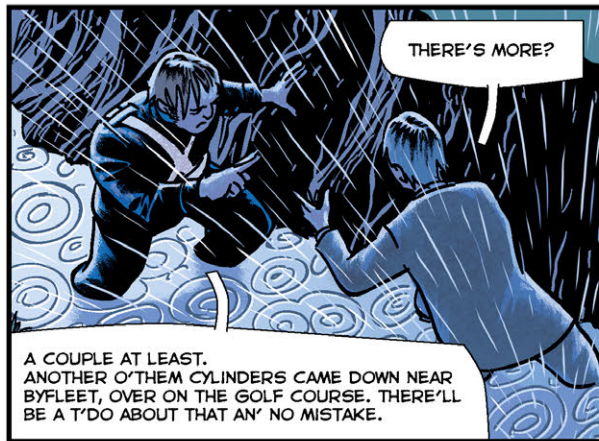
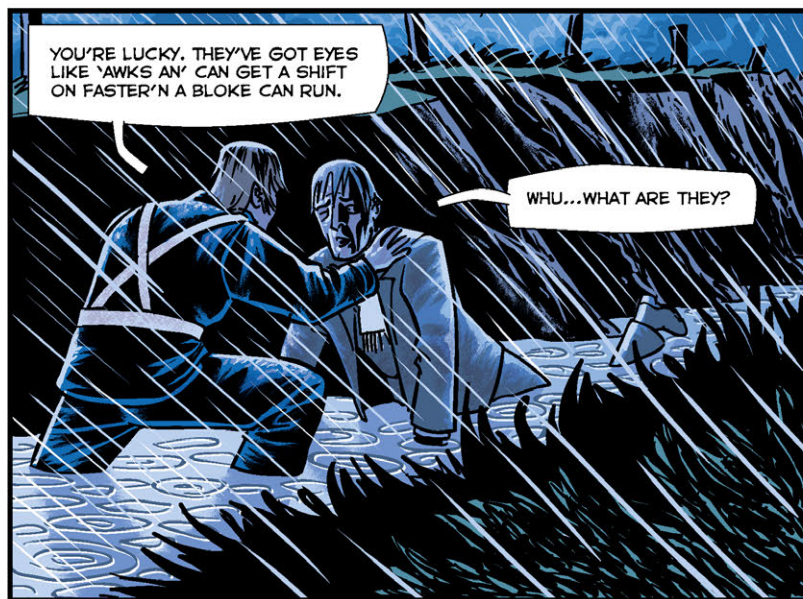


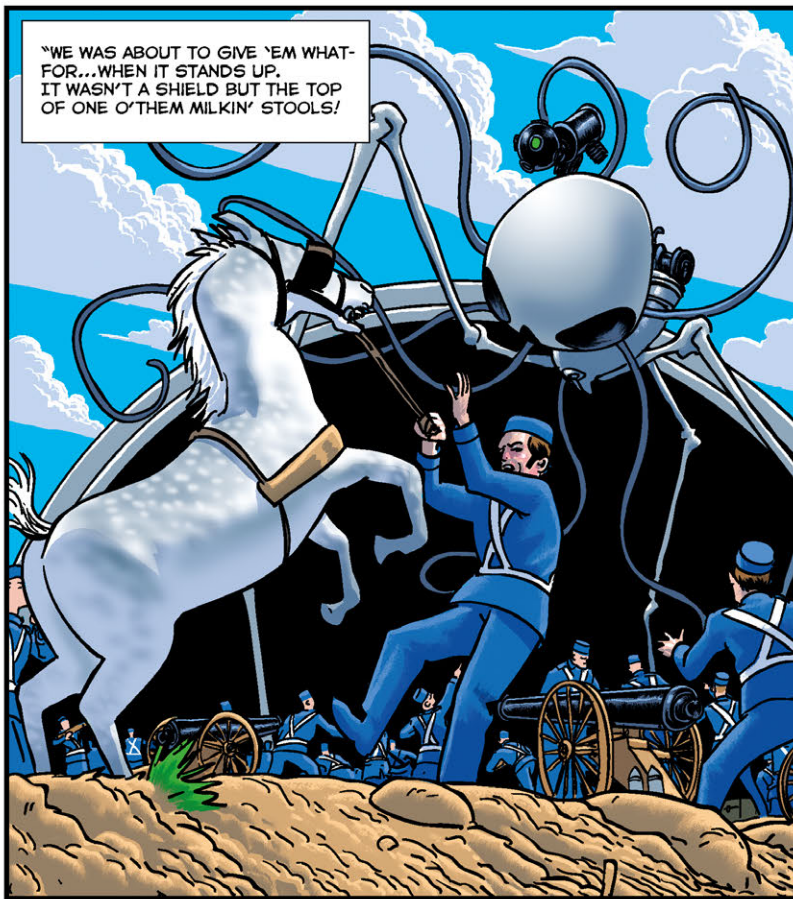




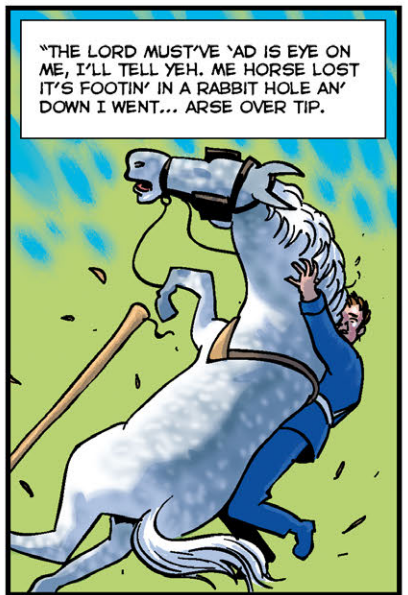




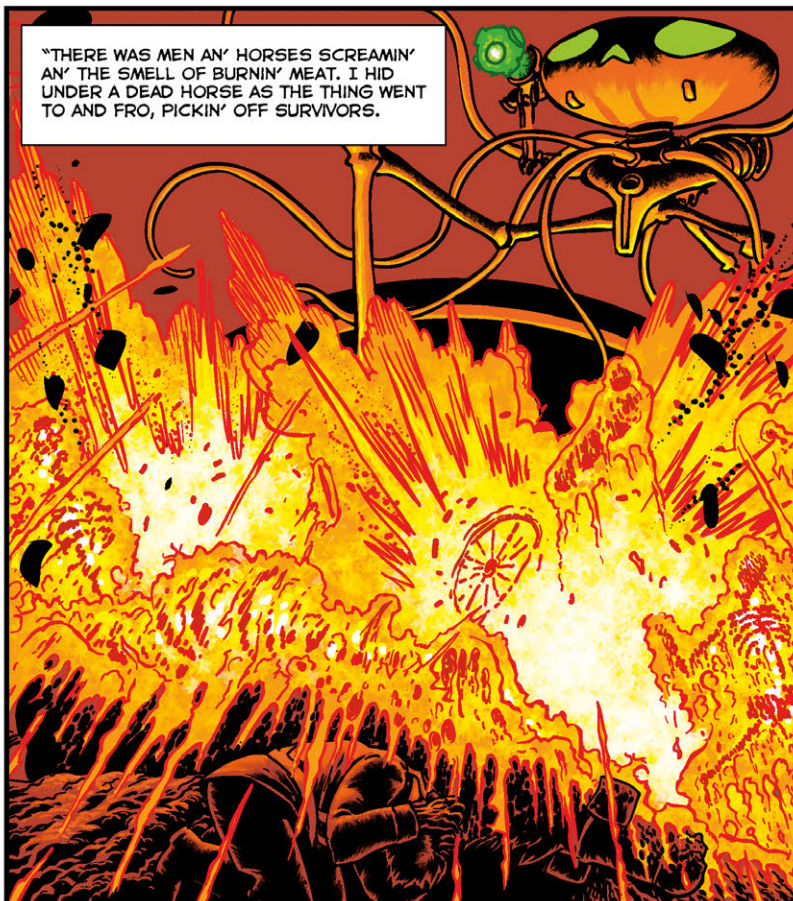




"WE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE 'EM WHAT-FOR...WHEN IT STANDS UP. IT WASN'T A SHIELD BUT THE TOP OF ONE O'THEM MILKIN' STOOLS!"



"THE LORD MUST'VE 'AD IS EYE ON ME, I'LL TELL YEH. ME HORSE LOST IT'S FOOTIN' IN A RABBIT HOLE AN' DOWN I WENT... ARSE OVER TIP."



"THERE WAS MEN AN' HORSES SCREAMIN' AN' THE SMELL OF BURNIN' MEAT. I HID UNDER A DEAD HORSE AS THE THING WENT TO AND FRO, PICKIN' OFF SURVIVORS."

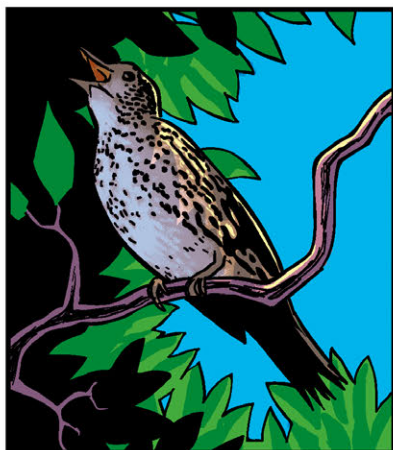
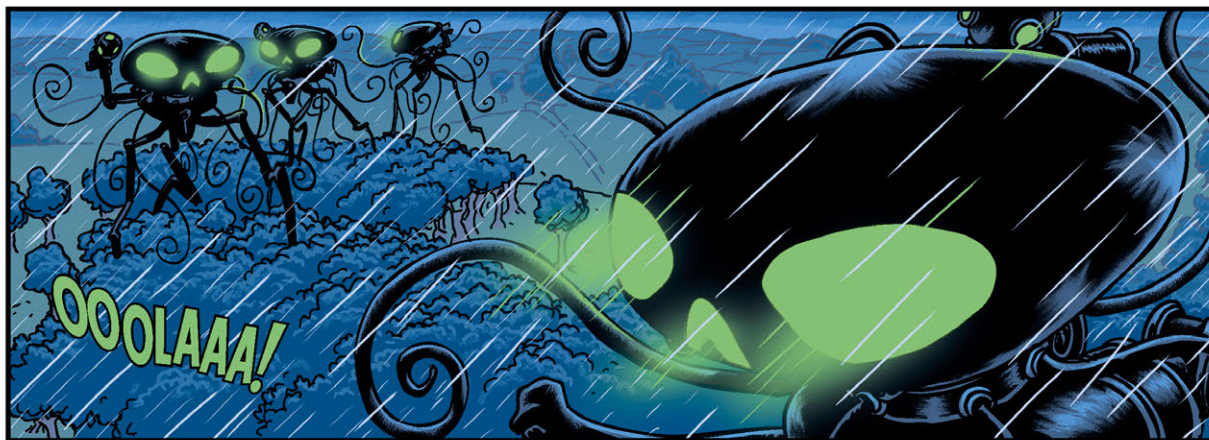


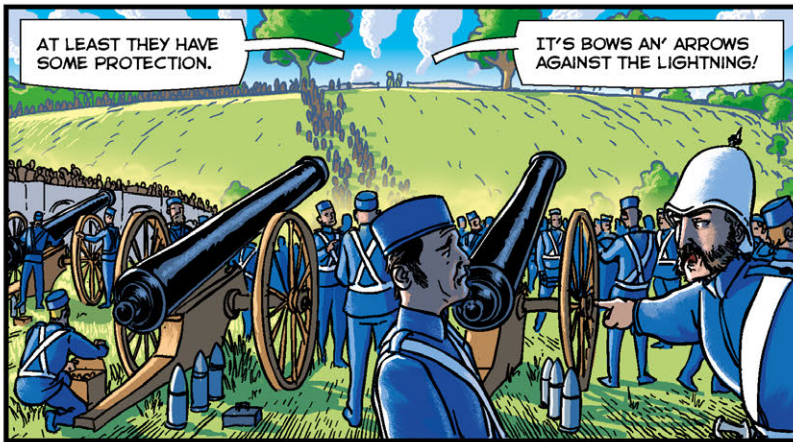
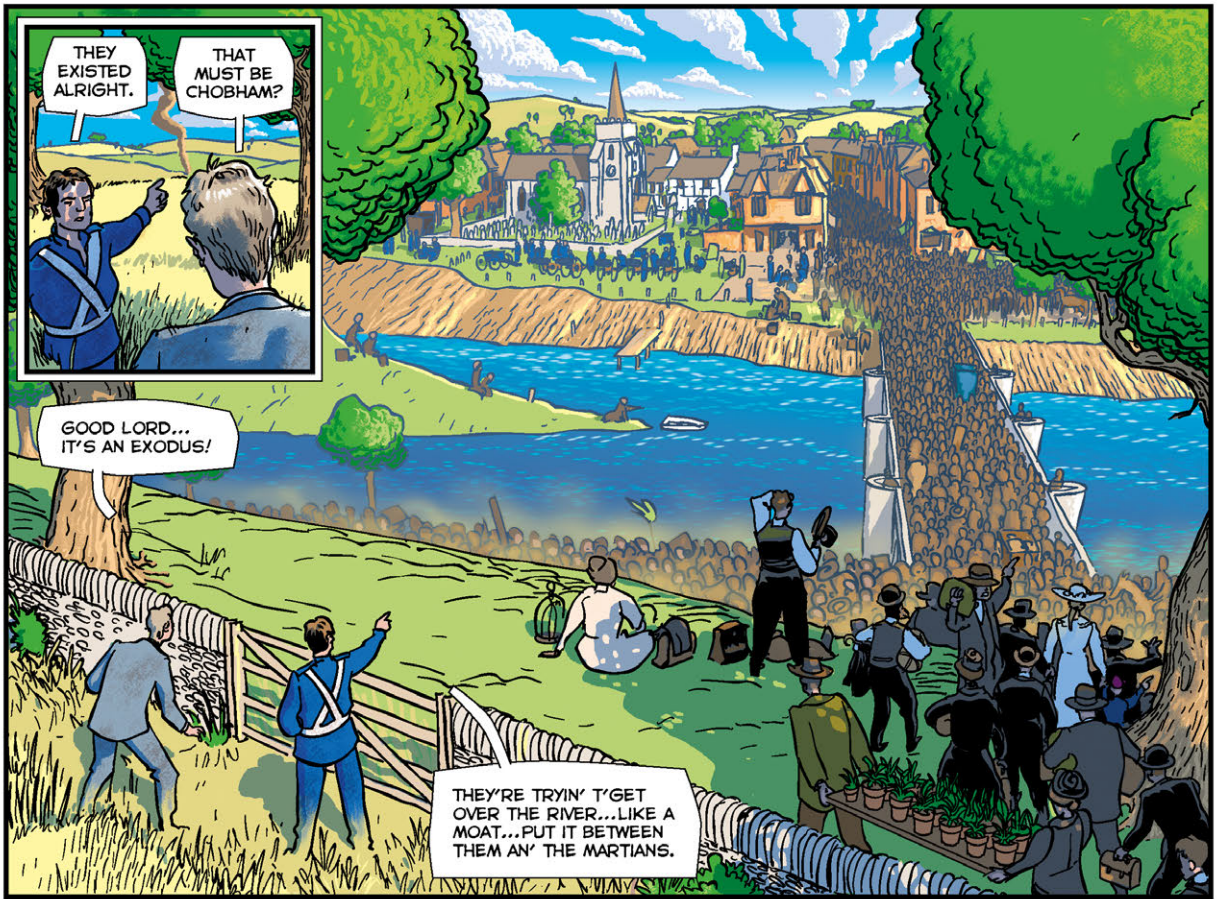
"FINALLY IT GAVE UP. IT AN' ANOTHER 'UN THEN WENT OFF T'THE OTHER CYLINDER. WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR, I LEGGED IT."

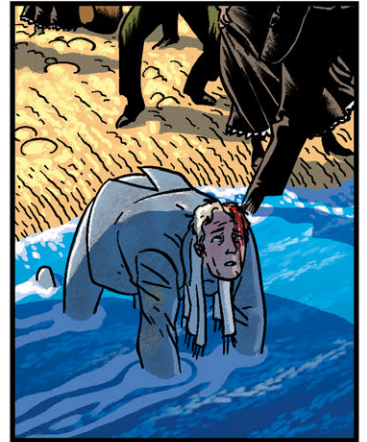


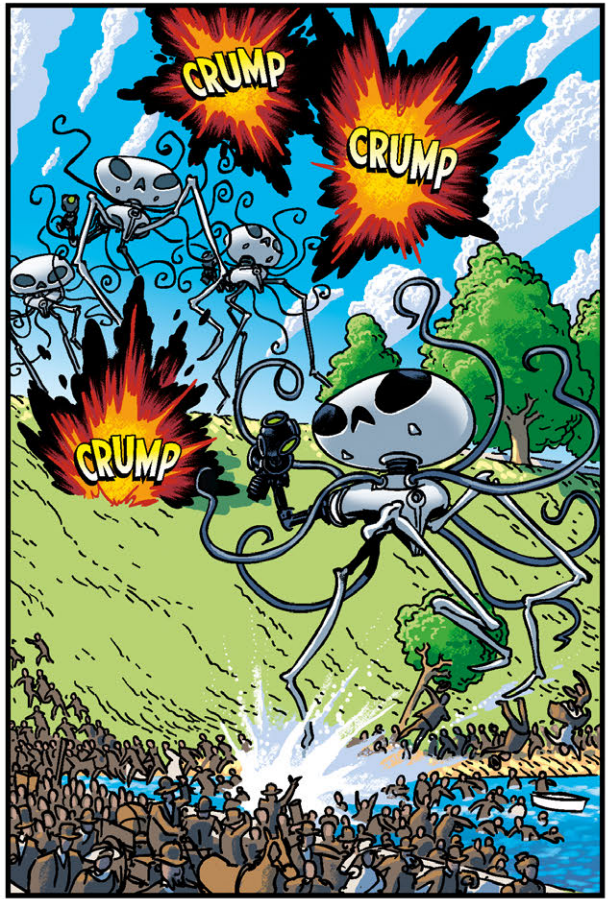
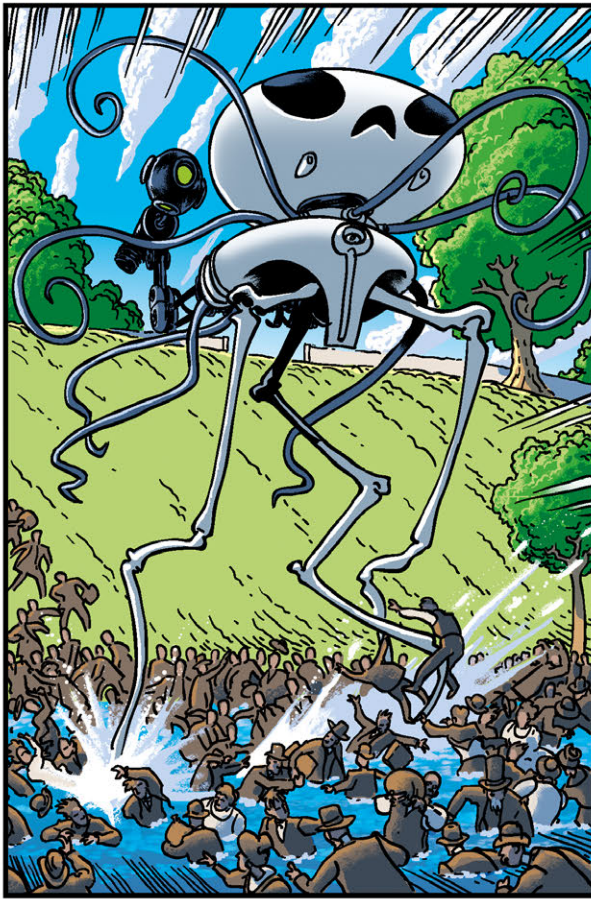
I WAS HEADIN' FOR WEYBRIDGE, WHERE THE REST OF OUR FORCE IS MUSTERED WHEN I SAW THIS 'UN.

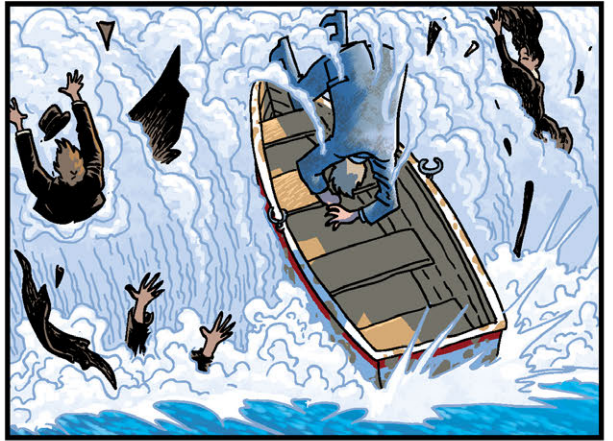
WAIT, LOOK...











UHH...
HHH...CATH?
CATHERINE?

NO...NO, I AM NOT SHE.
HERE, YOU'D BETTER
DRINK THIS.

THANK YOU...
UH, VICAR.

NO, I AM ONLY A CURATE,
AND YOU ARE SAFE... IF THAT
WORD HAS VALUE ANYMORE.
I FOUND YOU STAGGERING
ALONG THE RIVERBANK NEAR
WALTON. YOU WERE DAZED,
DELIRIOUS, HAVE BEEN FOR
SEVERAL DAYS NOW.

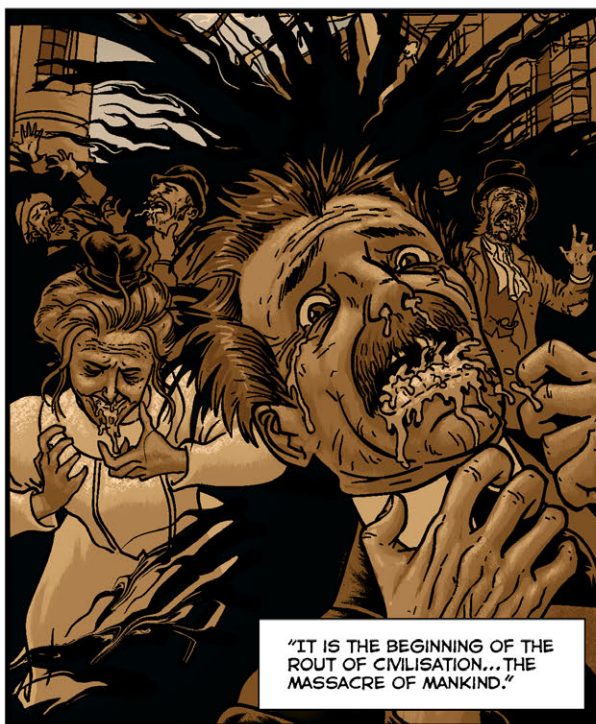
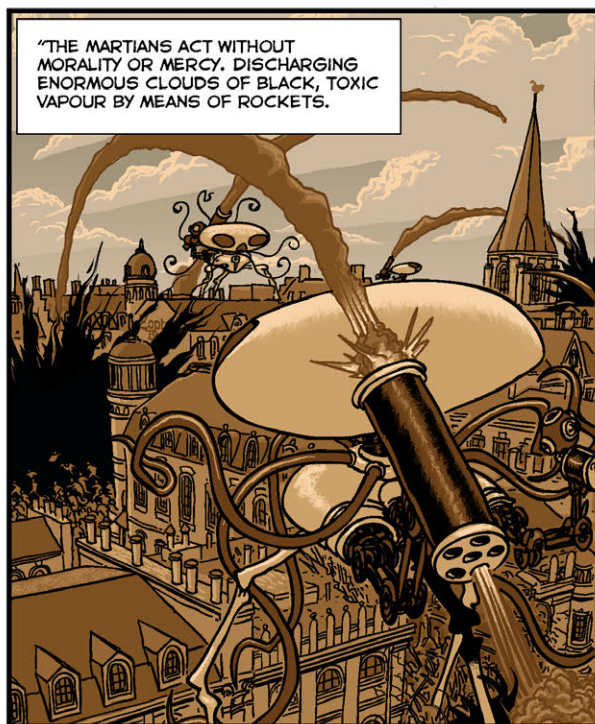
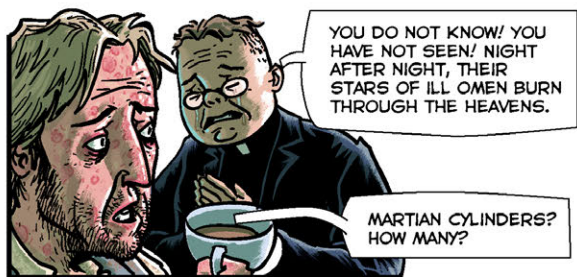
DAYS! WHAT HAS
BEEN HAPPENING...
WITH THE MARTIANS?

IT IS SODOM AND
GOMORRAH! EVERYTHING
GONE...DESTROYED! WHAT
HAVE WE DONE? WHAT HAS
WEYBRIDGE DONE... SWEEPED
OUT OF EXISTENCE!

THIS MUST BE THE
BEGINNING OF THE END.
THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE
DAY OF THE LORD!

CALM DOWN! YOU'RE
SCARED OUT OF YOUR
WITS IS ALL.
WHAT GOOD IS RELIGION
IF IT COLLAPSES UNDER
CALAMITY?

THINK WHAT EARTHQUAKES
AND FLOODS, WAR, AND
VOLCANOES HAVE DONE
TO MEN BEFORE. DID YOU
THINK GOD HAD EXEMPTED
WEYBRIDGE? HE IS NOT AN
INSURANCE AGENT!



MY BROTHER...HE LIVES
IN THE CITY. HE WOULD
HAVE GOT OUT IN TIME.

HE MAY
WELL HAVE
DONE SO.



"A FLOTILLA OF SHIPS, COLLIERIES AND YACHTS, PASSENGER CRUISERS AND FISHING SMACKS, HAD BEEN CONVEYING PEOPLE TO SAFETY ALL ALONG THE ESSEX COAST. SCOTS, FRENCH, DUTCH, AND SWEDES COMING TO THE AID OF THEIR FELLOW MAN..."



"...A PROSPECT THE MARTIANS
WOULD NOT PERMIT.

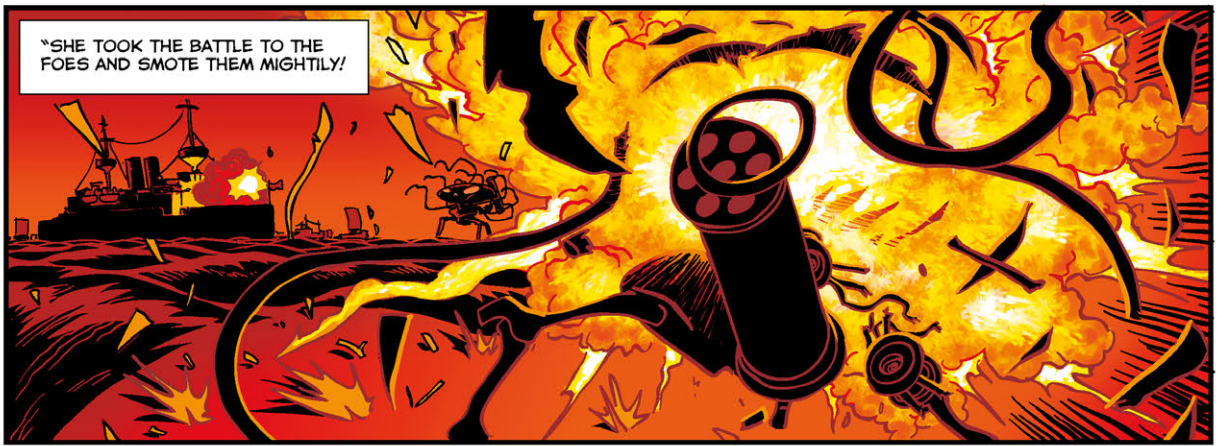


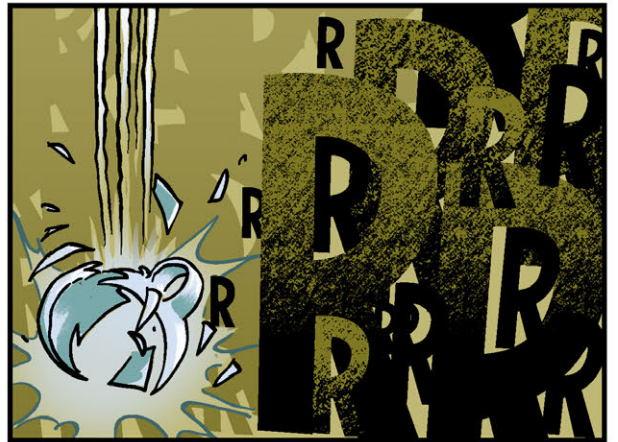
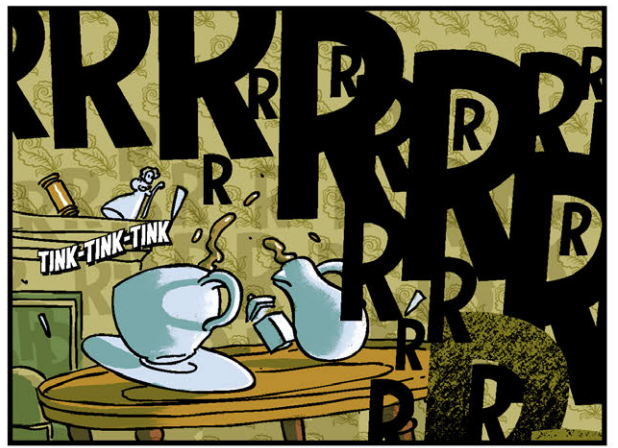
"A LONE IRONCLAD -- THE *THUNDER CHILD* -- STOOD FAST BETWEEN THE FIENDS AND THEIR QUARRY.

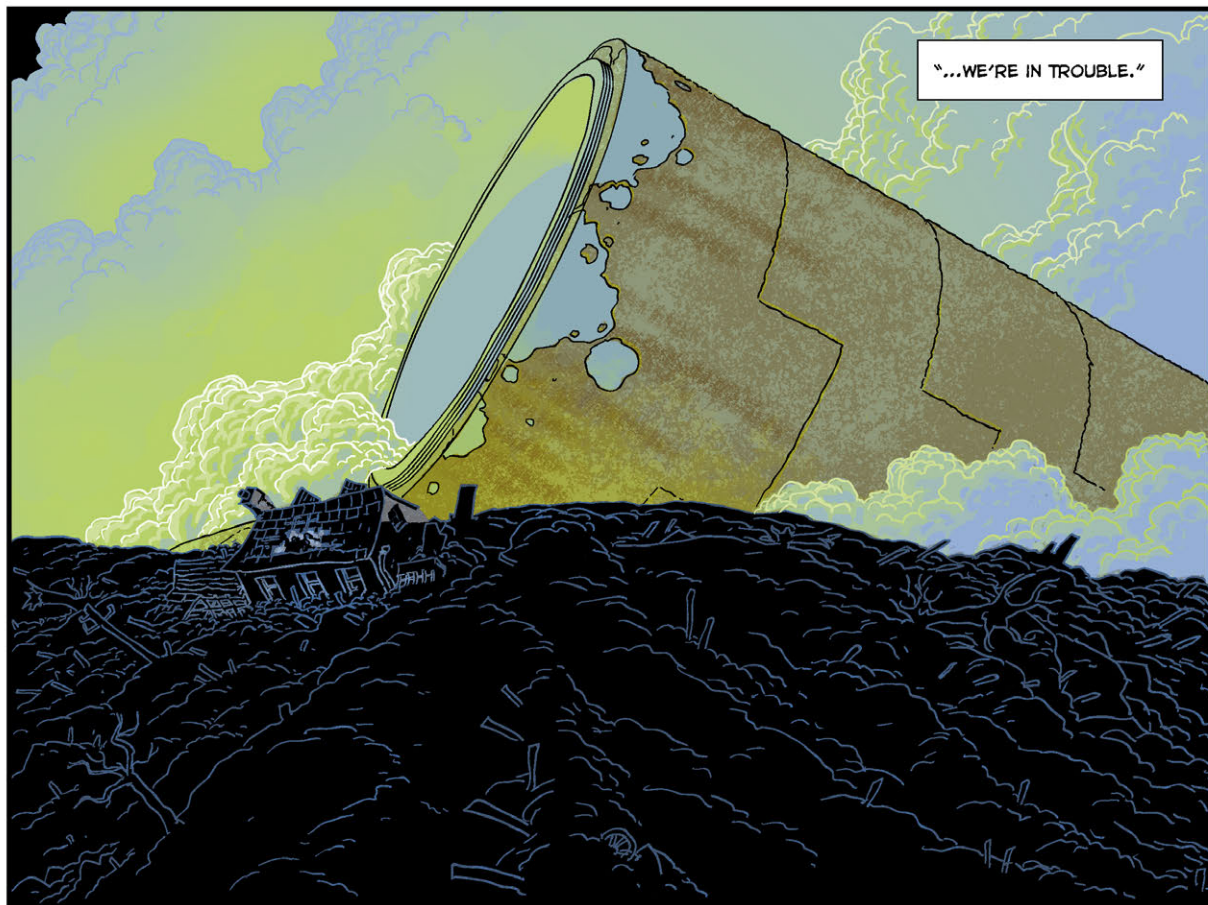


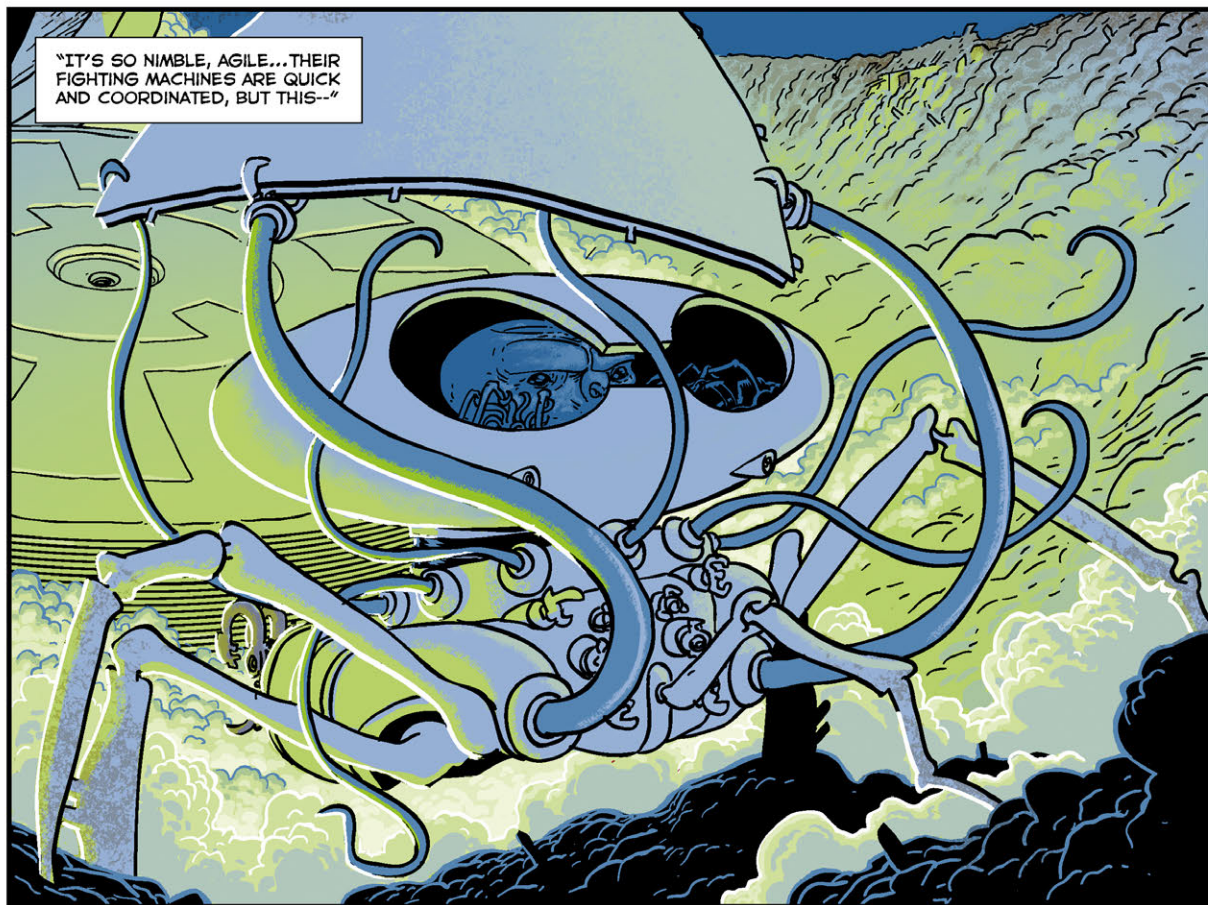
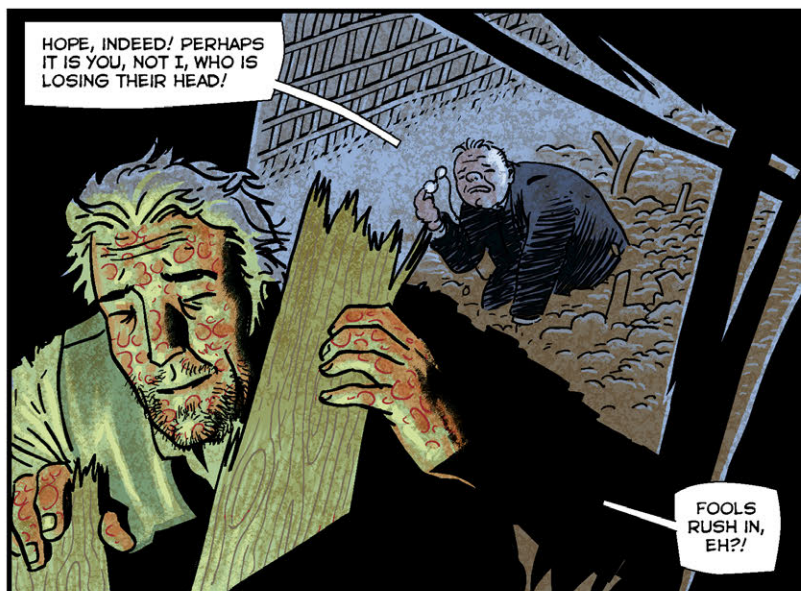
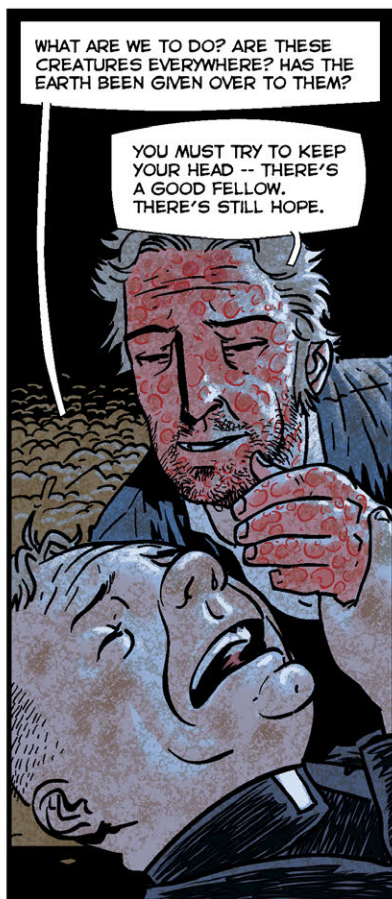
"I SUSPECT HER CREW KNEW THAT DAY,
THAT HOUR, WAS THEIR LAST, BUT THEY
DID NOT WAVER IN THEIR RESOLVE.



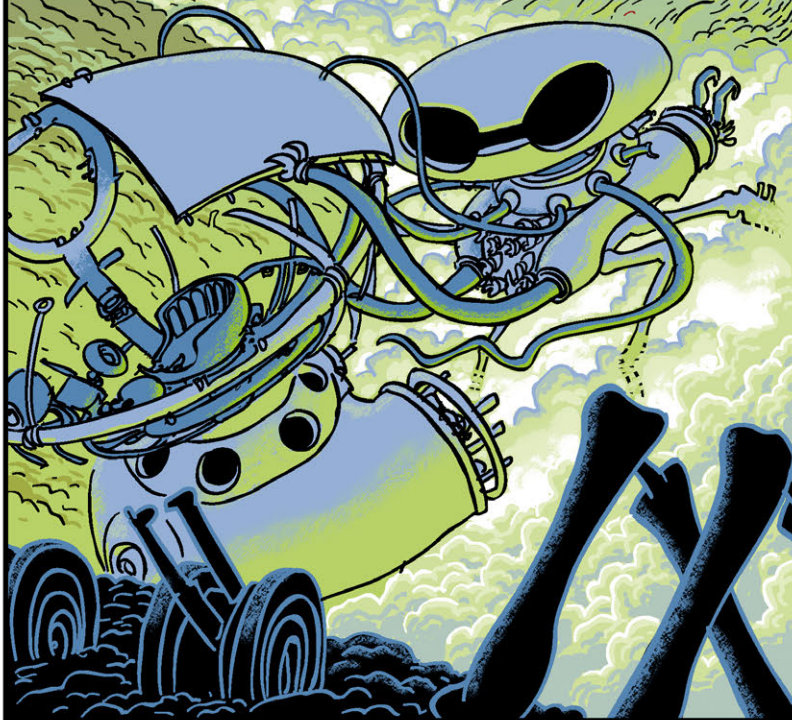








"SEE THERE, WE HAVE THE TRUTH OF IT! THE TRIPODS ARRIVE IN SECTIONS. NO WONDER THIS...HANDLING MACHINE...WORKS IN SUCH HASTE. THE MARTIANS ARE AT THEIR MOST VULNERABLE IN THIS STATE."

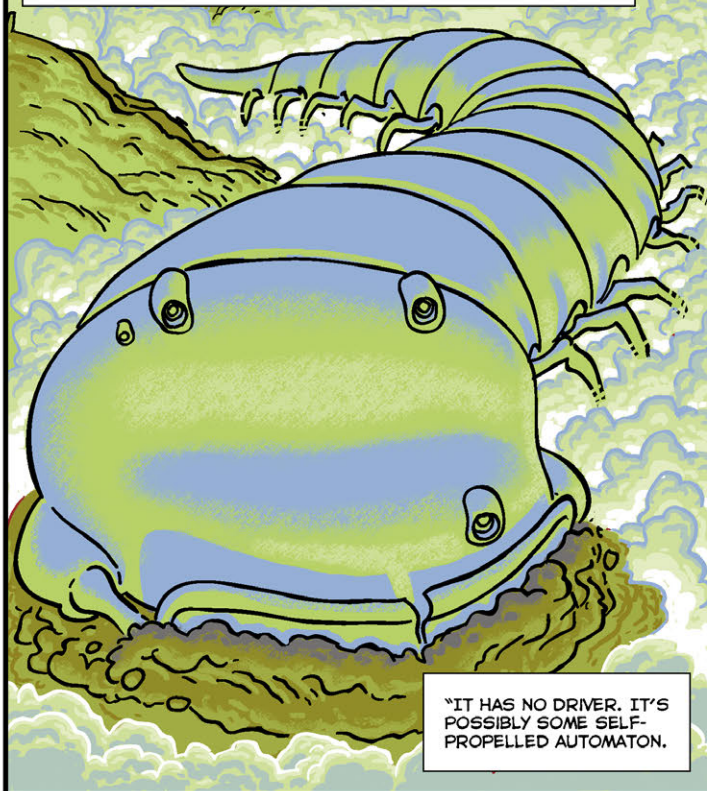


WHAT'S THAT, DOWN THERE? NEAR THE EDGE.

I CAN'T... YES, I SEE IT!

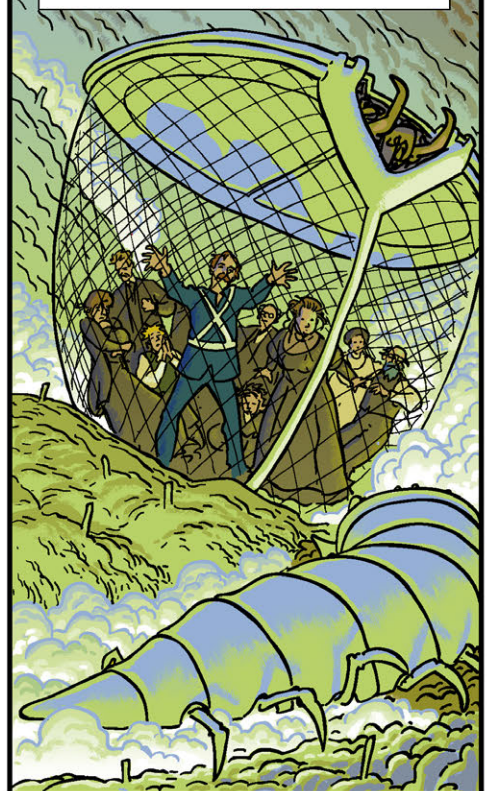


"ASTONISHING! IT APPEARS TO BE SOME FORM OF EXCAVATOR, SHORING UP THE EMBANKMENT. REINFORCING IT TO PROVIDE PROTECTION AND COVER."



"IT HAS NO DRIVER. IT'S POSSIBLY SOME SELF-PROPELLED AUTOMATON."

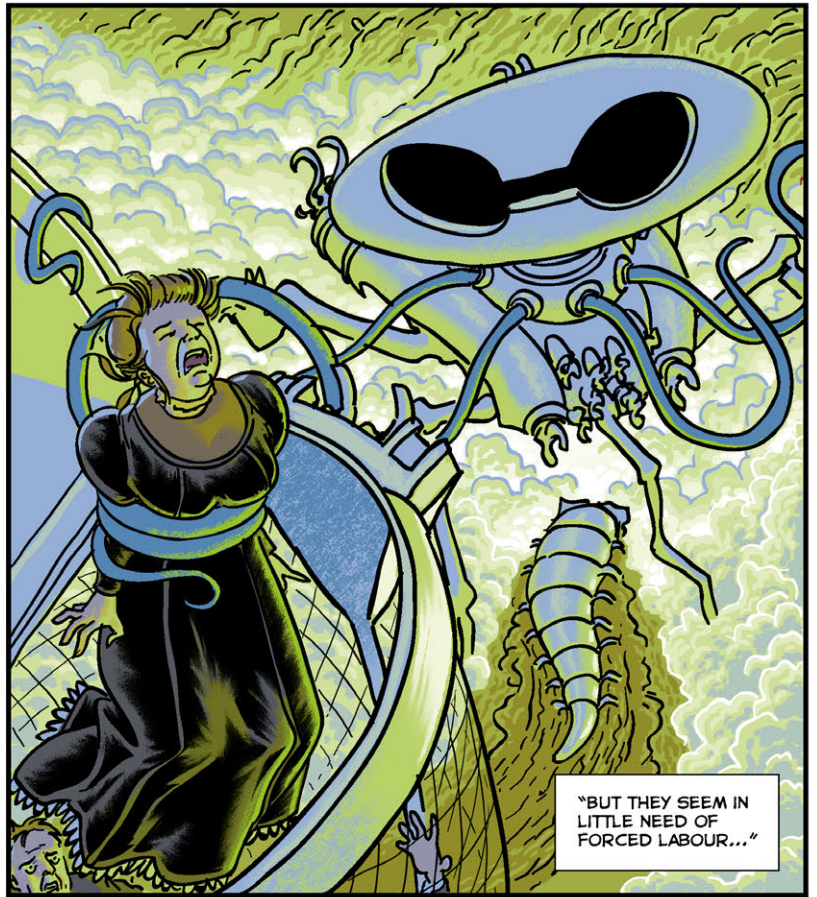
"THIS IS A RARE SIGHT. THIS KNOWLEDGE WILL BE INVALUABLE IN OUR RESISTING -- OH, OH, MY! DO YOU SEE THEM?"





THEY'RE... THOSE
LOOK LIKE PEOPLE.

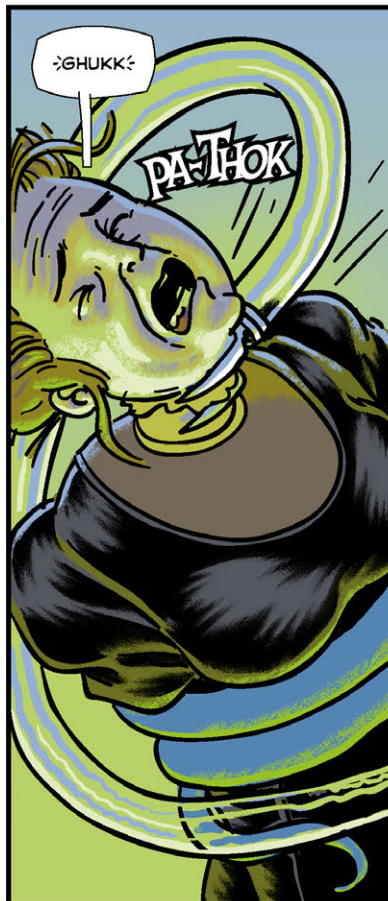
I FEAR SO. POSSIBLY A
TRIPOD FROM ANOTHER
CYLINDER BROUGHT THEM
HERE. THEY APPEAR TO
ASSIST EACH NEW ARRIVAL.



"BUT THEY SEEM IN
LITTLE NEED OF
FORCED LABOUR..."



OH! HELP ME...
PLEASE...
PLEASE GOD!

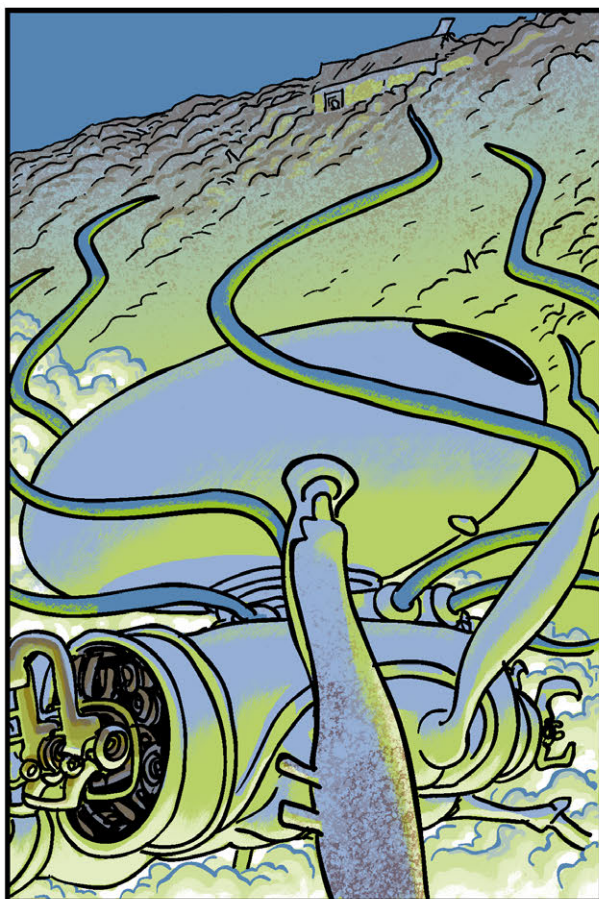


>GHUKK<

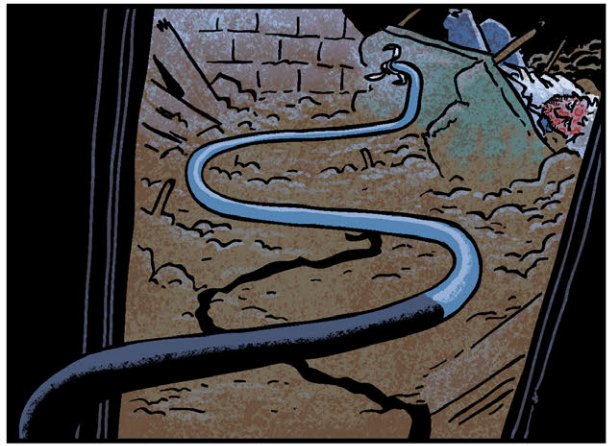
PA THOK

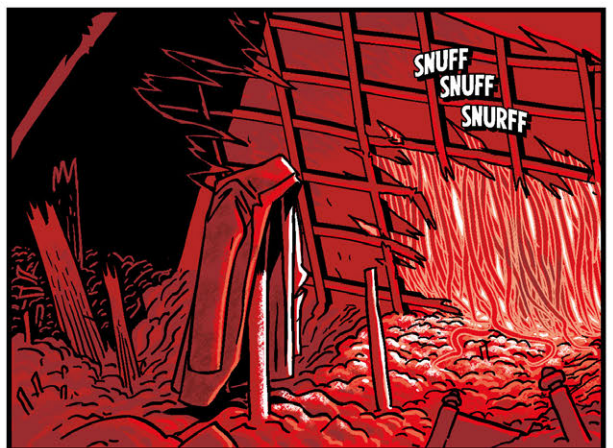
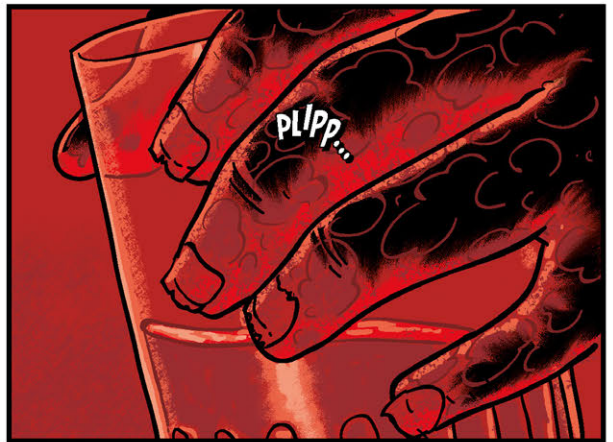
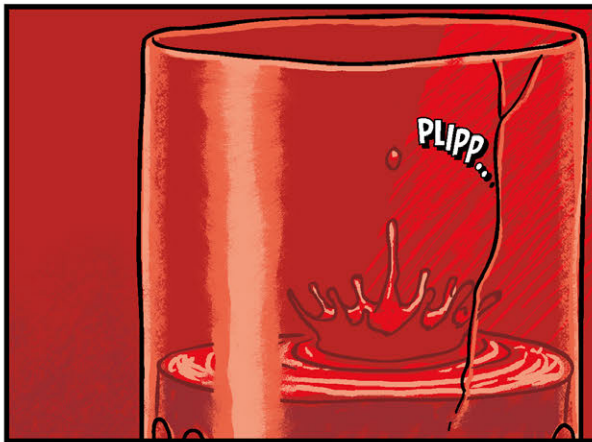
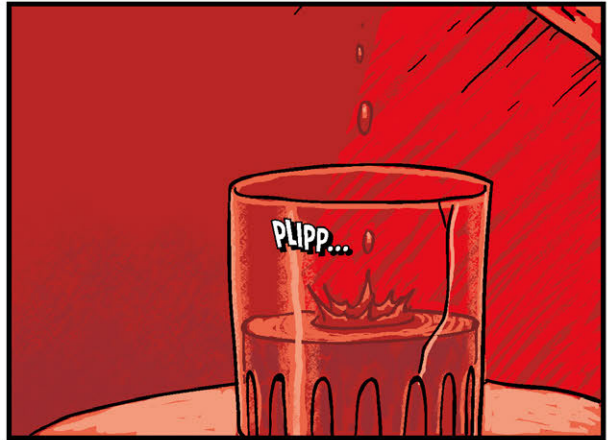
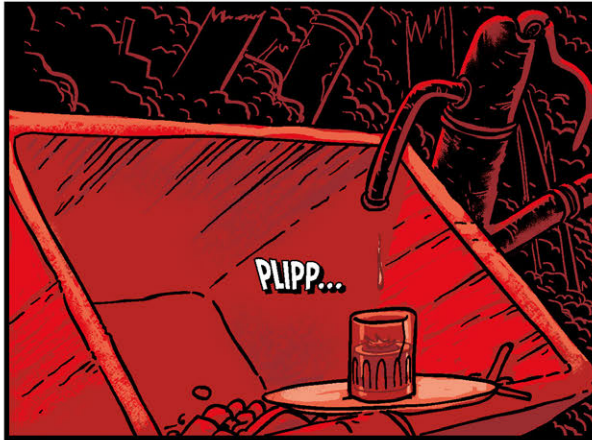
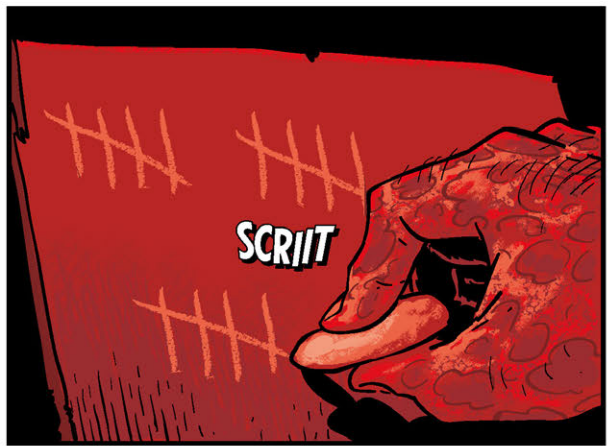
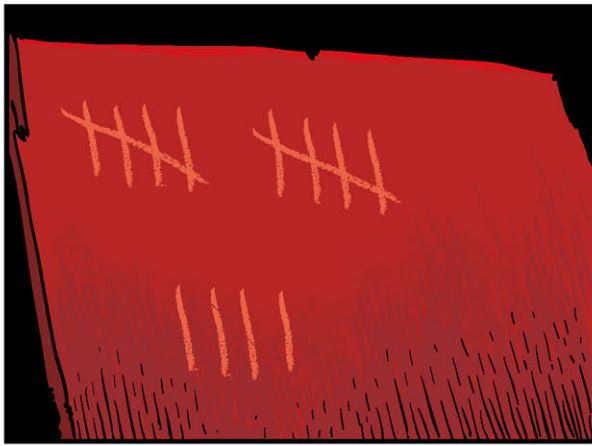


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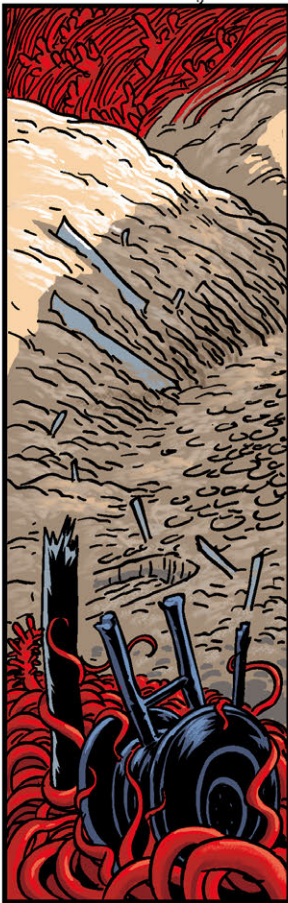
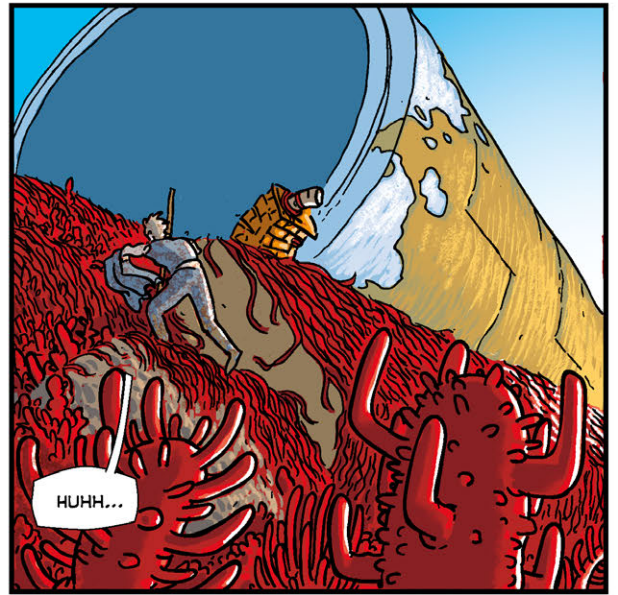


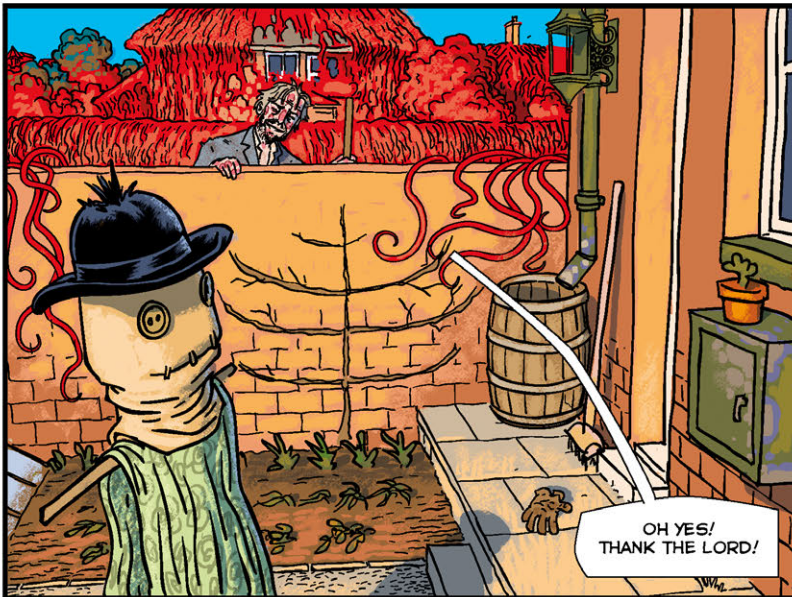
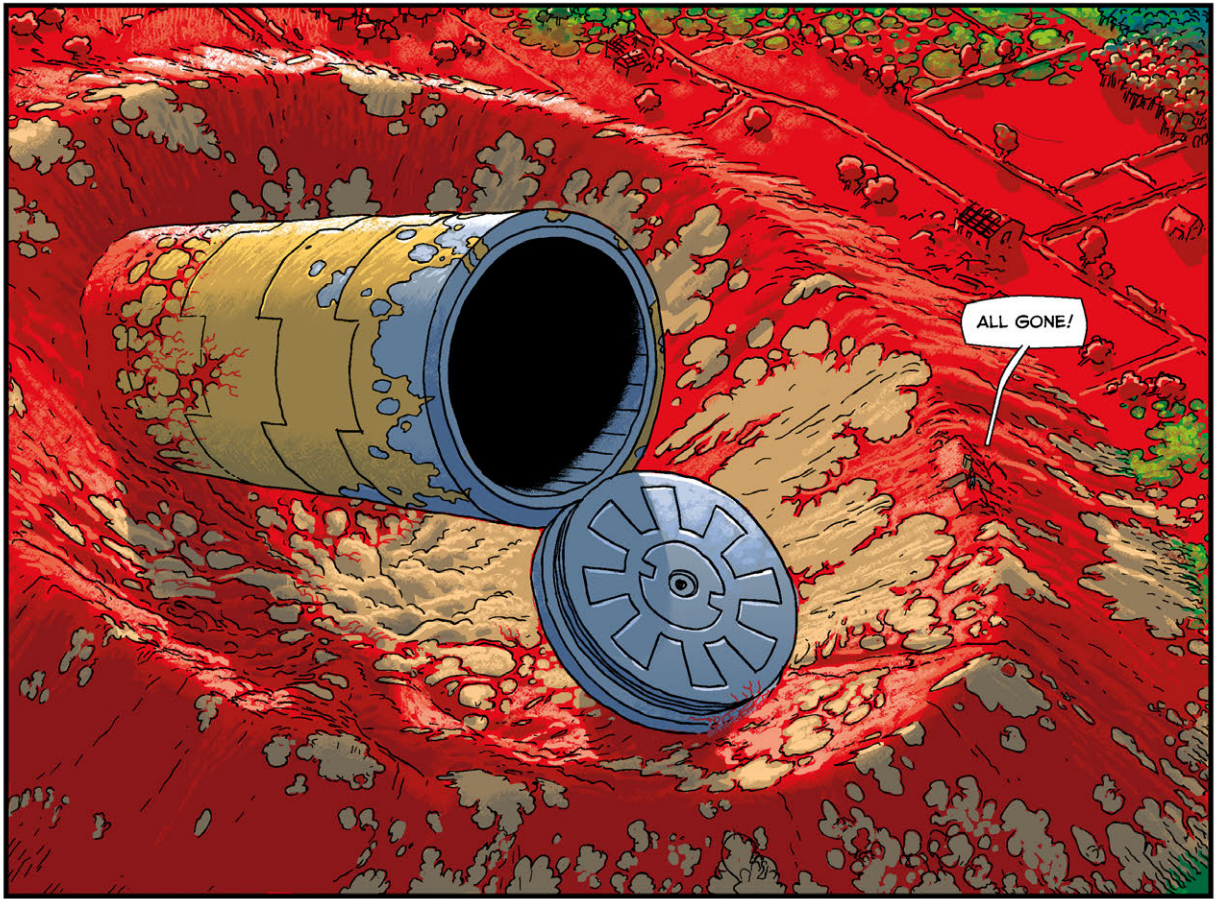


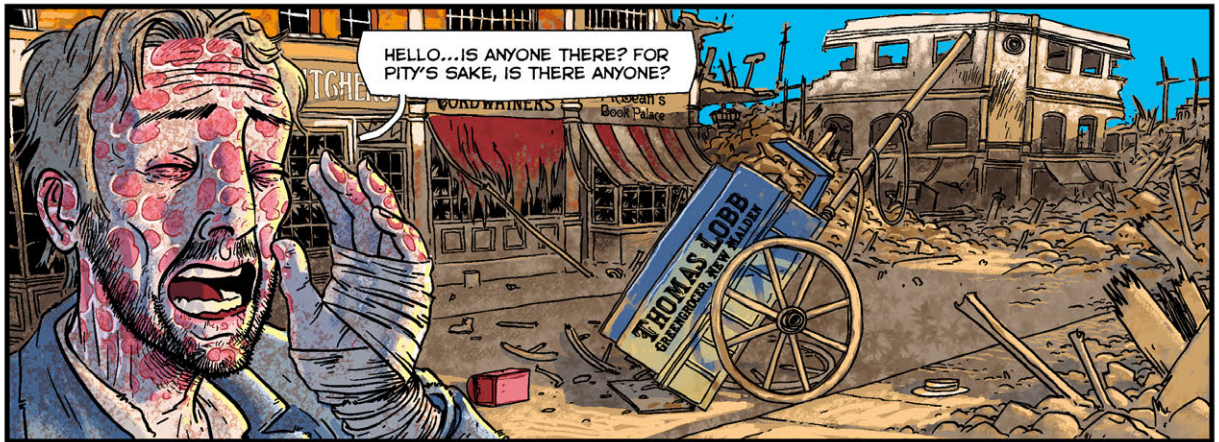












IT'S YOU, ISN'T IT! THE MAN
FROM WOKING, YOU WEREN'T
KILLED AT WEYBRIDGE?



EVIDENTLY NOT.
WAIT, YOU... YOU'RE
THE ARTILLERYMAN?

YES! YES, AREN'T WE THE LUCKY ONES!
I CRAWLED UP A DRAIN THEN GOT OFF
TOWARDS WALTON AFTER THEY LEFT.

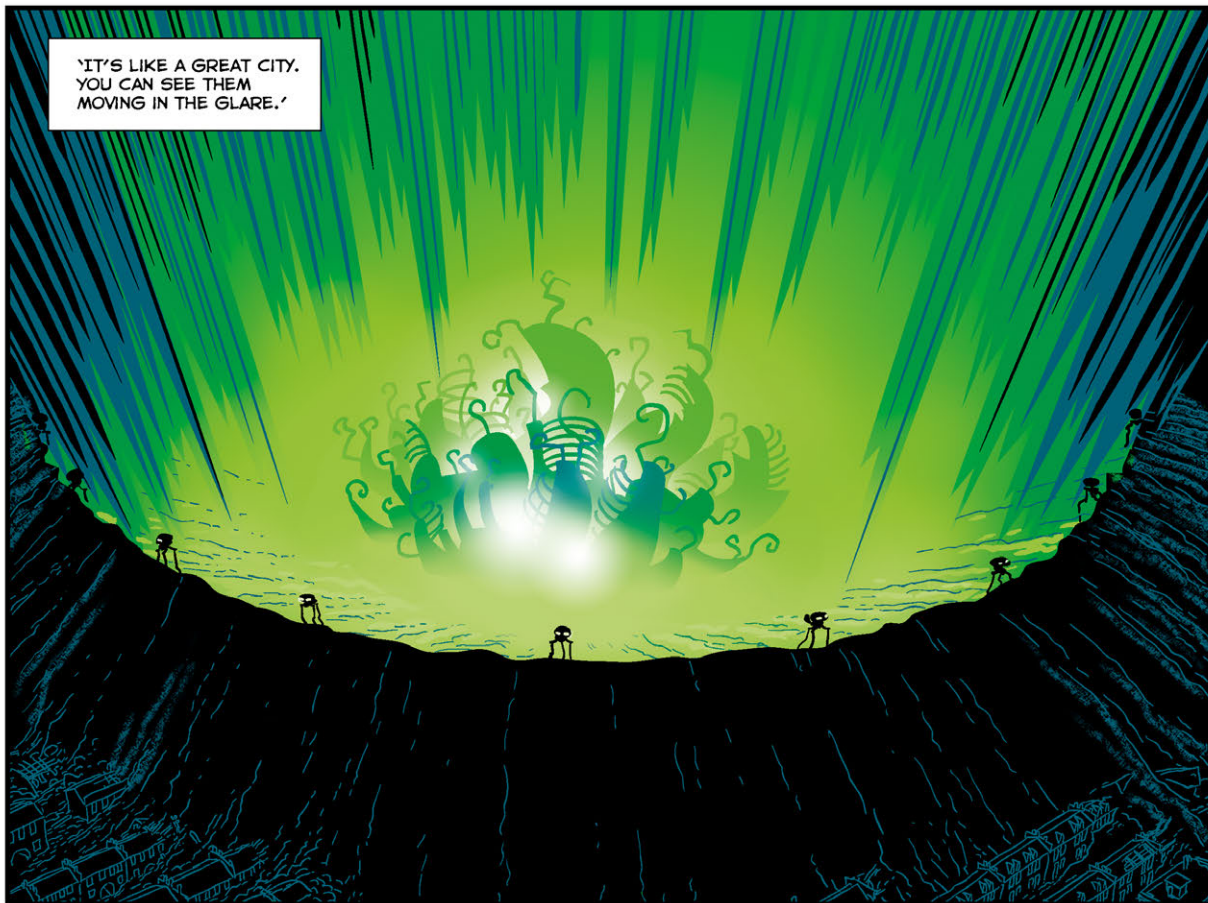


WHAT HAS HAPPENED
SINCE? HAVE YOU
SEEN ANY MARTIANS?

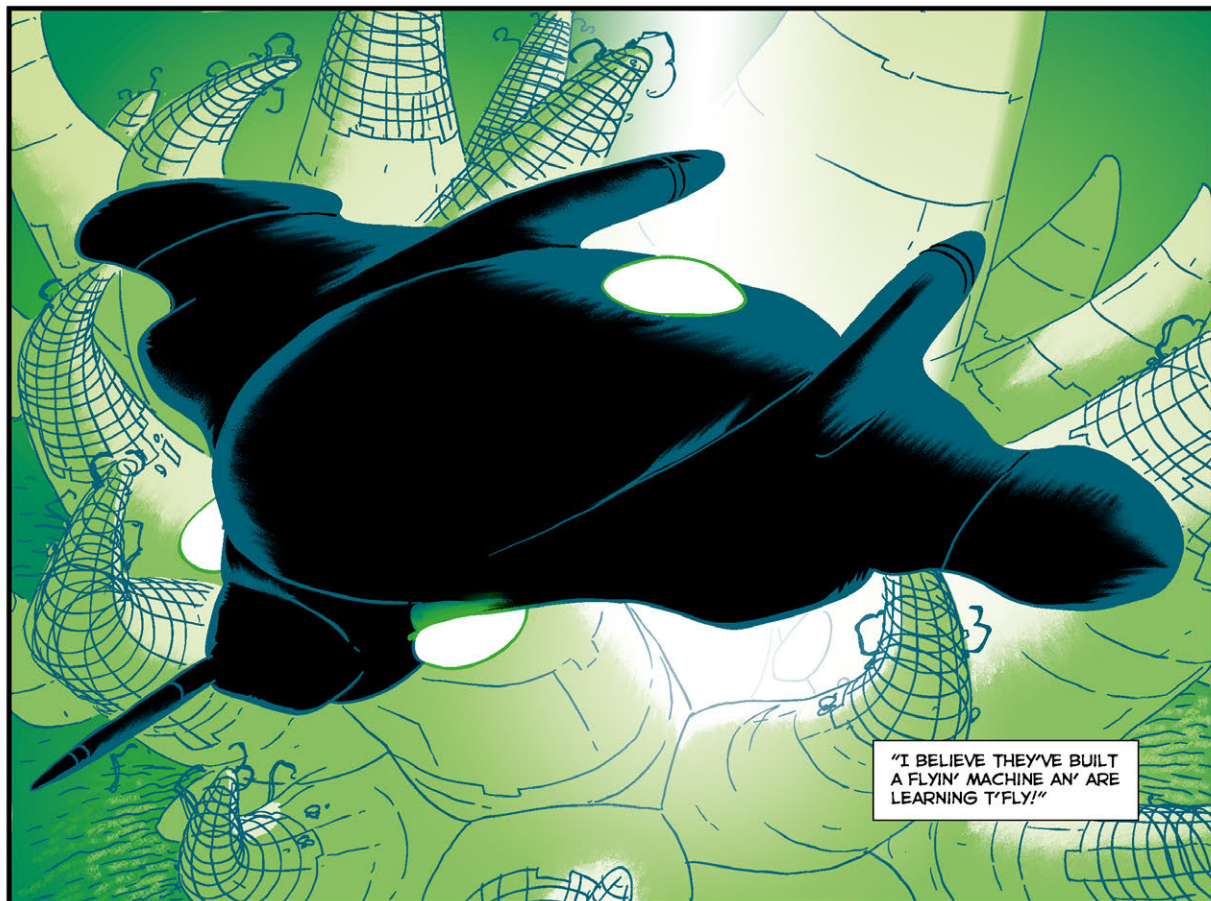
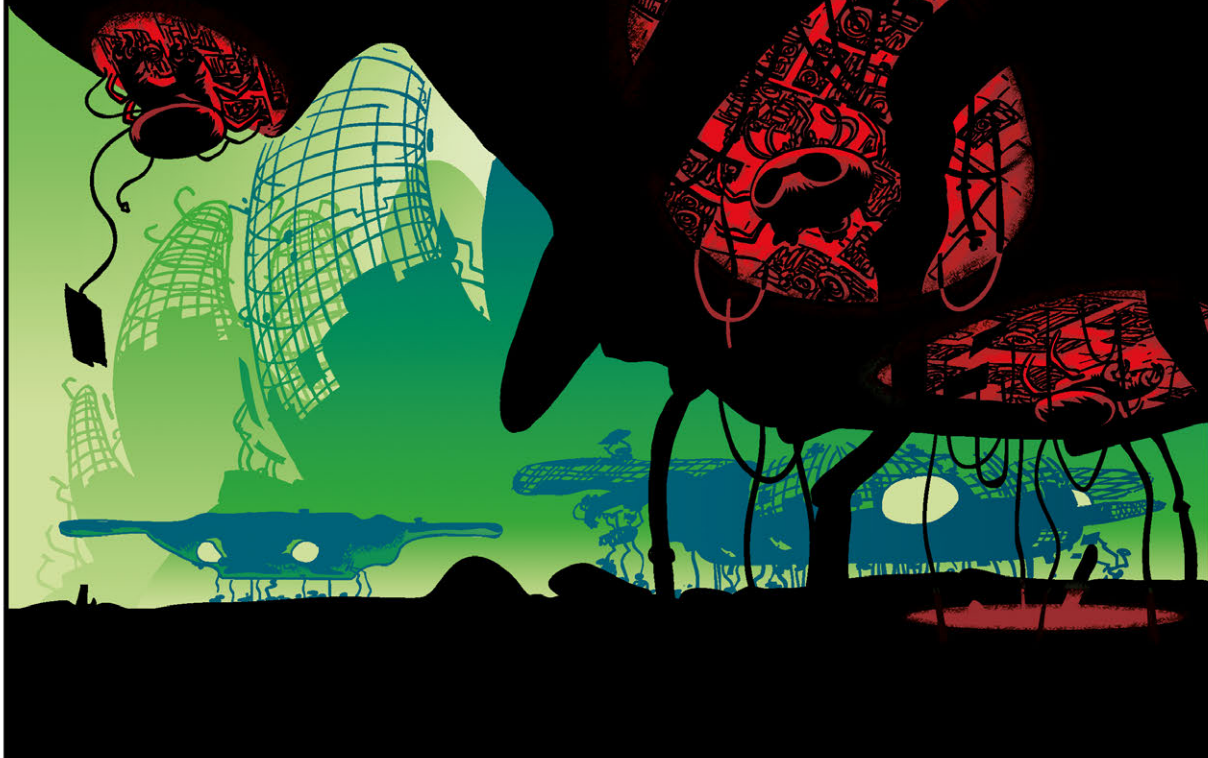
THEY'VE GONE AWAY,
ACROSS LONDON. THEY'VE
GOT A BIGGER CAMP THERE,
OVER HAMPSTEAD WAY.
OF A NIGHT THE SKY'S
ALIVE WITH LIGHTS!



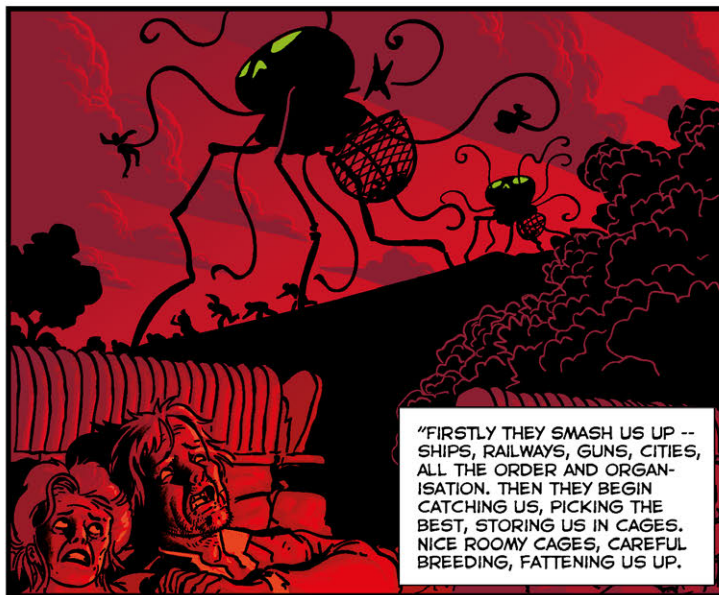
'IT'S LIKE A GREAT CITY.
YOU CAN SEE THEM
MOVING IN THE GLARE.'



"AN' THE NIGHT BEFORE
LAST... IT WAS ONLY A MATTER
OF LIGHTS... BUT THERE WAS
SOMETHIN' UP IN THE AIR.



"I BELIEVE THEY'VE BUILT
A FLYIN' MACHINE AN' ARE
LEARNING T'FLY!"



"IT'S LIKE THIS -- WE HAVE TO INVENT A NEW SORT OF LIFE NOW, WHERE MEN AN' WOMEN CAN LIVE AN' BREED AN' BE SECURE TO BRING UP CHILDREN."

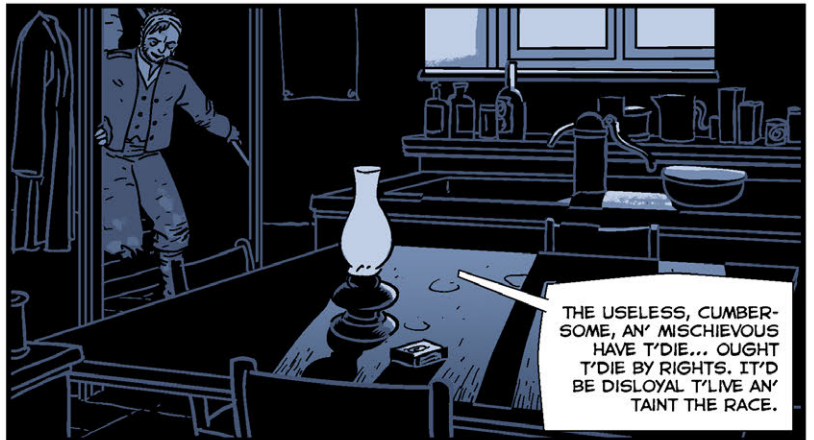


BEST WAY IS UNDERGROUND. I KNOW SOME THINK DRAINS ARE HORRIBLE THINGS, BUT A FEW DAY'S RAIN AN' LONDON EMPTY, WILL LEAVE 'EM SWEET AN' CLEAN.

THERE'S HUNDREDS OF MILES OF 'EM DOWN BELOW, SOME ROOMY ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE. THEN THERE'S CELLARS, VAULTS, RAILWAY TUNNELS, AN' SUBWAYS, EH!



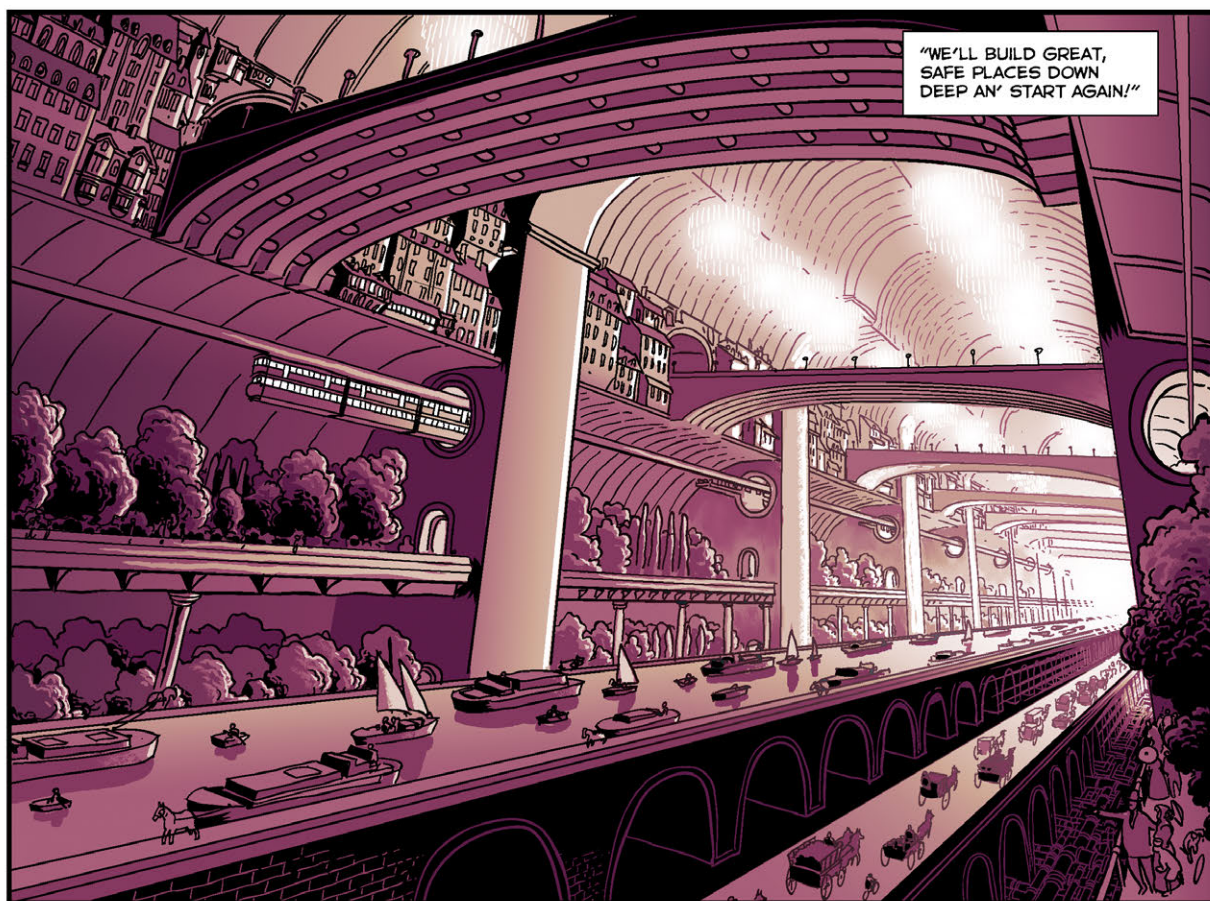
WE WANT ABLE-BODIED, CLEAN-MINDED MEN...AN' WOMEN...MOTHERS AN' TEACHERS. NO LACKADAISICAL LADIES, NO BAR-LOAFERS NOR MASHERS.



THE USELESS, CUMBERSOME, AN' MISCHIEVOUS HAVE T'DIE... OUGHT T'DIE BY RIGHTS. IT'D BE DISLOYAL T'LIVE AN' TAIN'T THE RACE.

WE'LL GO TO TH' BRITISH MUSEUM, GET ALL THE BOOKS. NO NOVELS AN' POETRY, BUT IDEAS AN' SCIENCE BOOKS. ESPECIALLY THE SCIENCE... WE'VE GOT TO LEARN MORE IF WE'RE TO PROSPER.

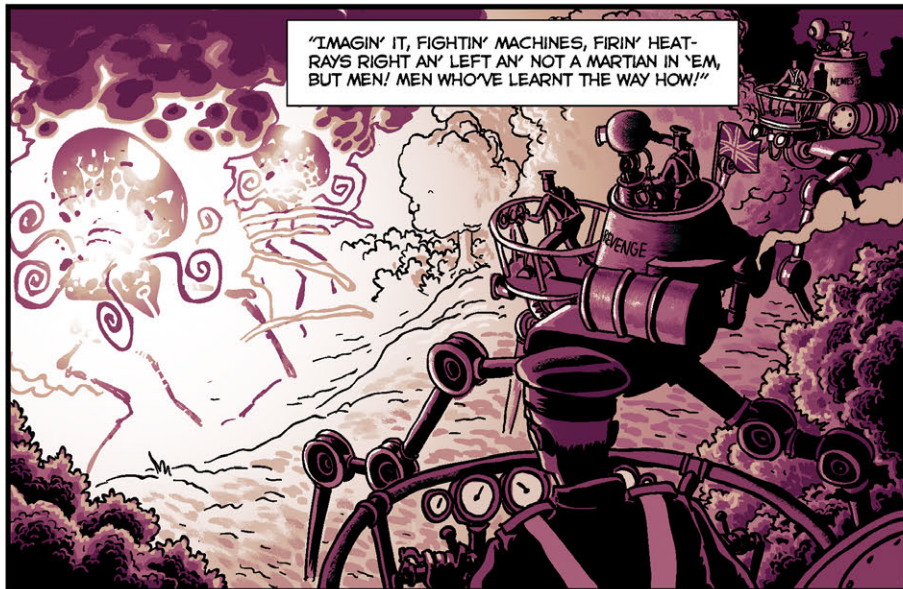




"WE'LL BUILD GREAT, SAFE PLACES DOWN DEEP AN' START AGAIN!"



IT'LL TAKE A WHILE. THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF LEARNIN' TO DO BUT EVENTUALLY, WE'LL TAKE BACK WHAT'S OURS. MAN'LL COME BACK TO HIS OWN --



"IMAGIN' IT, FIGHTIN' MACHINES, FIRIN' HEAT-RAYS RIGHT AN' LEFT AN' NOT A MARTIAN IN 'EM, BUT MEN! MEN WHO'VE LEARNT THE WAY HOW!"



AN' IT'LL ALL HAVE STARTED HERE!

I SEE. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN DIGGING?



OH, A FEW DAYS, BUT
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS BE
WORKIN', EH'.
C'MON, LET'S HAVE A DRINK
-- WE'VE A HEAVY ENOUGH
TASK BEFORE US. LET'S
TAKE A REST AN' GATHER
OUR STRENGTH!



INDEED.



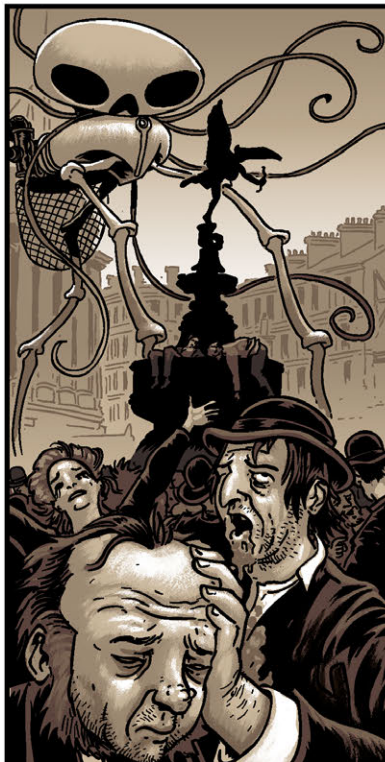
S'ALL GOTTA BE
DIFFERENT NEXT
TIME... WE GOTTA
MAKE IT BETTER!



WE DON'T WANT NO RUBBISH OO' DRIFT IN! ALL WEAKIN'S
ARE OUT! Y'KNOW, I HEARD ONE NIGHT LAST WEEK, SOME
FOOLS GOT THE 'LECTRIC LIGHT IN ORDER...



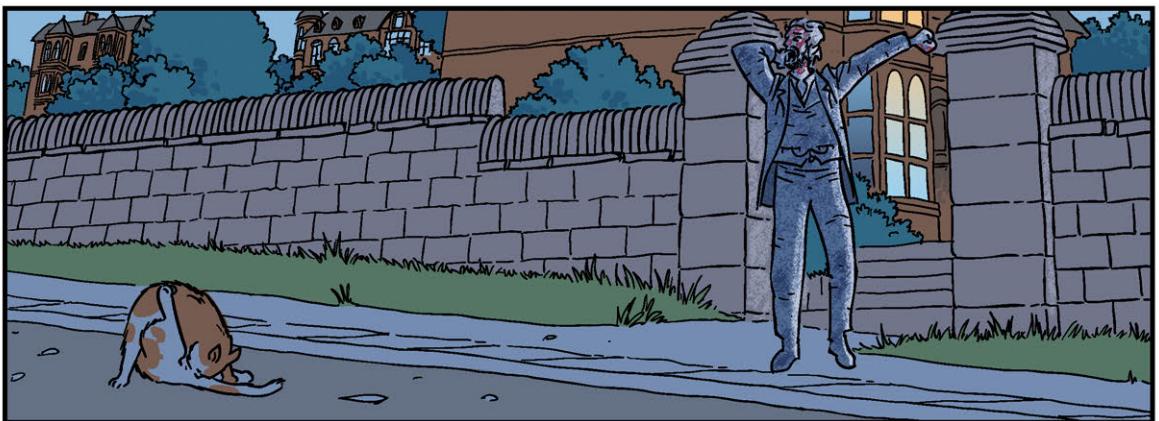
"ALL OF REGENT STREET AN'
PICCADILLY CIRCUS WAS ABLAZE,
CROWDED WITH PAINTED
DRUNKARDS, MEN AND WOMEN
DANCING AND SHOUTING 'TILL DAWN.

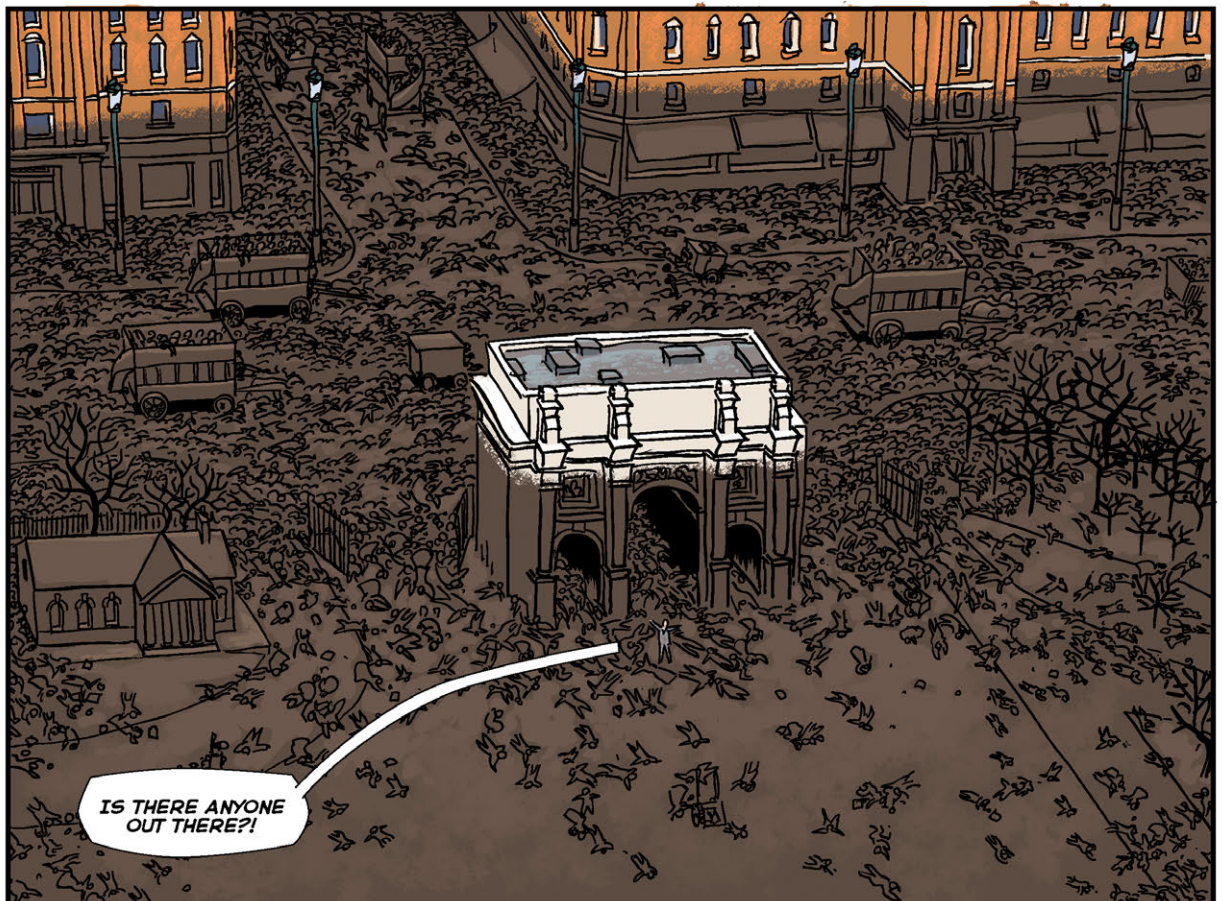
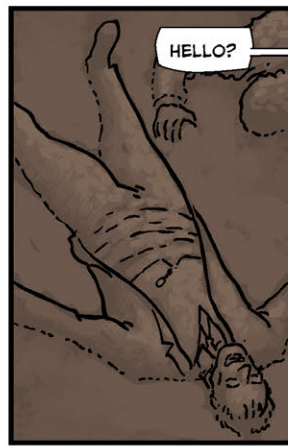


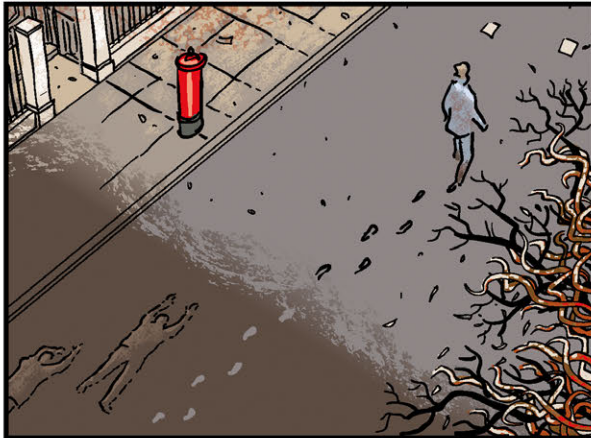
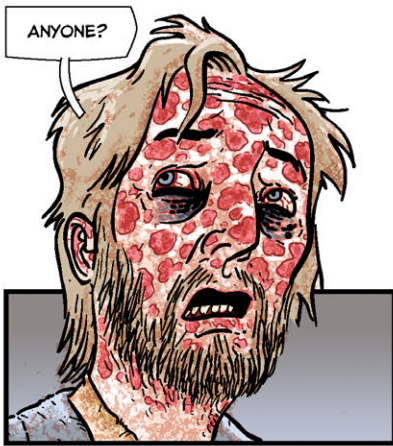
"COME DAYBREAK THERE WAS A
FIGHTIN' MACHINE JUST STANDIN'
THERE, WATCHIN' 'EM. HEAVEN
KNOWS HOW LONG?

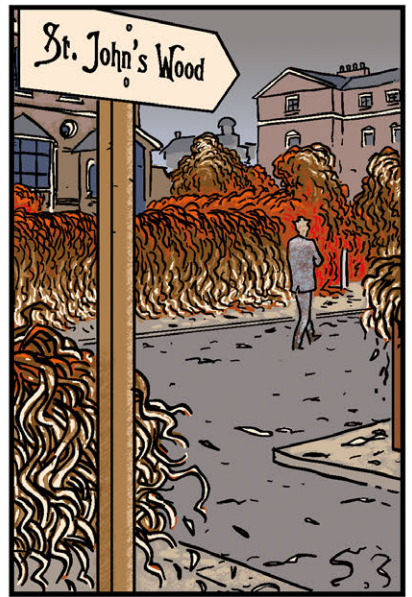


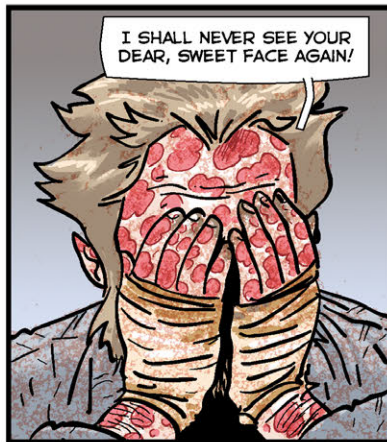
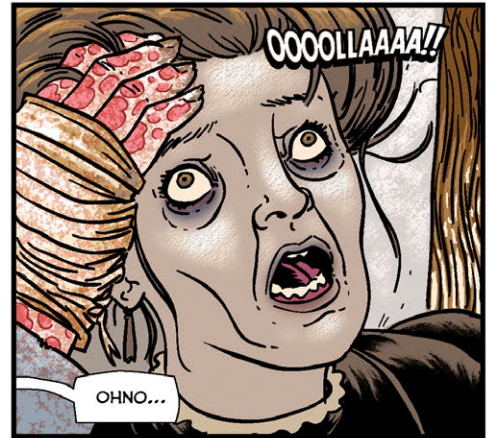
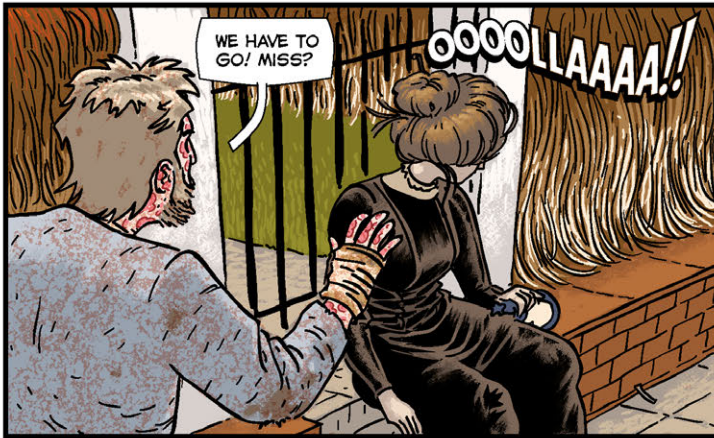
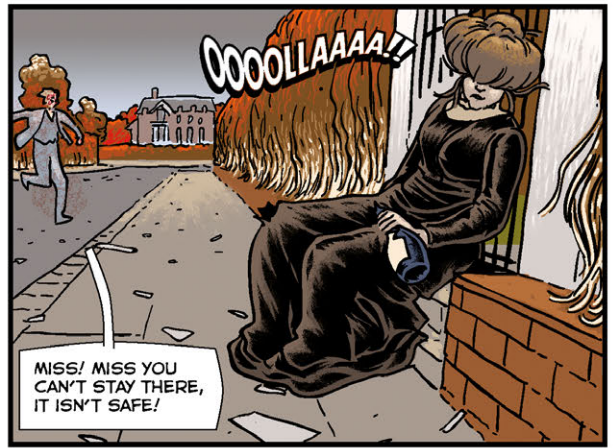
"HE STRIDES DOWN THE ROAD,
PICKIN' UP NEARLY A 'UNDRED TOO
DRUNK OR SCARED T'RUN AWAY."

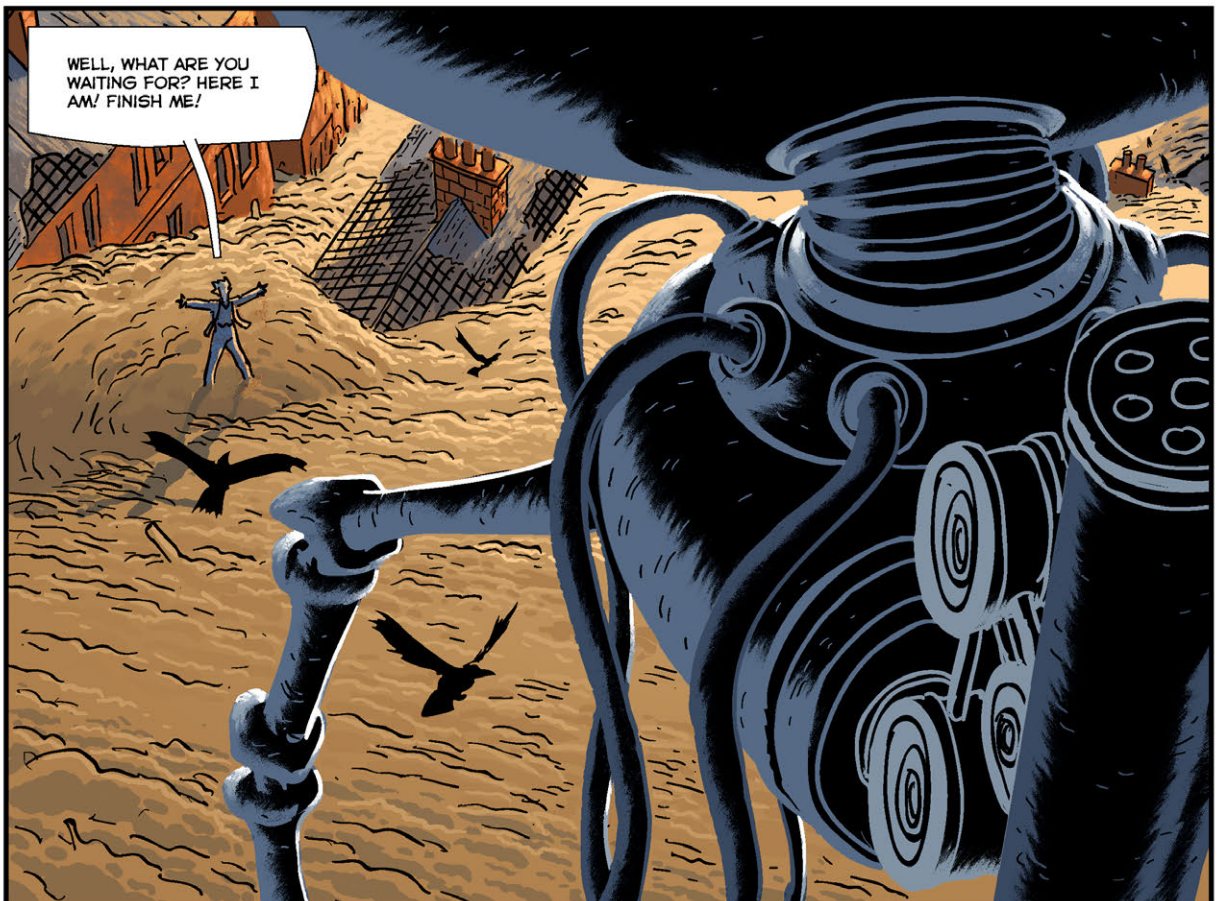


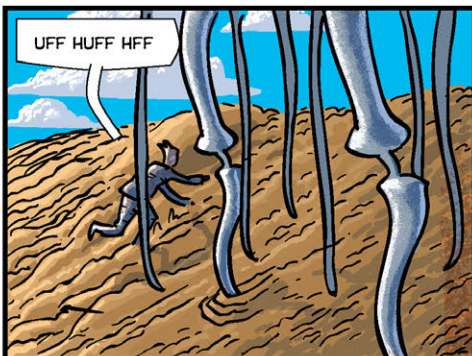
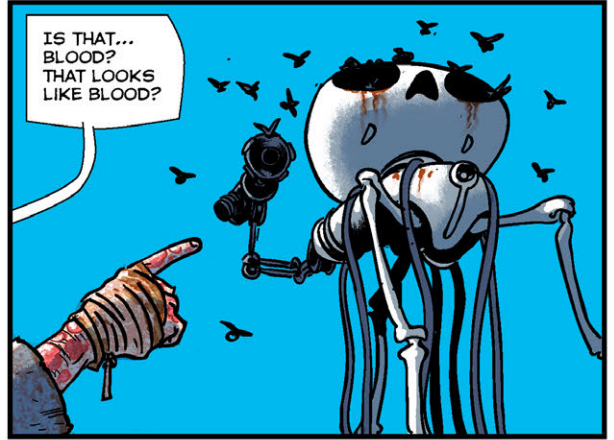
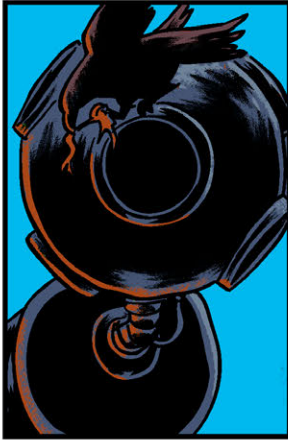
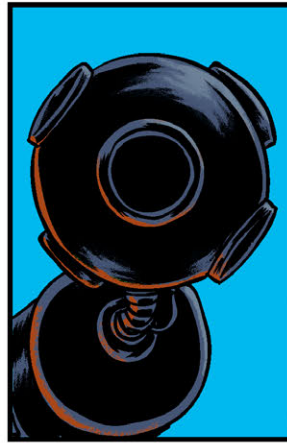
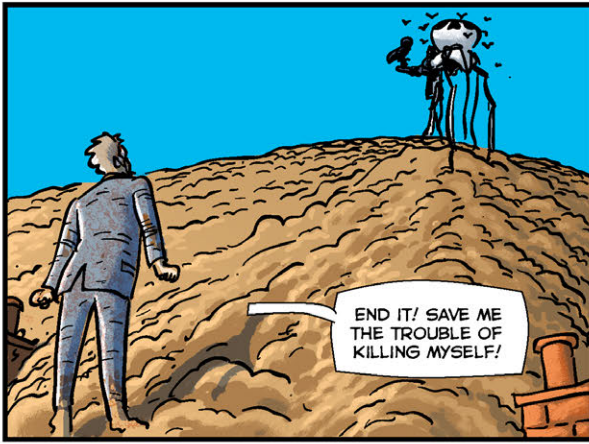


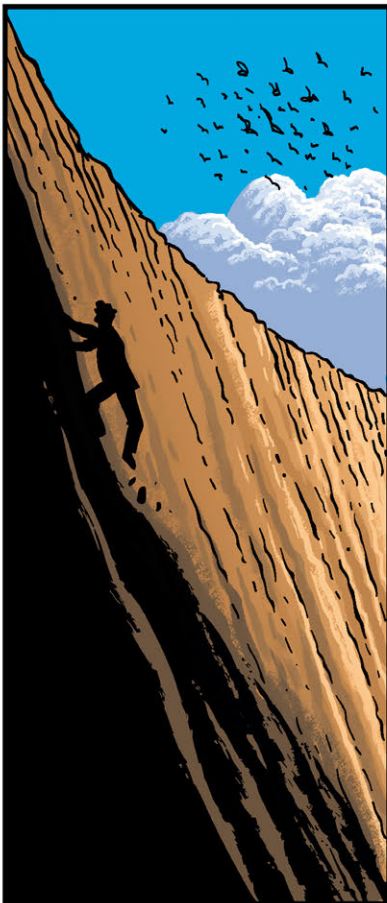
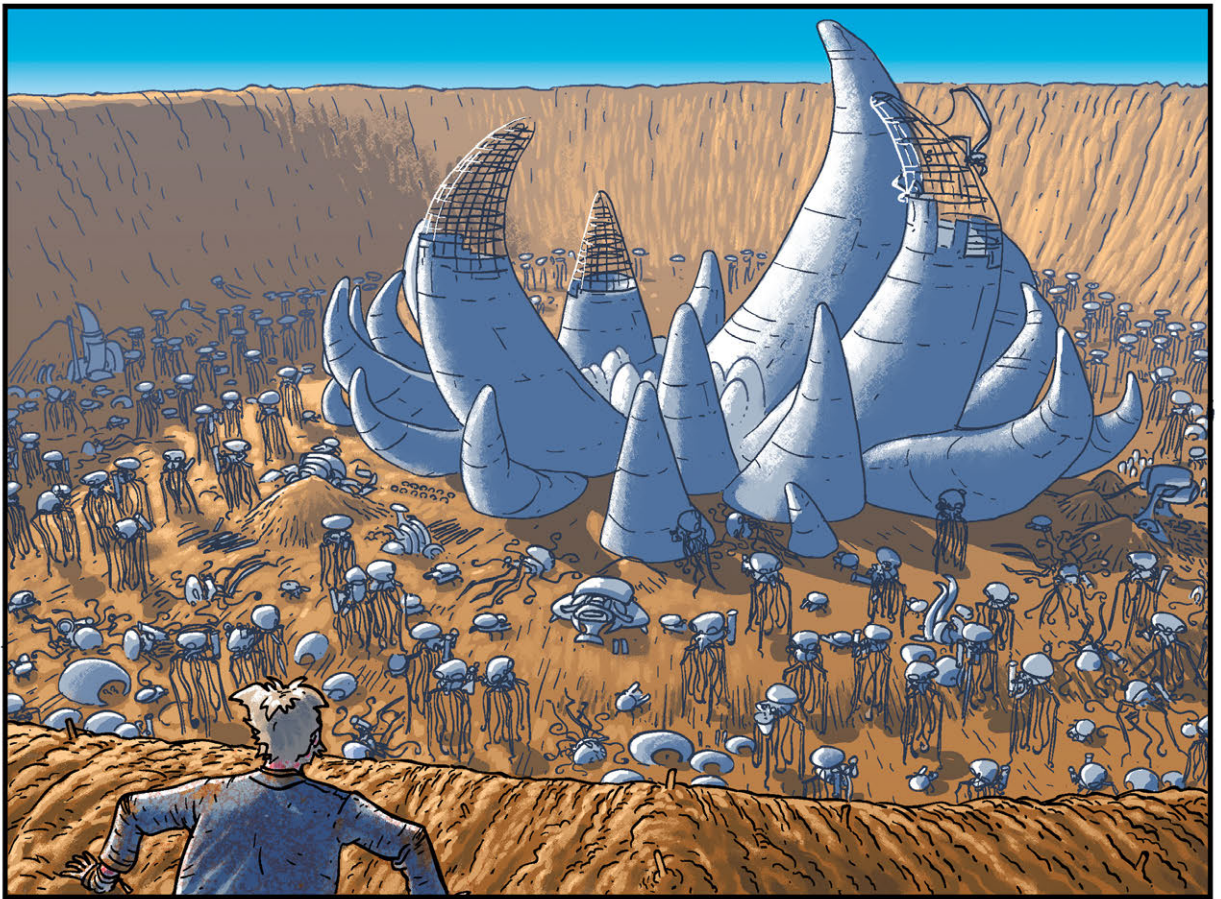


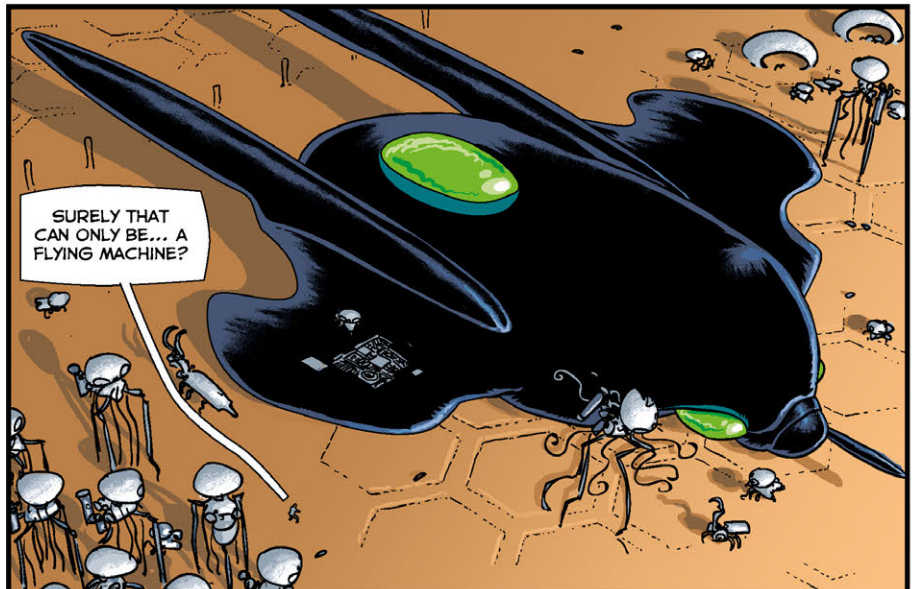
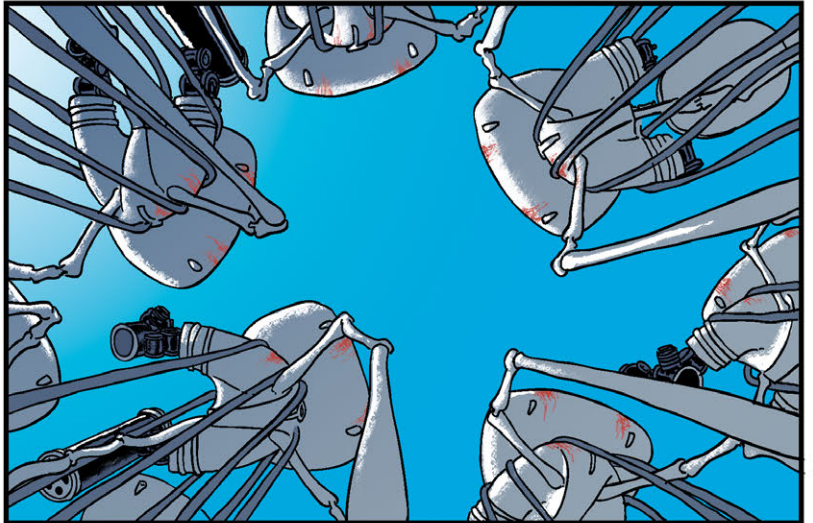
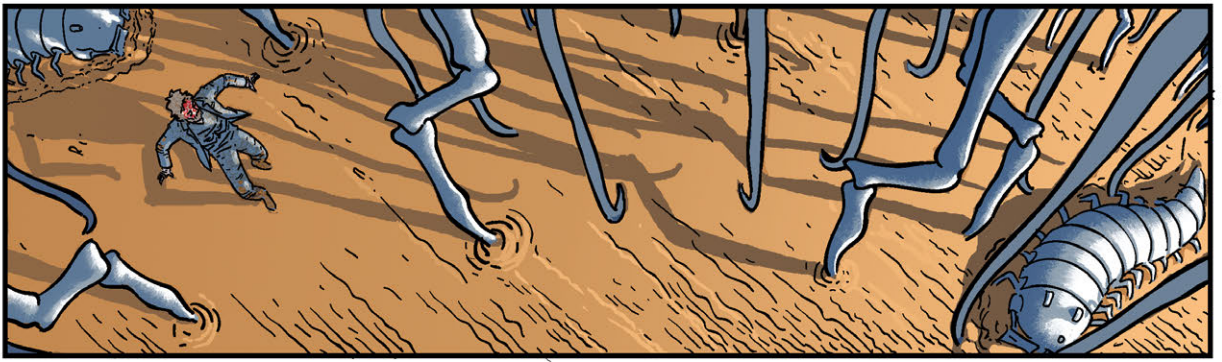














IT'S DISEASED...
INFECTED, BUT BY WHAT?
THE AIR? THE WATER? US?

OH, THAT'S CAPITAL!
GERMS BROUGHT
THEM DOWN? OH...HA!
HAH! HAH! HAH! HOW
THE MIGHTY FALL!

HAH! HA! HA! WHY
BOTHR WITH GUNS AND
ARTILLERY, WE ONLY HAD
TO SNEEZE ON THEM!
O'HAH! HA! HAH! HAAH!



AND I'M THE ONLY
ONE WHO KNOWS!

BWAH!
HA!
HAH!

I'M THE LAST MAN
IN LONDON!

HHAH!
HA!
HAH!



I'M THE LAST MAN
LEFT ALIVE --

BWAHH
HAH!
HAH!



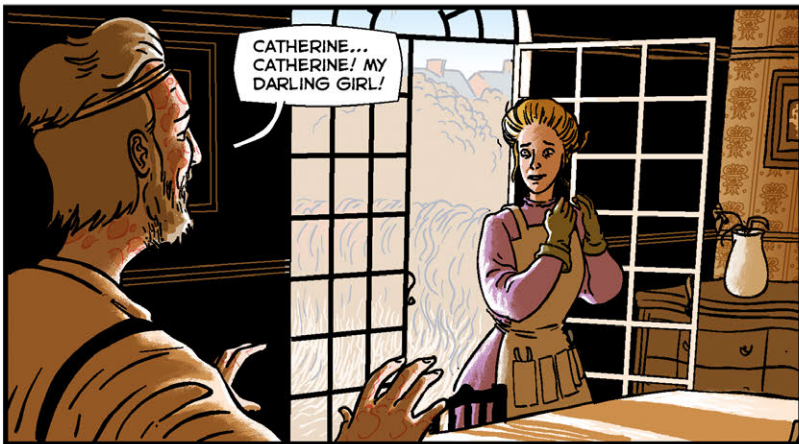
AAAAHH!



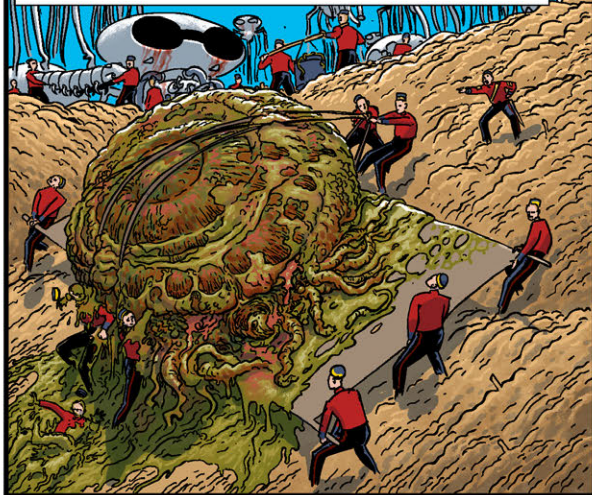
YOU'RE ALRIGHT.
YOU'RE SAFE... YOU'RE
SAFE. BE CALM.

I... WHU...
WHERE AM I?
WHAT'S HAPPENED...
THE MARTIANS!





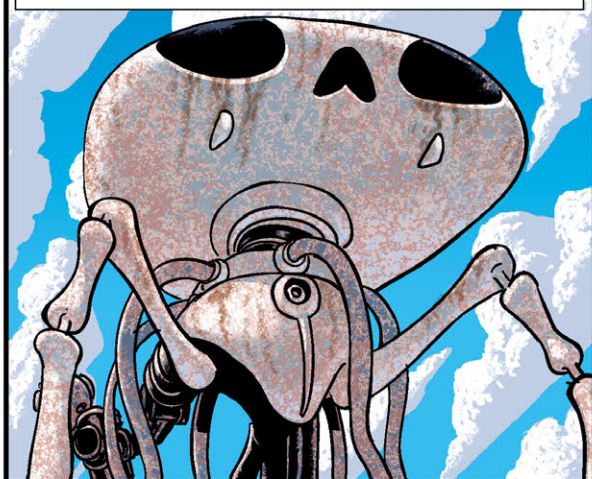
AFTER ALL MEN'S DEVICES HAD FAILED, THE MARTIANS WERE SLAIN BY THE HUMBLEST THINGS THAT GOD IN HIS WISDOM HAD PUT UPON THIS EARTH.



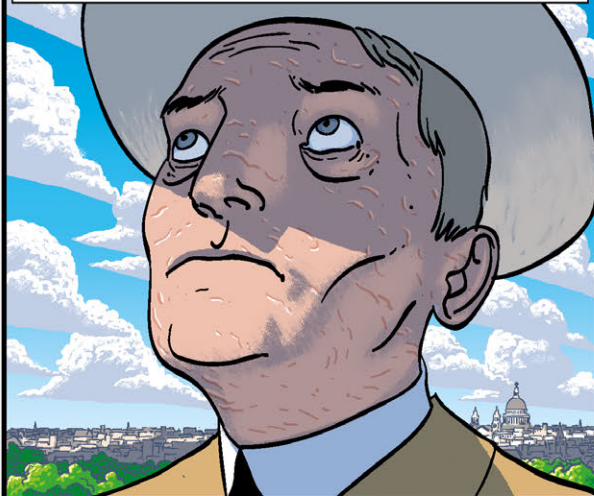
YET WE CAN NO LONGER REGARD THIS PLANET AS A SECURE, ABIDING PLACE FOR MAN. WHILE THE GIFTS TO HUMAN SCIENCE ARE ENORMOUS, THERE WILL BE NO RELAXATION OF OUR EAGER SCRUTINY OF THE MARTIAN DISC.



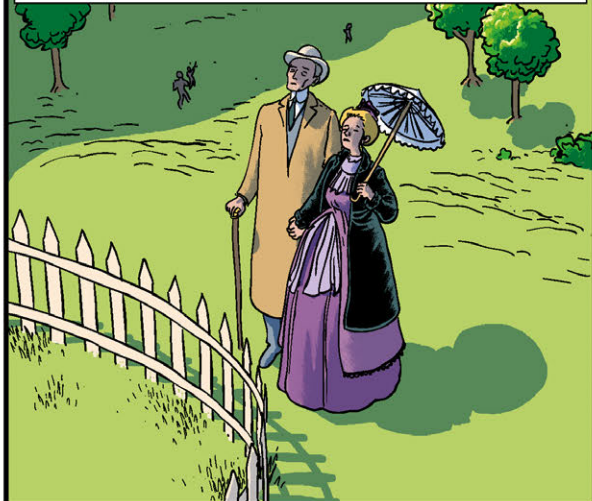
SEVEN MONTHS AGO, WITH VENUS IN OPPOSITION, LUMINOUS MARKINGS SCORED THE FACE OF MARS ONCE MORE. THEY MAY HAVE OBSERVED THE FATE OF THEIR EARTHLY PIONEERS AND DECIDED VENUS A SAFER SETTLEMENT?



THE STRESS AND DANGER OF THAT TIME HAUNTS ME STILL. THE WRITHING FLAMES, THE BLACK POWDER, THE SHROUDED, CONTORTED BODIES, TATTERED AND DOG-BITTEN.

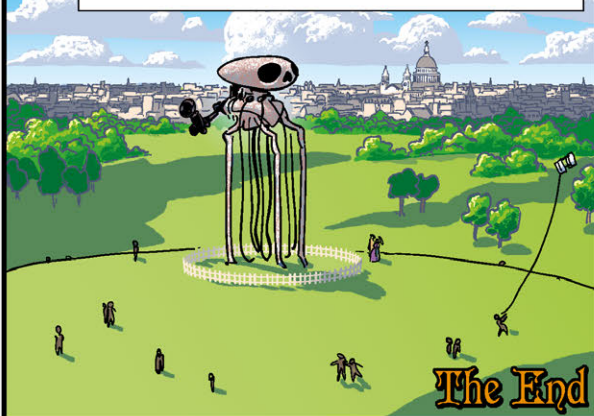


THEN TO HOLD MY WIFE'S HAND AGAIN, THEY ARE DISPELLED. PHANTOMS OF A ONCE DEAD CITY. YET FROM ALL OF THIS I HAVE CONJURED A DIM BUT WONDERFUL VISION.

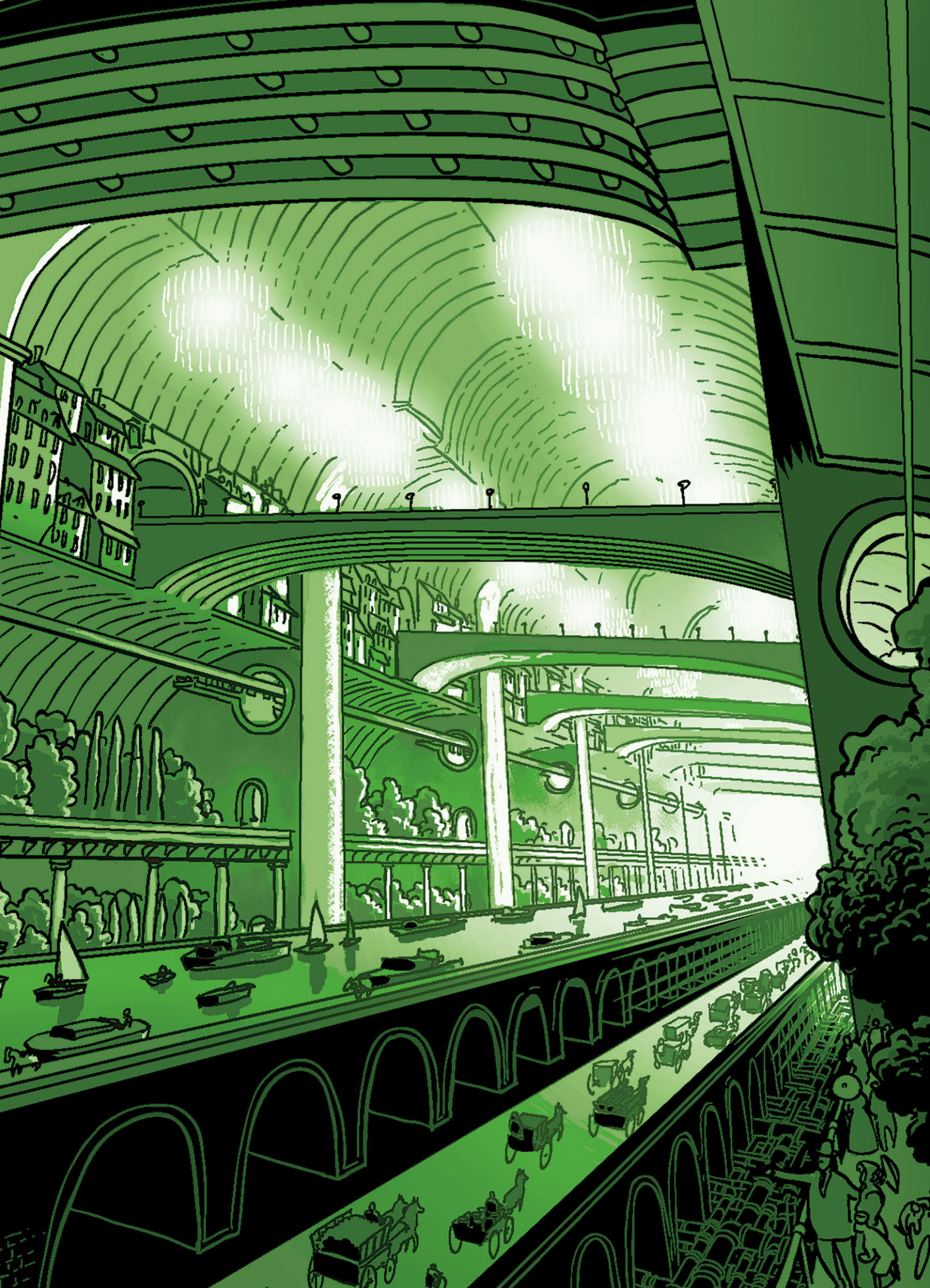


IF THE MARTIANS CAN INDEED REACH VENUS, MIGHT SUCH A THING BE POSSIBLE FOR MEN?

THE PROSPECT OF LIFE SPREADING FROM THIS LITTLE SEED-BED THROUGHOUT THE VASTNESS OF SIDEREAL SPACE -- A COMMONWEALTH OF MANKIND?



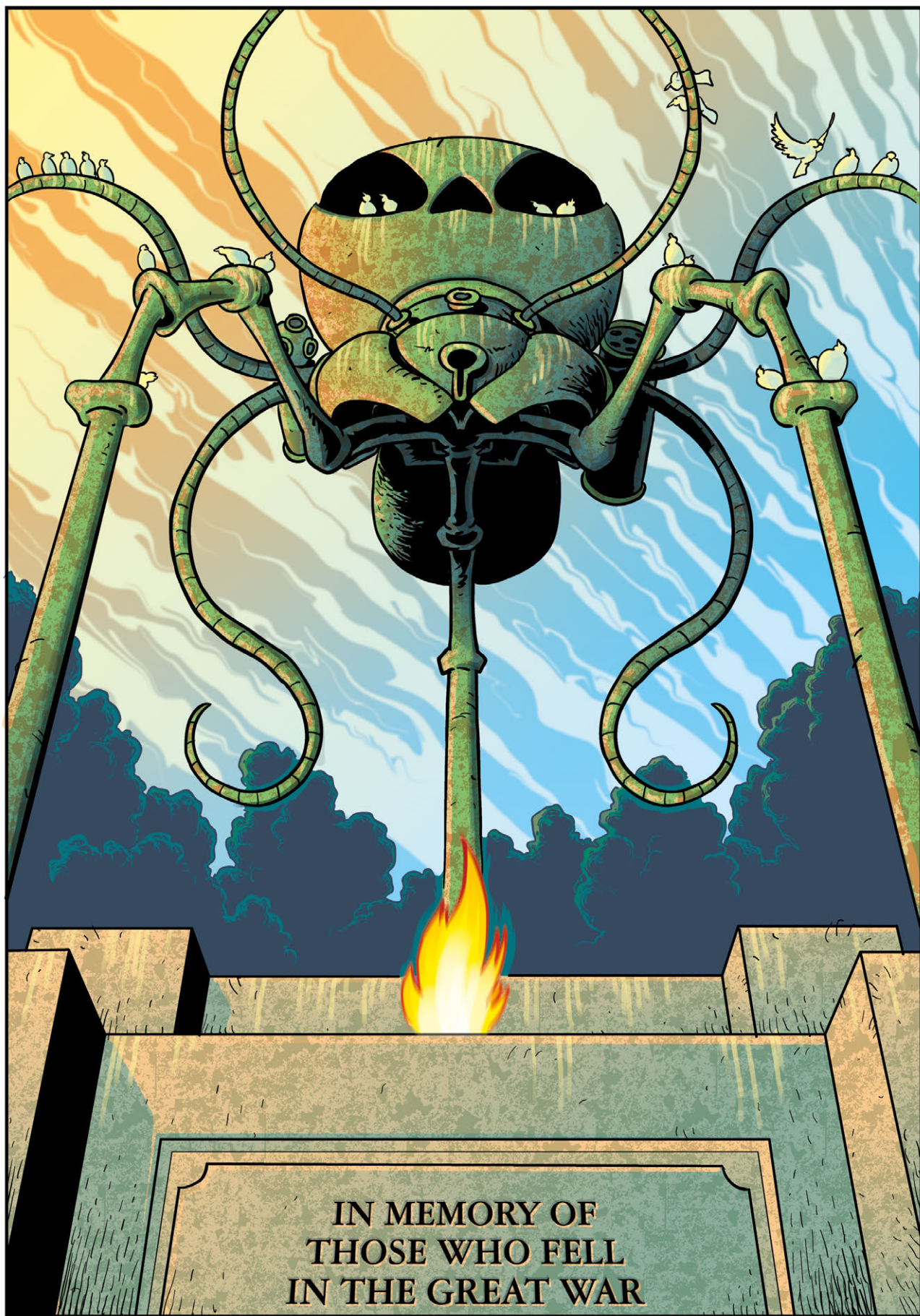
The End

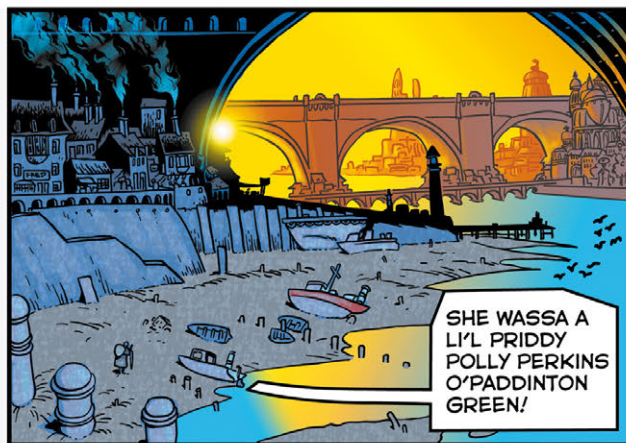
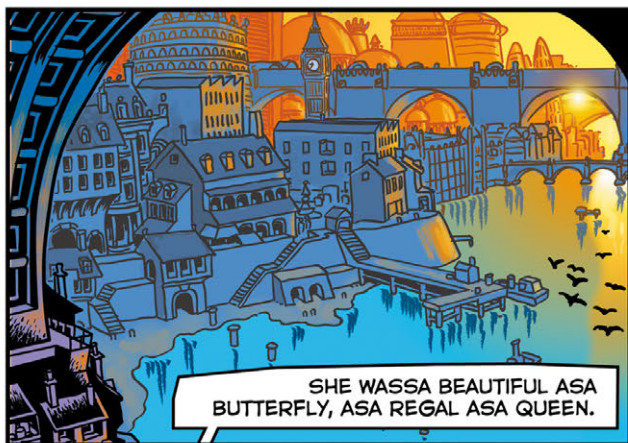


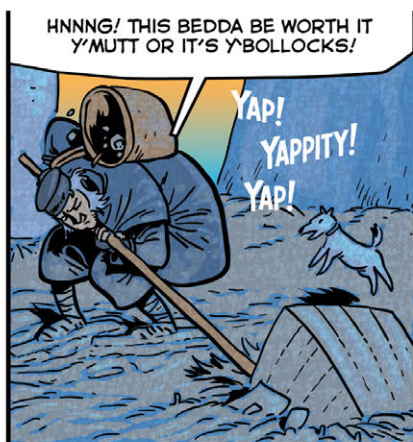
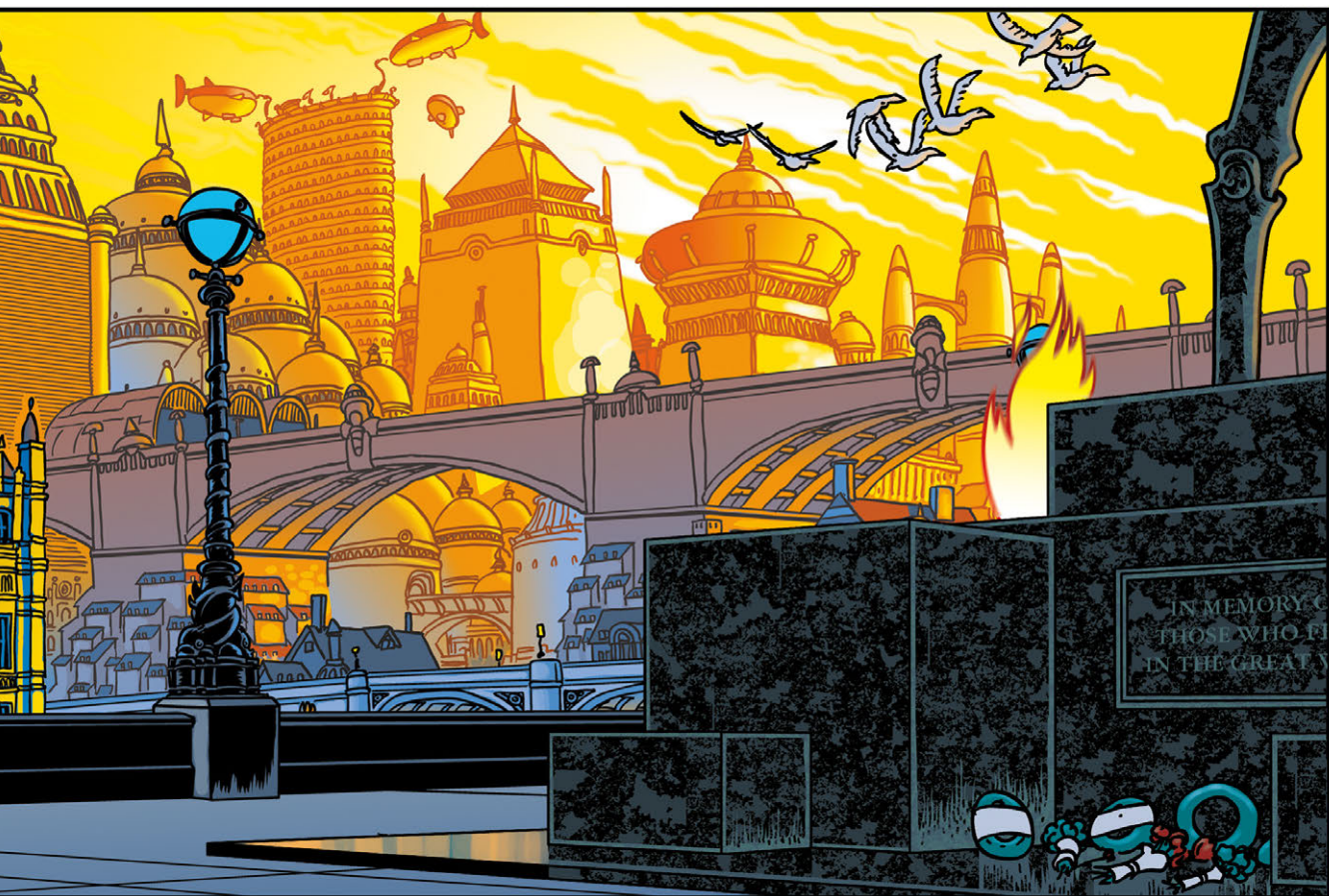


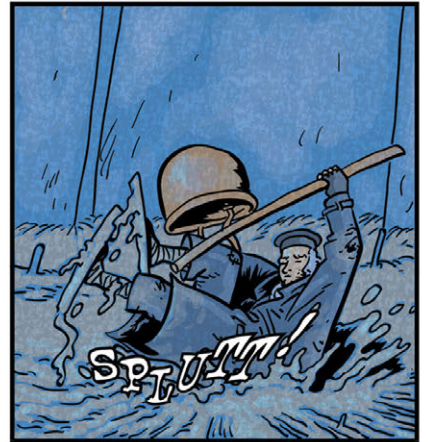
S C A R L E T T R A C E S

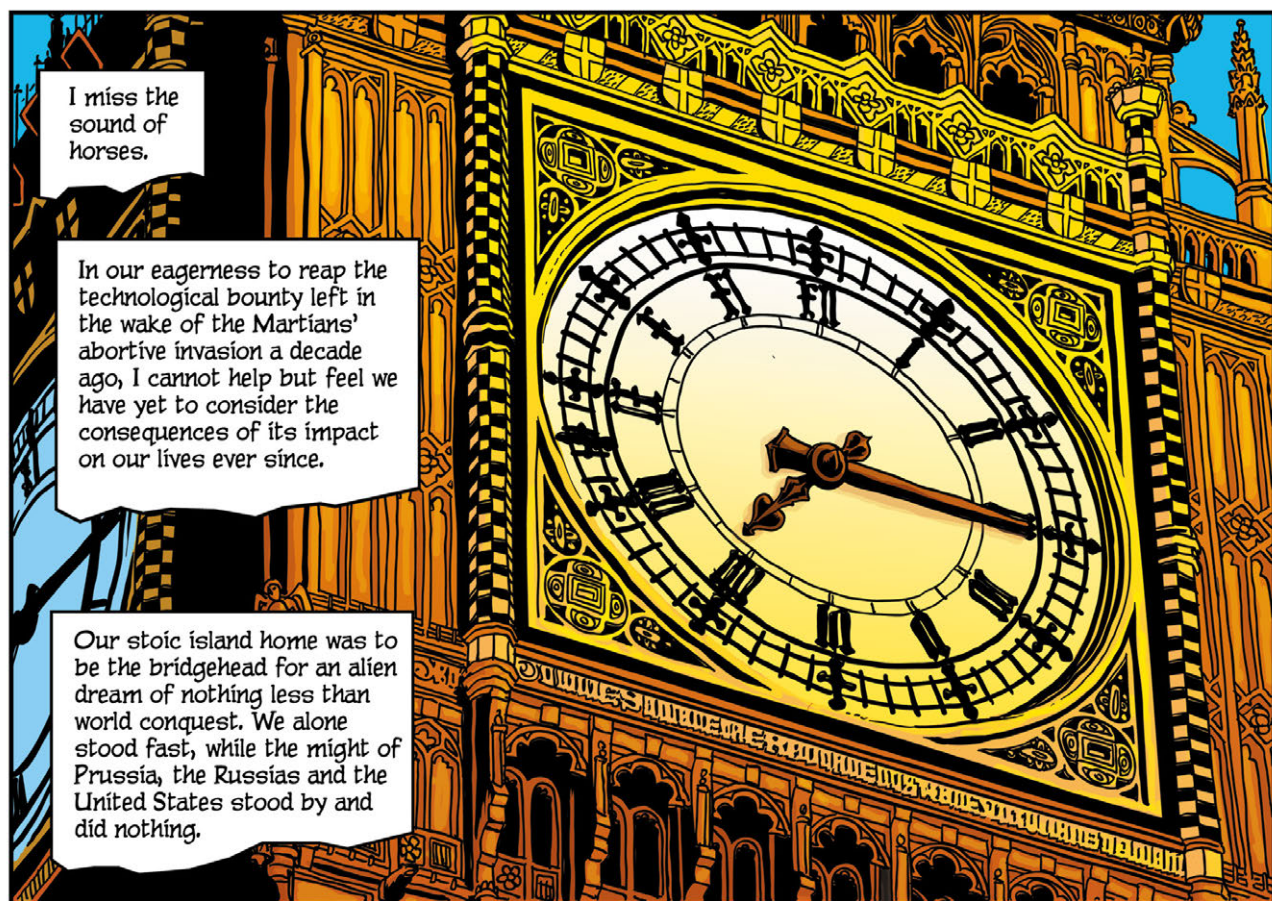
Script: Ian Edginton Art: D'Israeli Letters: D'Israeli











I miss the sound of horses.

In our eagerness to reap the technological bounty left in the wake of the Martians' abortive invasion a decade ago, I cannot help but feel we have yet to consider the consequences of its impact on our lives ever since.

Our stoic island home was to be the bridgehead for an alien dream of nothing less than world conquest. We alone stood fast, while the might of Prussia, the Russias and the United States stood by and did nothing.

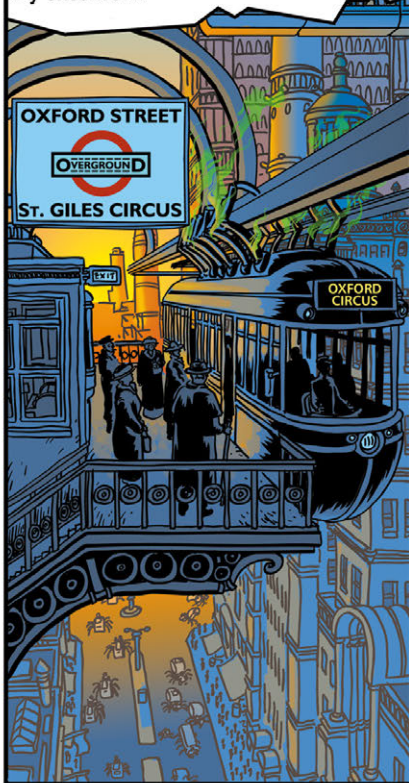


We alone endured the terror of those days, fighting with shot and shell, will and heart against the Martians' implacable heat rays and the toxic Black Smoke.

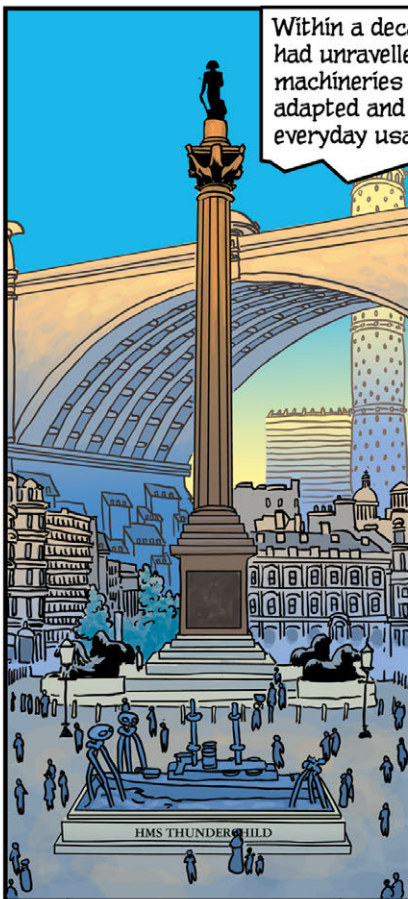
As it transpired, we did not need such fickle allies. Some believe that we were aided by a Power of a far higher design and purpose. Some do not. Either way, we won.

Just as the martians had considered us as insignificant as microbes, so they too, in a feat of ultimate irony, were wiped out by micro-organisms to which we have been immune for centuries.

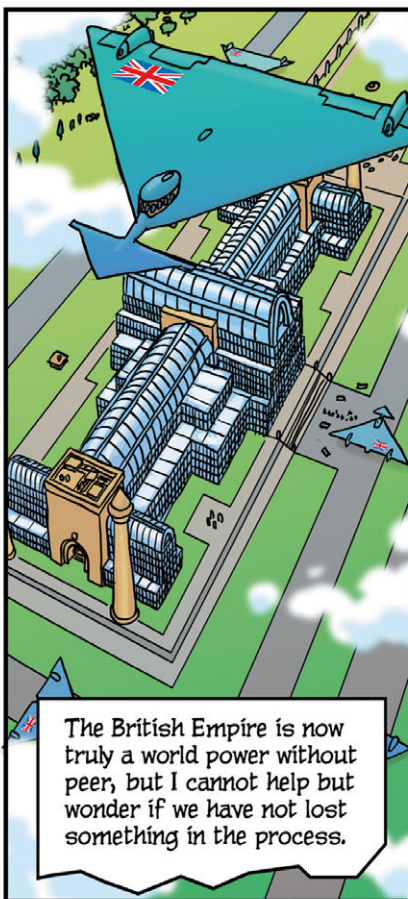
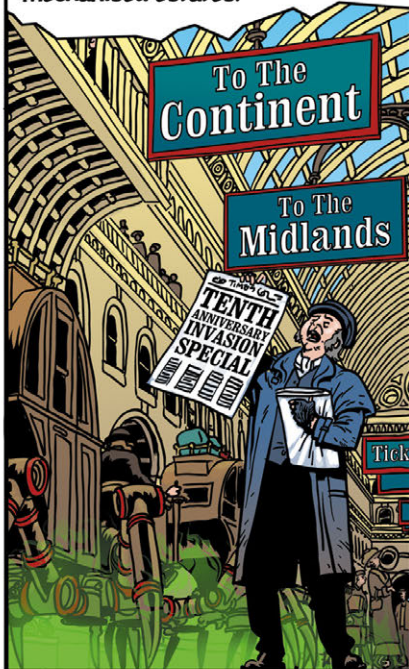
The Martians' unwitting bequest to their would-be slaves was a form of technology as then undreamt of by mankind.



Within a decade our brightest minds had unravelled its secrets, their machineries of war and subjugation adapted and assimilated into our everyday usage.



The noble steed - our companion and carriage for millennia is replaced by a clockwork toy! Homes are heated and lit by a version of the once-dreaded heat ray. The great mills and factories of the North are now vast, mechanised estates.



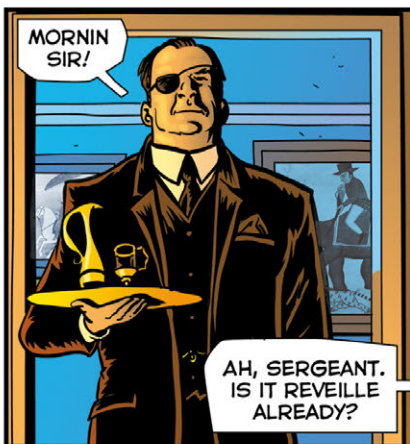
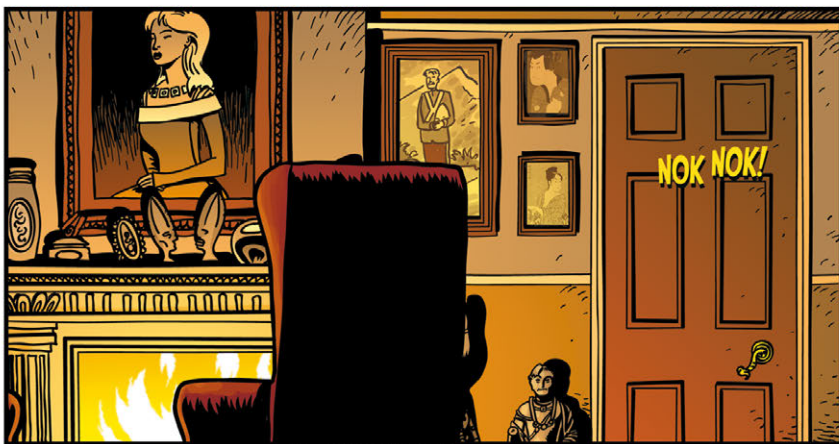
All in all, we as a people have triumphed through adversity and attained an unexpected reward that benefits us all.



However, while the Martians were thwarted, we have in some insidious way succumbed to a form of conquest by proxy...

Major
Robert Autumn Esq.
DSO.

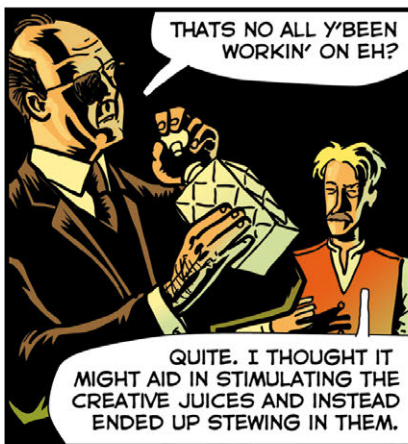
...and life, as we know it, will never be the same again.



AH, SERGEANT.
IS IT REVEILLE
ALREADY?



‘EAAAAAWHH’ NO, NO...BEEN
TRYING TO WORK ON THESE
BLOODY MEMOIRS...TO NO AVAIL.



QUITE. I THOUGHT IT
MIGHT AID IN STIMULATING THE
CREATIVE JUICES AND INSTEAD
ENDED UP STEWING IN THEM.



AH MADE A POT O'THE TURKISH,
JUST TAE BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.

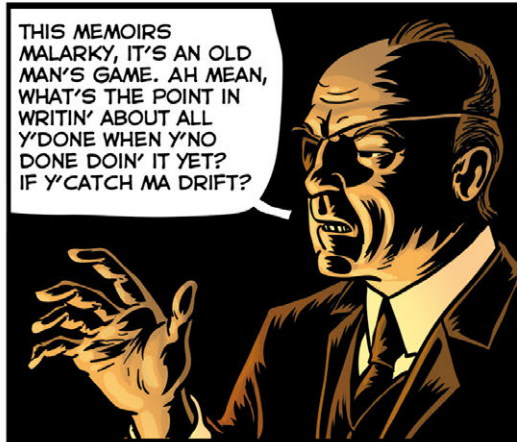
GOOD
MAN!



SIR, WI' RESPECT. MEBBE
Y'SHOULD GI' THE WRITIN'
REST A WHILE. Y'BEIN' AT
IT FER WEEKS NOW
AN'...WELL, Y'NO GETTIN
ANYWHERE ARE YE?



REALLY?



THIS MEMOIRS
MALARKY, IT'S AN OLD
MAN'S GAME. AH MEAN,
WHAT'S THE POINT IN
WRITIN' ABOUT ALL
Y'DONE WHEN Y'NO
DONE DOIN' IT YET?
IF Y'CATCH MA DRIFT?

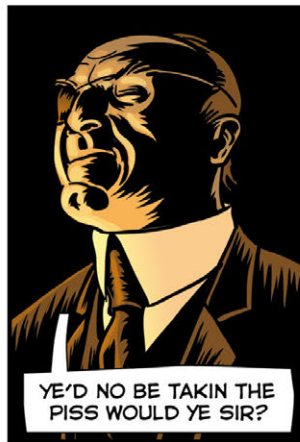


INDEED?



SERGEANT, I ONCE SAW
YOU BEAT A BENGAL
TIGER UNCONSCIOUS
WITH YOUR BARE
HANDS. REDUCE A
HULKING COSSACK TO
TEARS WITH NOTHING
BUT A HEARTY LAUGH
AND A PAIR OF
MANICURE SCISSORS.

HOWEVER, THE THING
THAT IMPRESSES ME
MOST ABOUT YOU, IS
YOUR IRREFUTABLE
SCOTS LOGIC.



YE'D NO BE TAKIN THE
PISS WOULD YE SIR?



PERISH THE THOUGHT!
TRUTH IS, I'VE
REACHED A SIMILAR
CONCLUSION MYSELF.



IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING,
A MAN IS APT TO SEARCH HIS SOUL
MORE THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME.

I ASKED MYSELF, WHY AM I DOING THIS?
WRITING ABOUT A LIFE HALF LIVED?
I FOUND I DID NOT LIKE THE ANSWER.

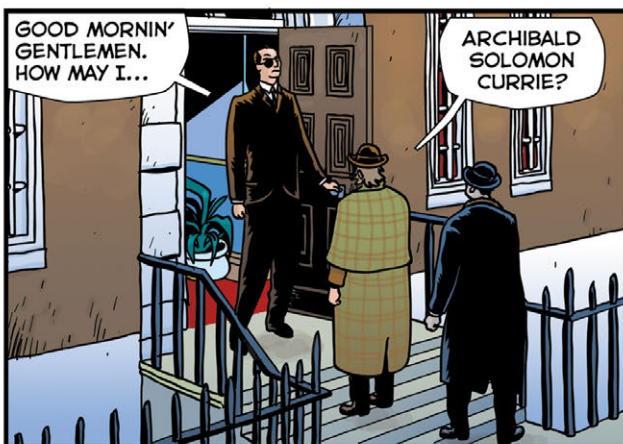
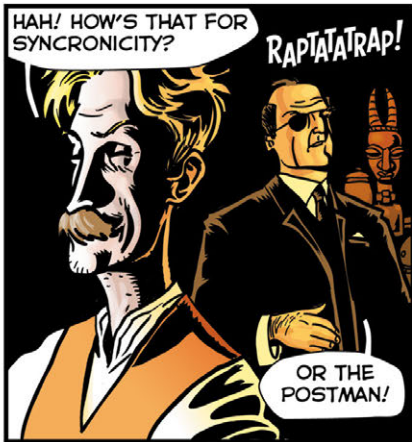
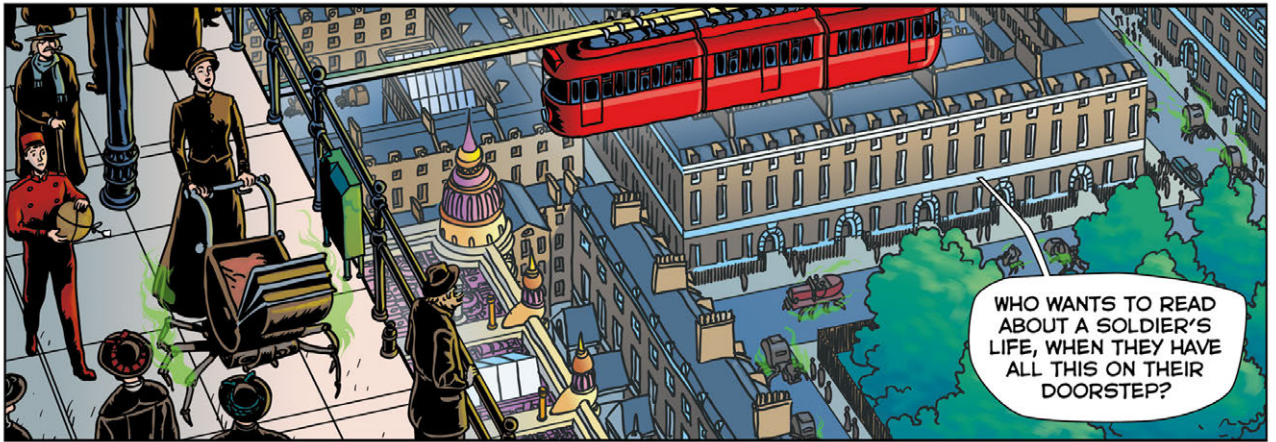


IT'S FOR
NOTHING BUT
VANITY AND
VALIDATION.

SIR?



YOU AND I HAVE SERVED QUEEN AND
COUNTRY WITH UNSTINTING LOYALTY.
BOTH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD AND IN
CLOAK AND DAGGER GAMES BEHIND
THE SCENES.



DETECTIVE INSPECTOR DERBYSHIRE.
THIS IS SERGEANT CHIPS. GET YOUR
COAT. YOU'RE COMING WITH US.



WHAT FOR?



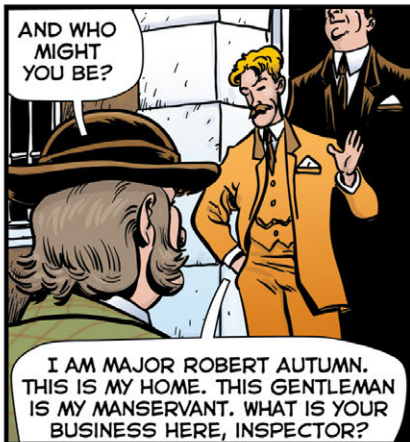
NEVER YOU MIND
THAT, YOU JOCK
BAS...



IS THIS HOW THE POLICE CONDUCTS
ITSELF THESE DAYS? SNATCHING
PEOPLE FROM THEIR DOORSTEPS
WITH NEITHER HIDE NOR HAIR
OF EXPLANATION?



AND WHO
MIGHT
YOU BE?



AH, MAY WE
COME IN SIR?



UH, NO.

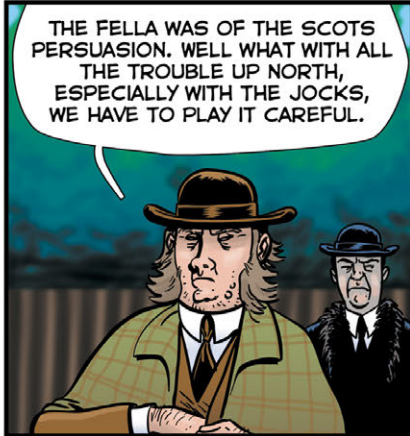


THEN YOU'LL
REMAIN WHERE
YOU ARE
UNTIL YOU'VE
EXPLAINED
YOURSELVES.

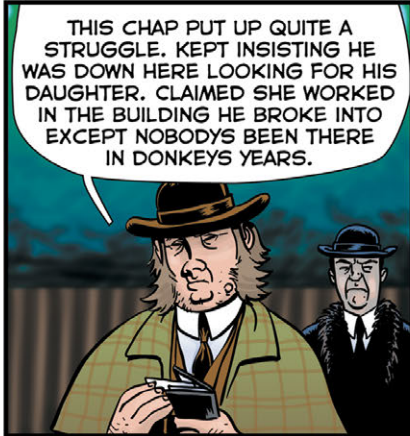
UHM, ITS LIKE THIS SIR. LATE
YESTERDAY EVENING, WE
APPREHENDED AN INDIVIDUAL
BREAKIN' INTO AN OFFICE JUST
OFF DEAN STREET.



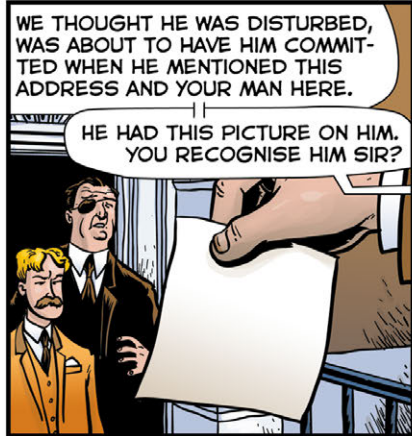
THE FELLA WAS OF THE SCOTS
PERSUASION. WELL WHAT WITH ALL
THE TROUBLE UP NORTH,
ESPECIALLY WITH THE JOCKS,
WE HAVE TO PLAY IT CAREFUL.



THIS CHAP PUT UP QUITE A
STRUGGLE. KEPT INSISTING HE
WAS DOWN HERE LOOKING FOR HIS
DAUGHTER. CLAIMED SHE WORKED
IN THE BUILDING HE BROKE INTO
EXCEPT NOBODYS BEEN THERE
IN DONKEYS YEARS.



WE THOUGHT HE WAS DISTURBED,
WAS ABOUT TO HAVE HIM COMMIT-
TED WHEN HE MENTIONED THIS
ADDRESS AND YOUR MAN HERE.

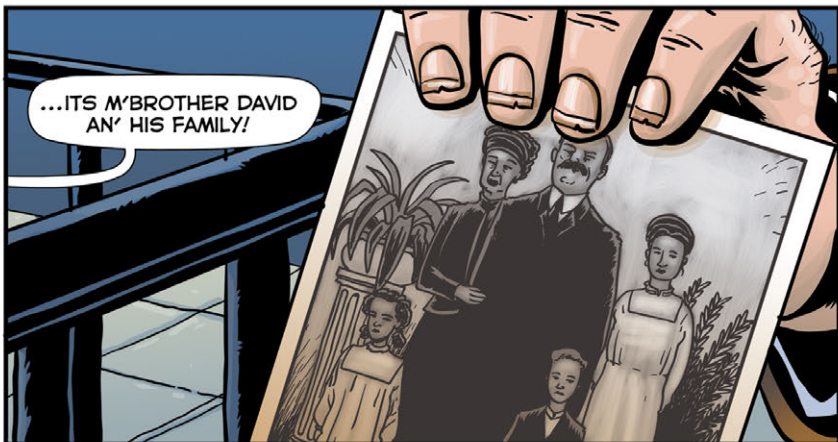


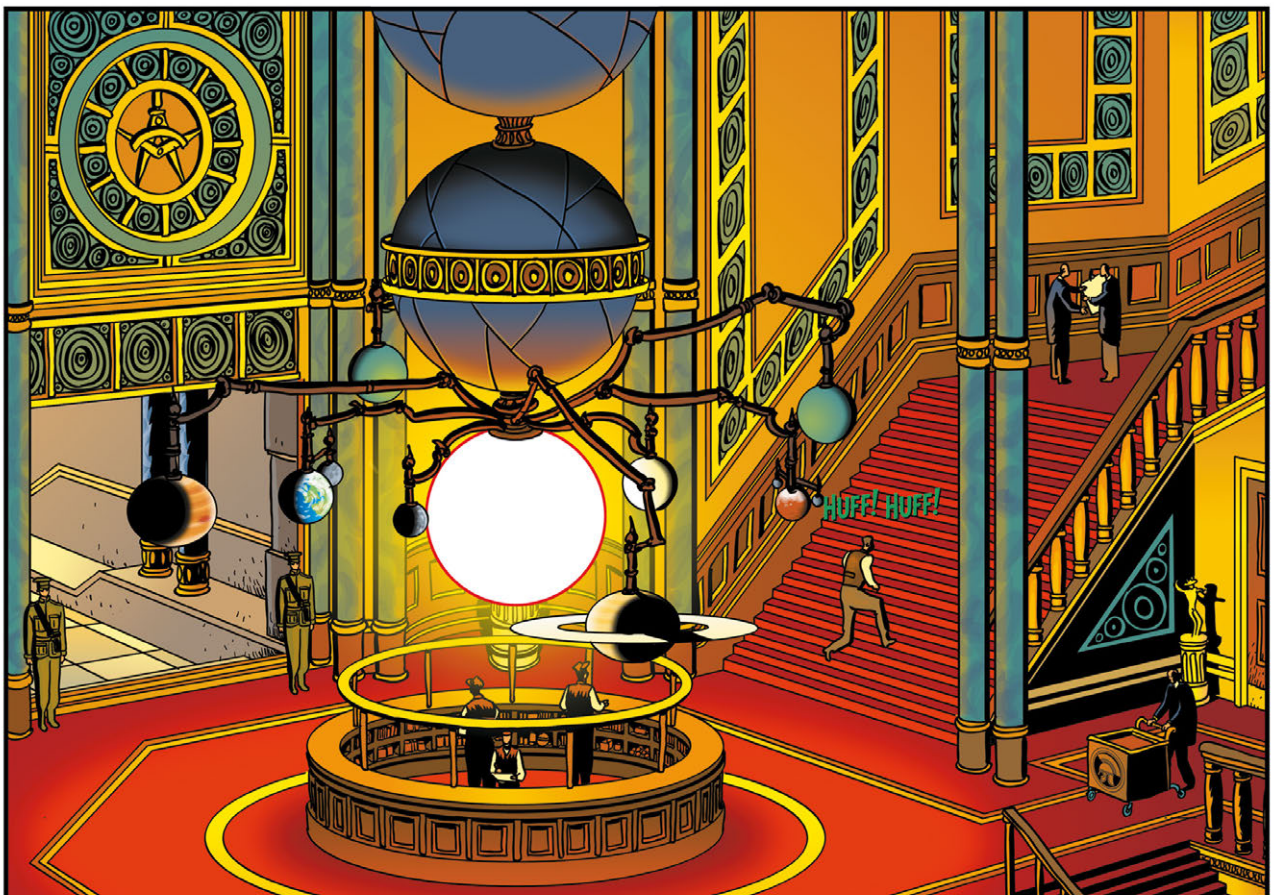
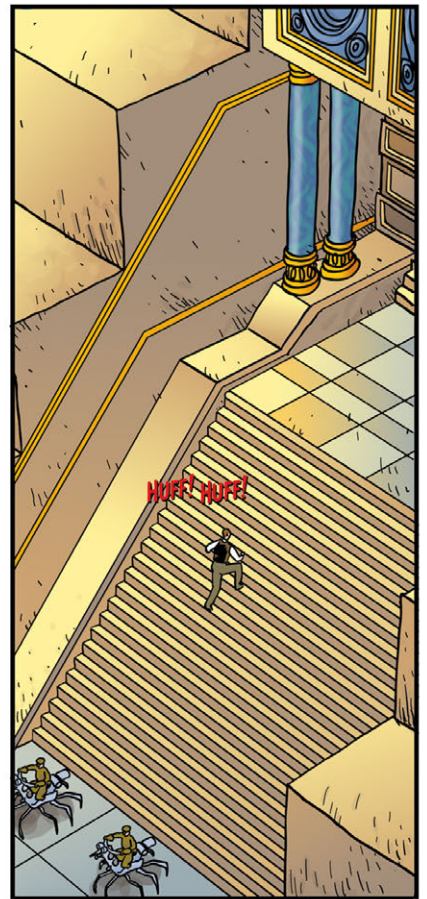
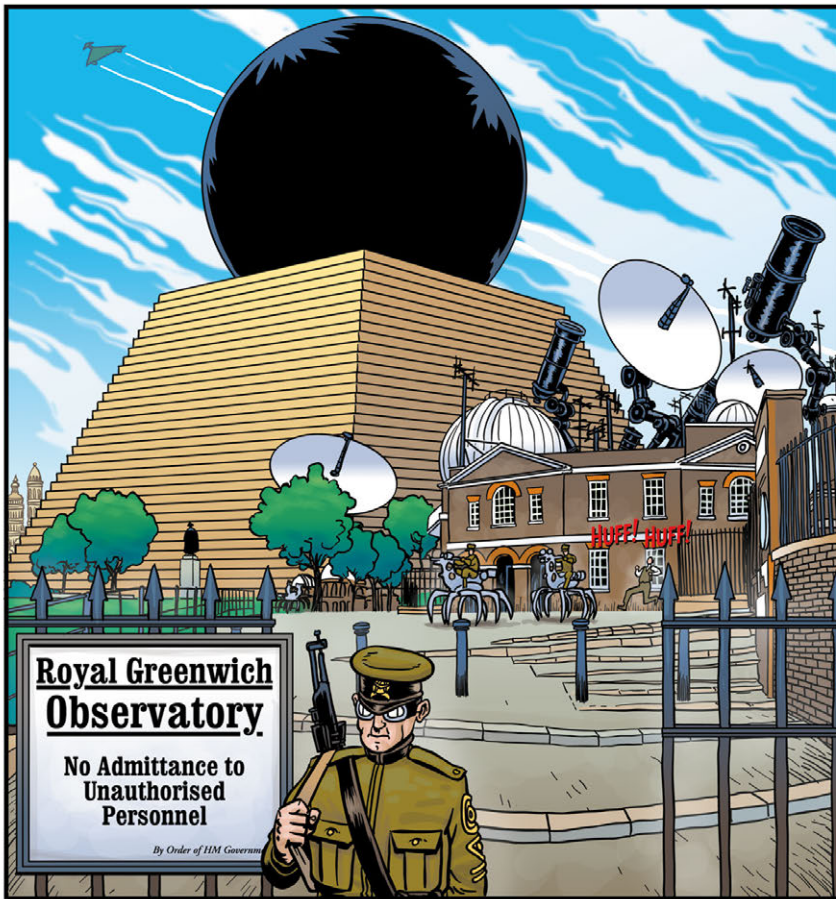
HE HAD THIS PICTURE ON HIM.
YOU RECOGNISE HIM SIR?

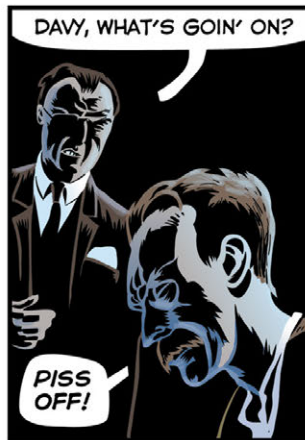
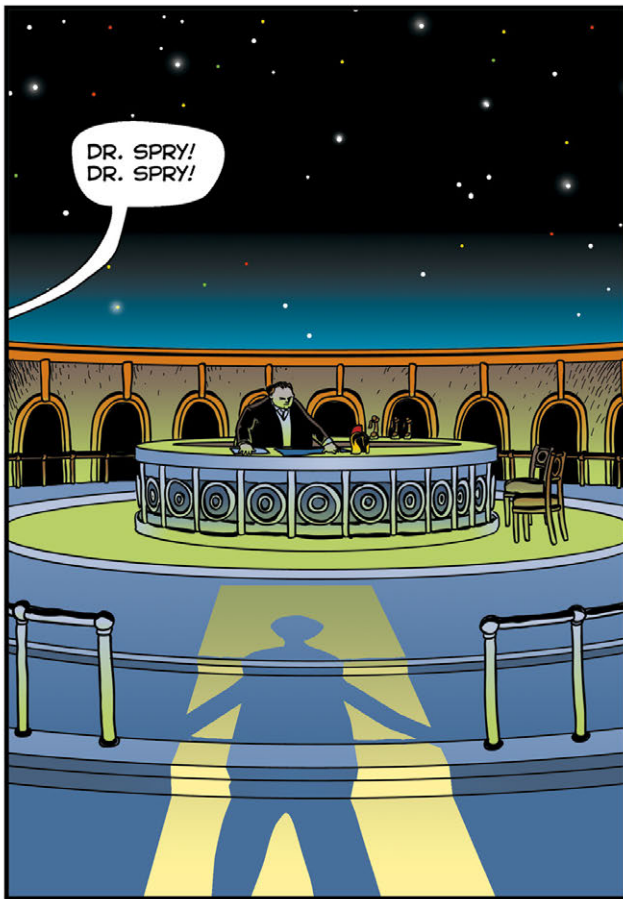
AYE, AYE
A DO...



...ITS M'BROTHER DAVID
AN' HIS FAMILY!









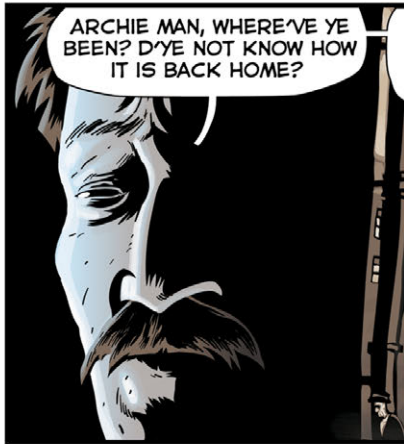
SHE'S JUST GONE,
AWRIGHT! SHE'S DEAD!
DISAPPEARED!
GONE!! GEDDIT!



AW CHRIST ALMIGHTY ARCH'.
AH'M SORRY. SHE'S MA WEE
GIRL. AH...AH DUNNO WHUT
TAE DO ANY MORE...



AH KNOW. I'M HERE
TAE HELP. TELL ME,
WHAT WAS SHE DOIN'
ALL ALONE IN LONDON?



ARCHIE MAN, WHERE'VE YE
BEEN? D'YE NOT KNOW HOW
IT IS BACK HOME?



THERE'S NAE WORK...NOTHIN'. IT'S TH'
MACHINES. THE MILLS AN' SHIPYARDS
ARE ALL AUTOMATED. A HUNDRED MEN
DO THE WORK O'A THOUSAND.



A MAN CANNNA PUT A
CRUST ON THE TABLE
ANY MORE. FOLK ARE
STARVIN'. THEY'RE EATIN'
CATS AN' DOGS!

AN' THE WOMEN,
THERE'S NOTHIN'
F' THEM BUT WHORIN'.
THERE'S BAIRNS OF TEN
AN' TWELVE WORKIN'
TH' CORNERS FER
HA'PENNIES.



KATIE?

NAW, GOD BLESS
HER. SHE FOUND WORK
WI' SOME AGENCY THAT
CAME LOOKIN' FER GIRLS
TAE GO INTO SERVICE
DOWN SOUTH, MAIDS
AN' TH' LIKE.

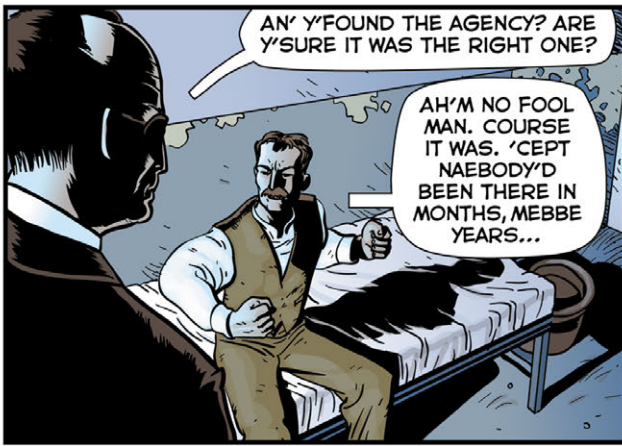


SHE WROTE EVERY
COUPLE O' DAYS, SENT
MONEY WHEN SHE COULD.
IT WAS ALL FINE FER A
COUPLE O' WEEKS, THEN
NOTHIN'. NOT A WORD.



DAVY, WHY DIDN'T
Y' CONTACT ME?

HOW? WHAT WITH?
EVEN WI' KATIE'S
MONEY WE WAS JUST
SCRAPIN' BY. I HADDA
JUMP A FREIGHT TRAIN
T' GET HERE M' SEL!



AN' Y'FOUND THE AGENCY? ARE Y'SURE IT WAS THE RIGHT ONE?

AH'M NO FOOL MAN. COURSE IT WAS. 'CEPT NAEBODY'D BEEN THERE IN MONTHS, MEBBE YEARS...



...THAT'S WHEN AH LOST MA RAG.

KNOCK KNOCK



EXCUSE THE INTRUSION GENTLEMEN, BUT I THINK I'VE FINALLY MANAGED TO SMOOTH THINGS OVER.



DON'T DO ME ANY FAVOURS! AH DIDN'T ASK FER Y'HELP!

DAVY! SHUT IT, RIGHT NOW!



IT'S ALL RIGHT SERGEANT. HE HAS EVERY RIGHT TO BE ANGRY.

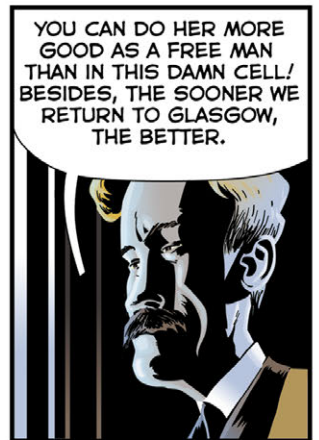


SINCE THEY CAN'T LOCATE ANY OWNER OF THE BUILDING, THE CHARGES OF BREAKING AND ENTERING HAVE BEEN DROPPED.

YOUR ASSAULTING THE ARRESTING OFFICERS WAS MORE PROBLEMATIC, BUT THEY'VE AGREED TO RELEASE YOU, PROVIDED YOU RETURN HOME.



NO! NOT WHILE KATIE'S STILL MISSIN'!



YOU CAN DO HER MORE GOOD AS A FREE MAN THAN IN THIS DAMN CELL! BESIDES, THE SOONER WE RETURN TO GLASGOW, THE BETTER.



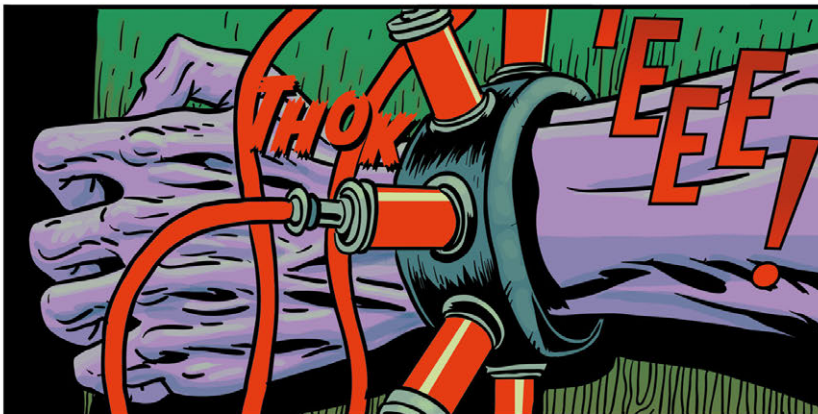
SIR?

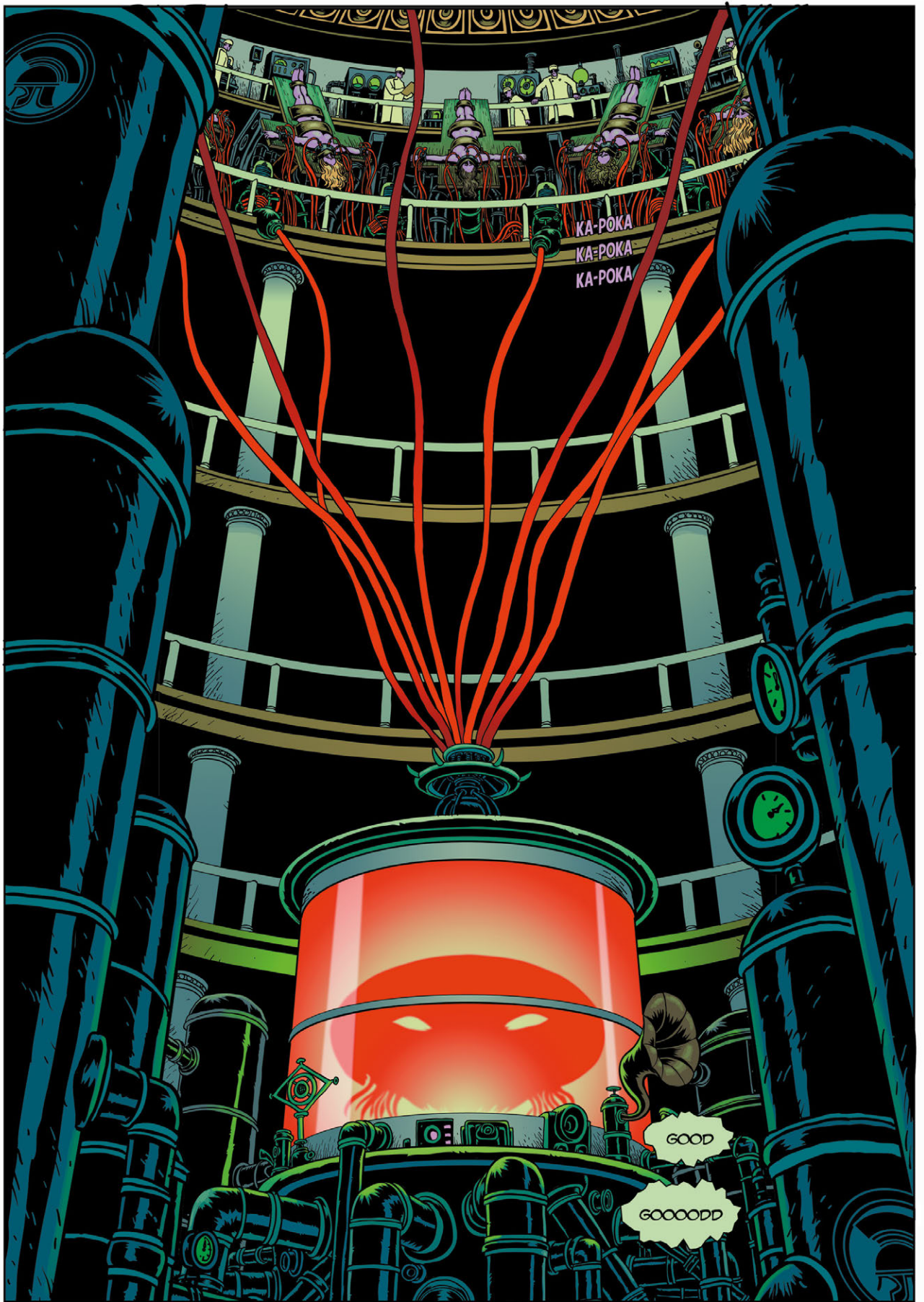
YOUR FAMILY NEEDS YOU, SERGEANT. YOU'VE STOOD BY ME THROUGH THICK AND THIN. IT'S ONLY APPROPRIATE THAT I RETURN THE HONOUR.



IF WE'RE TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY, THE BEST PLACE TO START IS AT THE BEGINNING, AND THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

SHALL WE?

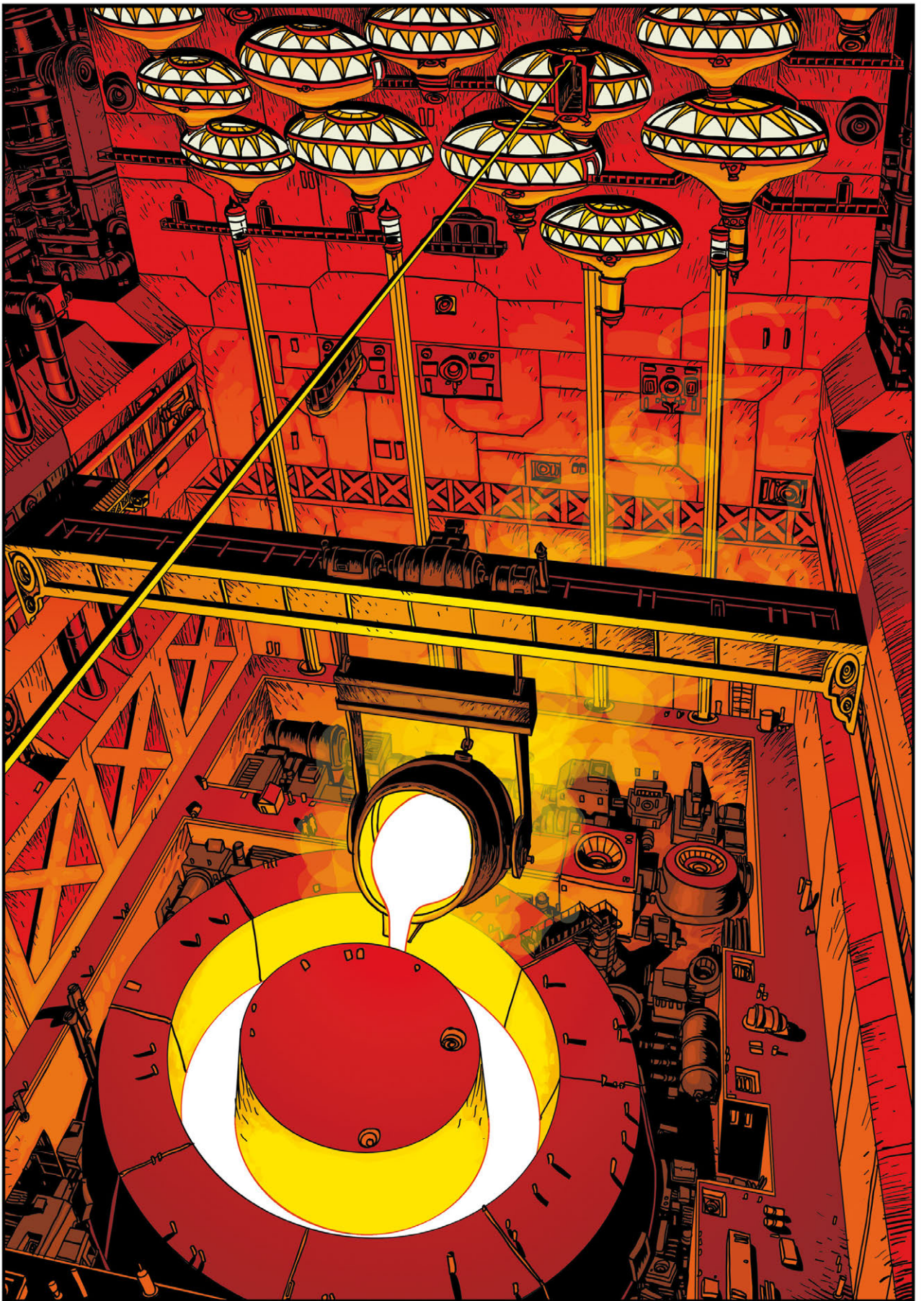


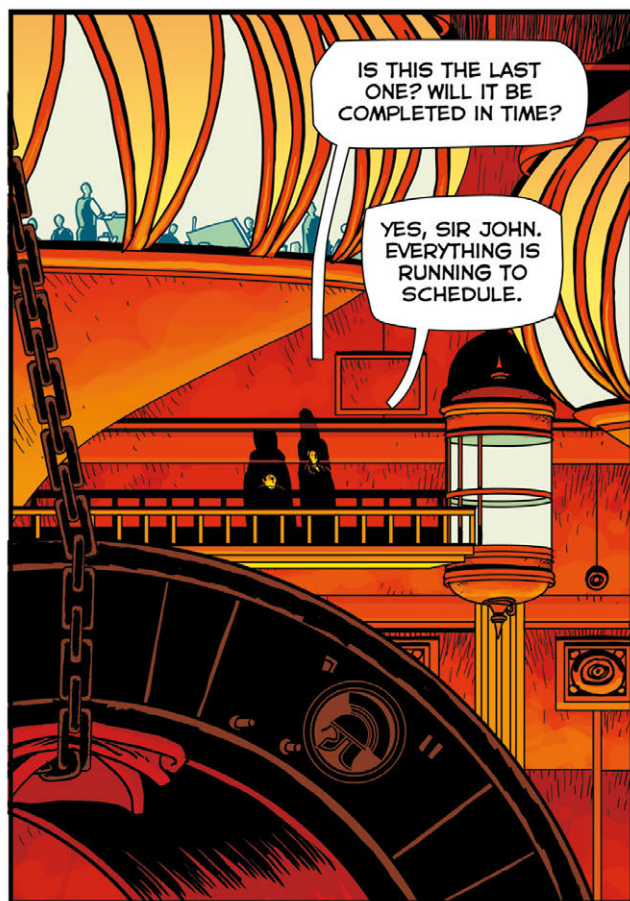


KA-POKA
KA-POKA
KA-POKA

GOOD

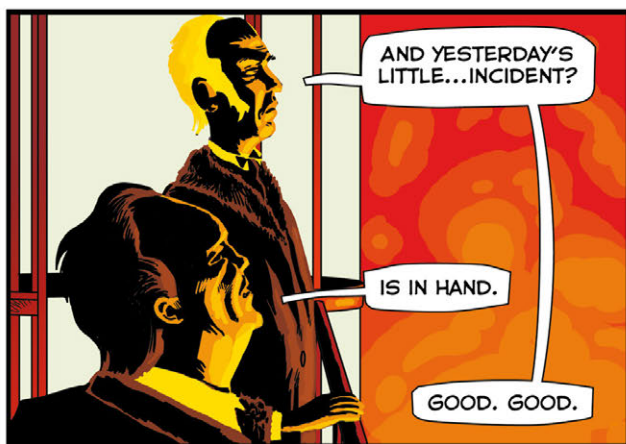
GOOOOOPD





IS THIS THE LAST ONE? WILL IT BE COMPLETED IN TIME?

YES, SIR JOHN. EVERYTHING IS RUNNING TO SCHEDULE.



AND YESTERDAY'S LITTLE...INCIDENT?

IS IN HAND.

GOOD. GOOD.



HMM, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MORE, BUT I HAVE A SITTING IN THE HOUSE IN TWENTY MINUTES.



WALK WITH ME, DOCTOR.

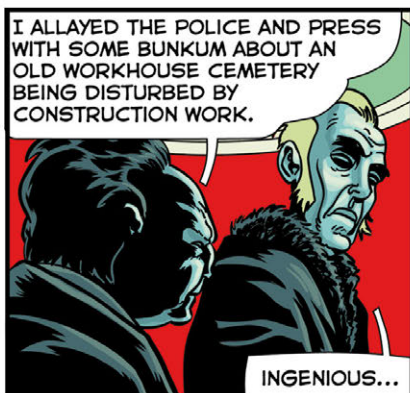


DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, REGARDING THE BODIES?



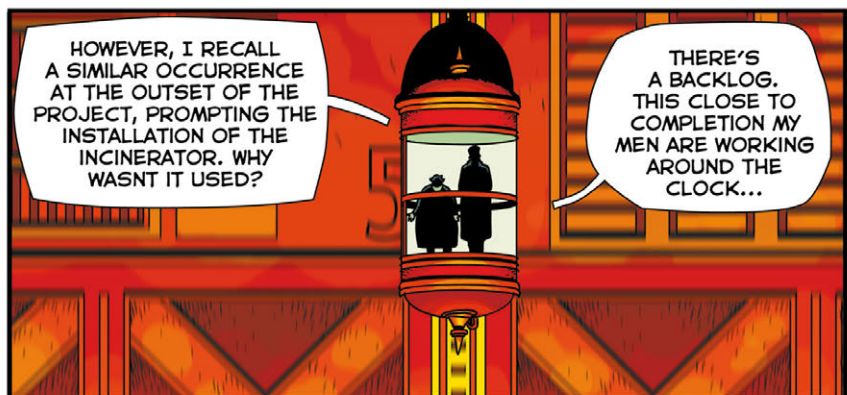
APPARENTLY, THE SITE MORTUARY FLOODED, IN THE RECENT RAINS. PERIL OF BUILDING ON THE THAMES FLOOD PLAIN, I'M AFRAID.

SEVERAL CRATES WASHED DOWN RIVER. NO ONE SAW THEM... NO ONE WHO MATTERS ANYWAY.



I ALLAYED THE POLICE AND PRESS WITH SOME BUNKUM ABOUT AN OLD WORKHOUSE CEMETERY BEING DISTURBED BY CONSTRUCTION WORK.

INGENIOUS...

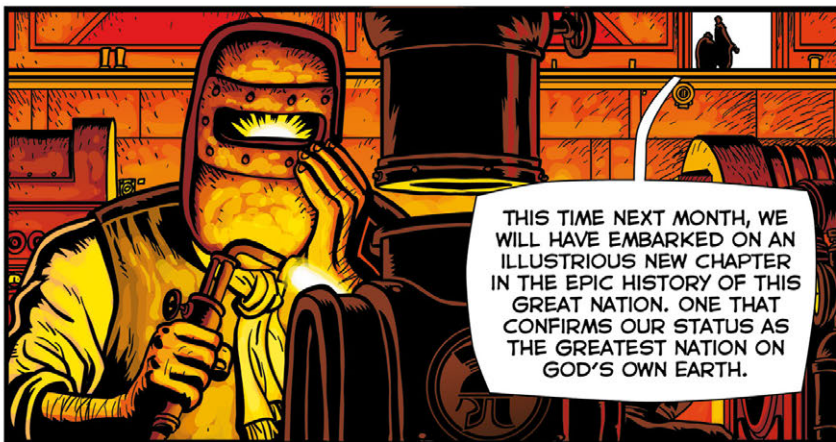


HOWEVER, I RECALL A SIMILAR OCCURRENCE AT THE OUTSET OF THE PROJECT, PROMPTING THE INSTALLATION OF THE INCINERATOR. WHY WASN'T IT USED?

THERE'S A BACKLOG. THIS CLOSE TO COMPLETION MY MEN ARE WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK...



AND I AM ABOUT TO ADD A FURTHER LABOUR TO YOUR BURDENS.

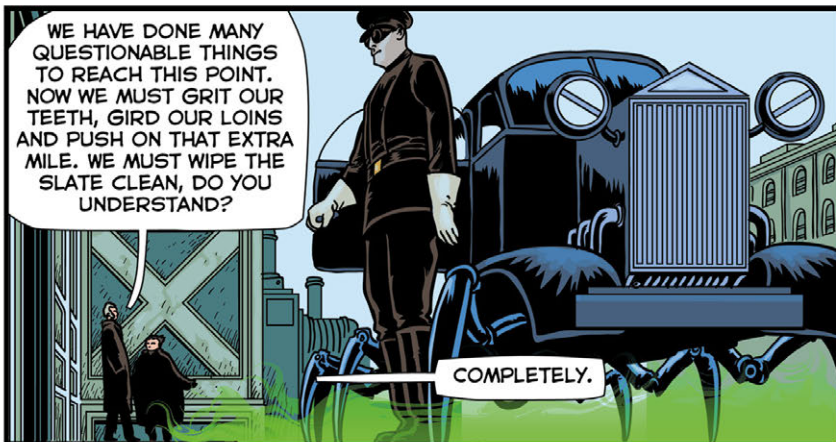


THIS TIME NEXT MONTH, WE WILL HAVE EMBARKED ON AN ILLUSTRIOUS NEW CHAPTER IN THE EPIC HISTORY OF THIS GREAT NATION. ONE THAT CONFIRMS OUR STATUS AS THE GREATEST NATION ON GOD'S OWN EARTH.



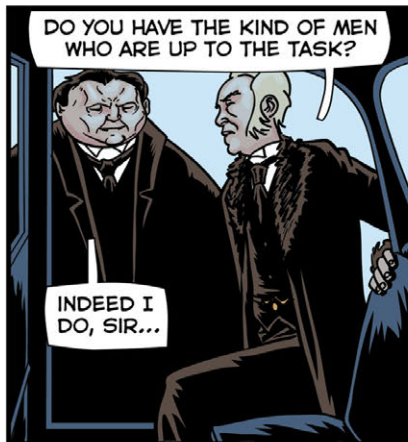
AND AS YOU KNOW, GOD IS AN ENGLISHMAN.

NOTHING MUST COMPROMISE THIS GOAL DOCTOR, NOTHING.



WE HAVE DONE MANY QUESTIONABLE THINGS TO REACH THIS POINT. NOW WE MUST GRIT OUR TEETH, GIRD OUR LOINS AND PUSH ON THAT EXTRA MILE. WE MUST WIPE THE SLATE CLEAN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

COMPLETELY.



DO YOU HAVE THE KIND OF MEN WHO ARE UP TO THE TASK?

INDEED I DO, SIR...



"...IN FACT I HAVE JUST THE PAIR IN MIND."



HOW IS HE SERGEANT?

STILL SLEEPIN' LIKE A BAIRN. WAS THE SUPPER THAT DID FER HIM. HE'S NO HAD A DECENT MEAL IN MONTHS.



WHISKY?

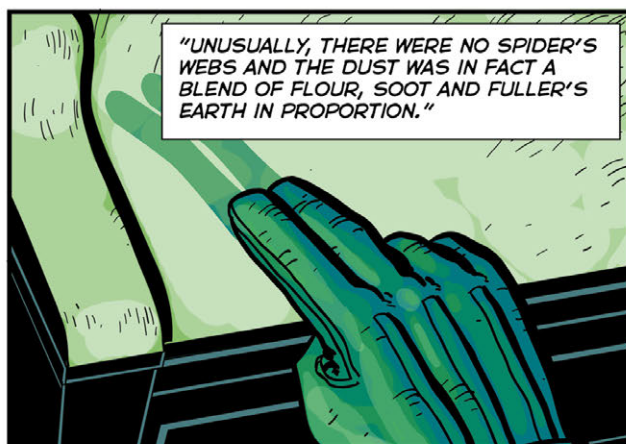
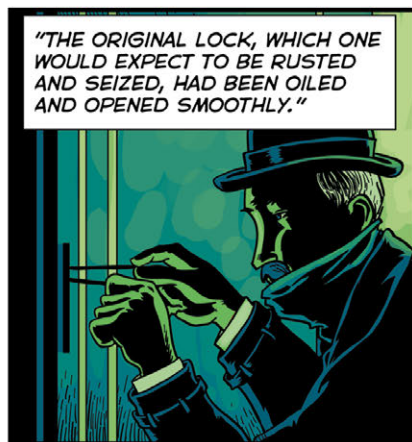
AYE.



I CONFESS, I HAD HEARD THINGS WERE GRIM IN THE NORTH, BUT FROM WHAT DAVID DESCRIBED, THEY ARE NOTHING SHORT OF HELLISH.



AN' THERE'S ME SITTIN' ON MA ARSE IN LONDON, IN THE LAP O'BLOODY LUXURY WHILE MA KIN GO HUNGRY.



WE HAVE CHANCED UPON A FRAGMENT OF A TANTALISING PUZZLE SERGEANT, THE DIMENSION AND DESIGN OF WHICH IS AS YET UNCLEAR.

THE LONDON ADDRESS YIELDED SCANT INFORMATION BUT FORTUNATELY WE STILL HAVE ANOTHER RESOURCE TO TAP...

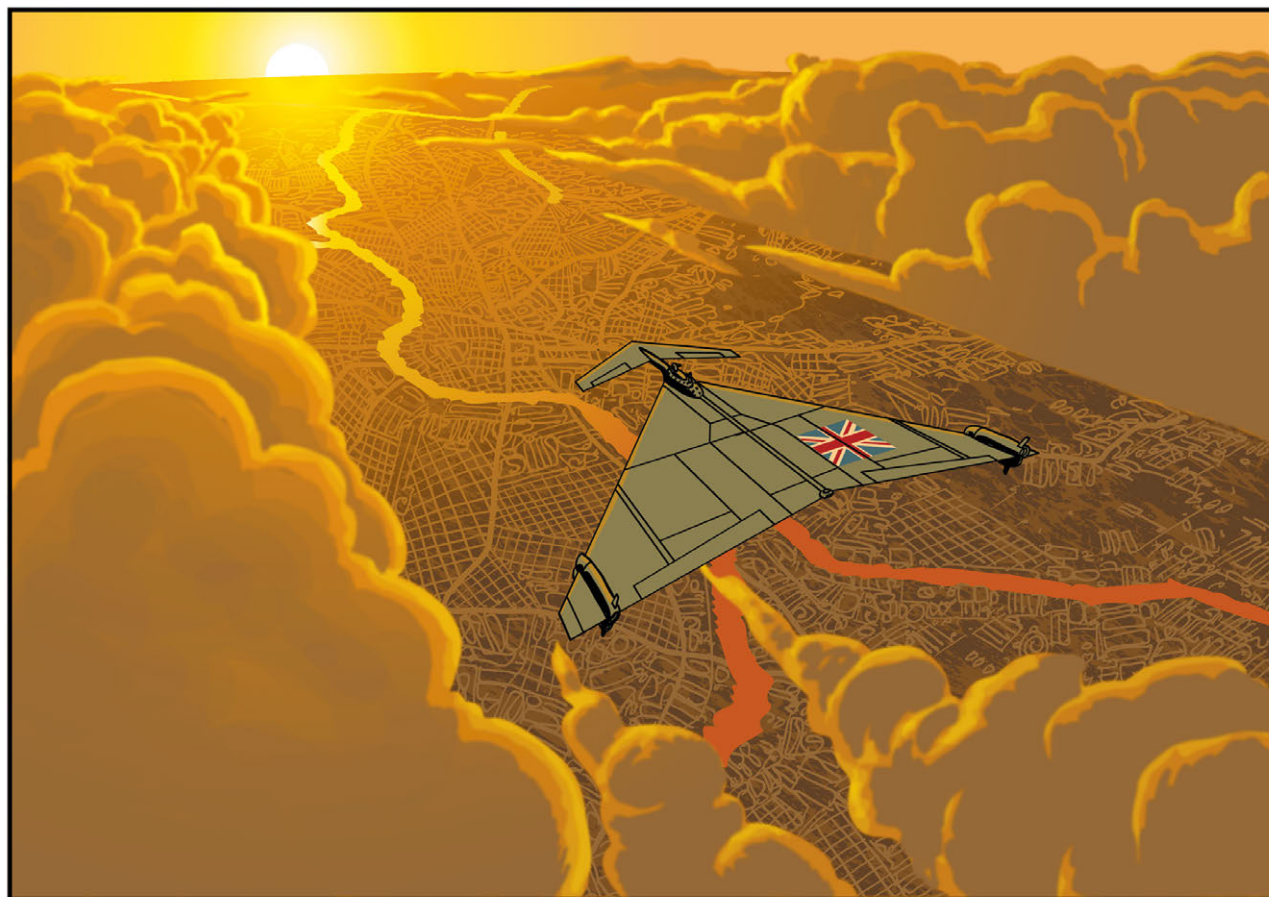


EXCUSE ME GENTLEMEN BUT WE WILL SHORTLY BE ARRIVING IN GLASGOW CENTRAL. IF YOU COULD FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS.

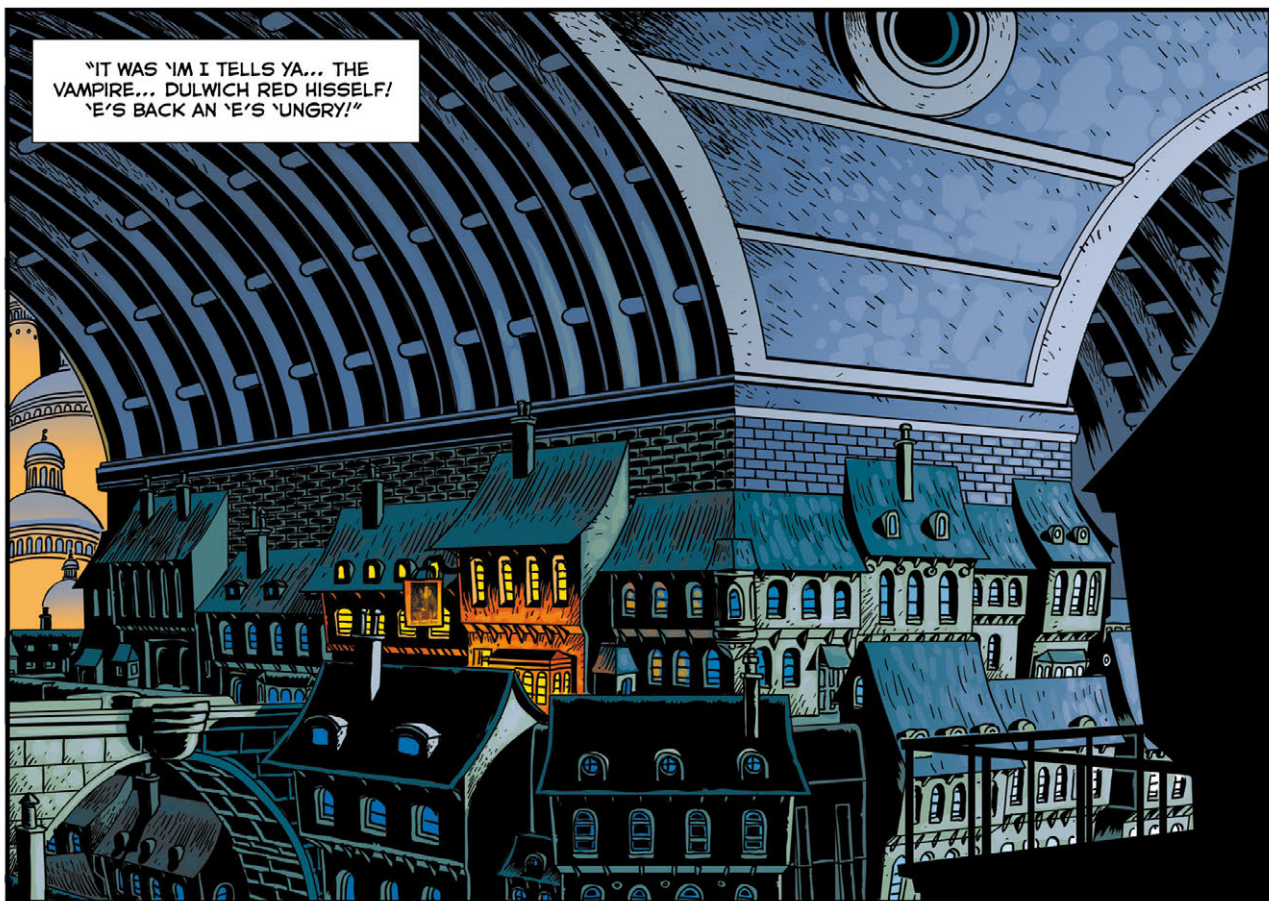
OF COURSE.



AH HATE THIS BIT! IF MAN WUZ MEANT T'FLY GOD'D GI'EN US WINGS!



"IT WAS 'IM I TELLS YA... THE
VAMPIRE... DULWICH RED HISSELF!
'E'S BACK AN 'E'S 'UNGRI!"



I SAW 'EM...
WOMEN'S BODIES...
PALE AS MILK, WITH
GREAT 'OLES ALL IN 'EM
WHERE E'D SUCKED
AHT THE BLOOD!



OOH, YOU LIKE A
BIT OF SUCKIN'
DONTCHA SID!

ONLY IF THE
PRICE IS
RIGHT! BWAH!
HAH! HAH! HA!



YOU CAN LAUGH! I REMEMBER
THE FUST TIME, YEARS BACK! DIRTY
SKIRTS LIKE YOU WAZ SCARED
SHITLESS T'GO WALKIN' AHT.





THERE WAS DEAD UN'S
FLOATIN' ALL DAHN THE RIVER!
JUS' LIKE THEM YESTERDAY!

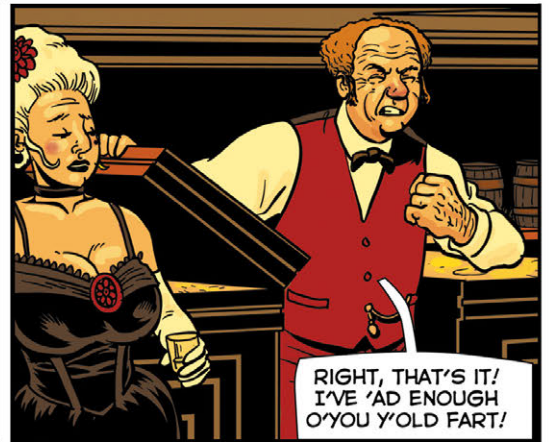


THERE'LL BE ANOTHER'UN IN A MINUTE IF Y'DON'T PACK IT IN
YOU OLD SOAK. Y'PUTTIN THE WIND UP THE PUNTERS.

YEAH, WE
GOT A LIVIN'
TO EARN
'ENT WE.



AHH, Y'ALL
BASTARDS AN'
'OOERS THE
LOT O'YEH!



RIGHT, THAT'S IT!
I'VE 'AD ENOUGH
O'YOU Y'OLD FART!



C'MON OUT! THE BACK
WAY, YOU AIN'T CAUSIN'
ANY MORE TROUBLE!

NYAH!
ARSES
TO YAH!



AN' TAKE Y'BLEEDIN'
RAT WITH YOU AS WELL!

RIKE!



EEY-YAHH!!



SMASHIN'.

AYE.

PITY 'BOUT HIS
DOG THOUGH. I WAS
ALWAYS PARTIAL TO
JACK RUSSELLS.



WHERE TO
NEXT PEACHY?

A GAFF IN DEAN
STREET, THEN WE
GOT AN EXPRESS
FLIGHT TO CATCH.
WE'RE OFF UP
COUNTRY, TO
THE WILDS.



OH, NOT WALES? I HATE
THEM SHEEP SHAGGERS!

HA! HA! HA! SAYS SOMETHIN'
DON' IT WHEN THE PRETTIEST
GALS THERE ARE THE ONES
WIV FOUR LEGS.

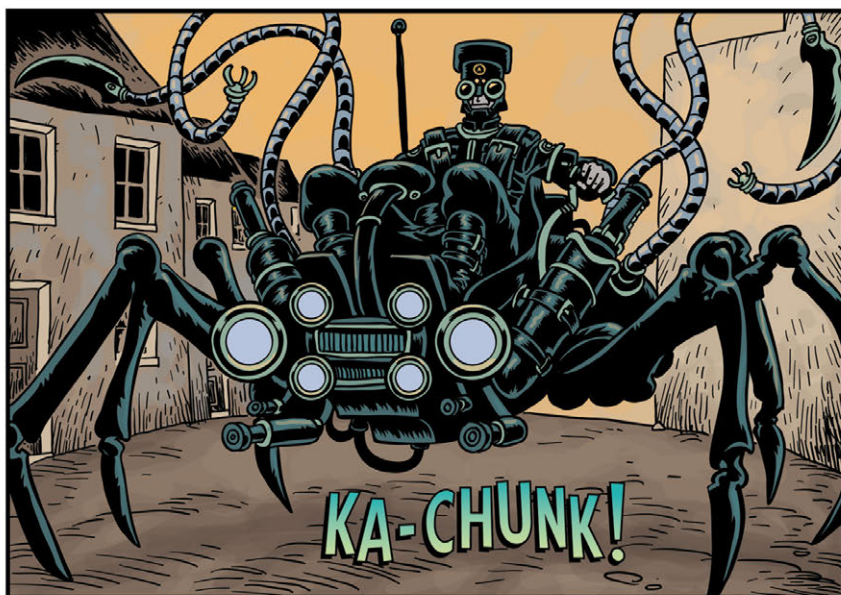
WE AIN'T GOIN' THERE DANNY
BOY. DON'T WORRY.

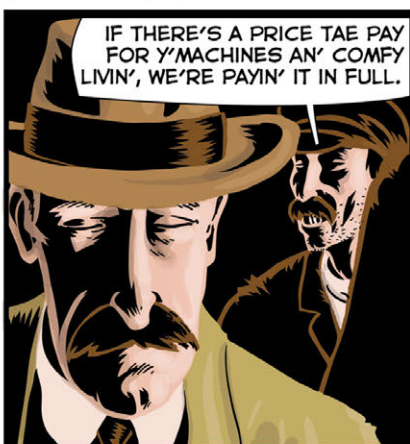
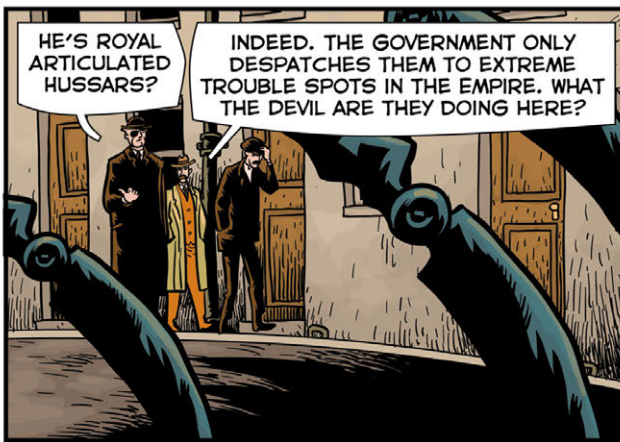


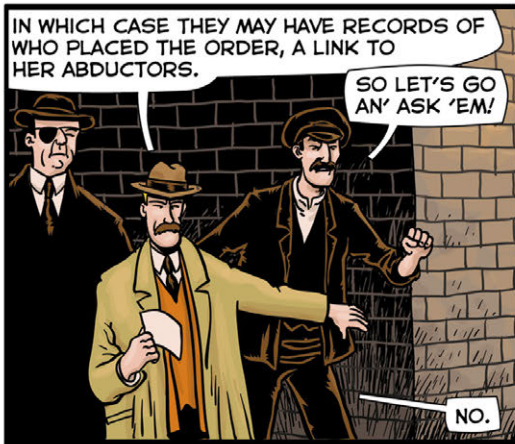
SO WHERE ARE
WE OFF TO?

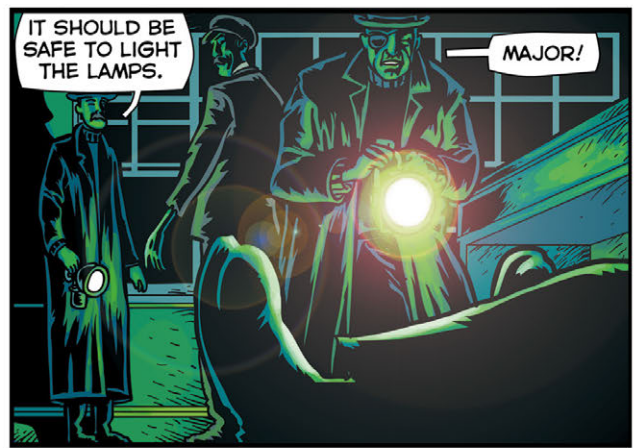
LAND OF THE
BRAVE OLD SON.
YOUR NECK OF
THE WOODS...

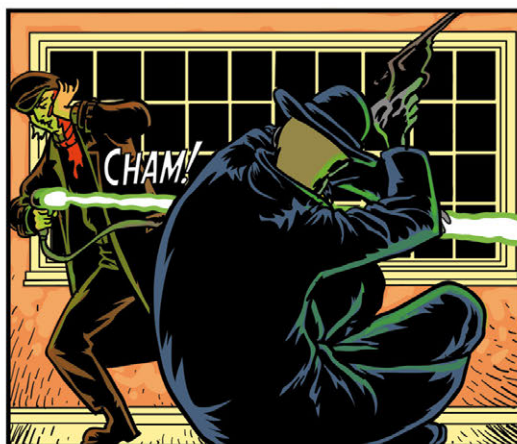
"THE OLD COUNTRY...SCOTLAND!"

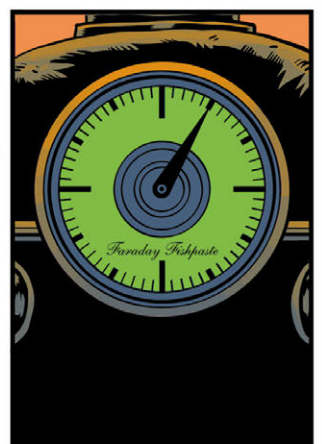
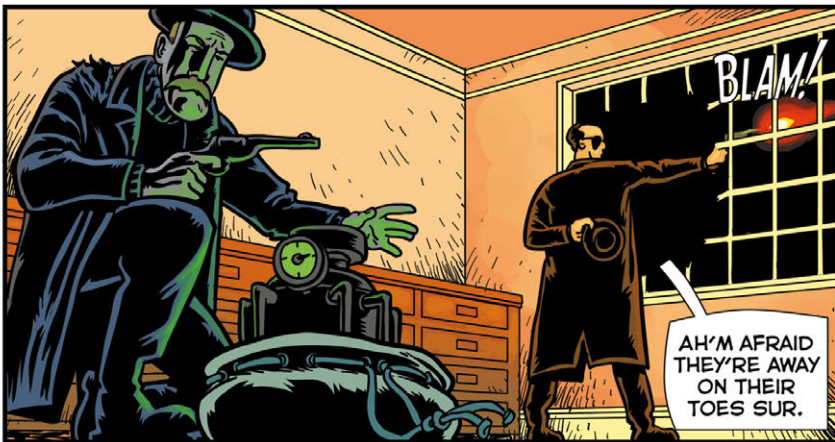
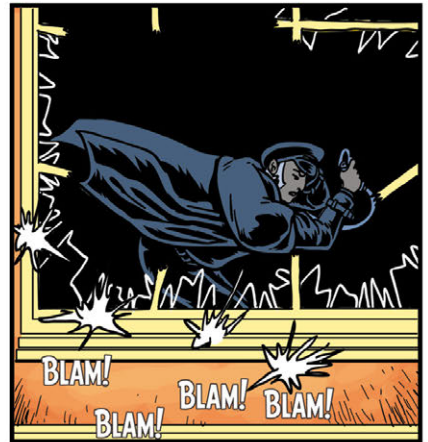
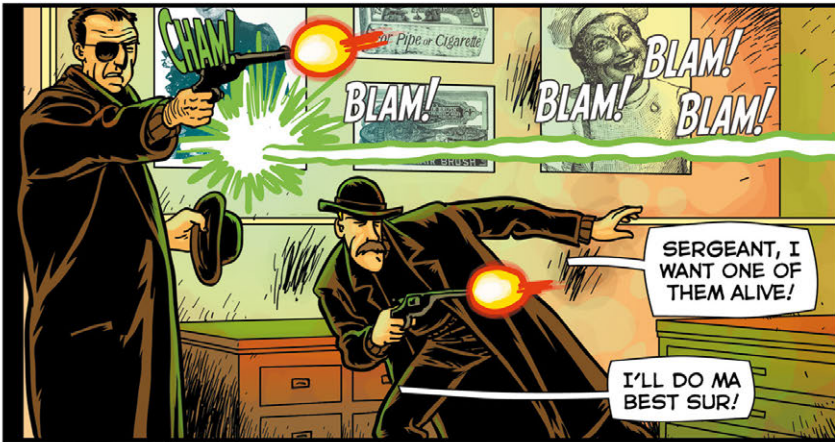
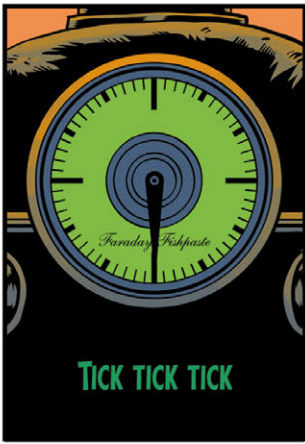












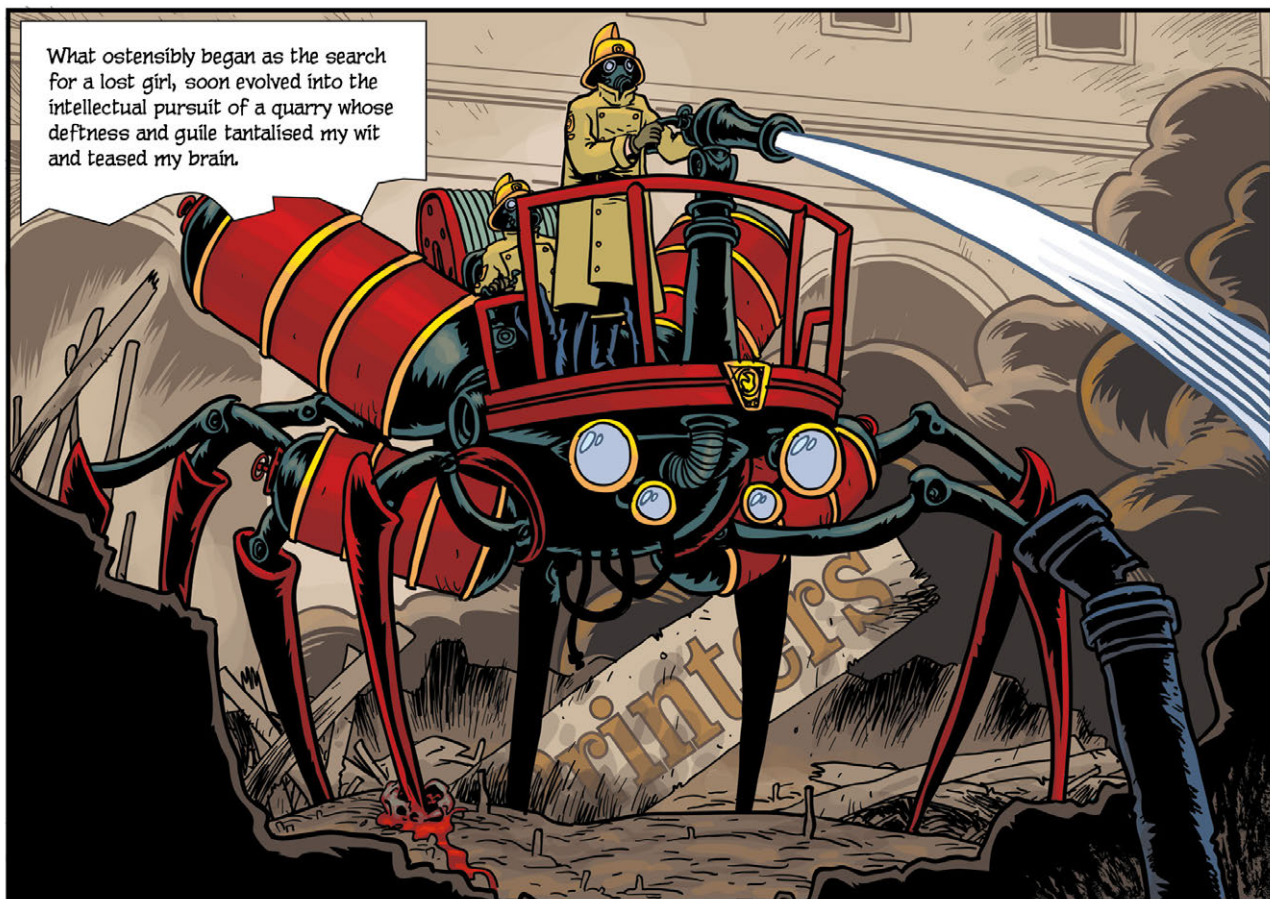


I have committed a grave error...
misjudged our adversary with
tragic consequences.

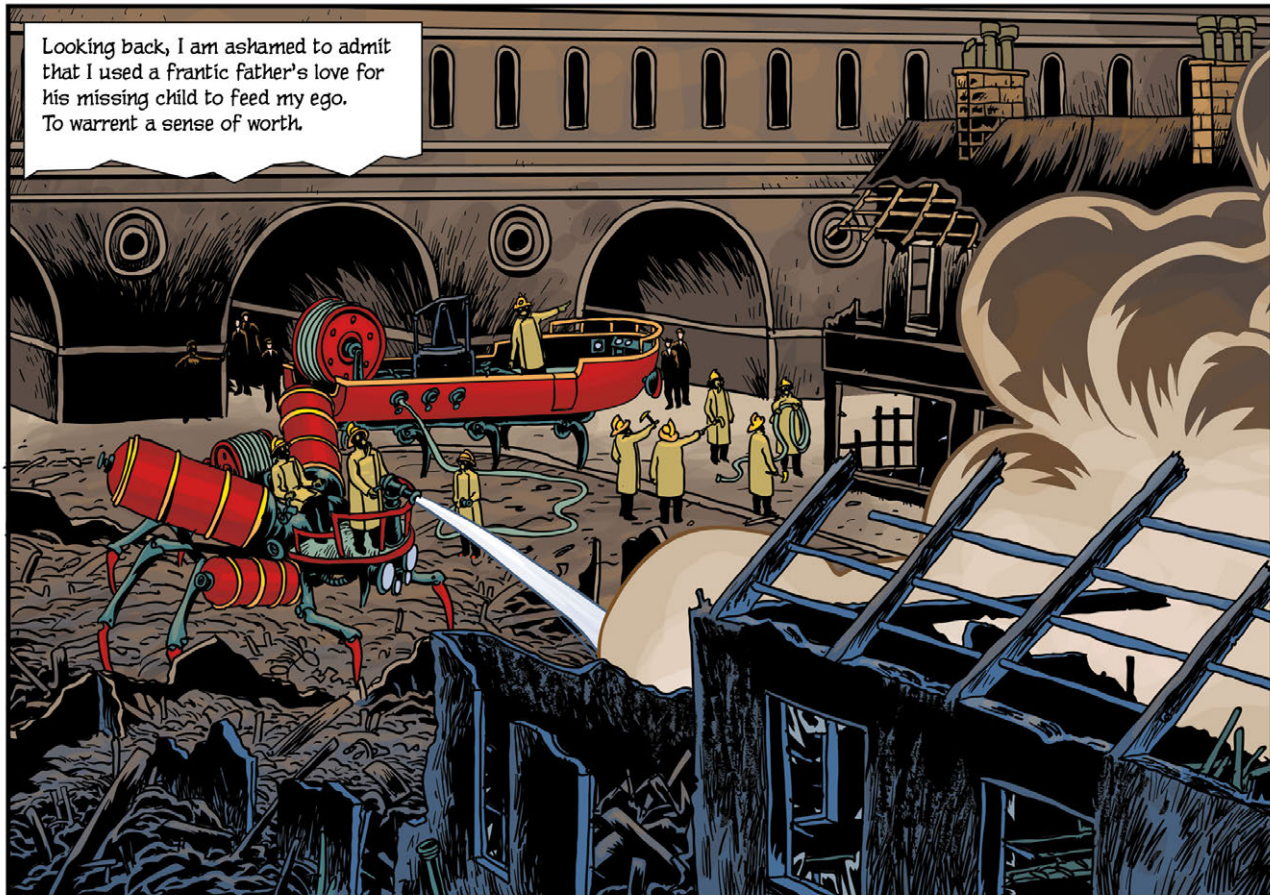
I will not do so again.

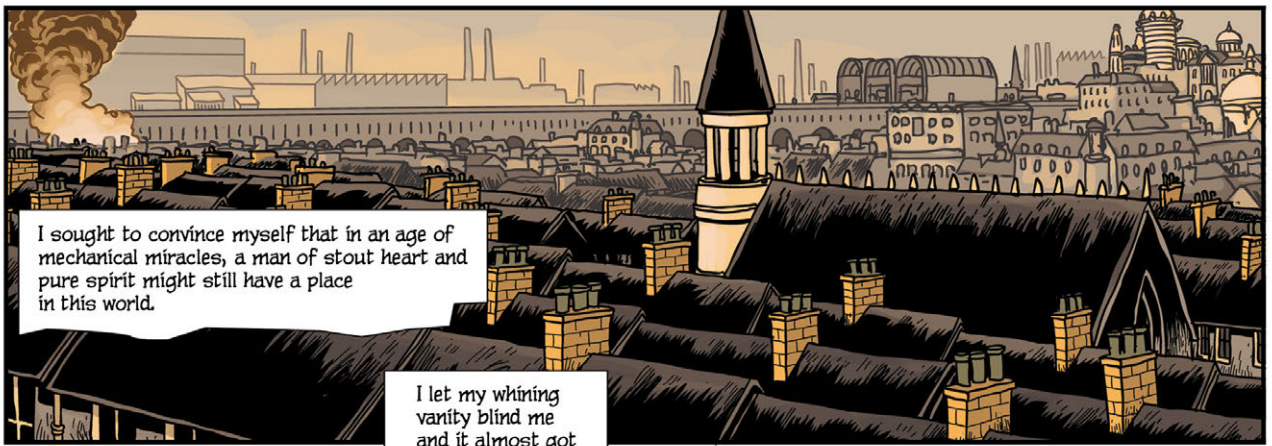


What ostensibly began as the search for a lost girl, soon evolved into the intellectual pursuit of a quarry whose deftness and guile tantalised my wit and teased my brain.



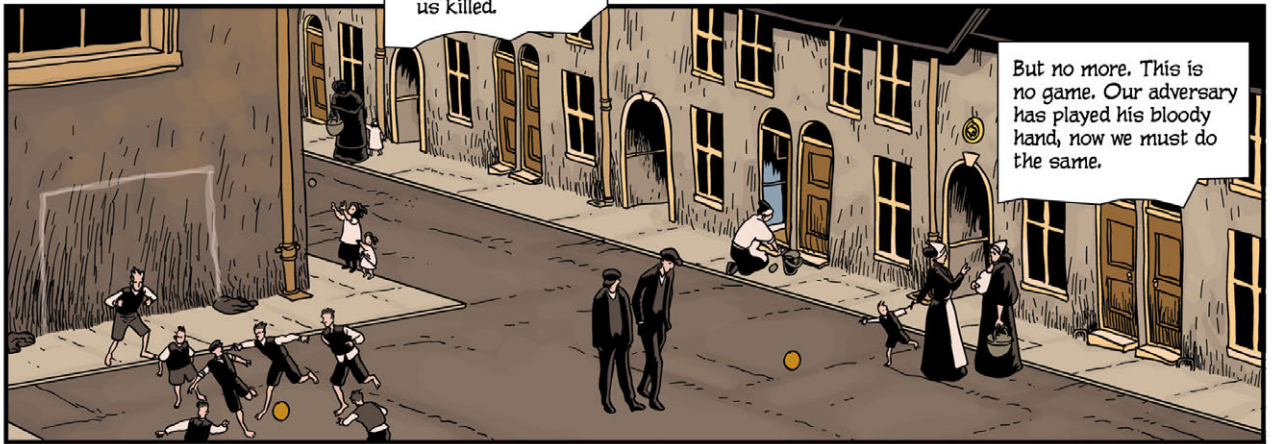
Looking back, I am ashamed to admit that I used a frantic father's love for his missing child to feed my ego. To warrant a sense of worth.





I sought to convince myself that in an age of mechanical miracles, a man of stout heart and pure spirit might still have a place in this world.

I let my whining vanity blind me and it almost got us killed.



But no more. This is no game. Our adversary has played his bloody hand, now we must do the same.



IT'S MORNING ALREADY. STRANGE, IT ALL LOOKS SO NORMAL NOW, CHILDREN PLAYING, FAMILIES...



I...I'M SORRY SERGEANT. I SHOULDN'T HAVE...



IT'S NAE BOTHER...

...NAE BOTHER AT ALL.



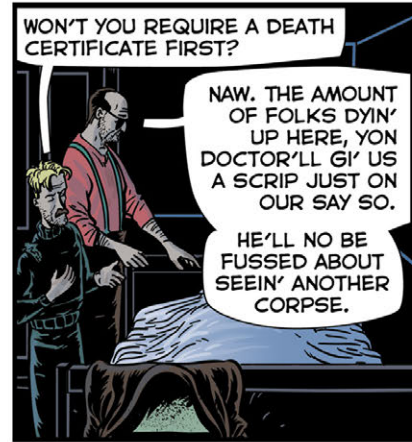
I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, SERGEANT, HE WAS A FINE MAN.

AYE, HE WAS ALSO A CONTRARY BUGGER. TOO FOND O'THE BOTTLE AN TOO QUICK WIT HIS FISTS, BUT HE HAD A GOOD HEART.



WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

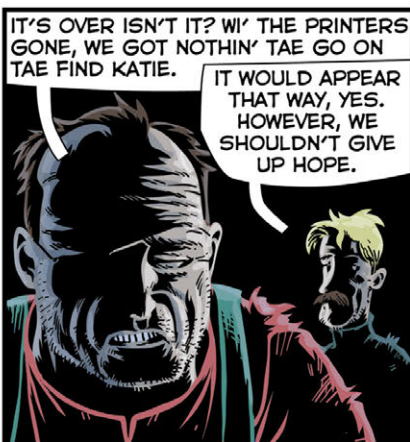
ME AN MARIE... HIS MISSUS, WE'LL WASH AN' DRESS 'IM FER THE FUNERAL. PUT 'IM IN HIS SUNDAY BEST.



WON'T YOU REQUIRE A DEATH CERTIFICATE FIRST?

NAW. THE AMOUNT OF FOLKS DYIN' UP HERE, YON DOCTOR'LL GI' US A SCRIP JUST ON OUR SAY SO.

HE'LL NO BE FUSSSED ABOUT SEEIN' ANOTHER CORPSE.



IT'S OVER ISN'T IT? WI' THE PRINTERS GONE, WE GOT NOTHIN' TAE GO ON TAE FIND KATIE.

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT WAY, YES. HOWEVER, WE SHOULDN'T GIVE UP HOPE.

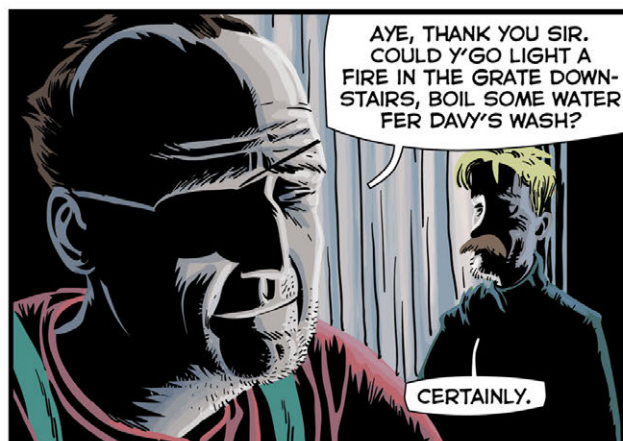


HOPE...AYE.



WELL, I'D BEST SEE TAE ME AN MINE.

CAN I HELP IN ANY WAY?



AYE, THANK YOU SIR. COULD Y'GO LIGHT A FIRE IN THE GRATE DOWNSTAIRS, BOIL SOME WATER FER DAVY'S WASH?

CERTAINLY.

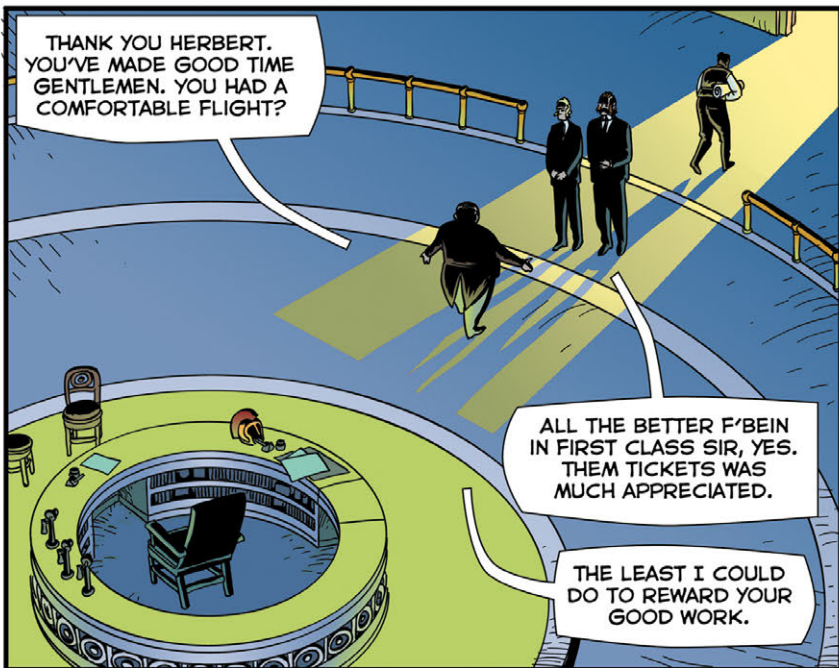


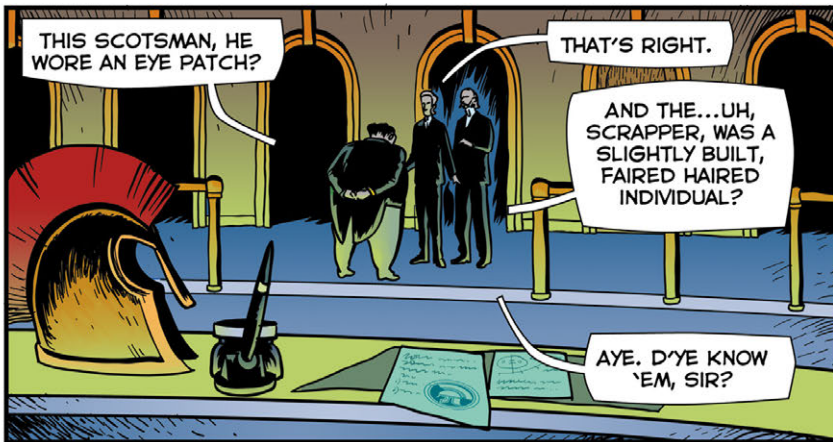
THERE'S A PAPER IN MA POCKET, TAKE IT. IT'LL DO F'KINDLIN.

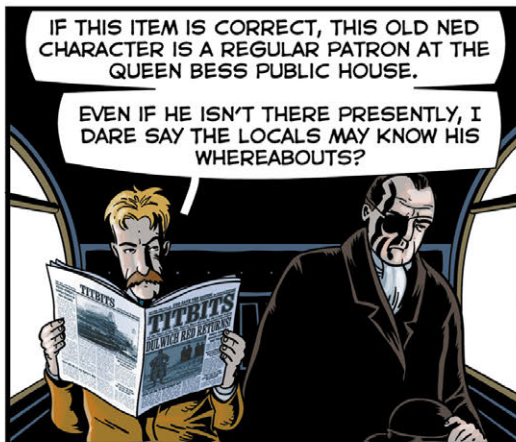
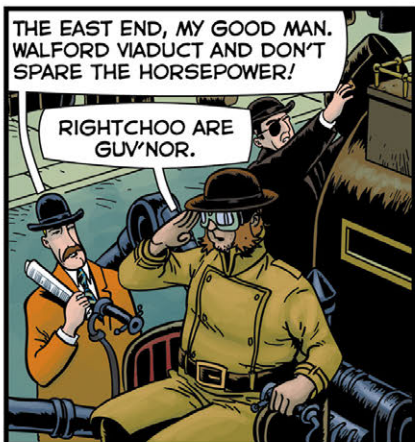
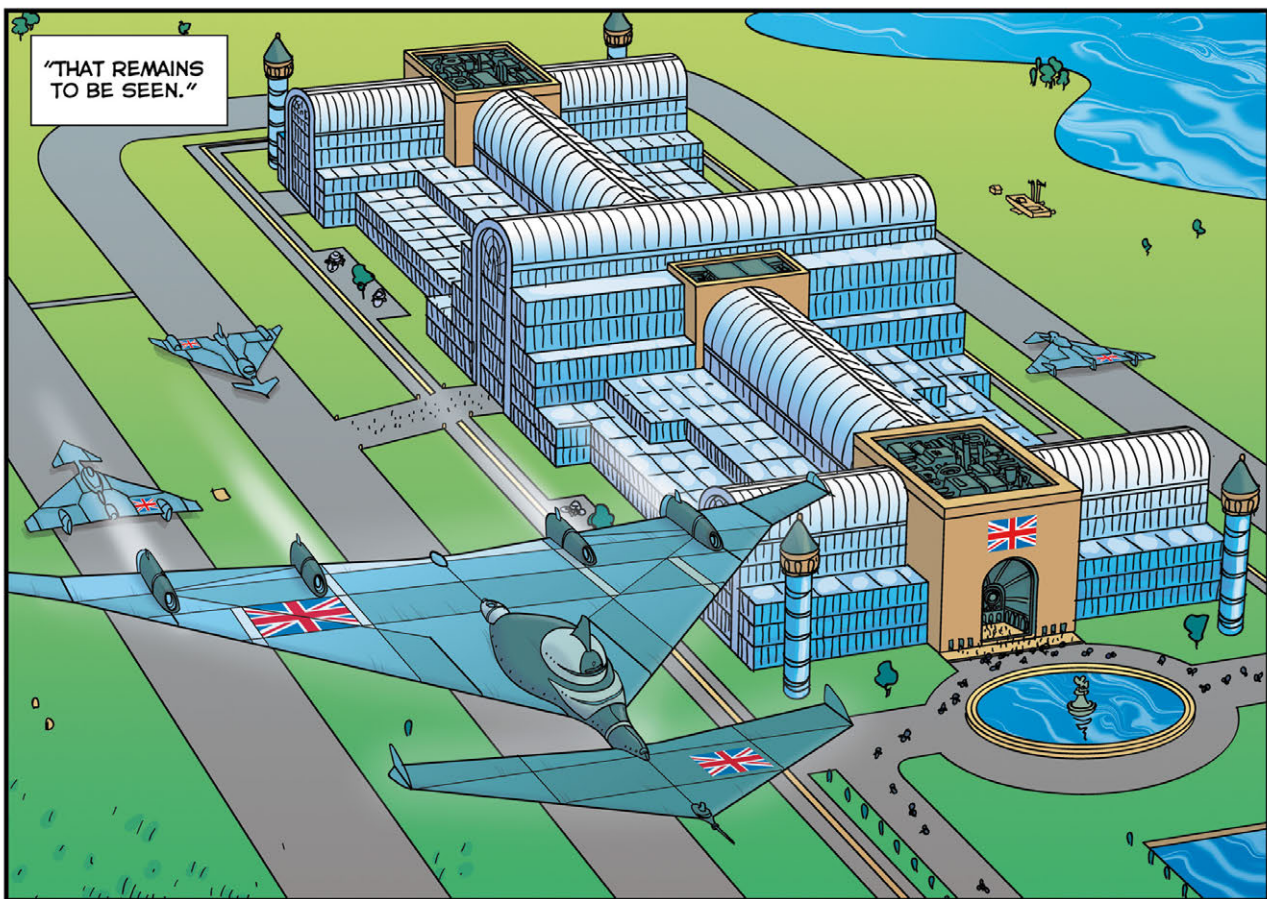


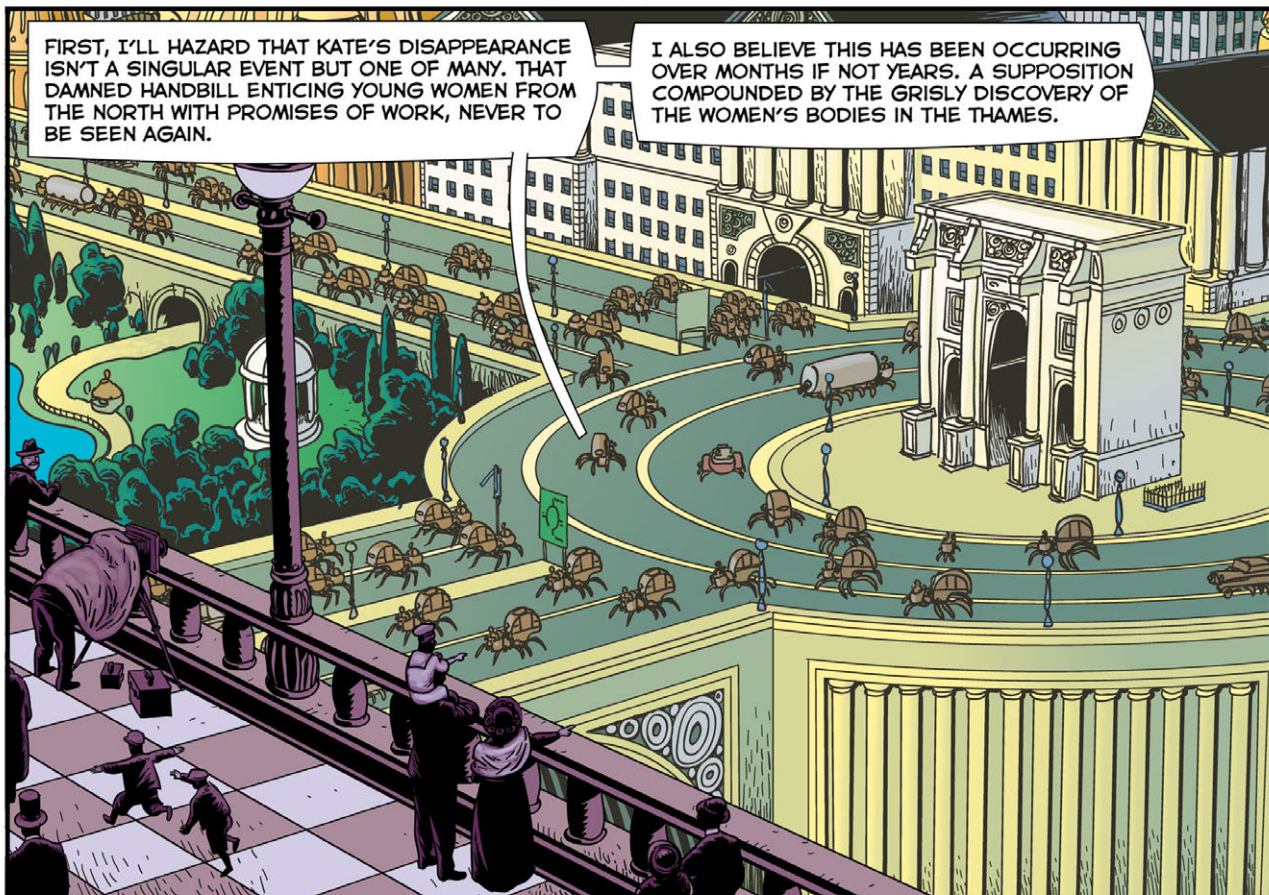
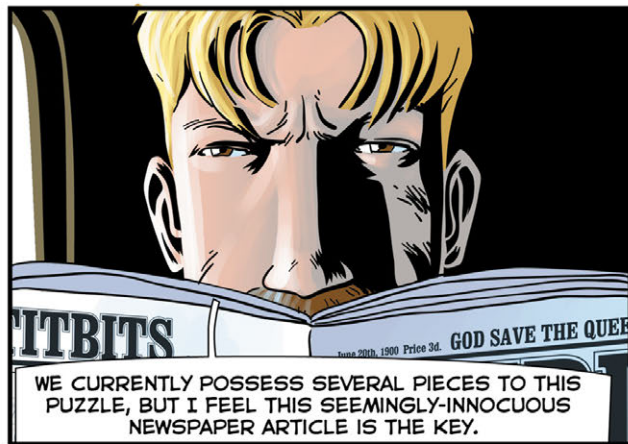
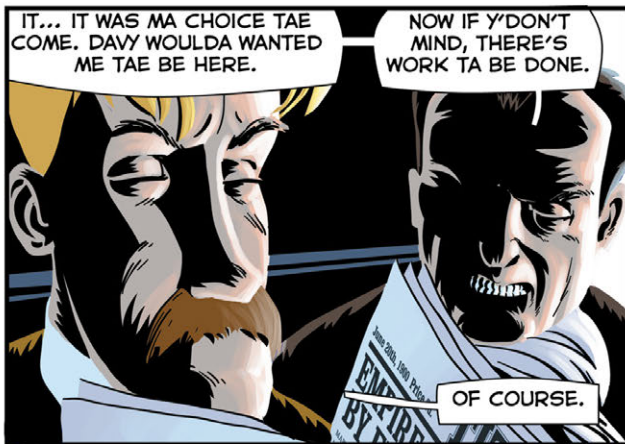
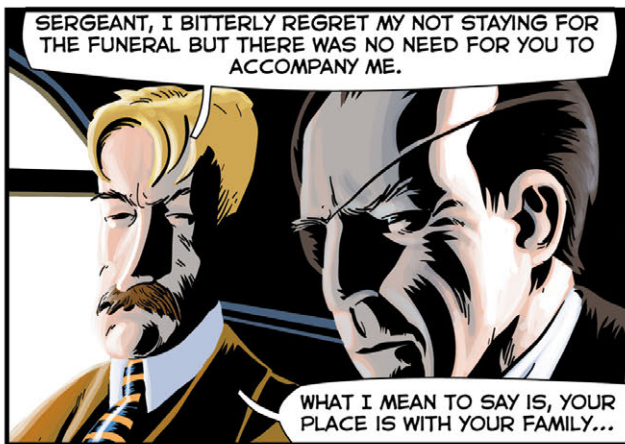
GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

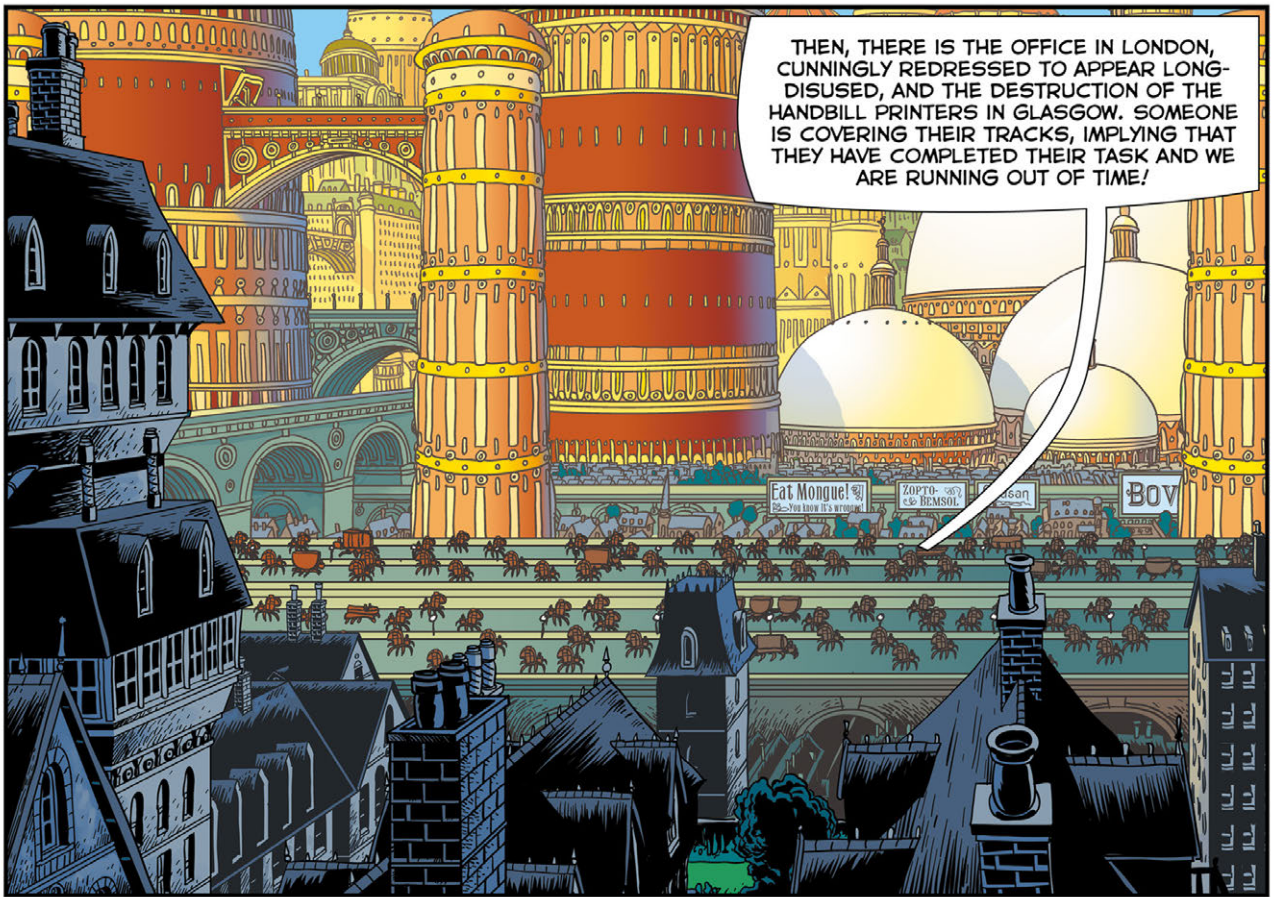
June 20th, 1900 Price 3d
DOG-EAT



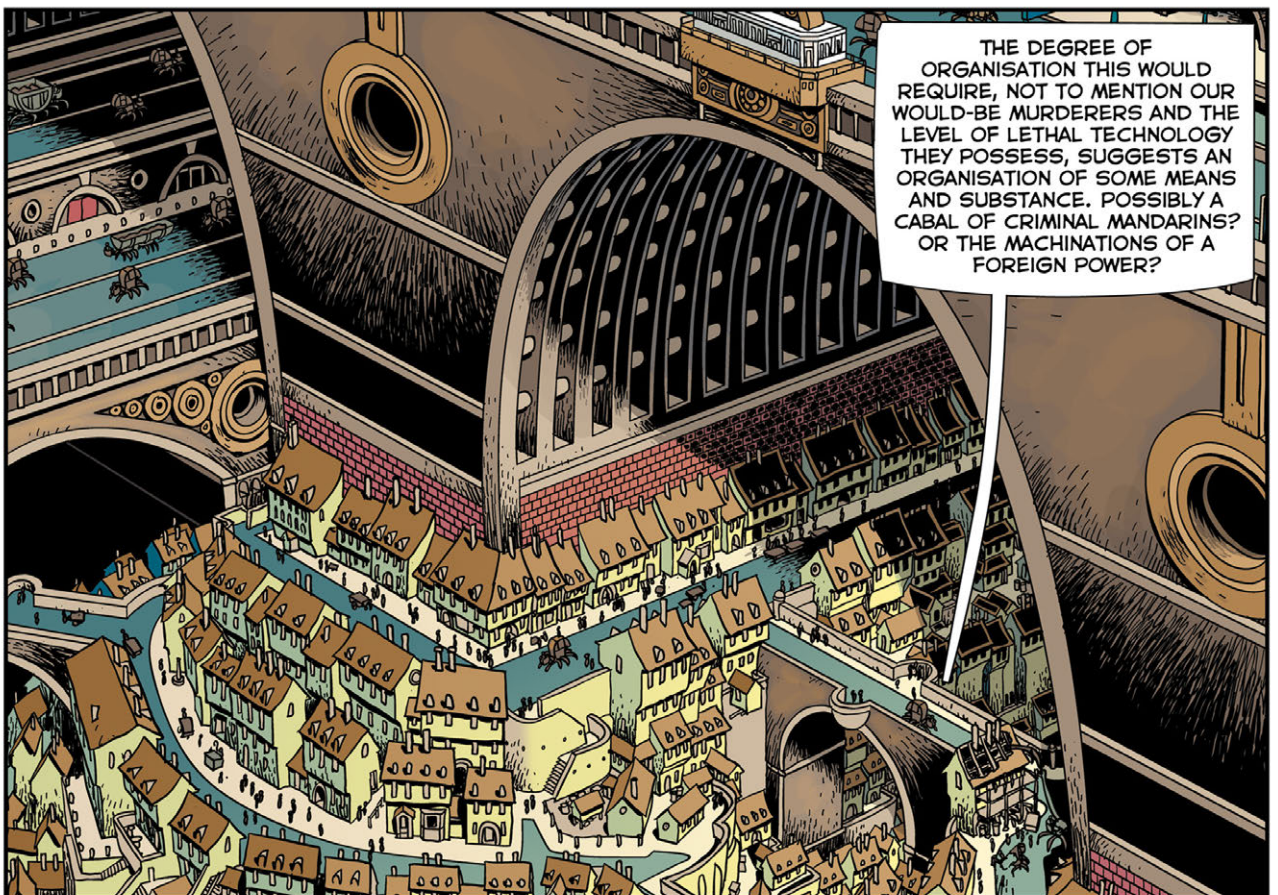




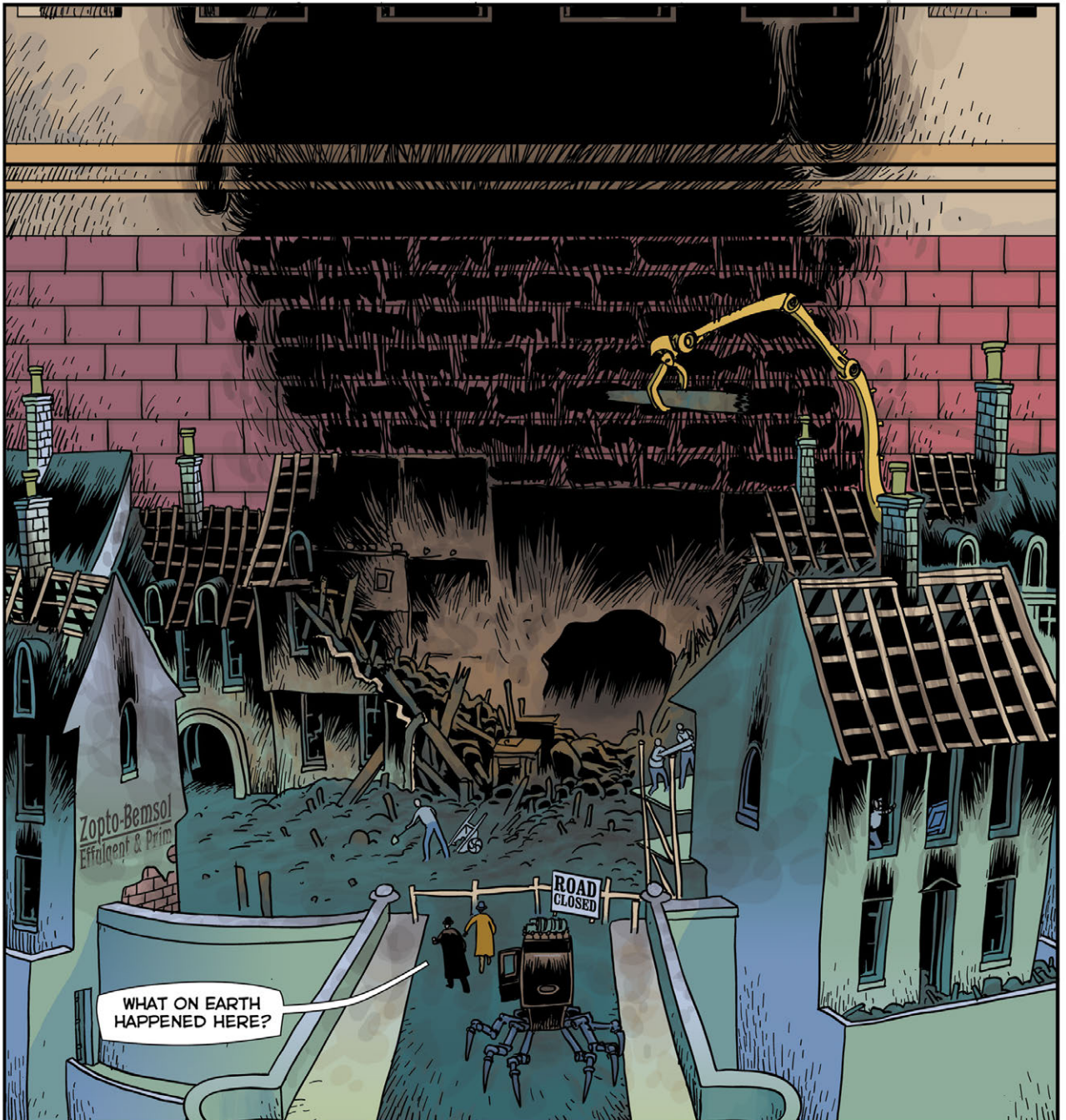
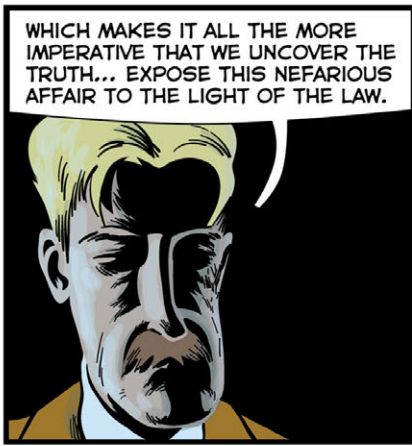




THEN, THERE IS THE OFFICE IN LONDON, CUNNINGLY REDRESSED TO APPEAR LONG-DISUSED, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HANDBILL PRINTERS IN GLASGOW. SOMEONE IS COVERING THEIR TRACKS, IMPLYING THAT THEY HAVE COMPLETED THEIR TASK AND WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF TIME!



THE DEGREE OF ORGANISATION THIS WOULD REQUIRE, NOT TO MENTION OUR WOULD-BE MURDERERS AND THE LEVEL OF LETHAL TECHNOLOGY THEY POSSESS, SUGGESTS AN ORGANISATION OF SOME MEANS AND SUBSTANCE. POSSIBLY A CABAL OF CRIMINAL MANDARINS? OR THE MACHINATIONS OF A FOREIGN POWER?





THERE WAS A FIRE...REAL BIG 'UN BY ALL ACCOUNTS.

PLACE WENT UP LIKE KINDLIN'. QUICK AS A FLASH. NOT A SOUL GOT AHT. IT WAS IN ALL THE PAPERS.



WE'VE BEEN AWAY.



WERE LOOKING FOR THIS FELLOW. A PATRON OF THIS PUBLIC HOUSE... AN OLD SAILOR.



YOU MEANS NED PENNY. 'IM WITH HIS OLD SOAK'S STORIES O'BLOOD SUCKIN' FIENDS AN' WHATNOT. THEY ALL KNOW 'IM ROUND 'ERE.



IF HE'S ANYWHERE ABAHT, HE'LL BE DOWN FATHER MCTELL'S SEAMAN'S MISSION. IT'S WHERE ALL THEM TARS DOSS. IT'S JUST UP OFF THE 'IGH STREET...



"...Y'CAN'T MISS IT."



MISTER PENNY?

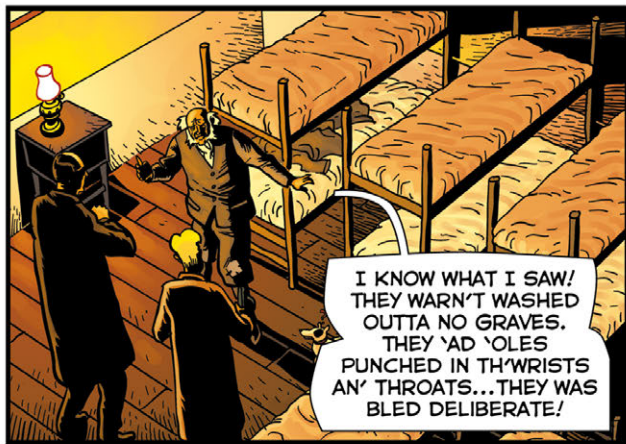
'OO WANTS T'KNOW?



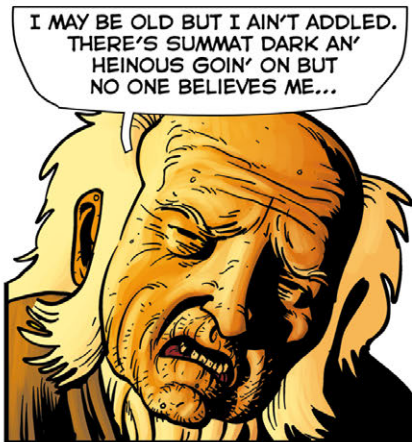
MY NAME IS ROBERT AUTUMN, THIS IS MY MAN, MISTER CURRIE, WE'RE HERE TO...



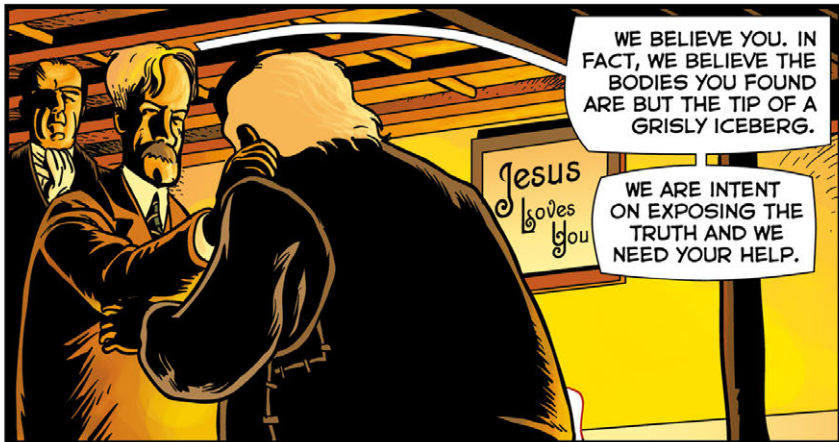
Y'ERE ABOUT THE WOMEN, AINTCHA? WELL Y'CAN SOD OFF! I'M SICK O' YOU LOT TAKIN' THE MICKEY!



I KNOW WHAT I SAW! THEY WERN'T WASHED OUTTA NO GRAVES. THEY 'AD 'OLES PUNCHED IN TH'WRISTS AN' THROATS...THEY WAS BLED DELIBERATE!



I MAY BE OLD BUT I AIN'T ADDLED. THERE'S SUMMAT DARK AN' HEINOUS GOIN' ON BUT NO ONE BELIEVES ME...



WE BELIEVE YOU. IN FACT, WE BELIEVE THE BODIES YOU FOUND ARE BUT THE TIP OF A GRISLY ICEBERG.

WE ARE INTENT ON EXPOSING THE TRUTH AND WE NEED YOUR HELP.



YOU TALKS LIKE AN OFFICER. WHAT WAS YOU? ARMY?



THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS. BOTH OF US.



SERGEANT, RIGHT? YOU GOT THE LOOK.

COLOUR SERGEANT, AYE. YOU TOO?

THA'S RIGHT. I WAS GUNNERY SERGEANT... ON THE THUNDERCHILD.



THE IRONCLAD? I THOUGHT SHE WAS LOST WITH ALL HANDS DURING THE WAR?



NO...NOT ALL.

YOU SHOULD'A SEEN 'ER THAT DAY BY GOD...



"...SPITTING FIRE AND ROARING LIKE A TIGER!"



THEM THAT DIN'T COP IT ON THE SHIP WAS BOILED ALIVE IN THE WATER, CHURNED UP BY THEM HEAT RAYS.

I GOT LUCKY...FOUND A BIT OF WRECKAGE.



YOU WANTS T'FIND WHOEVER DID THEM GIRLS, THEN TAKE ME WITH YAH.



YOUR VALOUR DOES YOU CREDIT BUT I DON'T...

EITHER I GOES OR I DON'T TELL YOU NOTHIN'. AN LEMME TELL YAH, YOU NEEDS ME.



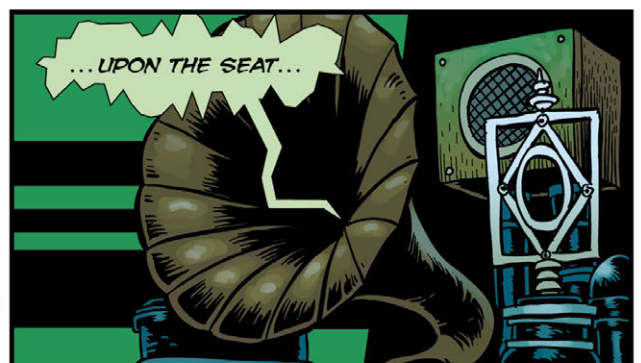
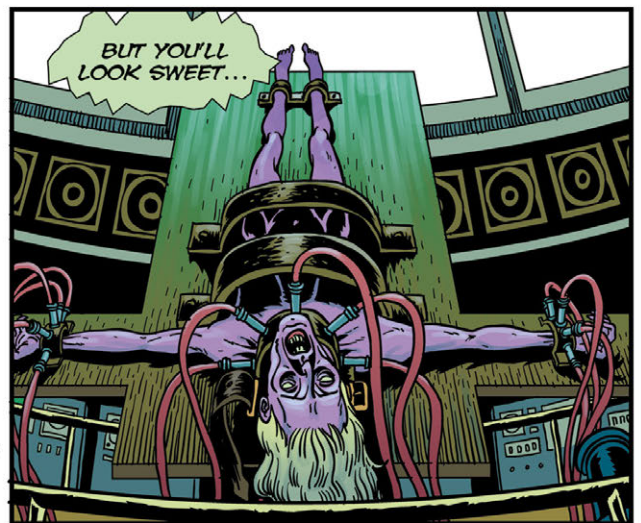
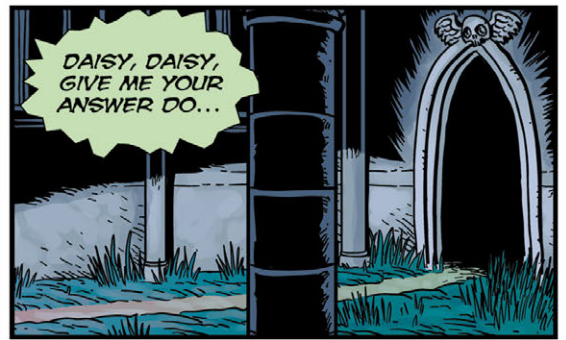
HOW'S THAT THEN?

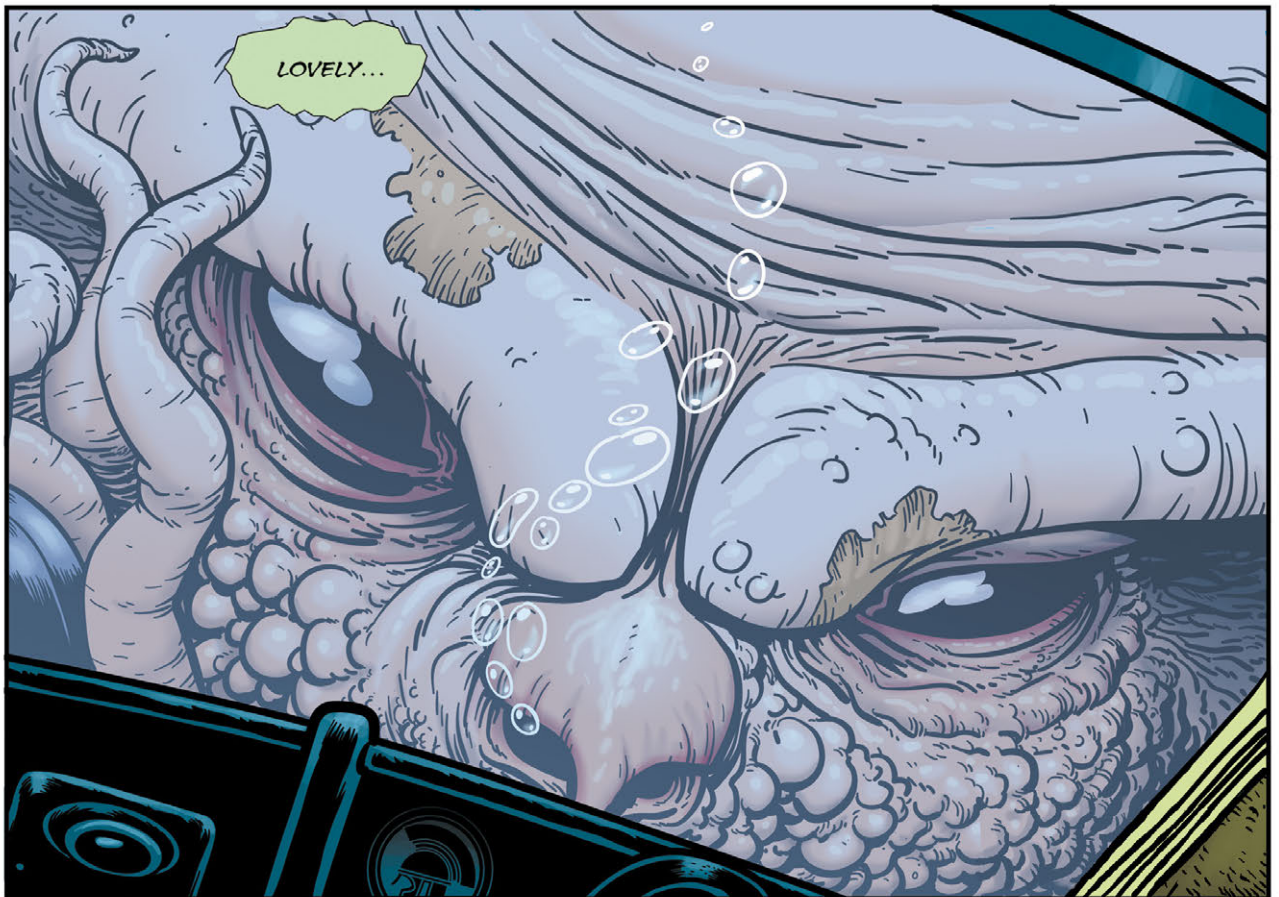


ME OLD MAN WAS A RIVER CABBIE, HE KNEW THE TIDES AND CURRENTS LIKE THE BACK OF 'IS 'AND.

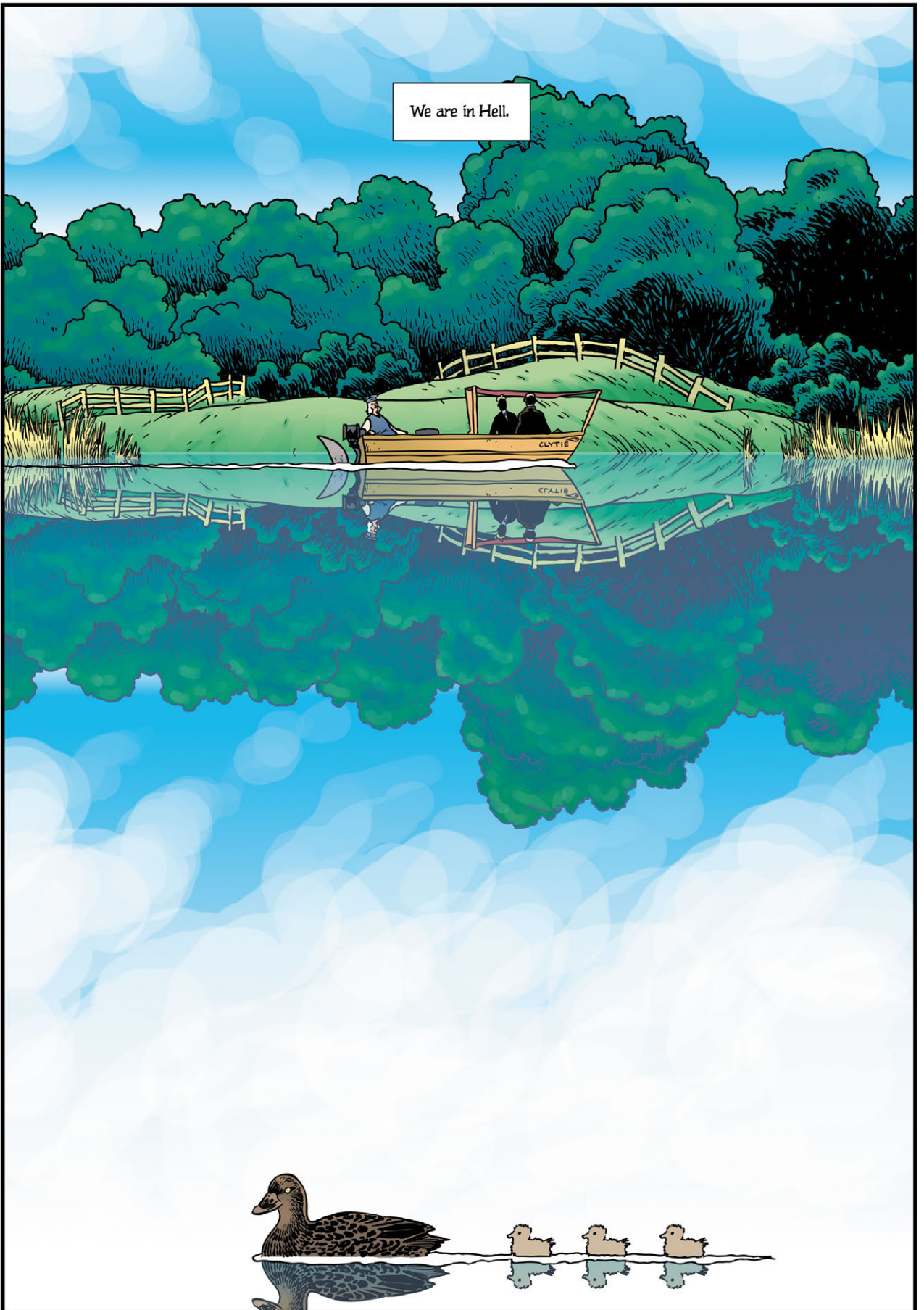


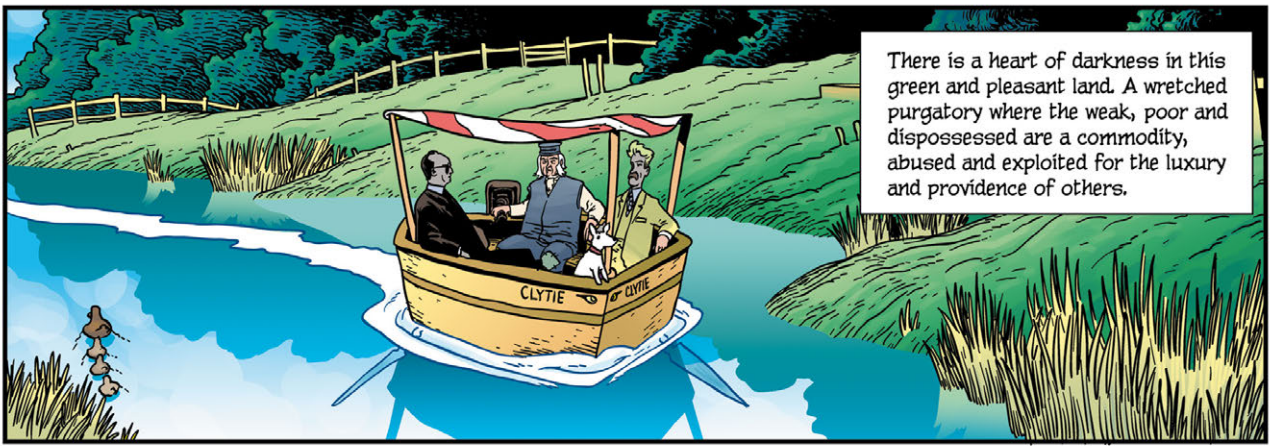
THEM BODIES DIN'T WASH UP FROM LOCAL. CURRENT F'THERE STARTS WAY BACK UP RIVER, OUTTA THE CITY...



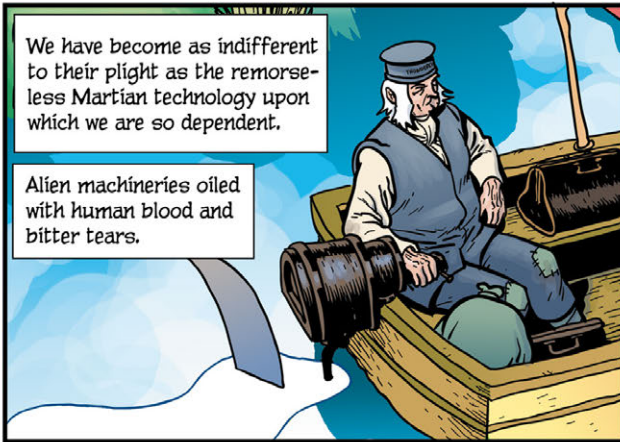


We are in Hell.





There is a heart of darkness in this green and pleasant land. A wretched purgatory where the weak, poor and dispossessed are a commodity, abused and exploited for the luxury and providence of others.



We have become as indifferent to their plight as the remorseless Martian technology upon which we are so dependent.

Alien machineries oiled with human blood and bitter tears.

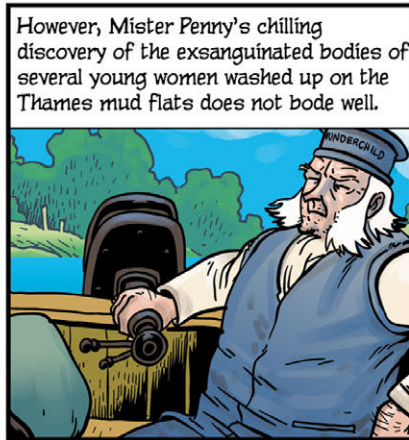


I consider myself a simple man, a good soldier with few aspirations beyond defending my country and its virtues...dignity, truth, honour.

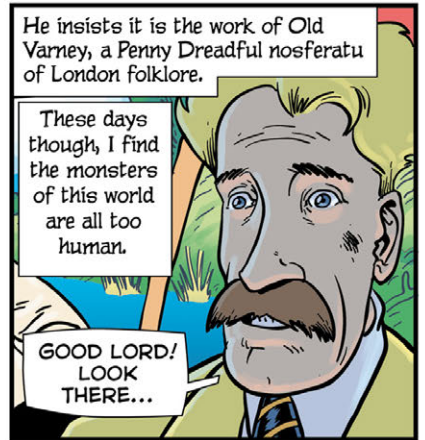
How hollow they sound now.



All that matters presently is the search for a lost soul. To discover the fate of Sergeant Currie's missing niece Katherine.



However, Mister Penny's chilling discovery of the exsanguinated bodies of several young women washed up on the Thames mud flats does not bode well.

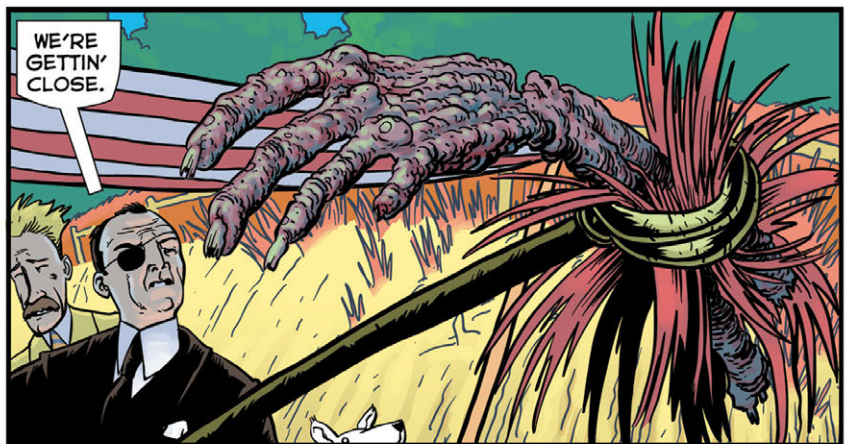
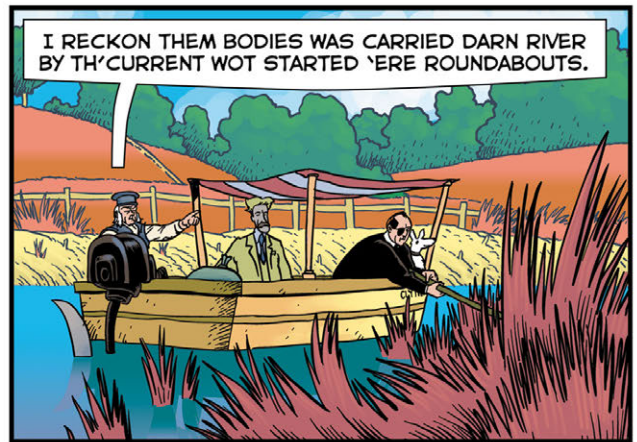
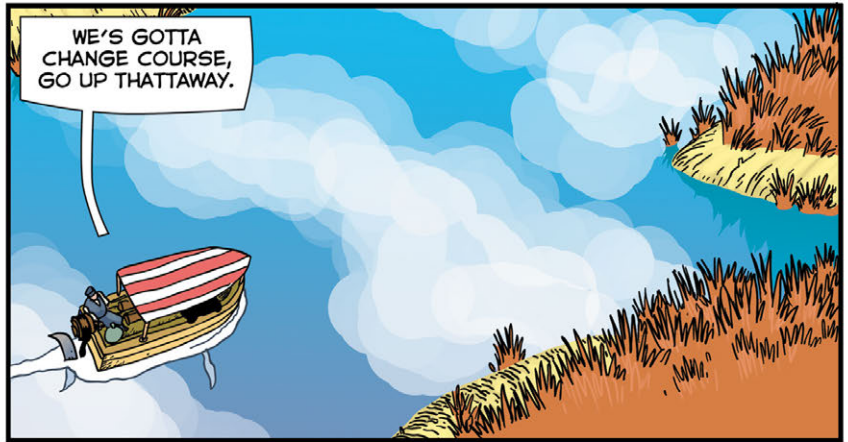
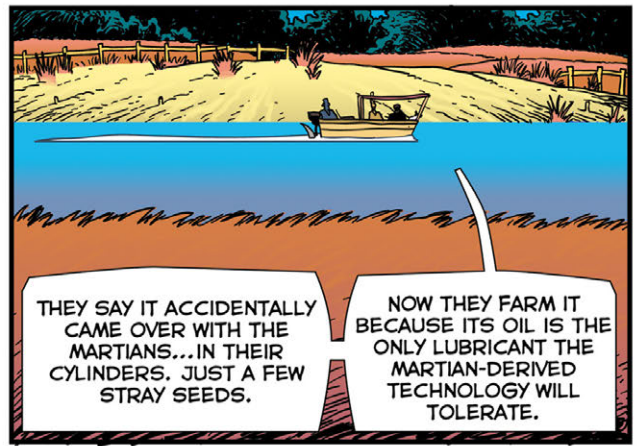


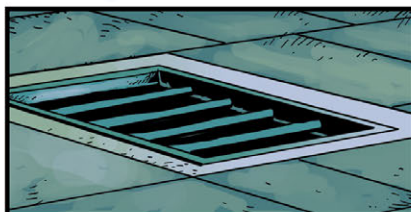
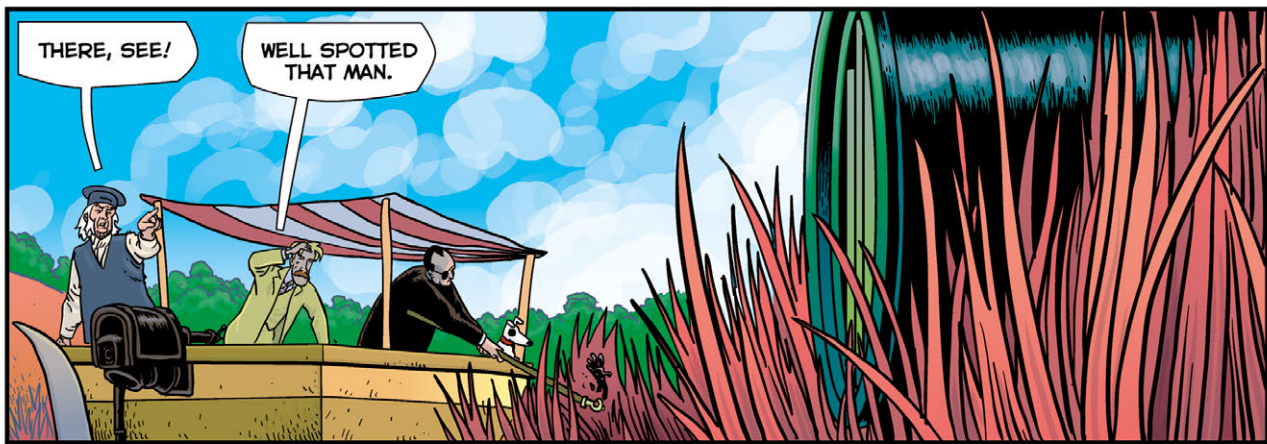
He insists it is the work of Old Varney, a Penny Dreadful nosferatu of London folklore.

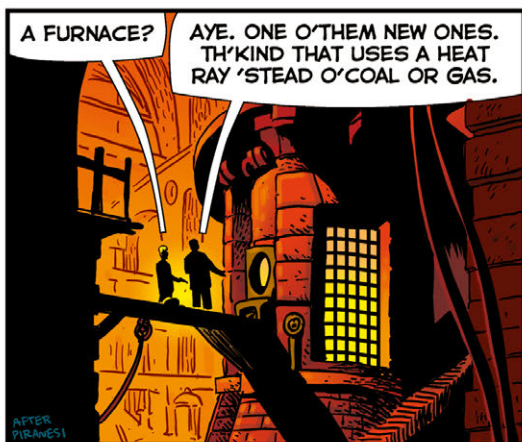
These days though, I find the monsters of this world are all too human.

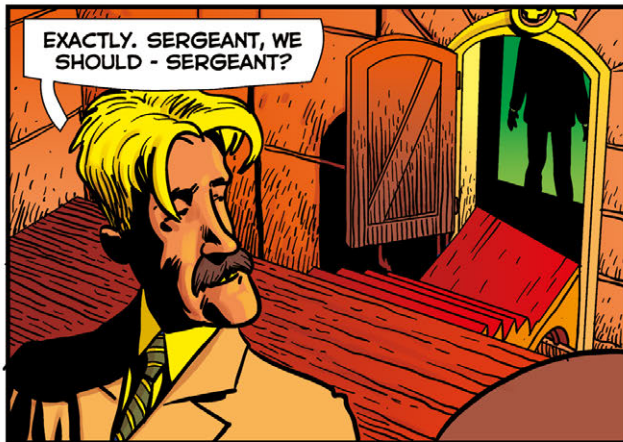
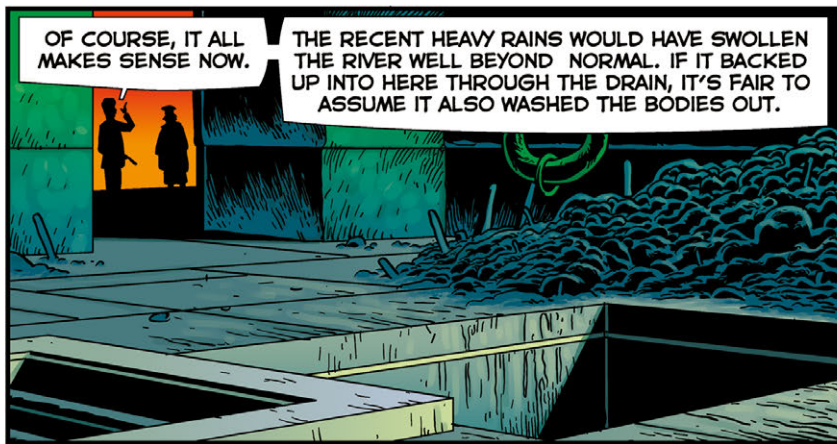
GOOD LORD! LOOK THERE...

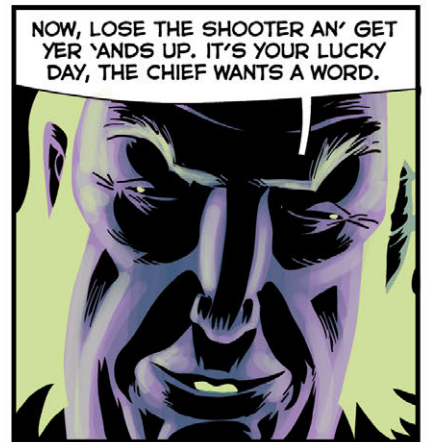


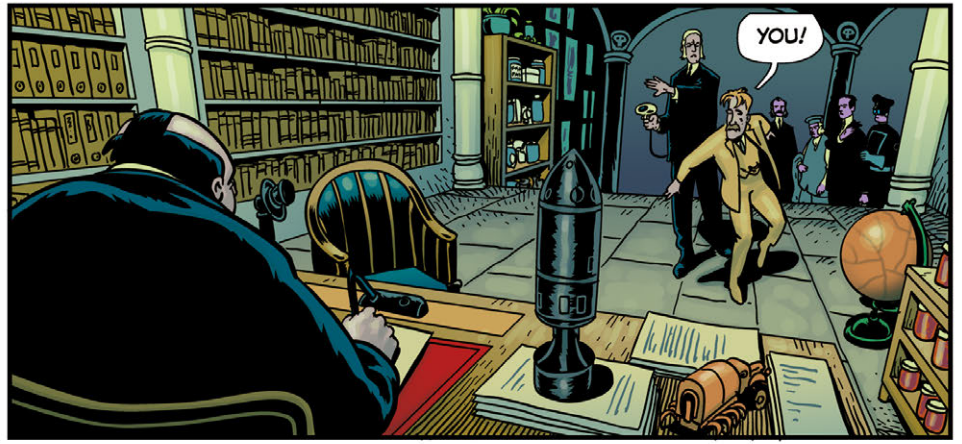


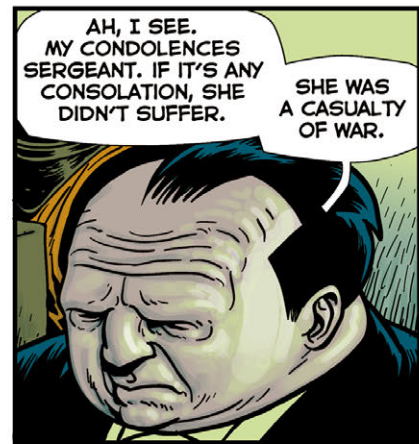












THAT SINGULAR EVENT CHANGED THE STATE OF THIS NATION FOREVER. UP UNTIL THEN WE WERE CERTAIN OURS WAS AN EMPIRE UPON WHICH THE SUN WOULD NEVER SET.

SUCH ANTIQUATED, JOHN BULL ARROGANCE DID US ALMOST AS MUCH HARM AS THE MARTIANS!

WE TRIUMPHED BY CHANCE, BUT REALISED NEXT TIME WE MAY NOT BE SO FORTUNATE. WE THEREFORE CHOSE TO SEIZE THE INITIATIVE - THE WINDFALL OF THE MARTIAN TECHNOLOGY.

HOWEVER, EVEN OUR FOREMOST INTELLECTS HAD TROUBLE FATHOMING ITS COMPLEXITIES.

WHAT WE REQUIRED WAS SOME FORM OF ROSETTA STONE. A PRIMER TO UNLOCKING THE MYSTERIES OF THE MARTIAN.

FORTUNATELY, IT SEEMED WE STILL HAD THE EAR OF THE ALMIGHTY.



THIS WAS DISCOVERED BY A LOCAL MILITIA IN WHAT REMAINED OF WALMINGTON-ON SEA.

GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

'KIN 'ELL!



A BLOODY MARTIAN!

HIS NAME IS SOMETHING UNPRONOUNCEABLE THAT ONLY DOGS CAN HEAR. WE CHRISTENED HIM HUMPTY FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.





IT TALKS?



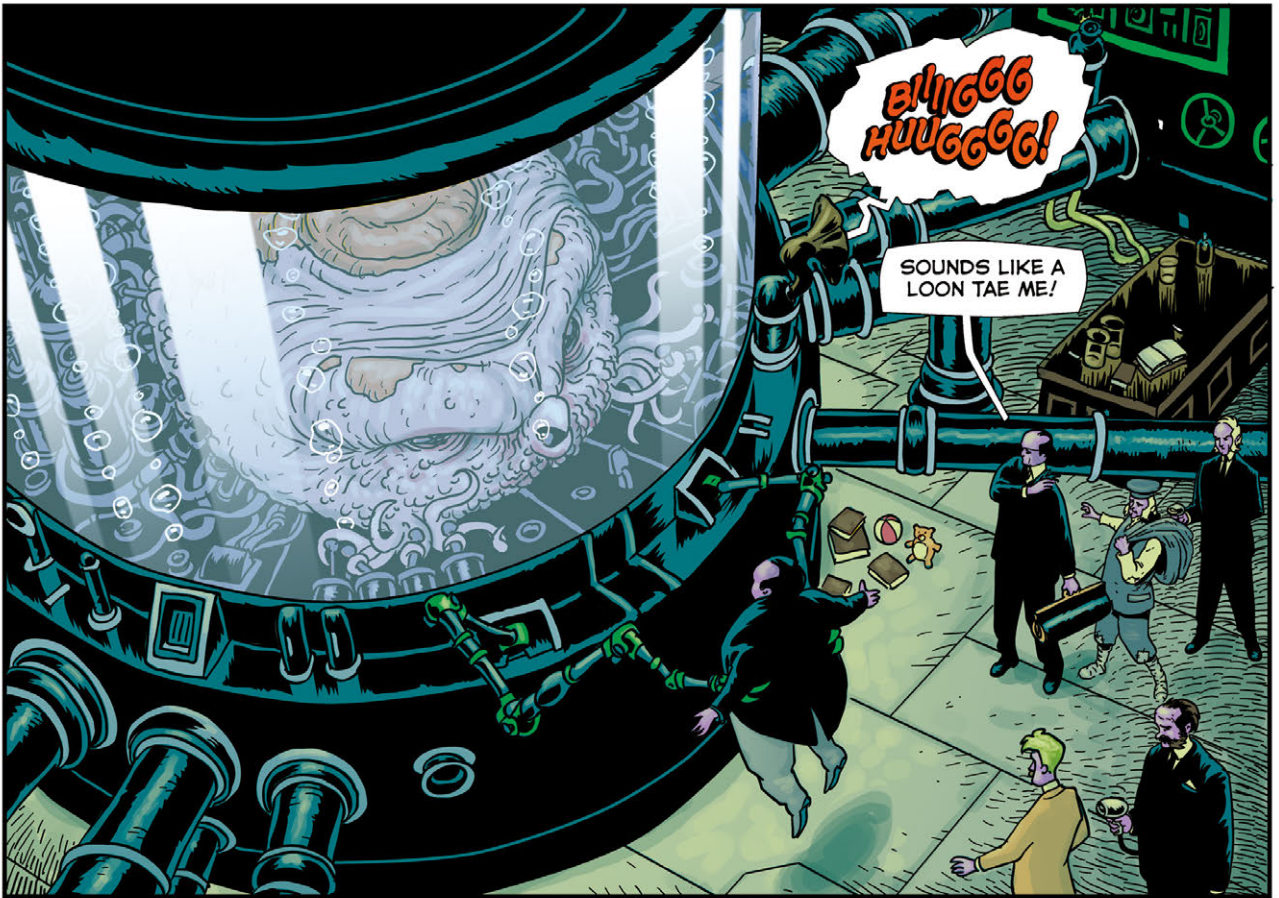
WE GAVE IT NO CHOICE. IT WAS LEARN OR DIE. A LINGUISTIC EQUIVALENT OF THE CARROT AND STICK.

OR A GUN T' THE HEAD.



THE MARTIAN LANGUAGE HAS A LIMITED VOCABULARY BUT EACH WORD HAS MULTIPLE MEANINGS DEPENDING ON INTONATION AND PITCH. FINDING A HUMAN EQUIVALENT WAS PROBLEMATIC.

OVER TIME, WE WEANED IT ONTO A BLEND OF SWAHILI, SWEDISH AND WELSH, THEN EVENTUALLY PURE ENGLISH.



Blinggg HUUGGGG!

SOUNDS LIKE A LOON TAE ME!



A DECADE OF INCARCERATION AND INTERROGATION I'M AFRAID. HE SIMPLY BROKE. HE HAS THE MENTAL AGE OF AN INFANT NOW.

AND YOU COULDN'T PUT HUMPTY TOGETHER AGAIN?



NOT FOR WANT OF TRYING. HE'S OF THEIR ENGINEER CASTE, HE BUILT THE WAR MACHINES AND GRAVIT, CANNONS THAT GOT THEM HERE.

"WHEN HE SAW HIS FELLOWS DROPPING LIKE FLIES, HE CONVERTED THE CAB OF HIS OWN MACHINE INTO A HERMETICALLY SEALED BUBBLE.

"HE CRAFTED A RUDIMENTARY FILTER TO SCRUB THE LETHAL INFECTIONS FROM THE AIR. IF HE'D HAD THIS KNOWLEDGE A FEW DAYS EARLIER, THE WAR WOULD'VE TAKEN A VERY DIFFERENT TURN."

HIS EXPERTISE HAS PROVED INVALUABLE. THERE ISN'T A SINGLE MARTIAN DERIVED DEVICE IN USE, THAT DOESN'T OWE ITS ORIGIN TO THIS GHASTLY SQUAB.

OH, DEAR GOD. YOU FED THEM TO IT DIDN'T YOU? THE GIRLS.

I REMEMBER READING, DURING THE WAR, HOW THEY HERDED PEOPLE UP... LIKE CATTLE. BODIES WERE FOUND AFTERWARDS, DRAINED...BRITTLE...

...THEY DRANK THEIR BLOOD!

THEIR PHYSIOLOGY INDICATES THEY THRIVE ON A DIET OF PURE PROTEIN, IN ITS SIMPLEST FORM...BLOOD. WE TRIED FEEDING HIM ANIMAL BLOOD, HE ALMOST DIED.

WE NEEDED ANOTHER ALTERNATIVE BEFORE HE STARVED TO DEATH. HE WAS TOO VITAL TO LOSE!

SO YOU LURED THEM HERE, THOSE POOR BLOODY GIRLS. YOU COAXED THEM FROM THEIR GODFORSAKEN GHETTOS WITH THE PROMISE OF A WAGE AND A WARM MEAL -

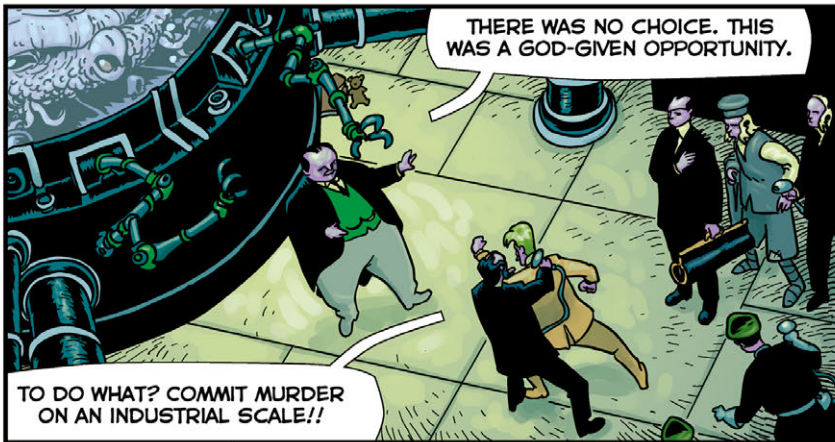
AND THEN YOU POURED THEM DOWN THAT THING'S GULLET, DIDN'T YOU, YOU BASTARD!



DAISY, DAISY, GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER DO I'M HALF CRAZY ALL FOR THE LOVE OF YOU



THERE WAS NO CHOICE. THIS WAS A GOD-GIVEN OPPORTUNITY.



TO DO WHAT? COMMIT MURDER ON AN INDUSTRIAL SCALE!!

IT WON'T BE A STYLISH MARRIAGE

I CAN'T AFFORD A CARRIAGE



THEY WERE A MEANS TO AN END. IT WAS A NECESSARY EVIL. WE HAD TO LEARN EVERYTHING HE KNEW.



WHY? SO YOU COULD PUT A HEAT RAY COOKER IN EVERY KITCHEN! A DAMN ARACHNID HANSOM CAB ON EVERY STREET!

BUT YOU'LL LOOK SWEET UPON THE SEAT

OF A BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO

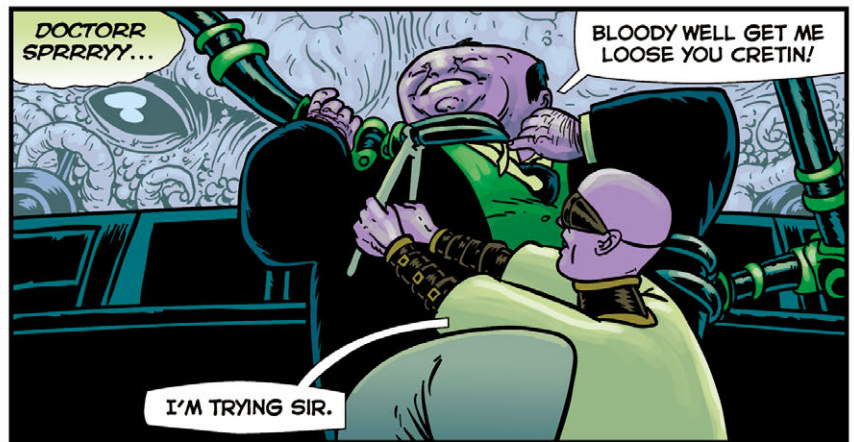
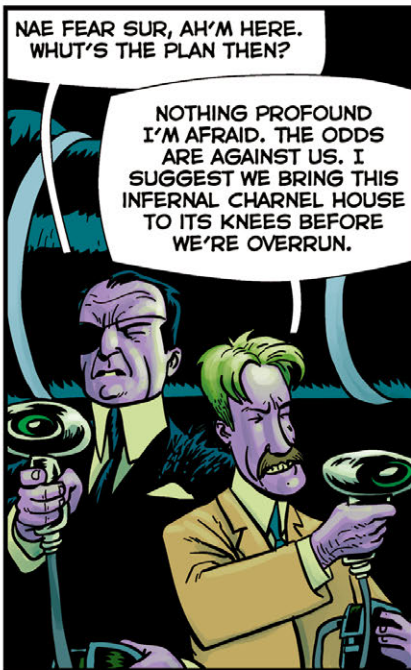
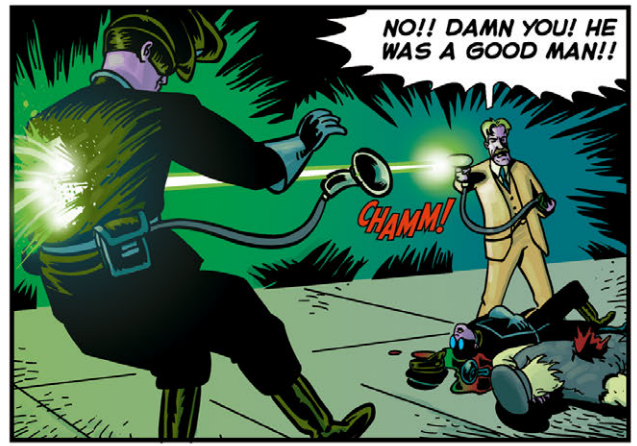
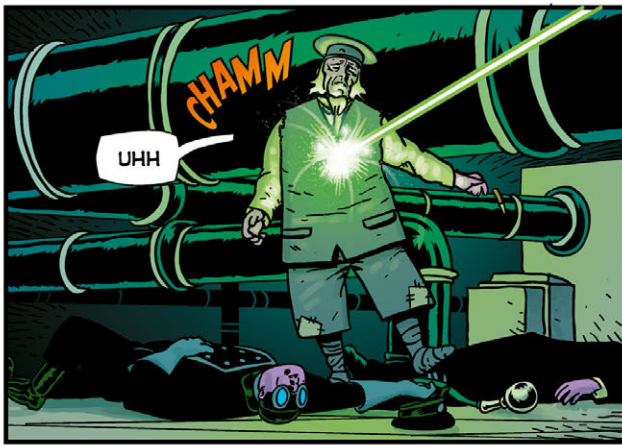


NO YOU FOOL, SO WE CAN INVADE MARS.

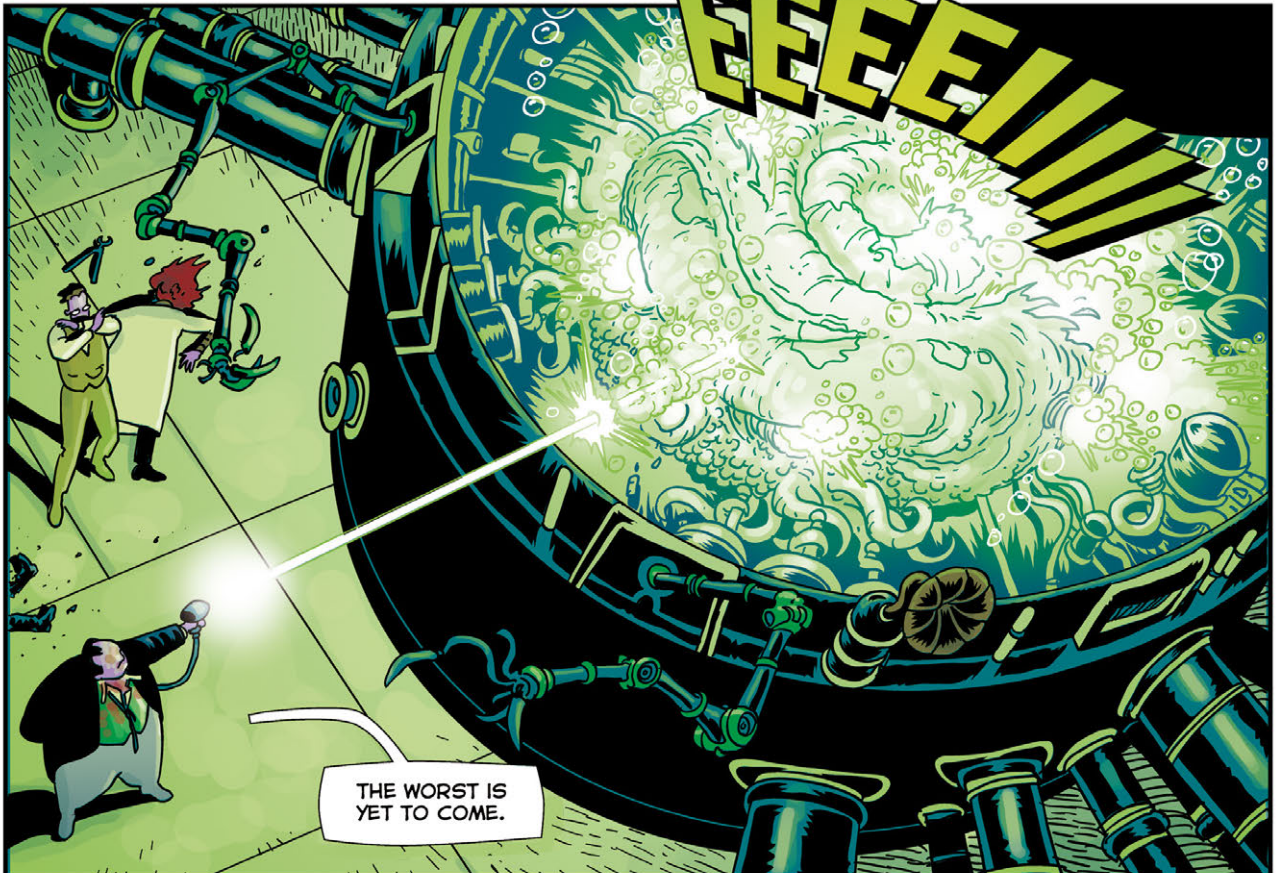
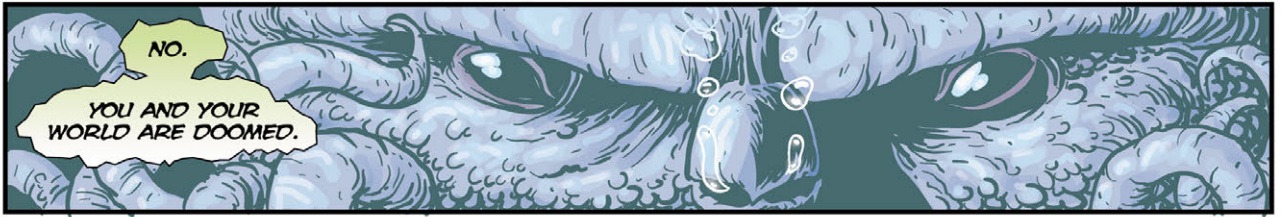
WE'RE GOING TO WAR!

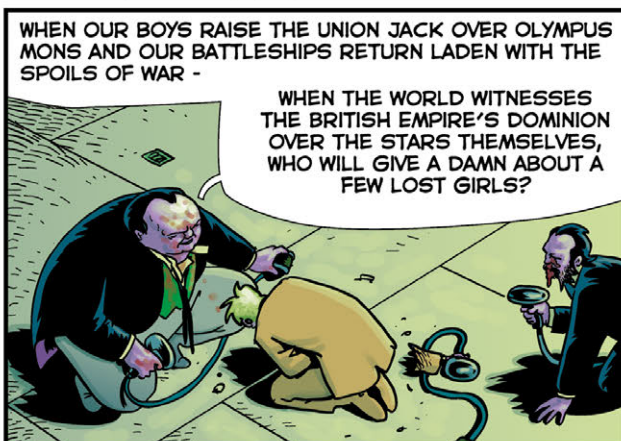










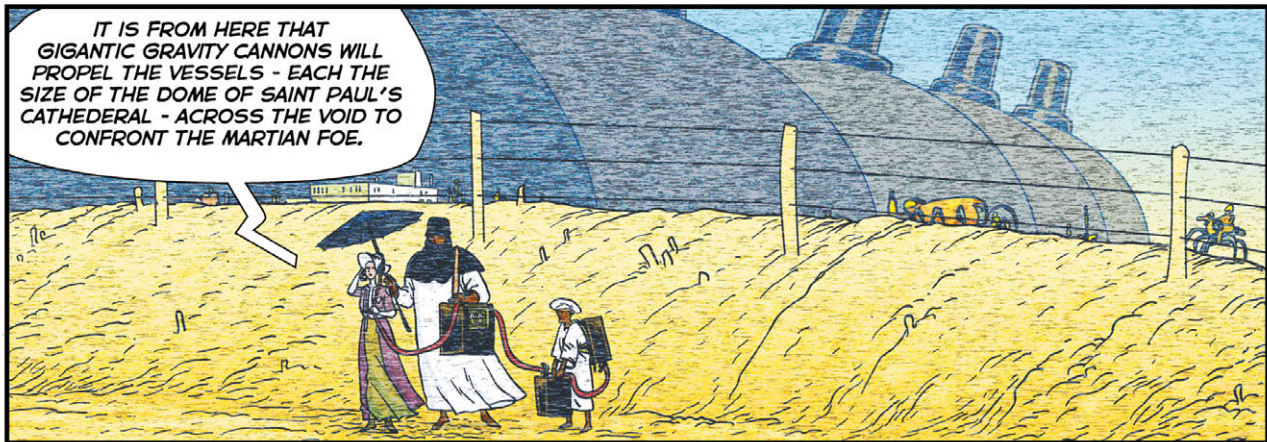


ONE MONTH LATER.

THIS IS EKATERINA ADIE REPORTING LIVE FROM THE SUDAN, WHERE IN JUST UNDER AN HOUR, THE FIRST SHIPS OF HER MAJESTY'S STELLAR EXPEDITIONARY FORCE WILL SET COURSE FOR MARS.

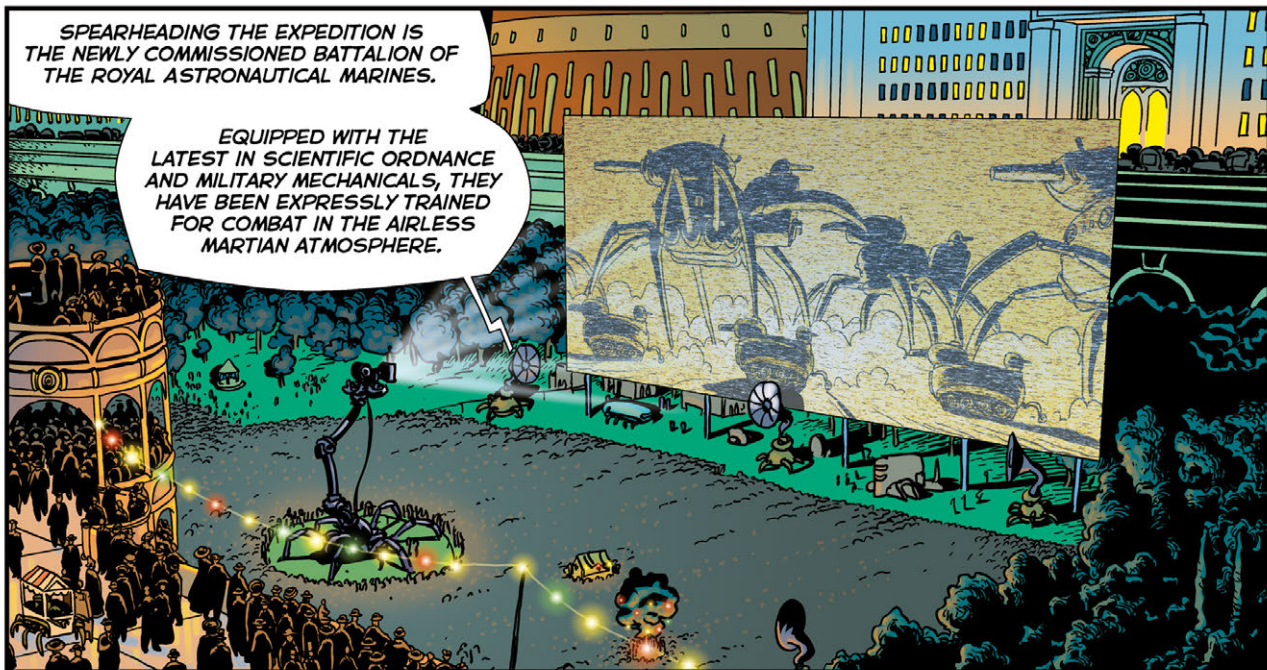


IT IS FROM HERE THAT GIGANTIC GRAVITY CANNONS WILL PROPEL THE VESSELS - EACH THE SIZE OF THE DOME OF SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - ACROSS THE VOID TO CONFRONT THE MARTIAN FOE.



SPEARHEADING THE EXPEDITION IS THE NEWLY COMMISSIONED BATTALION OF THE ROYAL ASTRONAUTICAL MARINES.

EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST IN SCIENTIFIC ORDNANCE AND MILITARY MECHANICALS, THEY HAVE BEEN EXPRESSLY TRAINED FOR COMBAT IN THE AIRLESS MARTIAN ATMOSPHERE.



AH, EXCUSE ME. YES, I BELIEVE WE CAN NOW GO DIRECT TO KHARTOUM LAUNCH CONTROL WHERE THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR JOHN CABAL IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS ADDRESS.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY, TO BEAR WITNESS TO HISTORY IN THE MAKING. NOT OF STATE OR NATION BUT OF THE WORLD!

TEN YEARS AGO TO THIS DAY, THE MARTIAN RACE SET FOOT ON GOD'S OWN EARTH WITH THE OBJECTIVE OF SUBJUGATING HUMANITY BENEATH THE YOKE OF THEIR ALIEN TYRANNY.

THE BRIDGEHEAD OF THEIR VILE INTENT WAS THE VERY HEART OF THE CIVILISED WORLD, GREAT BRITAIN HERSELF. HOWEVER, WE HAVE REPULSED INVASIONS BEFORE, AS THE FRENCH AND SPANISH WILL ATTEST.



BRITAIN ALONE BORE THE BRUNT OF THE CONFLICT WITHOUT THE SUPPORT OR SUCCOUR OF OUR NEIGHBOURS AND WE ASK NO ONE TO FIGHT OUR BATTLES FOR US NOW.

ON BEHALF OF MANKIND, WE WILL TAKE UP OUR SWORD ONCE MORE AND FORCE OUR FOE TO YIELD HIS WORLD TO US!



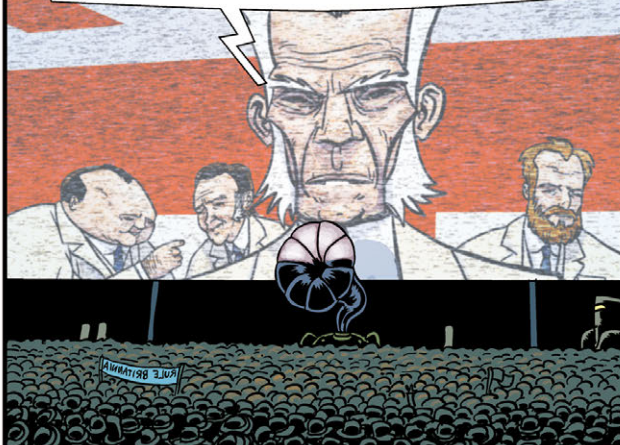
AS ONE NATION WE RESISTED, SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER. FROM OUR NOBLE MEN IN UNIFORM TO THE COMMON MAN IN THE STREET. WE STOOD FAST AND WITH THE AID OF THE ALMIGHTY WE PREVAILED.

NOW USING THE MARTIANS' OWN MACHINERIES AGAINST THEM, WE SHALL TAKE THE BATTLE BACK TO THEIR HOMES AND HEARTHES, WHERE WE WILL DELIVER SUCH A CRUSHING BLOW AS TO PREVENT THEM FROM EVER THREATENING OUR WORLD AGAIN!



THIS ENTERPRISE HAS MADE DEMANDS OF US ALL, CALLED FOR A DEGREE OF SKILL AND SACRIFICE NOT SEEN SINCE THE WAR.

BUT AS THE GREAT LORD NELSON HIMSELF SAID TO HIS FLEET BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR...



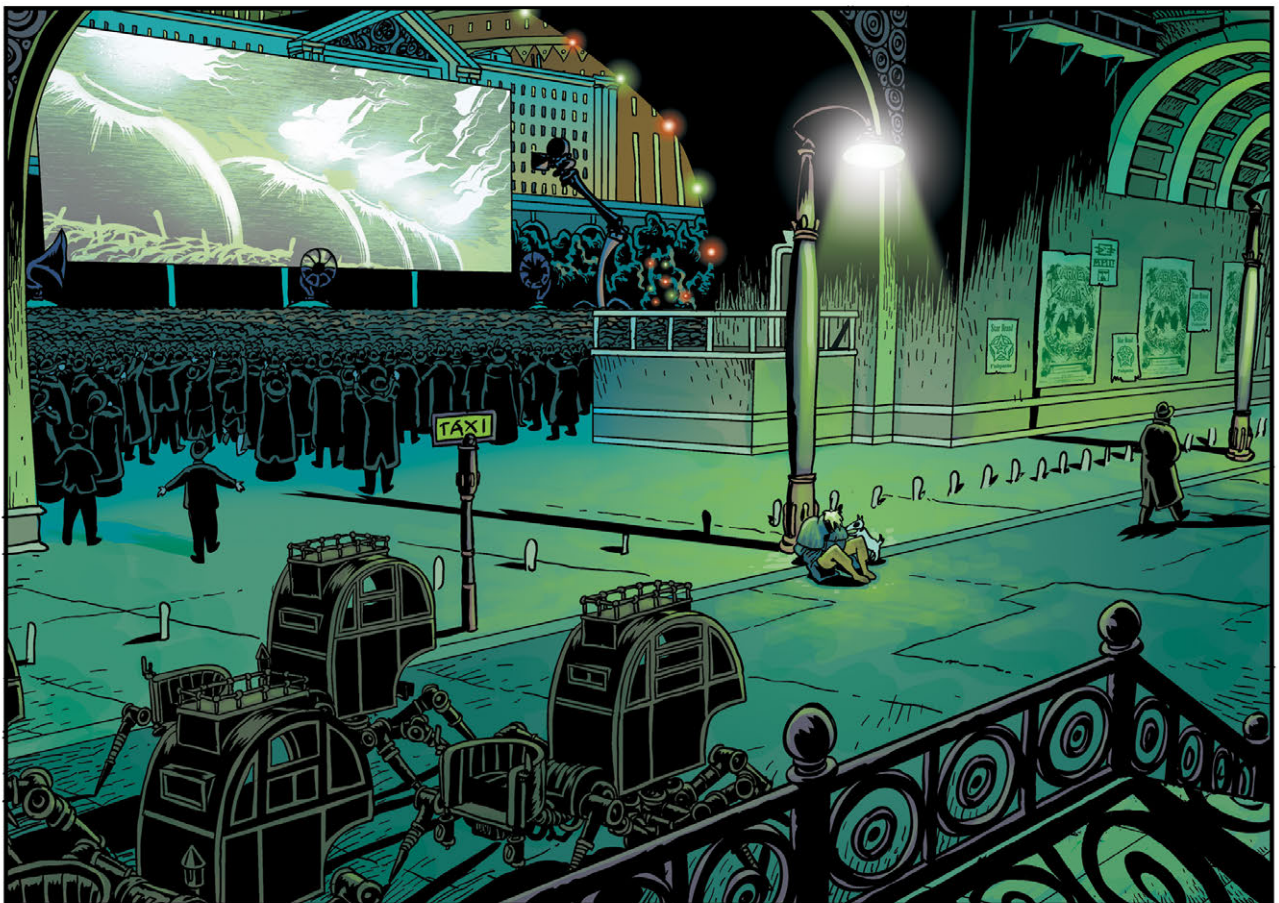
'ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.' AND SO HE SHALL!

**LYING
BASTARD!!!**



LIES! LIES! ALL LIES! THEY KILLED 'EM ALL, THOSE POOR BLOODY GIRLS! AND ARCHIE... DEAR ARCHIE... OH GOD!





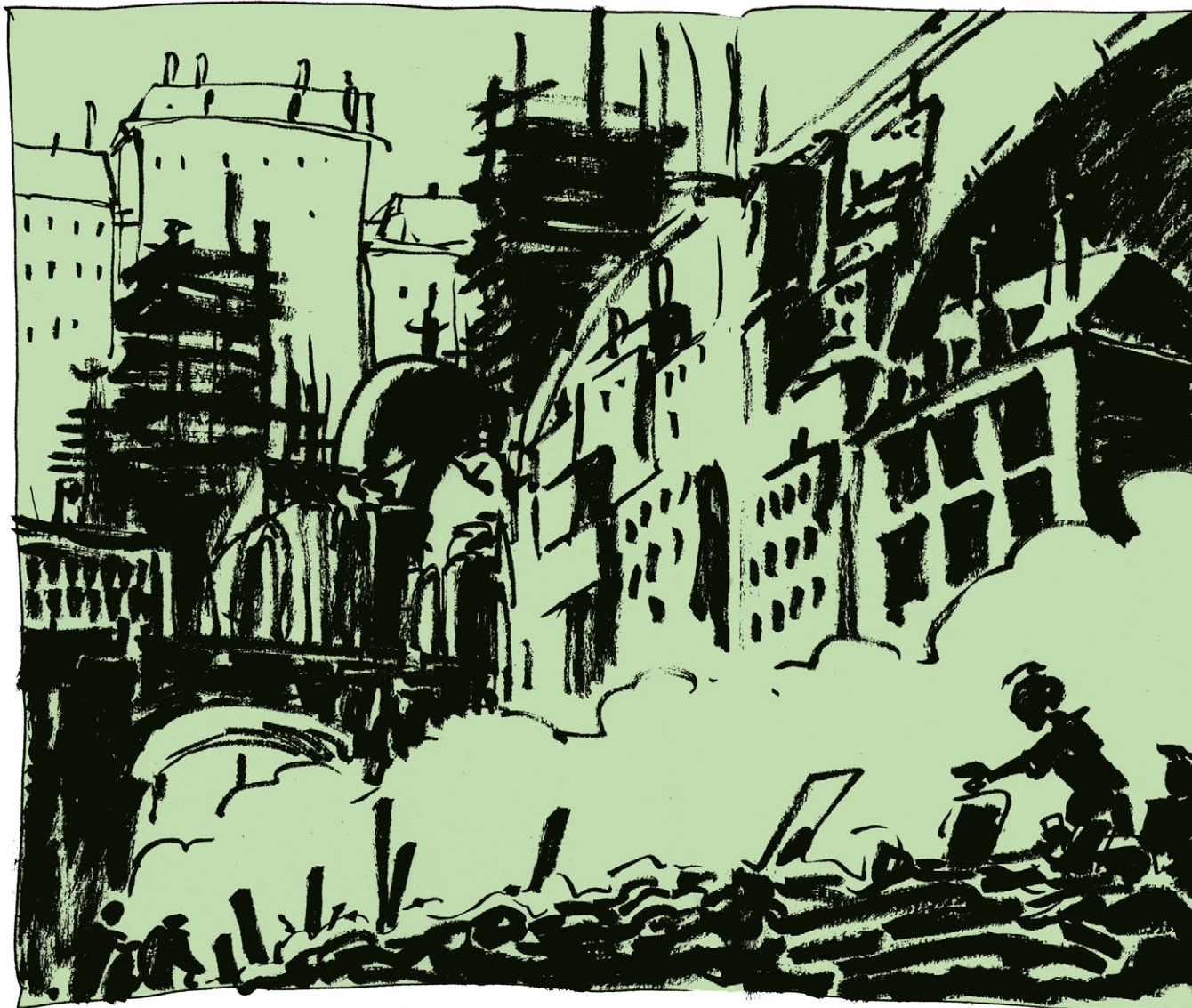




S K E T C H B O O K

D'Israeli

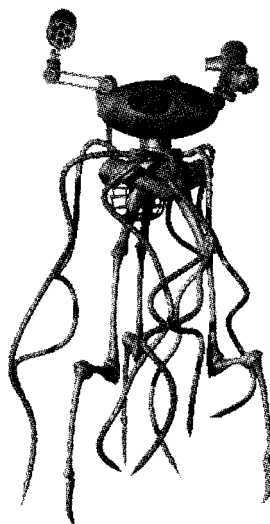
It's more than ten years since Ian Edgington and I first discussed the proposal which was to become *Scarlet Traces*. This first pen sketch is dated April 2nd, 1993.



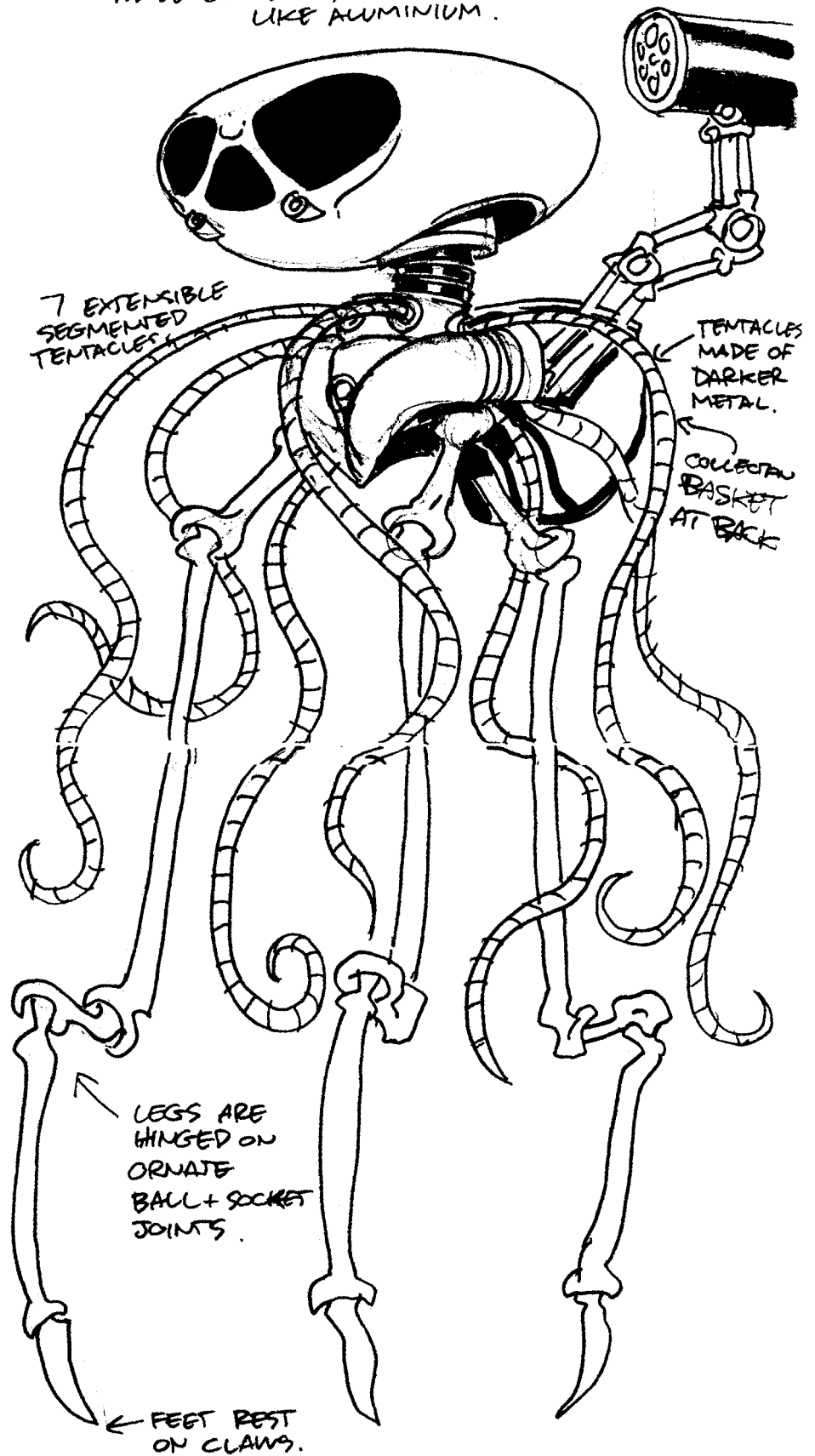
Although the Martians were long-defeated by the start of *Scarlet Traces*, we still needed a design for their Fighting Machines (far right).

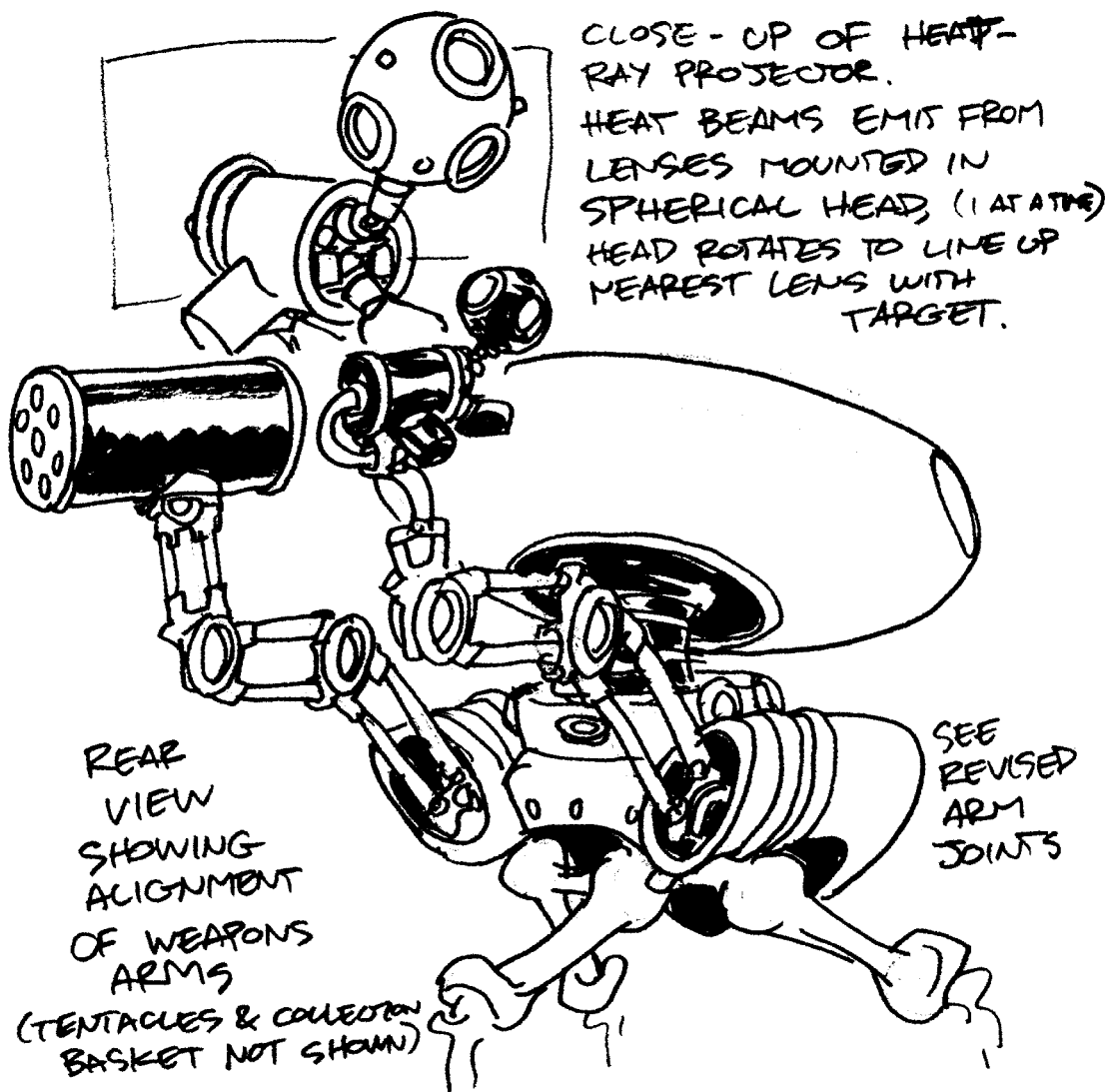
Scarlet Traces was originally commissioned by Coolbeans Productions Ltd. for use on the web, which meant we could include limited amounts of animation.

Coolbeans animators actually built a CGI tripod (right) for a proposed animated intro, which sadly was never made. They did get as far as making it walk, no mean feat for a three-legged device.



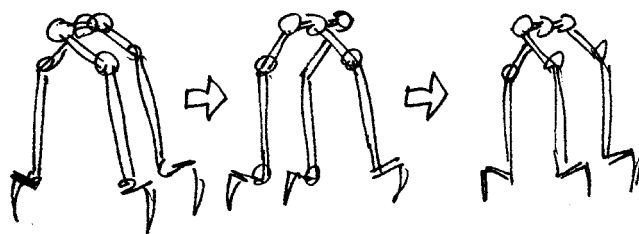
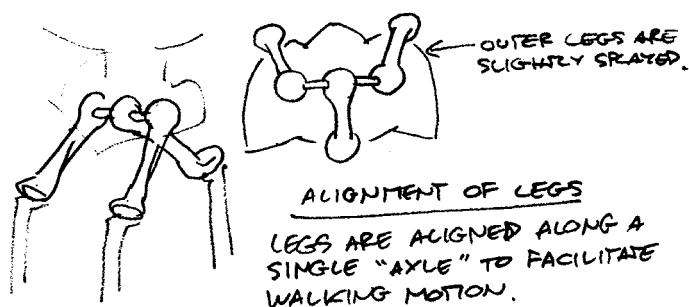
13-11-2000. MARTIAN FIGHTING MACHINE,
MADE OF DULL, SILVER-METAL,
LIKE ALUMINIUM.



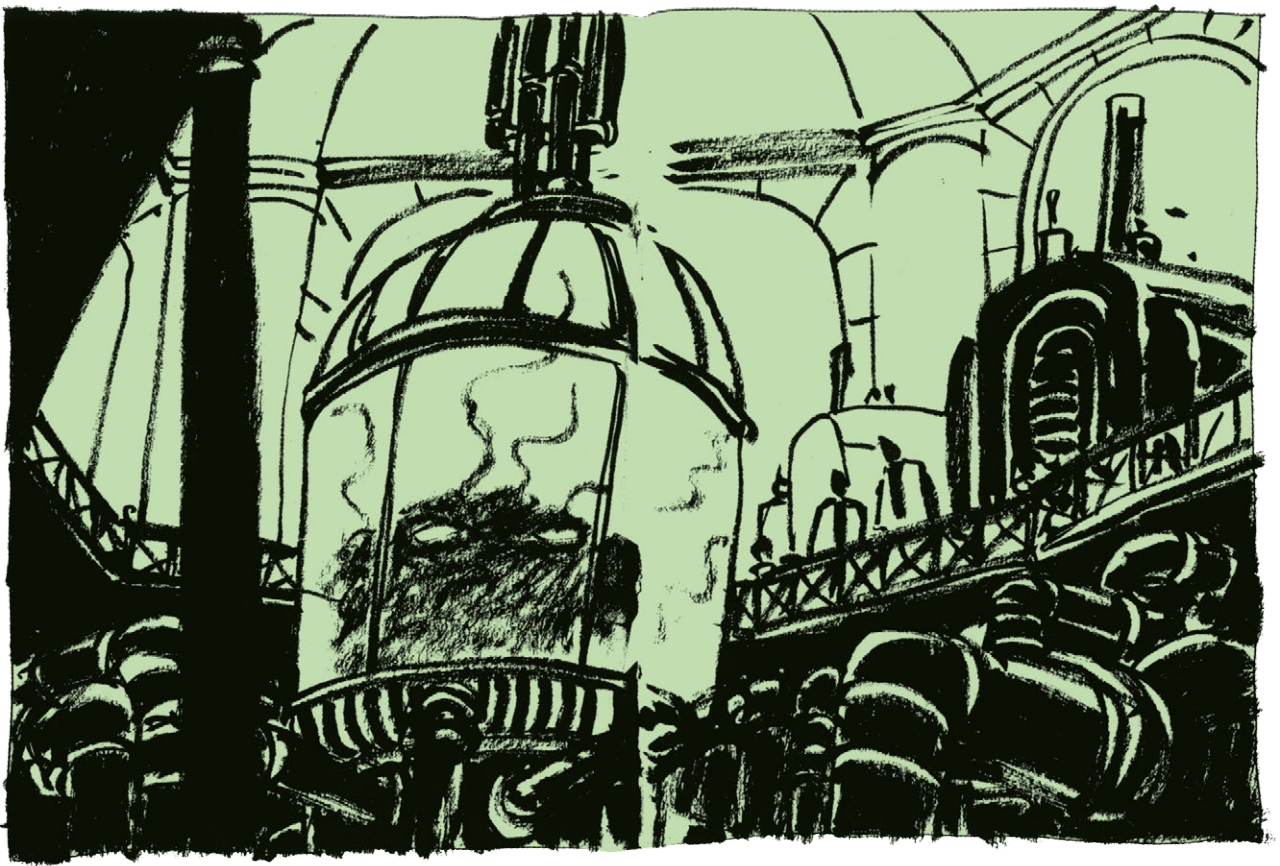


Because the Fighting Machine was to be built and animated, I had to draw it in detail from all angles, something I wouldn't need to do for a design appearing in an ordinary comic.

I also gave some thought to how the leg joints would work, and sketched out the rudiments of a walk cycle.



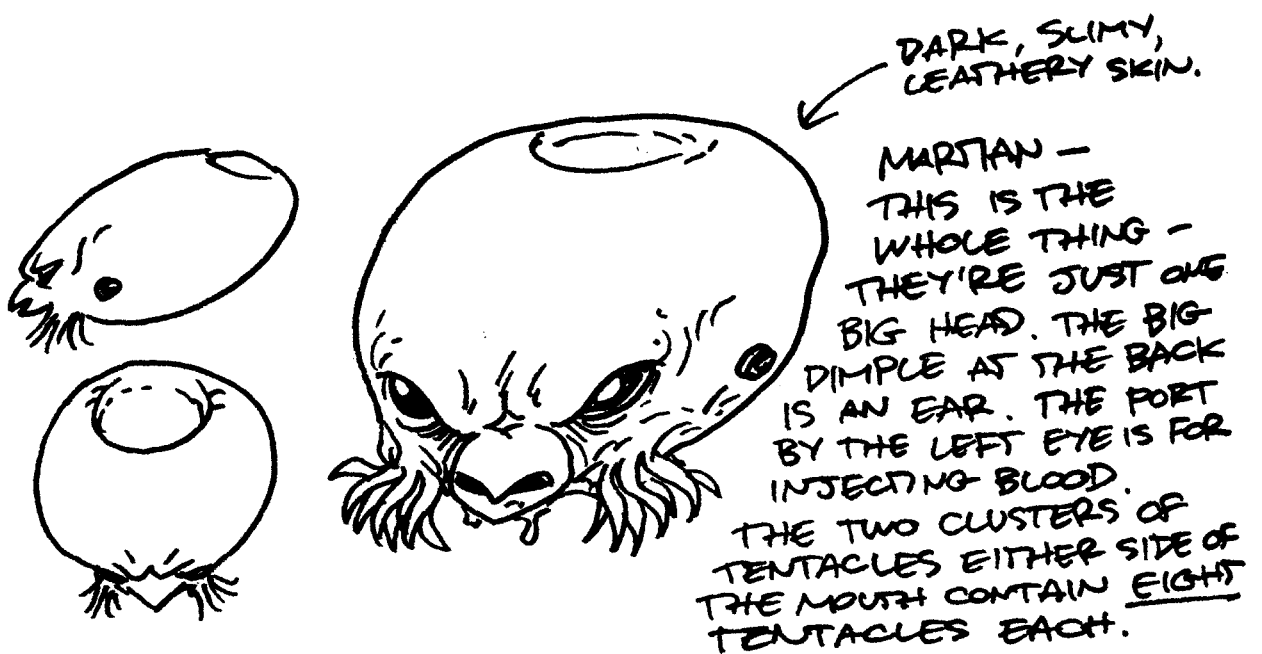
WALKING MOTION - TWO OUTER LEGS MOVE IN OPPOSITION TO INNER LEG. "ANKLE" JOINTS REVERSE

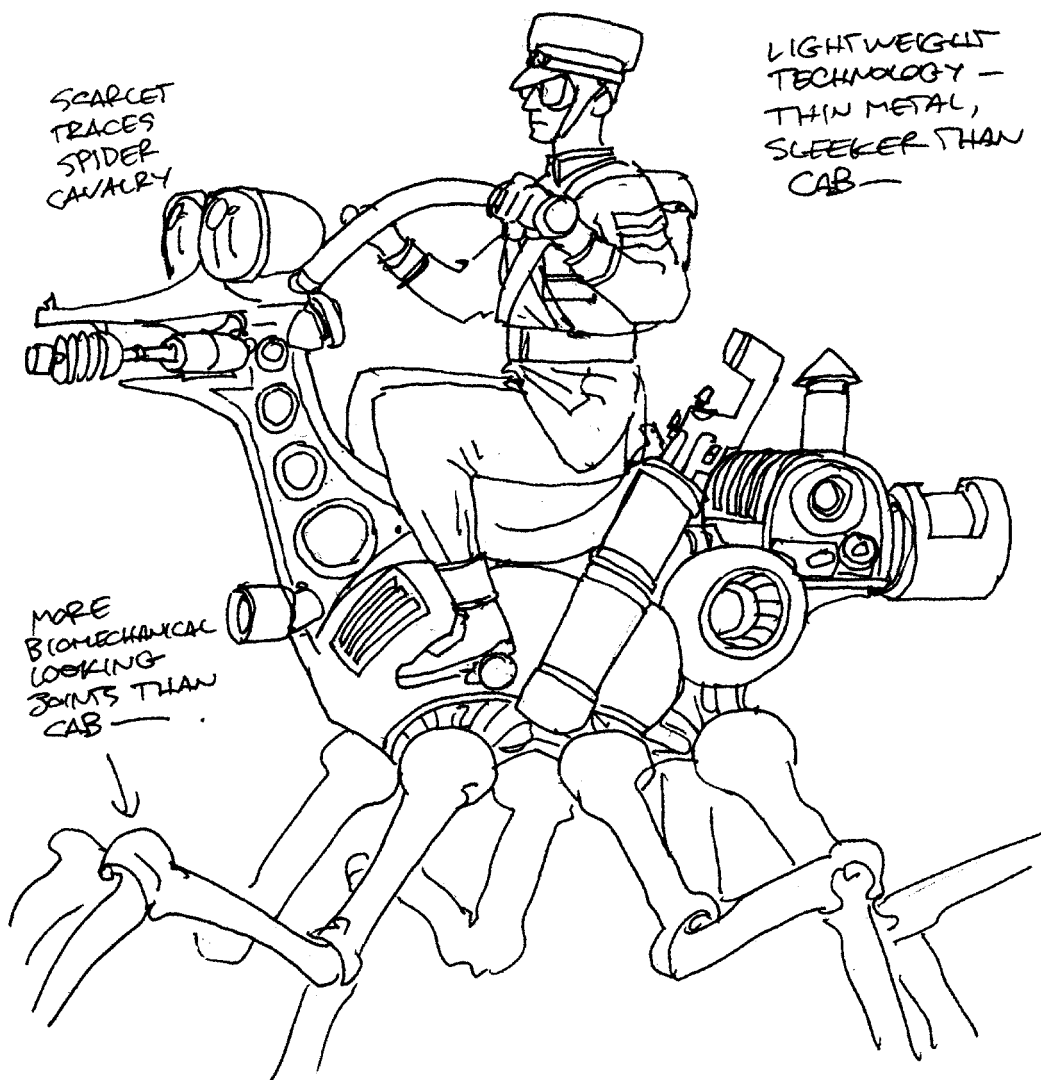


Above: the original sketch for the Martian tank room at Carfax Abbey.

The basic layout was there from the start, though the room became a lot taller.

Below: the Martians, based closely on Wells' description.



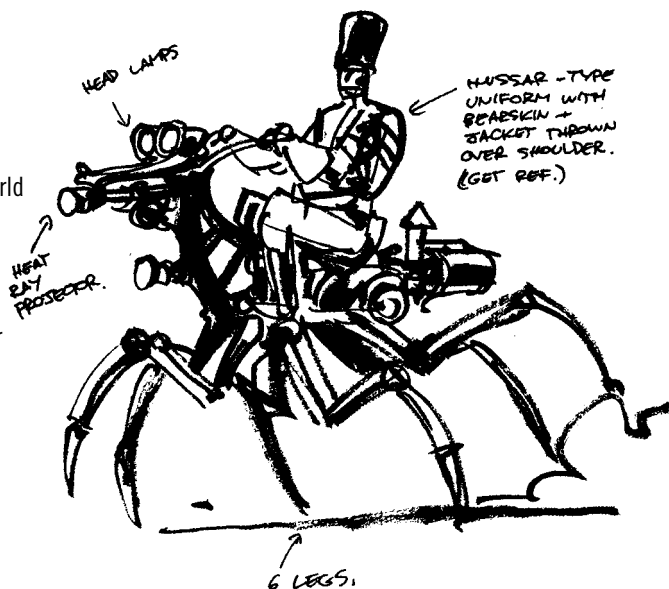


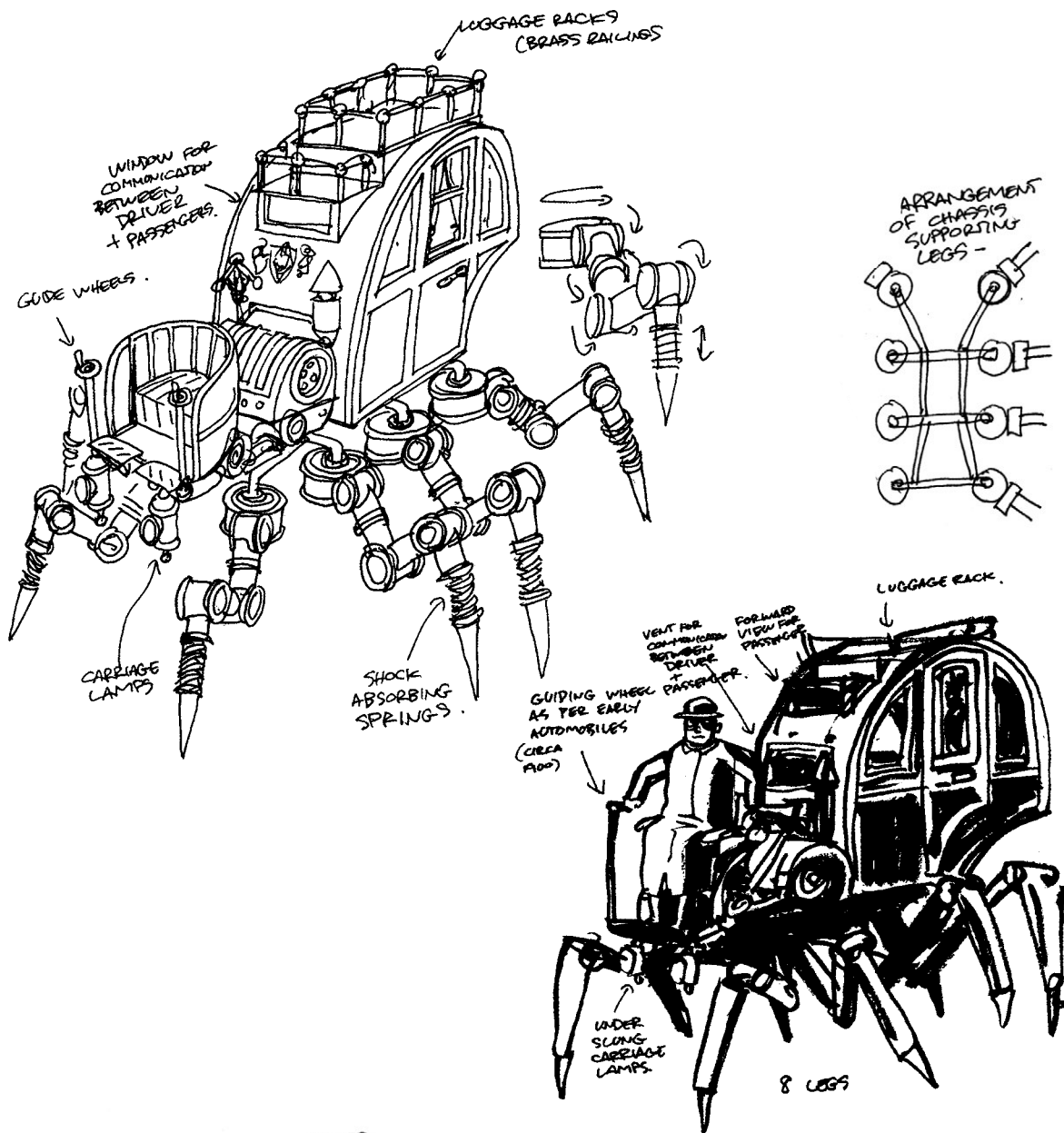
'LL-1-'000.

SCARLET TRACES - "SPIDER CAVALRY"

Above and right: whenever I collaborate with Ian Edginton, he always comes up with the best visual ideas. He was the one who suggested a Victorian world full of legged vehicles made with re-engineered Martian technology.

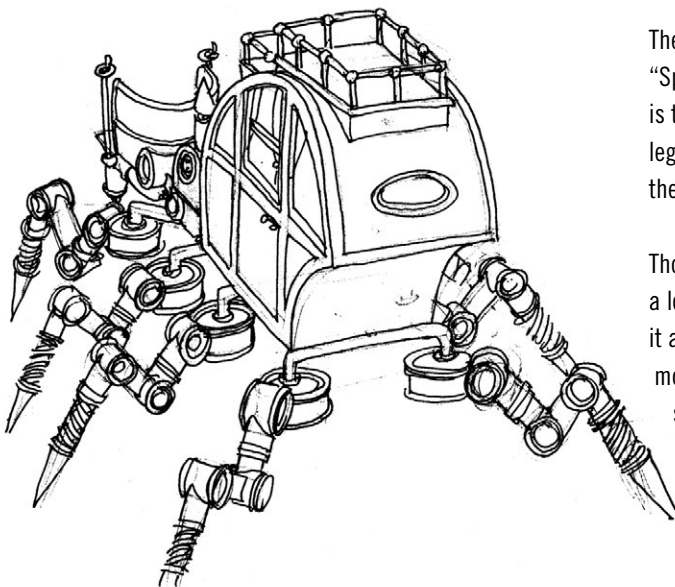
These are the first and final sketches for the "Spider Cavalry," the replacement for the Horse Guards.





The piece de resistance of *Scarlet Traces* has to be the “Spider Cabs,” again thought up by Ian. The basic idea is to have a Hansom cab mounted on eight mechanical legs. The driver’s position and controls are based on the very earliest automobiles.

Though the Spider Cabs are a favourite of mine, they’re a lot of work – if you’re drawing a street full of traffic it adds up to an awful lot of legs. You’ll notice that most of the busy street views in *Scarlet Traces* are seen from a distance, so I don’t have to draw too many cabs in detail. I will also confess to cloning a single tiny cab lots of times in some shots!

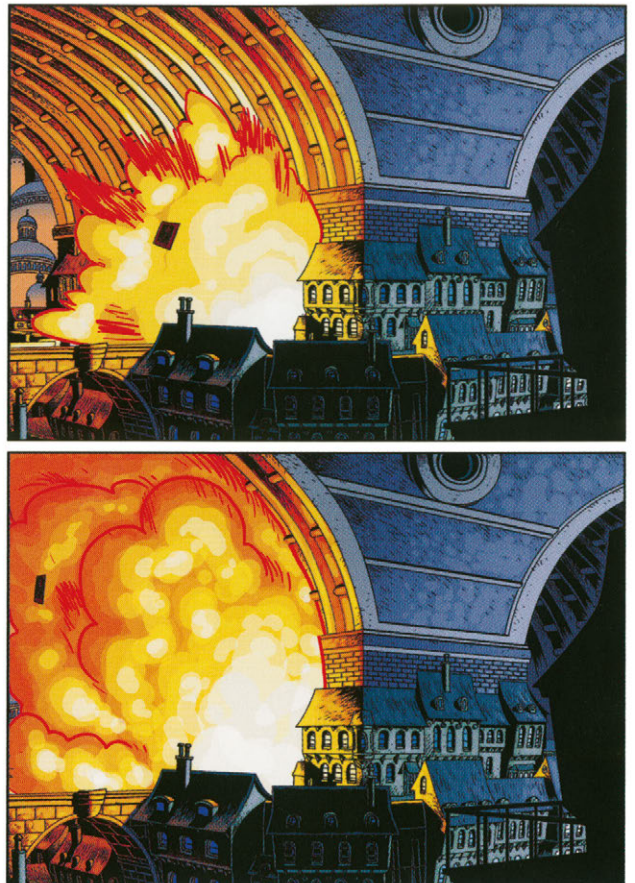
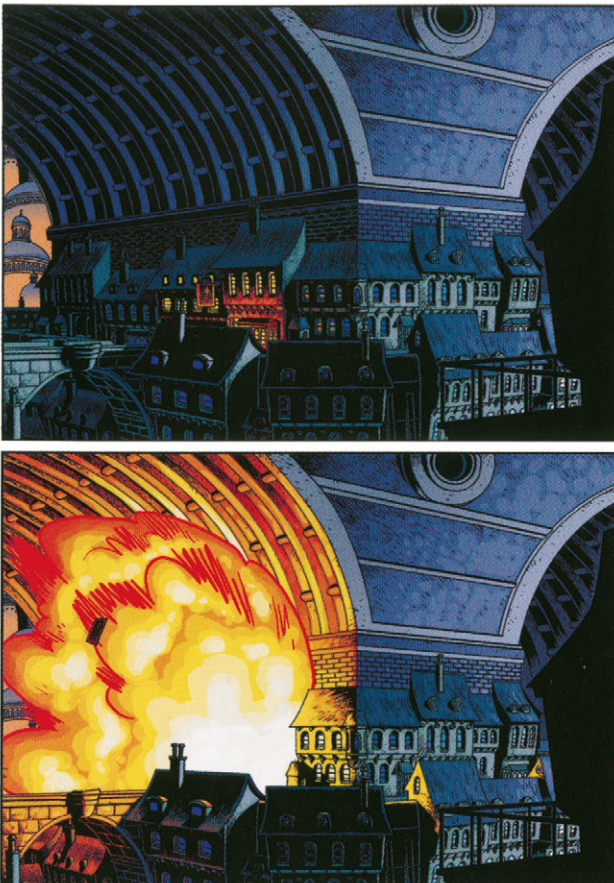


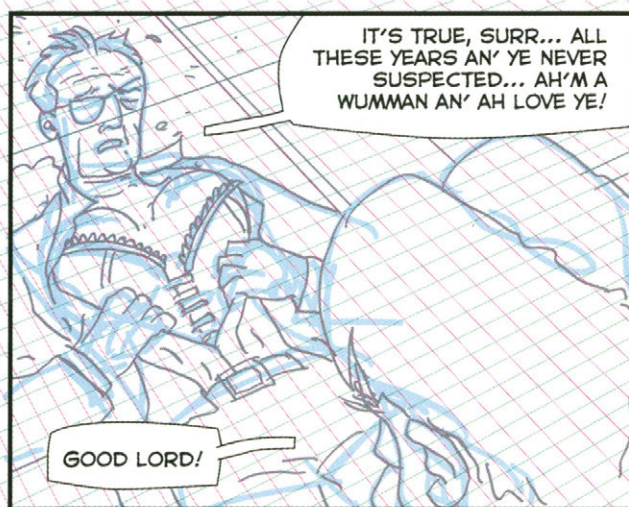


In *Scarlet Traces'* original web incarnation, most of the pages included limited animation effects. Many of these panels had to be altered or dropped, as we'd have had to include all the animated frames as separate comic panels to really make sense of them, and from a storytelling point of view they didn't warrant taking up that much space.

Left: the original, animated last panel showing Sid the Landlord being blown up in gruesome detail. We substituted this with a wider shot showing Sid being blown off his feet as a fireball surges down the stairs from the pub.

Below: on the next page, we kept the basic shot, but I re-painted the explosion to make it more dynamic. The original fireball had to be kept simple for animation purposes, the movement supplying the dynamism. And yes, I did re-use the wide shot of the pub, but by the time I'd worked out how to overlay all the explosions and areas where the background is lit by the fireball, it didn't feel as if I'd saved much time!





Above: We regretted having to drop this page as it showed Ned's motivation for going into danger. The shot of Pikey straining at the lead is one of my favourites from the whole story. I think Pikey's fab, and that he should get his own series.

Left: A bizarre twist on Archie Currie's death scene, done as an April Fool's joke, though it only reached the pencil state. Note the blue pencil I use to rough out my drawing, and the perspective grids, which I use obsessively, even when it's only for a couple of lines on the floor, as here.



WRITER

Ian Edginton is a New York Times bestselling author and multiple Eisner Award nominee.

He is currently writing *Batman '66 meets The Avengers* (Steed and Mrs Peel, not the other ones!) for DC Comics as well as *Judge Dredd*, *Stickleback*, *Helium*, *Kingmaker* and *Brass Sun* for 2000 AD.

He lives and works in Birmingham, England.

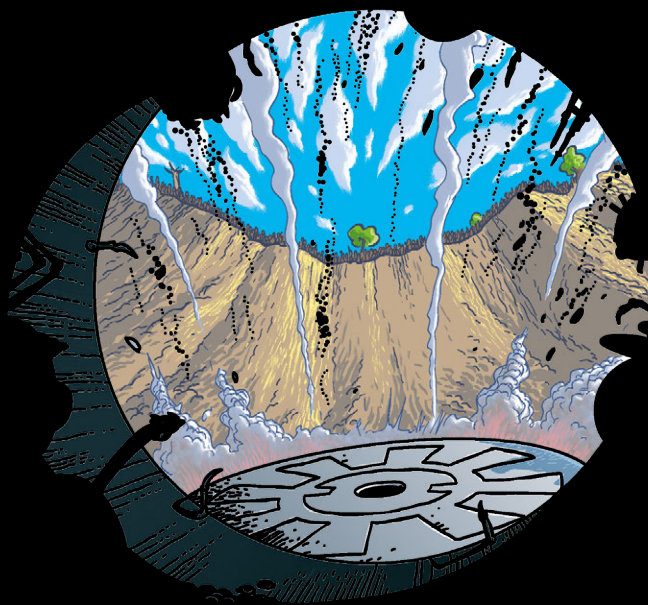
ARTIST

Under the pen name **D'Israeli**, Matt Brooker has been a comic artist since 1988.

He is perhaps best known for his collaborations with writer Ian Edginton, including *Leviathan*, *Kingdom of the Wicked*, *Leviathan* and *Batman*. Other career highlights include work on *Sandman*, collaborations with Warren Ellis, including *Lazarus Churchyard* and the cryptic *SVK*, and his colouring on the later *Miracleman* stories.

Since 2003, he's been a regular contributor to *2000 AD*, mostly as series artist on *Stickleback* with Ian Edginton and *Low Life* with Rob Williams. His and Rob's creator owned series, *Ordinary*, was published in the *Megazine* and is now available as a graphic novel.

He lives in Nottingham, UK and wishes he had a cat.



ALIEN NATION!

THE CHANCES OF ANYTHING COMING FROM MARS ARE A MILLION TO ONE, HE SAID.

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