



86 VOLTZ™ THE DEAD GIRL



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86 VOLTZ: THE DEAD GIRL™

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FROM A STORY BY OEMING & GLASS

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SPECIAL THANKS TO:

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FRED FLORETH "BECAUSE HE SHOULD HAVE HAD HIS NAME IN QUIXOTE, BUT BRYAN GOOFED UP!"
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& MICHAEL CULLEN GRACE "FOR TEACHING US THAT THERE IS AN ARTIST IN ALL OF US"

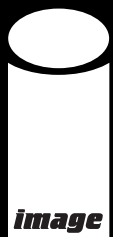
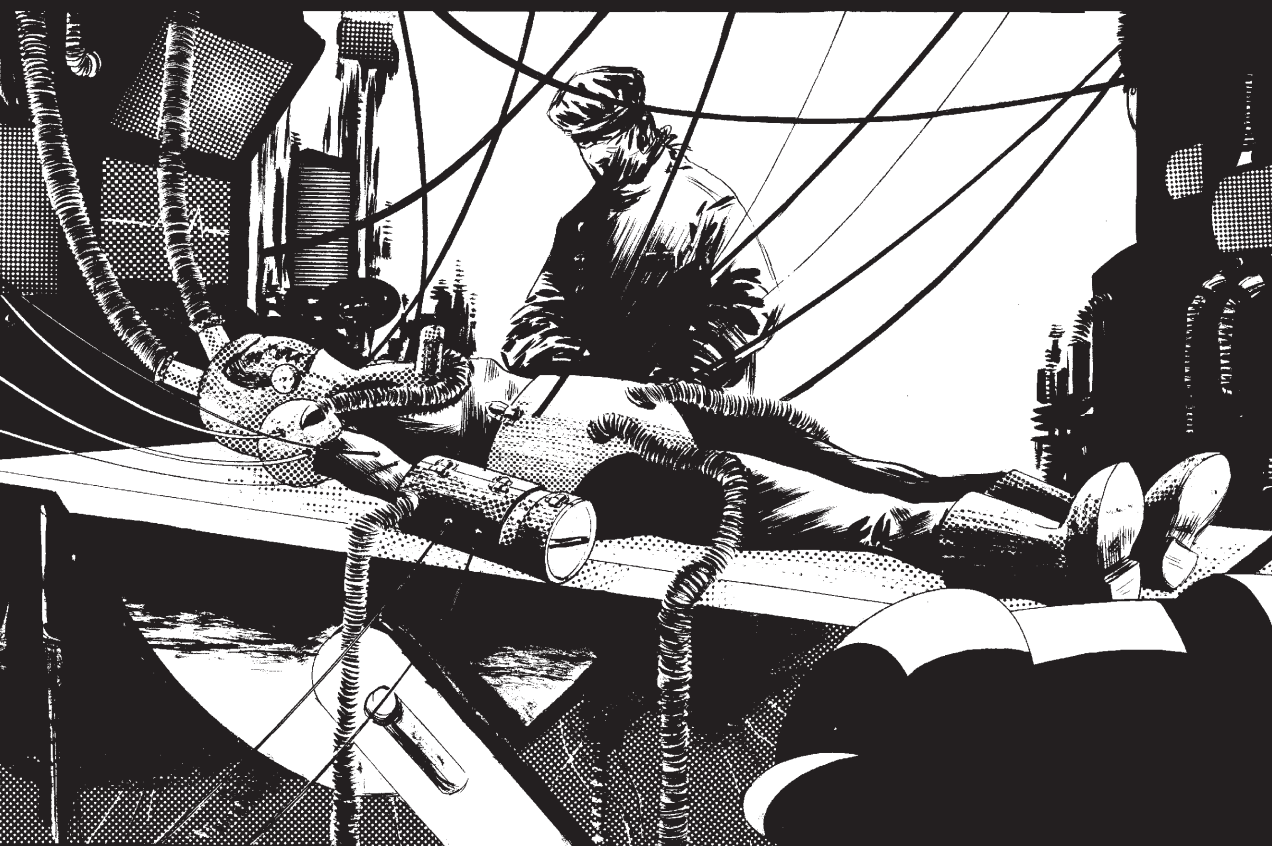


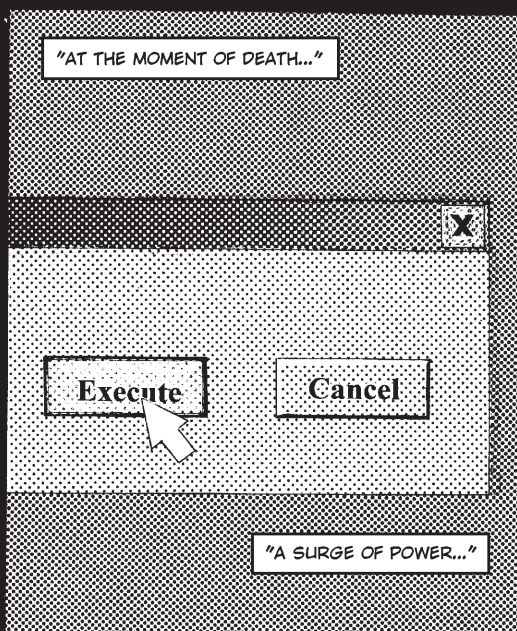
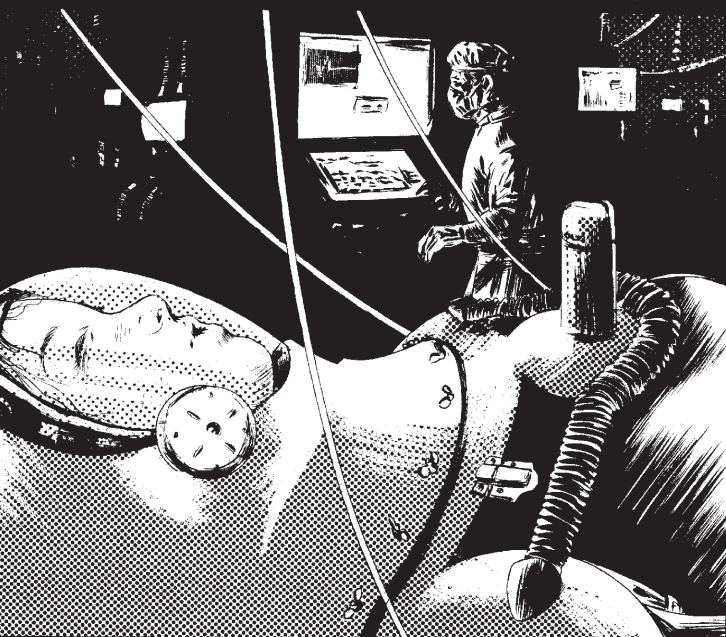
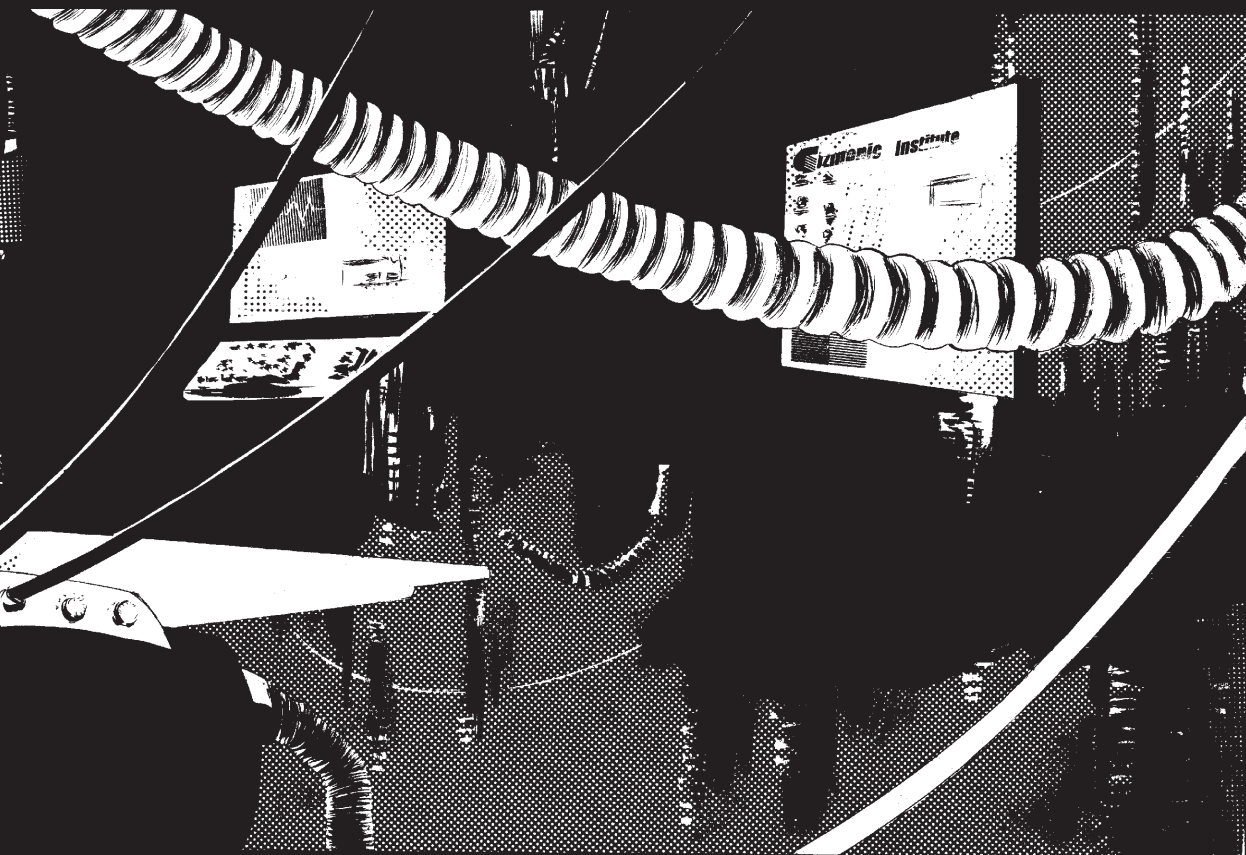
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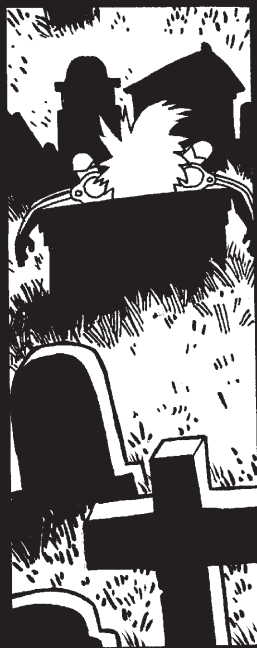




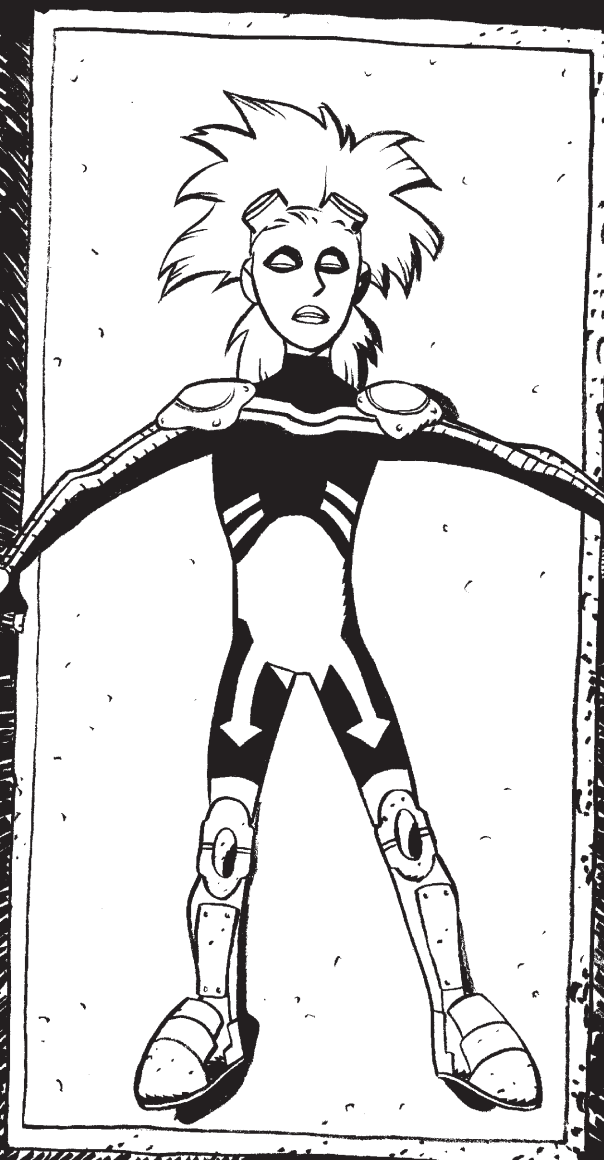
KABOOM

"...AND EVERYTHING WE THINK
WE KNOW CHANGES FOREVER."





BOOM



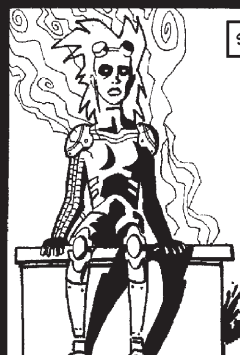
BOOM



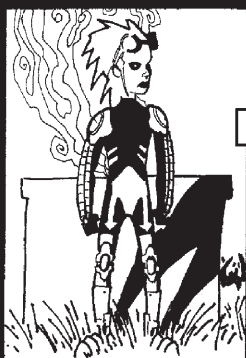
SHE LIVES.



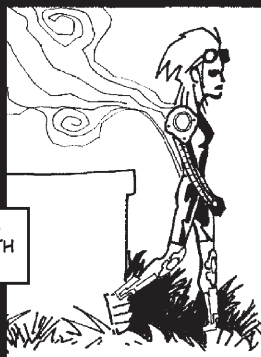
SHE CRIES WITH A VOICE SHE HAS
FORGOTTEN HOW TO USE.



SHE REMEMBERS NOTHING.



SHE KNOWS ONLY SLIGHTLY MORE.



THAT KNOWLEDGE TELLS
HER THIS PLACE OF DEATH
IS NOT HER HOME.





OLDER THAN A CHILD IS SHE...
THOUGH NOT YET THE WOMAN
SHE WILL NEVER BE...

THE GIRL SEEMS AT ONCE NEWLY
BORN AND YET HAS ALWAYS BEEN.

SHE FEELS SHE MAY BE BUT A SINGLE MOMENT
OF TIME STRETCHED FORTH ACROSS ETERNITY...

GOD'S LITTLE THIMBLE IS SHE, WEAVING
THREAD ACROSS CREATION.



SHE WALKS UPON A FIELD OF
GREEN, BUT A ROILING SKY, SET
AFIRE BY THE HIDDEN MOON,
WASHES ALL TO GRAY AND
SHADOW.

GRAY GRASS AND SHADOWED STONES...
THEY TELL HER NOTHING.

YET AMIDST THIS DARK WORLD, A LONE
SHAFT OF LIGHT PIERCES THE SHADOW,
BECKONING TO HER, SINGING IN A
LONELY VOICE SHE KNOWS BUT DOES
NOT REMEMBER.



THOUGH UNEXPECTED, THE
SUDDEN ARRIVAL DOES NOT
STARTLE HER.



HE OFFERS A THOUSAND PARDONS.

SHE FEELS NO GUILT.



THE APOLOGY THEN MUST BE HIS.

THE GIRL SENSES FATE IN THE AIR.

HE ASSURES HER IT IS MERELY CHANCE.

LUCKY FOR HIM THEN, SHE THINKS.

HE DOES NOT CONSIDER IT LUCK,
FOR HE CAN NO LONGER WEAR HIS HAT.

HE FORGETS THAT SOME LUCK CAN BE BAD.



THE MAN FORGETS NOTHING.
HIS CURSE IS ONE THAT REMEMBERS ALL.

HE REMEMBERS AND HE REGRETS.
HE REGRETS HIS NEGLECT.

THE GIRL HAS LITTLE PATIENCE FOR REGRET.

HE WARNS, THEN, AGAINST THE TOWER'S CALL.



SHE CARES NAUGHT FOR WARNINGS, YET...

SHE LIKES HIS HAT.



HE IS NOT A GHOST.

HE IS BUT THE MEMORY OF ONE.



THE GIRL HAS NO NEED
FOR MEMORIES.



"BEWARE, THEN," HE CAUTIONS, "THE TOWER AND ITS
KEEPER, FOR HER CRAFT AND GUILE ARE AS THE SERPENT,
AND HER POISON IS MORE POTENT STILL..."



"HEED NOT THE SEEMING
BEAUTY OF HER SONG..."



"...FOR BENEATH ITS
MELANCHOLY CHARM
THERE LIES AN EVIL OF
AN OLD AND SPITEFUL
KIND."

THE GIRL IS POLITE.



...BUT KNOWING NOTHING OF
EVIL, SHE DOES NOT FEAR.

...AND IT APPEARS SHE MAY BE EXPECTED.



NO...

...NOT THIS GIRL.

THE TOWER AND ITS KEEPER
AWAIT ANOTHER.



"WHO ARE YOU?"

"WHY HAVE
YOU COME?"

"SPEAK."

THE GIRL HAS NO ANSWER
TO SUCH QUESTIONS.

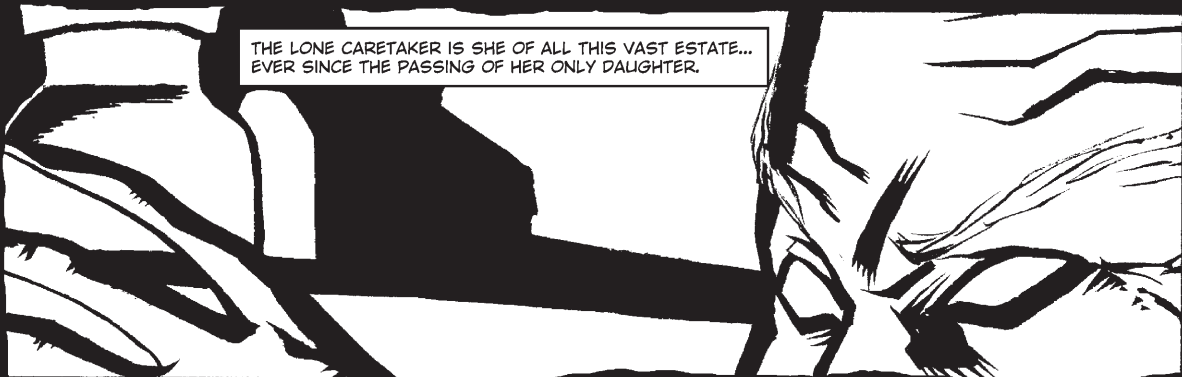


...BUT SHE ACCEPTS WHAT HOSPITALITY IS GIVEN.



THE HAG'S LIFE IS A HUMBLE, LONELY ONE.
SHE SAYS SO HERSELF.

THE LONE CARETAKER IS SHE OF ALL THIS VAST ESTATE...
EVER SINCE THE PASSING OF HER ONLY DAUGHTER.



THE GIRL FEELS NOTHING.

HER INSTINCT EXPRESSES SORROW.



"SAVE YOUR PITY!"



A FAITHLESS DAUGHTER AND MIS-
BEGOTTEN FATHER WERE THEY.



"BETRAYERS!"



THOUGH SHE DID LOVE HER HUSBAND AT LEAST...

...ONCE UPON A TIME, AND LONG AGO...
SHE SHOWED HIM JUST HOW MUCH SHE CARED.

...SHE SHOWED HIM JUST HOW
LUCKY HE REALLY WAS.



BUT SOME LUCK CAN BE BAD.





YET THE HAG STILL MANAGES HER SMALL AFFAIRS,
BIDDING HER MOMENTS AS BEST AS SHE IS ABLE...

...UNTIL THE HOUR "HER DEAREST
SON" COMES TO CLAIM ALL THAT
IS HIS.

SOON, THAT HOUR WILL COME.



SUCH THOUGHTS WARM
HER ANCIENT BONES...



THE GIRL DOES NOT JUDGE.
IT IS NOT HER PLACE.



THE HAG MAY BE THANKFUL FOR THE COMPANY, BUT
HER UNEXPECTED GUEST IS LESS THAN CONSIDERATE.

...THUS SHE WEARS HER POVERTY
MERELY AS A WRAP AGAINST THE
CHILL OF PRESUMPTION.



THE GIRL IS NOT THIRSTY.
YET ETIQUETTE BIDS HER DRINK...



...EVEN FROM A CUP
OF POISON.



IT IS DONE.

THE HAG IS PLEASED.

THE CHILD OF HER DEEDS
STIRS WITHIN HER.



IT IS SAID THAT CURIOSITY KILLS...



...BUT THE GIRL FEARS NOT.

SHE AND THE REAPER ARE OF INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE.



BENEATH THE HAG'S OWN BLACK HEART, STILL AND COLD AS STONE...



...THERE LURKS THE PROMISE OF DARK DEEDS YET TO COME. THIS, THEN, IS THE HAG'S JOY, HER TRUE BREATH OF LIFE.

THE HAG CONFESSES...
THE GIRL IS NOT THE FIRST...

...SHE IS NOT THE FIRST TO COME FROM THE
DARK AND COLD SEEKING LIGHT AND WARMTH.



...AND HAS SHE NOT WELCOMED THEM ALL?
GIVEN ALL EVEN WHEN SHE HAD NO MORE TO GIVE.



"INGRATES!"

...FOR THE NIGHT IS FILLED
ONLY BY THOSE WHO TAKE.



NOT TONIGHT, HOWEVER...
THIS CHILD WILL NOT TAKE FROM HER.



"BEWARE..."



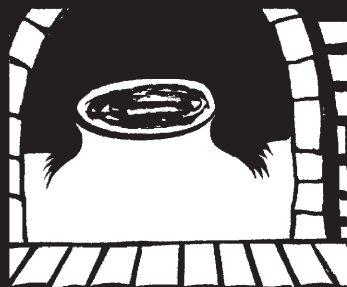
"...THIS GIRL..."



"...IS NOT WHAT..."



"...SHE APPEARS."



THE HAG HEEDS NOT HER
CALDRON'S WARNING.

LONG HAS SHE SUSPECTED
THIS NIGHT MIGHT ARRIVE...



...FOR ALL THOSE WHO HAD COME BEFORE
WHISPERED OF THIS GIRL'S ADVENT.
THEY HAVE WHISPERED IN VAIN.

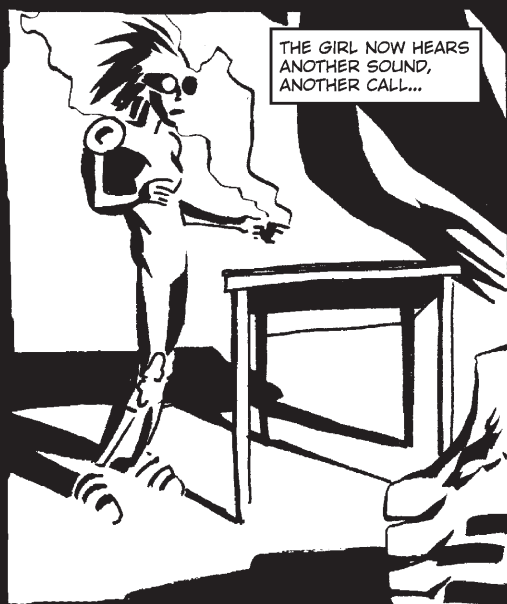


THEIR HOPES SHALL
BE DASHED.



...SHATTERED.

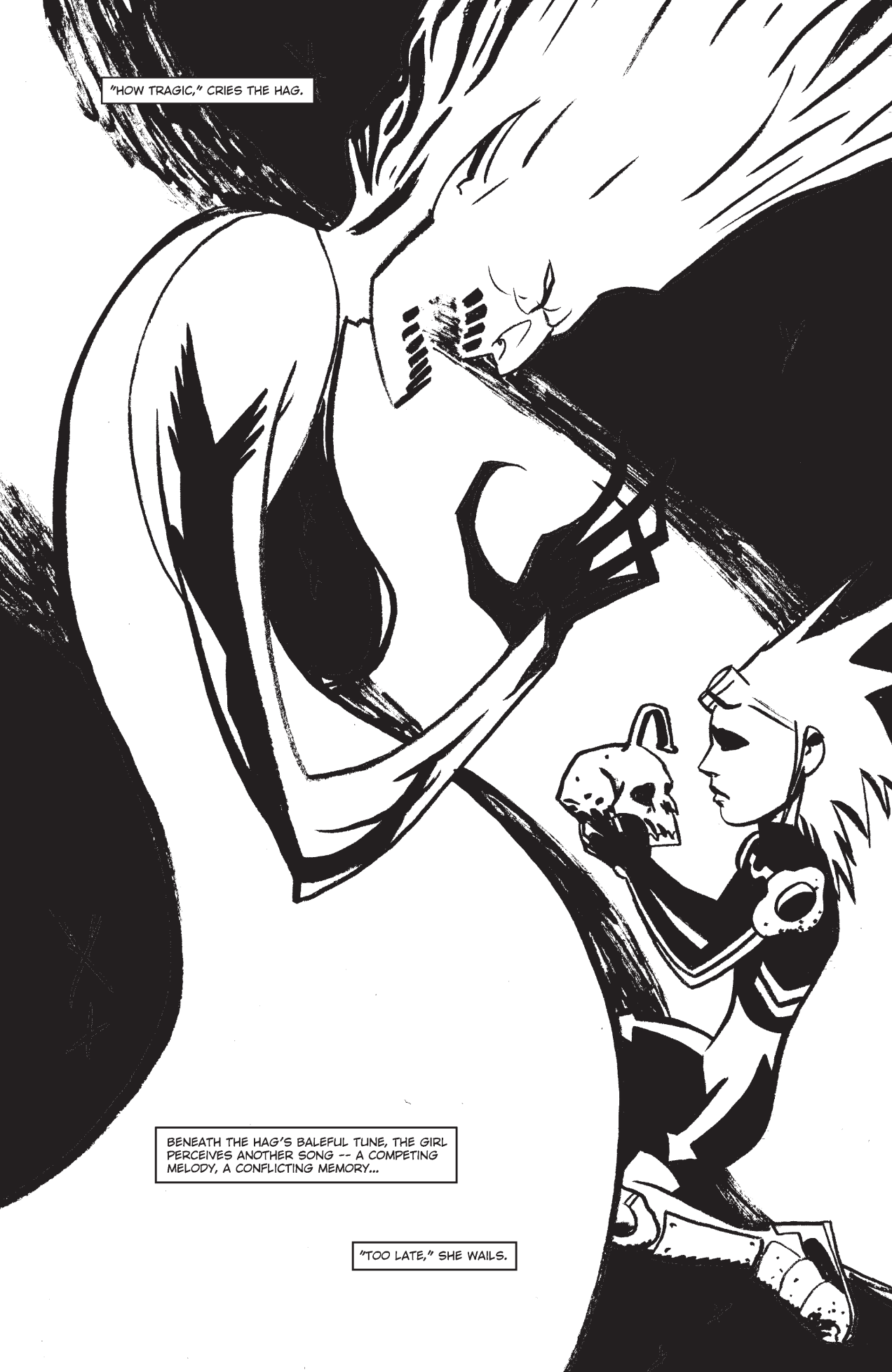




...IT IS BUT A DISTANT ECHO OF
THOUGHTS WITHOUT SUBSTANCE,
WITHOUT TEXTURE.



SHE WILL THE UNTOUCHABLE INTO HER GRASP.



"HOW TRAGIC," CRIES THE HAG.

BENEATH THE HAG'S BALEFUL TUNE, THE GIRL PERCEIVES ANOTHER SONG -- A COMPETING MELODY, A CONFLICTING MEMORY...

"TOO LATE," SHE WAILS.



THE NEW VOICE SINGS OF DUTY
AND COMPLIANCE, OF NEGLIGENCE
AND REGRET...

"A HUSBAND'S PLACE IS IN HIS HOME," THE HAG MOURNS.
"A CHILD IS TO BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD."

...THIS SONG IS ONE OF INFINITE SORROW.

BOTH VOICE AND SONG ARE
BRITTLE AS OLD BONE.



AS TUNE TO A MELODY, SHE WILL
FLESH TO A FORGOTTEN DREAM...



...TO THE GHOST OF A MEMORY.

HE FEELS SHAME.

SHE FORGIVES.

IT IS ENOUGH.





THE HAG DETECTS AN ILL
SHIFT IN FORTUNE'S WIND.



CERTAIN MEMORIES MUST NEVER AWAKEN.



SO...IF POISON IN THE BELLY WILL
NOT STILL THE GIRL'S BLOOD...
THEN SHARP BLUNTNESS MUST
SUFFICE AGAINST SUBTLETY.

BUT ON THIS NIGHT, FATE AND LUCK HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO A CHANCE MEETING...

...THAT HAS SET AN OLD GHOST FREE FROM MISFORTUNE.



BUT THE HAG WILL
RESTORE HER EDGE.

IF THIS GIRL WILL NOT
SING HER PRAISE FROM
A JAR UPON HER SHELF.



...THEN WILL SHE DRINK DIRECTLY OF
ALL THE SONGS THAT FILL HER MIND.



SOMETHING IS WRONG.

THIS GIRL SINGS NO SONGS; NO MUSIC PLAYS IN
HER THOUGHTS SAVE THAT WHICH SHE HEARS AND
SOON FORGETS -- HER HEAD RESOUNDS ONLY WITH
THE ECHOES OF OTHERS.

NO VOICE OF HER OWN; NO
SONG, NO LIGHT, NO HEAT...

...NO SUSTENANCE TO THE HAG'S CHILD OF DEEDS WITHIN.

THE GIRL IS ANATHEMA, JUST
AS THE CAULDRON FEARED.

MEMORIES STIR; AWAKEN...

...AND THE HAG'S SHRIEKS ARE
OVERWHELMED BY CRIES THAT
WILL NOT BE SILENCED.

THEY ARE THE VOICES OF CHILDREN, AND THEIR
SONG IS THAT OF THEIR PARENTS' GRIEF.





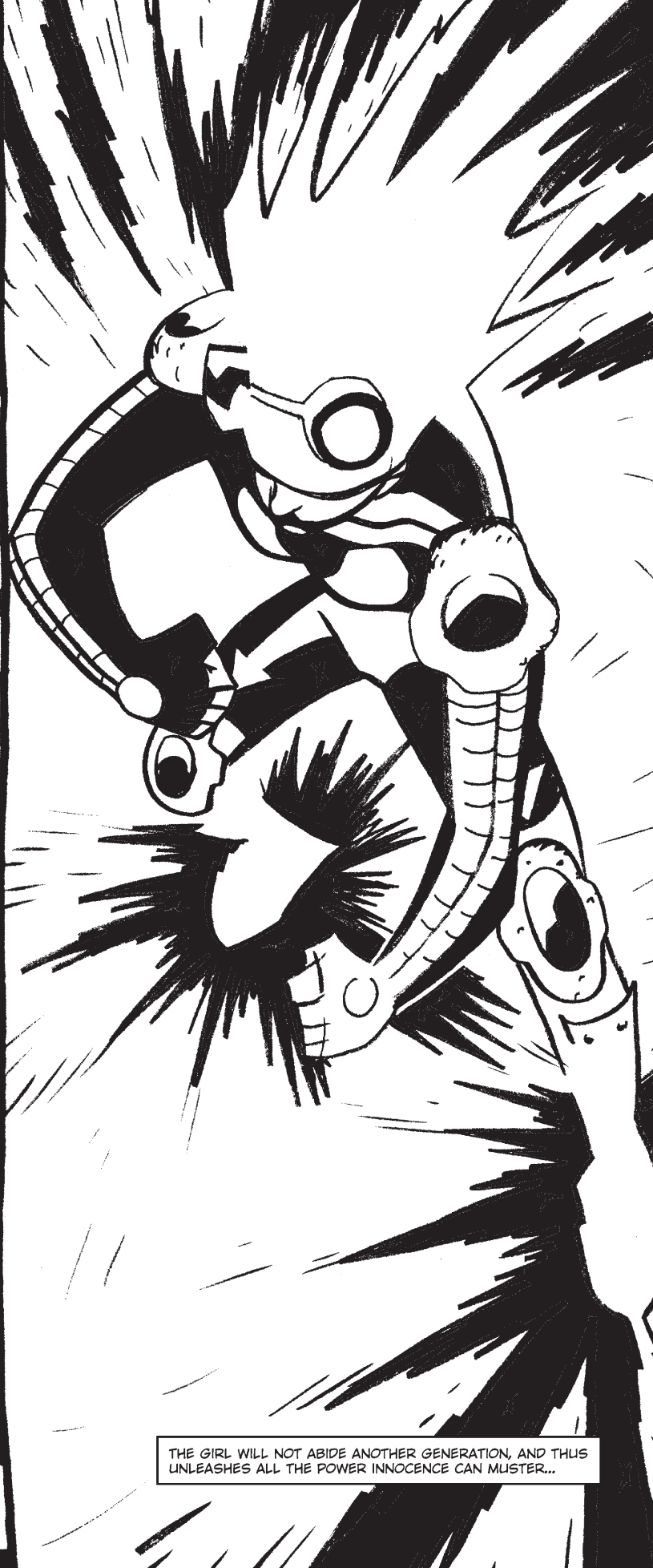


YET IF THE HAG'S FETAL DEMON IS
TRULY THE CHILD OF HER OWN DEEDS...



...THEN THE CAULDRON OF POISON
IS FATHER TO THE CHILD.

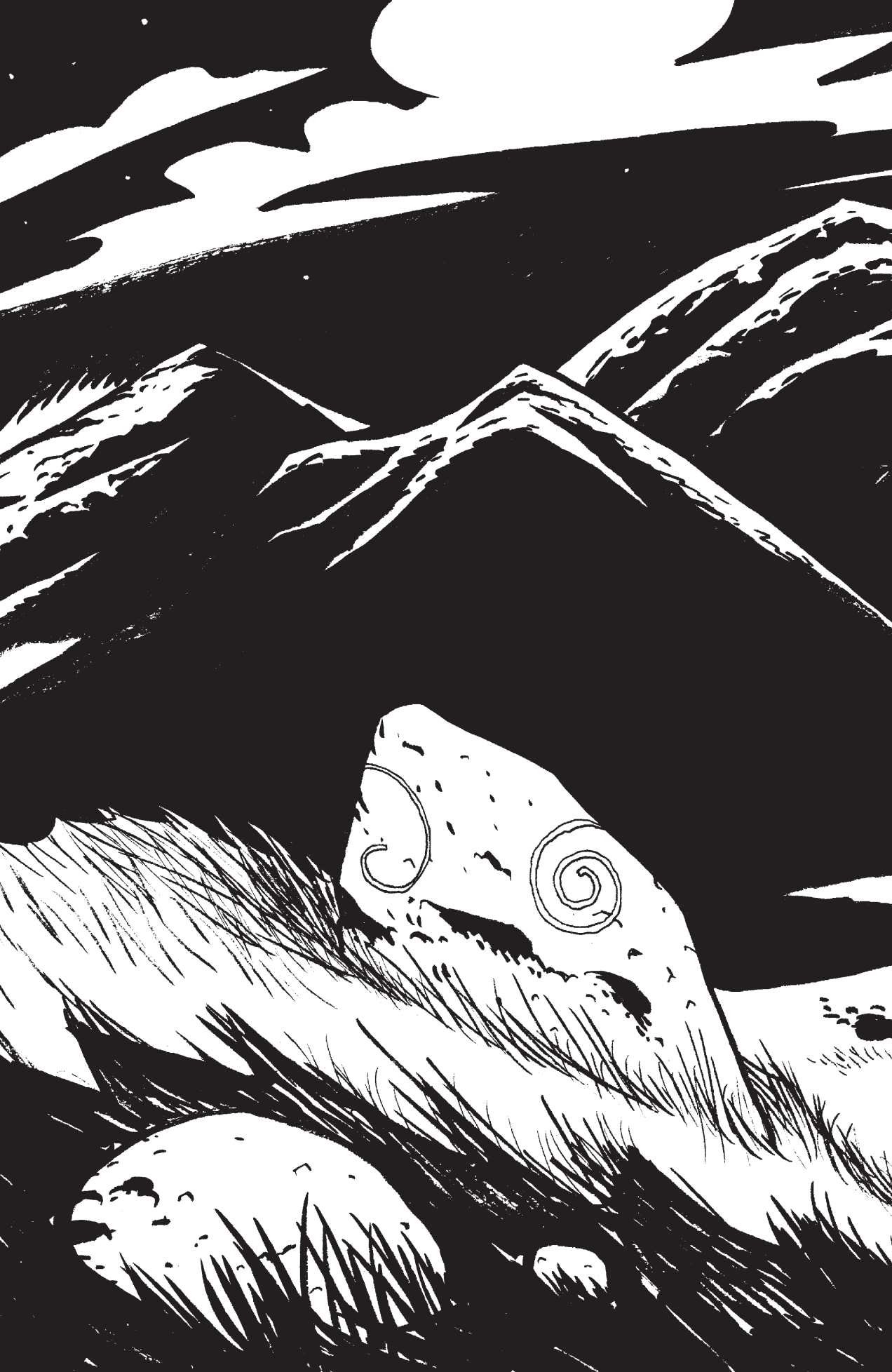
...ONE CONCEIVED BY THE UNION OF
IGNORANCE AND ARROGANCE, OF
POISONOUS LIES AND FALSE PIETY.

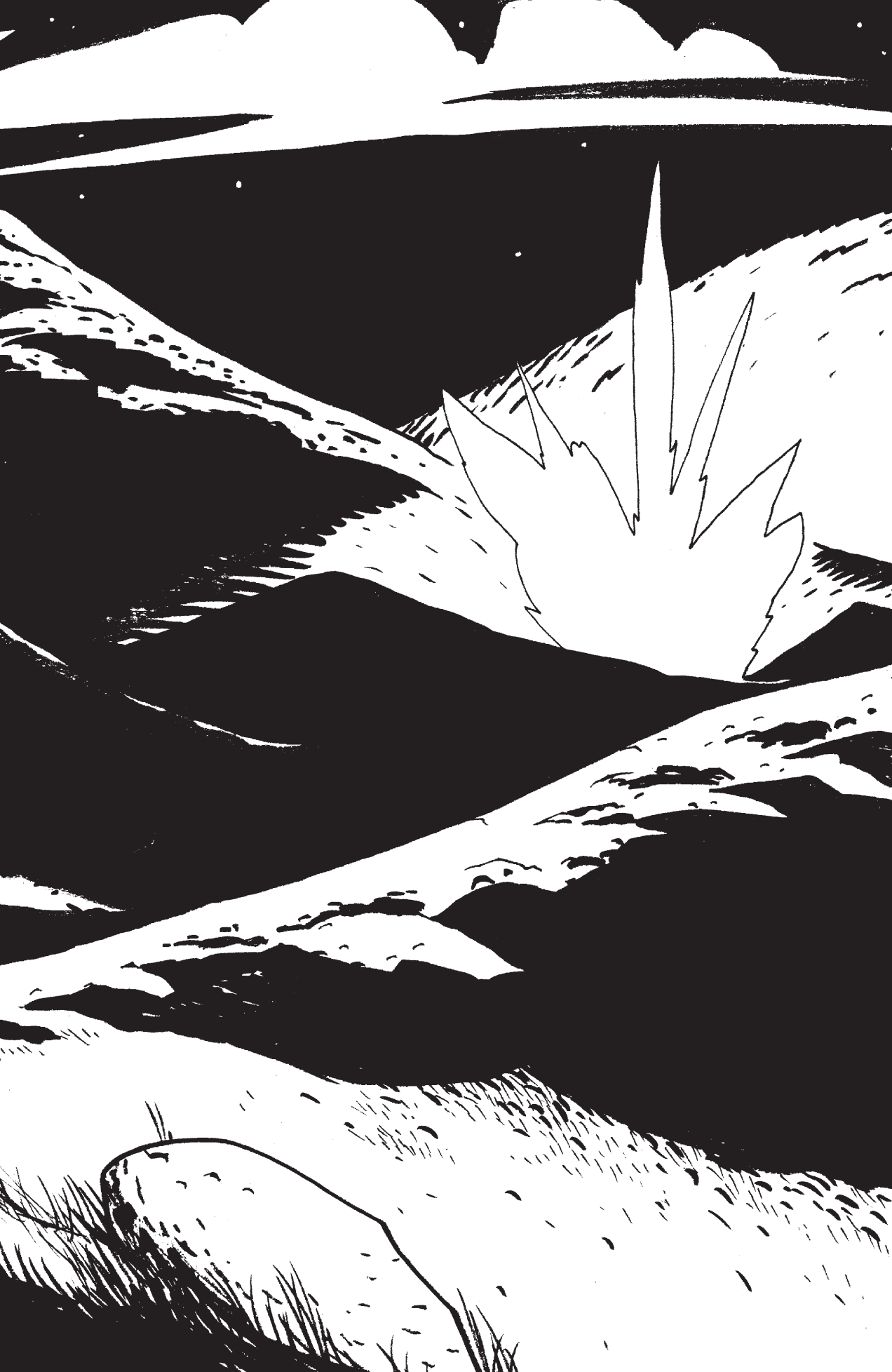


THE GIRL WILL NOT ABIDE ANOTHER GENERATION, AND THUS
UNLEASHES ALL THE POWER INNOCENCE CAN MUSTER...



...86 VOLTS OF RIGHTEOUS FURY.







MEMORIES RELEASE, AND SOULS LONG FORGOTTEN ARE FREE TO SING SO THAT ALL MIGHT HEAR THEIR MUSIC AND KNOW THE TRUTH OF THEIR SONG.

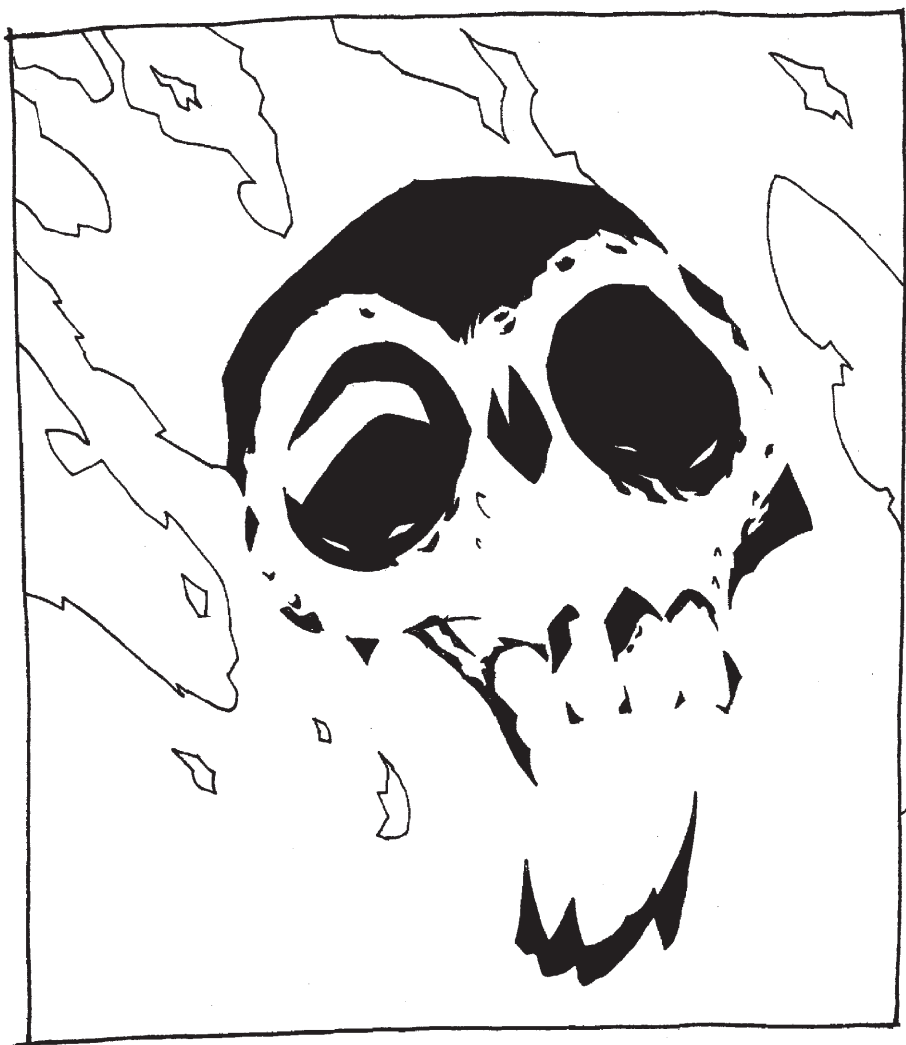
STILLBORN IS THE CHILD, YET ANIMATE
BY THE FURY OF BITTERNESS LONG
CULTIVATED... LIVING ON AFTER DEATH...

THE PROMISED SON COME
TOO LATE TO CLAIM ALL
THAT IS NOW LOST.

AND WITH CLARITY DOES IT KNOW
THAT MISFORTUNE'S FAULT BELONGS
TO THIS GIRL... THIS SISTER...

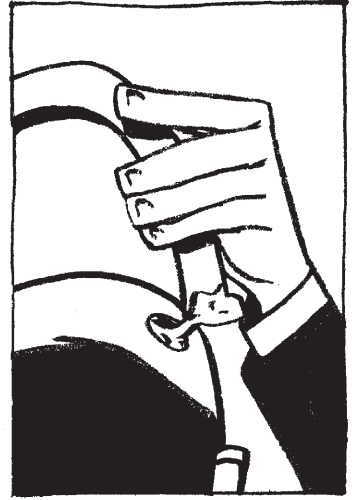
...FOR THE "FAITHLESS DAUGHTER"
HAS RETURNED.

SHE IS LIGHT AND TRUTH FROM
WHICH NO EVIL THING MAY HIDE...





...AND SHE BURNS WITH THE VERY
BRILLIANCE OF THE SUN.





CHANCE. FATE. COINCIDENCE. LUCK.

THE GIRL DOES NOT
BELIEVE IN LUCK.



THE VALLEY BEFORE HER IS FILLED WITH THE
LIGHT OF OTHER TOWERS; OTHER VOICES
CALLING TO HER IN THEIR PAIN, THEIR FEAR,
SINGING OF THEIR JOY AND OF THEIR LIVES.

SHE WILL FOLLOW THEIR SONGS.

ONE BY ONE, SHE WILL VISIT THEM ALL.

"...AND IN A SINGLE MOMENT, EVERYTHING WE THINK WE KNOW CHANGES FOREVER."

BLESS THIS HOME





"I'VE SAT HERE FOR TEN MINUTES
WONDERING IF THE DREAM HAS
TRULY ENDED..."



"I FEAR MY WIFE HAS DONE SOMETHING
TERRIBLE BEYOND WORDS..."



"MY WIFE..."



"...IT SEEMS WE'VE SHARED THE SAME DREAM."



"IN SELFLESS DEVOTION THE GREAT PHYSICIAN
HAD TAKEN ALL THE SICK CHILDREN OF THE WORLD
UNDER HER BENEVOLENT WING, WHERE SHE DID
RID THEIR FRAIL LIVES OF ILLNESS AND DISEASE..."

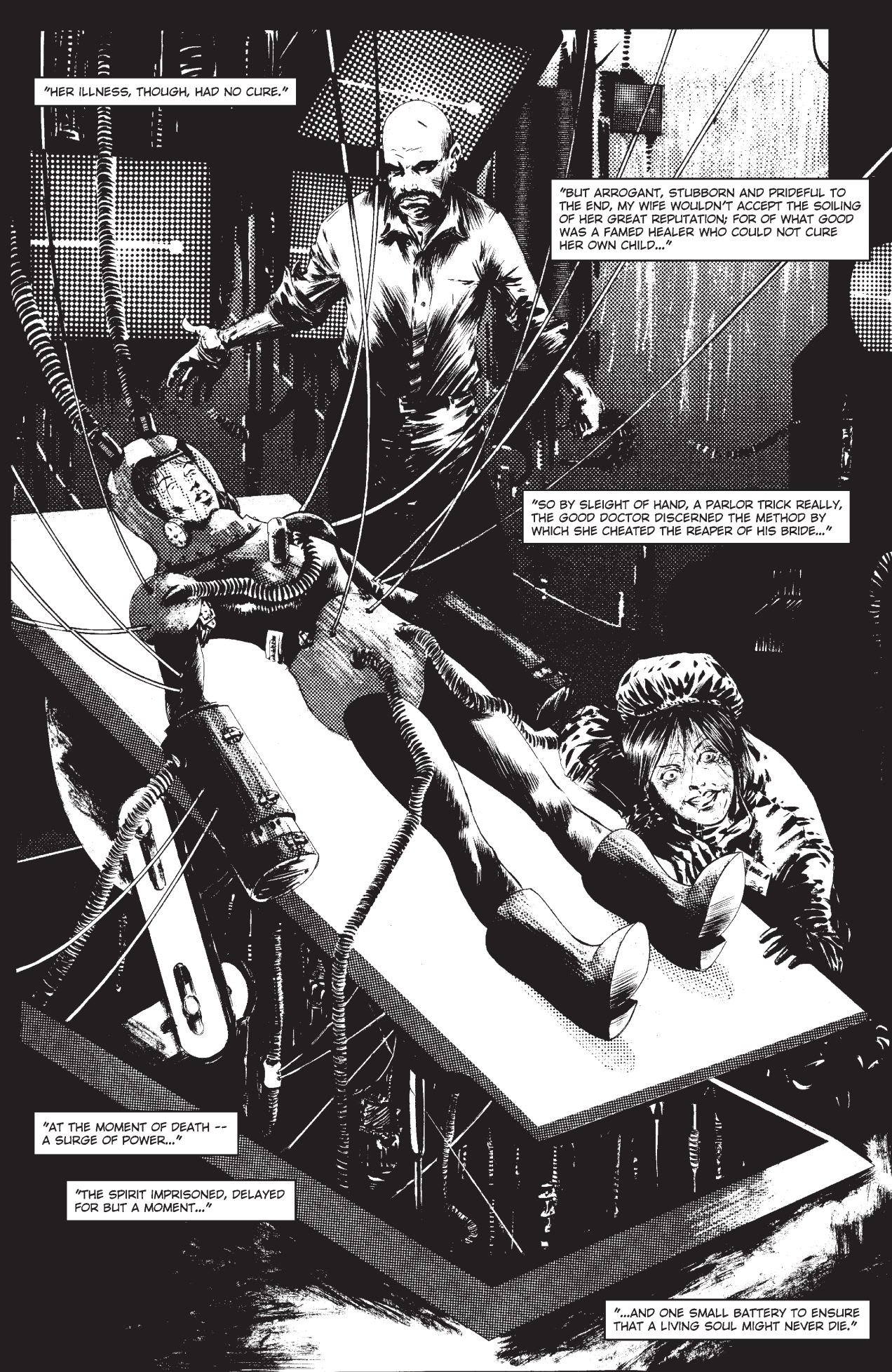
"AND OH, HOW GRATEFUL PARENTS
SANG HER PRAISE..."

"YET AMIDST THE DIN OF UNIVERSAL
ACCLAIM, HER OWN DAUGHTER
MATTERED NOT AT ALL."

"AND A COWARDLY FATHER
NEVER ONCE RAISED A
SINGLE PROTEST."

"SO LOST AND ALONE, THE POOR
DISCARDED CHILD AT LAST DREW
HER MOTHER'S ATTENTION -- AND
HER LOVE -- IN THE ONLY WAY
SHE POSSIBLY COULD..."





"HER ILLNESS, THOUGH, HAD NO CURE."

"BUT ARROGANT, STUBBORN AND PRIDEFUL TO THE END, MY WIFE WOULDN'T ACCEPT THE SOILING OF HER GREAT REPUTATION; FOR OF WHAT GOOD WAS A FAMED HEALER WHO COULD NOT CURE HER OWN CHILD..."

"SO BY SLEIGHT OF HAND, A PARLOR TRICK REALLY, THE GOOD DOCTOR DISCERNED THE METHOD BY WHICH SHE CHEATED THE REAPER OF HIS BRIDE..."

"AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH -- A SURGE OF POWER..."

"THE SPIRIT IMPRISONED, DELAYED FOR BUT A MOMENT..."

"...AND ONE SMALL BATTERY TO ENSURE THAT A LIVING SOUL MIGHT NEVER DIE."

"IN THE END, I BELIEVE MY DAUGHTER
FORGAVE MY NEGLIGENCE..."



"MY WIFE, HOWEVER, CAUGHT UP TO A LIFE-
TIME OF GUILT IN ONE SINGLE MOMENT."



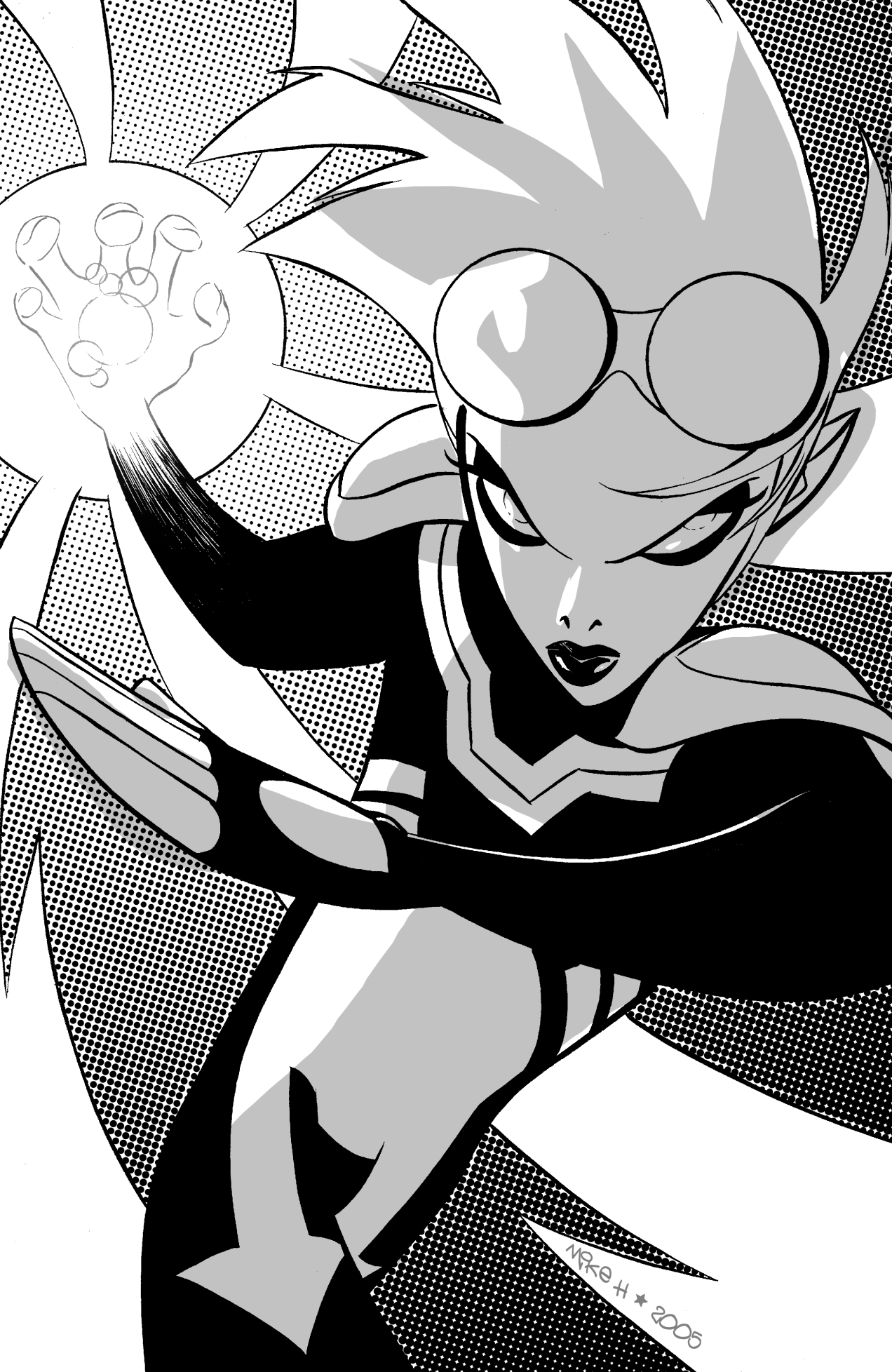
"THE COURTS WON'T ALLOW ME TO PULL THE PLUG.
MY DAUGHTER IS NOW, AS I FEAR SHE WILL ALWAYS BE...
A MERE 86 VOLTS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH."

"NO LONGER LIVING...
NEVER TRULY DEAD..."

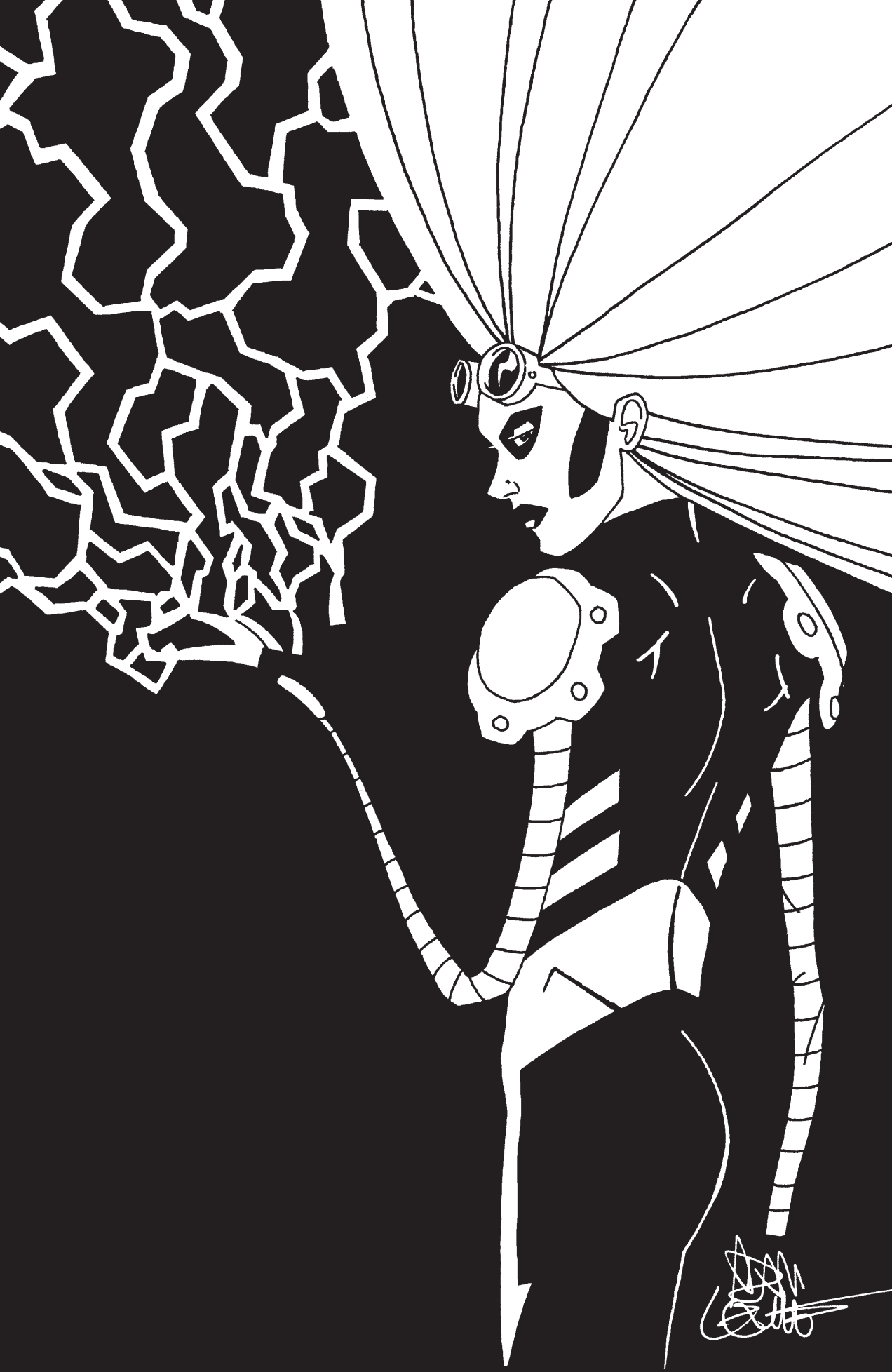
"SHE EXISTS NOW ONLY
IN OUR DREAMS."



"WAKE UP."



MRKE H ★ 2005





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LIFE TO THE DEAD.

WHILE **120** VOLT BULBS BRING LIGHT
TO DARKNESS.



BUT WITH VOLTAGE OF A MERE **86** VOLTS...
ONE LIVING SOUL MIGHT NEVER DIE.

CREATED BY
BRYAN J.L. GLASS (QUIXOTE)
&
MICHAEL AVON OEMING (POWERS, THOR)

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