

30
EST. 1992
image



ALEX
PAKNADEL
CASPAR
WIJNGAARD
HASSAN
OTSMANE-ELHAOU

ISSUE 1 of 5

ALL AGAINST ALL



THE DISTANT FUTURE

To those they once conquered, they are known as “the Operators” - invasive parasites capable of controlling the bodies of other species. However, their galaxy-spanning civilization is now so advanced that living hosts have been replaced with expertly curated designer bodies. Nobody remembers the old, savage ways. But now, the Operators are under attack by a far mightier civilization - and they are losing - so they must once again seek out strong bodies among the stars...

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CASPAR WIJNGAARD

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FROM THE
PERSONAL
JOURNAL OF
DIRECTOR
B'TAY,
ENTRY #5:

"I KNOW I
SHOULD BE
SPENDING LESS
TIME IN THE
ARTIFICIAL
HABITAT, BUT
SINCE MY WIFE'S
PASSING IT IS
THE ONLY PLACE
I CAN THINK
CLEARLY.

"EVERY ORGANISM
IN THIS PLACE, FROM
FRUITING FUNGUS TO
WHOOPING PRIMATE,
IMPROVES ITSELF
THROUGH A PROCESS
OF CONTINUOUS
VIOLENT NEGATION.



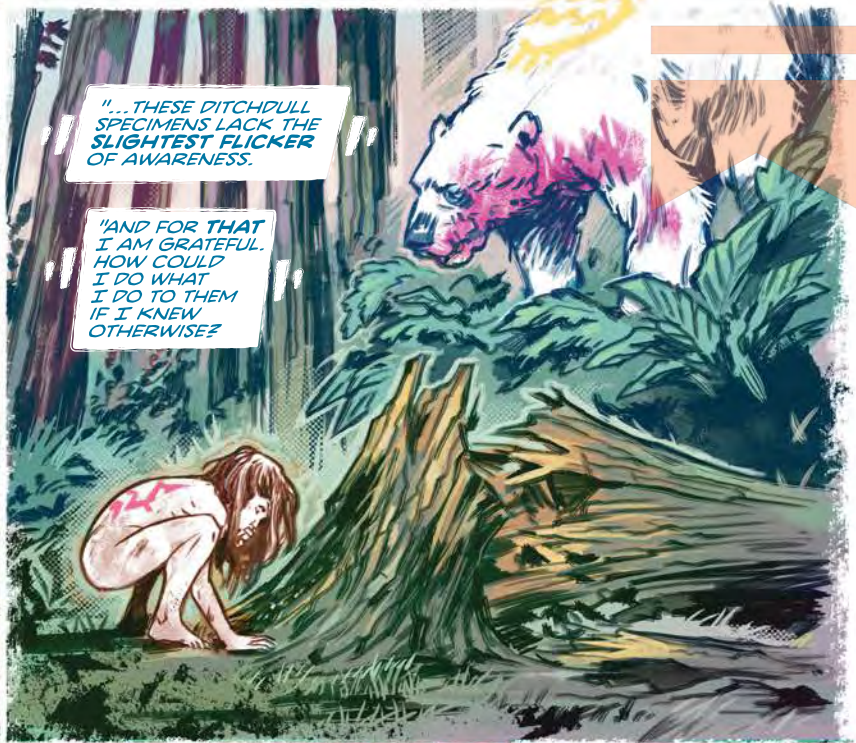
"SO WHY DO I FEEL
LIKE THIS IS WHERE
I BELONG?"

"THERE IS NO
MERCY HERE,
ONLY CHANGE.

"NO. I LIE. THERE IS A SLIVER OF KINDNESS IN THIS REELING, RUTTING, BLIND AND SCUTTLING HELL, AND IT IS SIMPLY THIS...

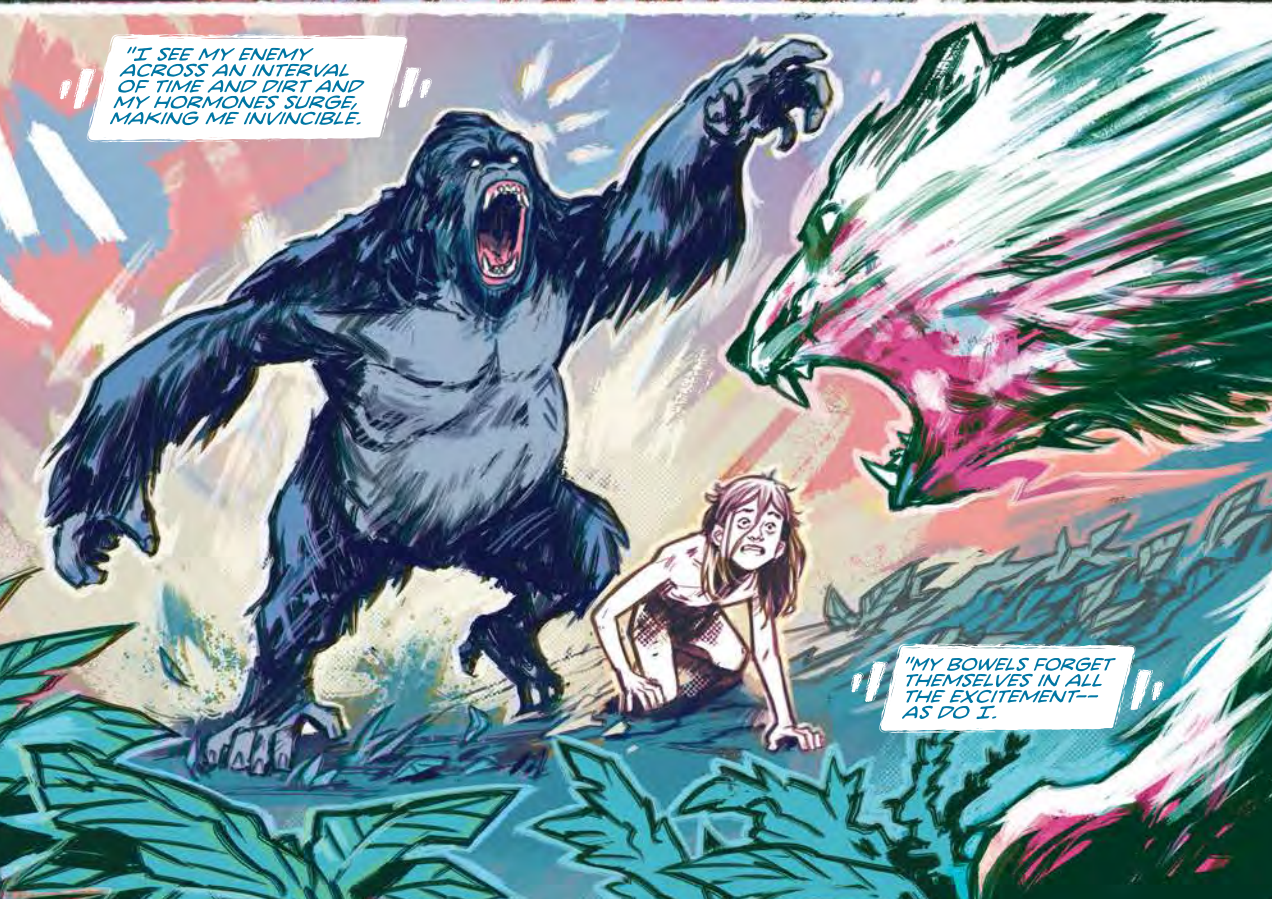
"...THESE DITCHDULL SPECIMENS LACK THE SLIGHTEST FLICKER OF AWARENESS.

"AND FOR THAT I AM GRATEFUL. HOW COULD I DO WHAT I DO TO THEM IF I KNEW OTHERWISE?



"IN MY DREAMS, I IMAGINE MYSELF ONE OF THEM-- A MOIL OF INSTINCT AND STIFFENING FUR.

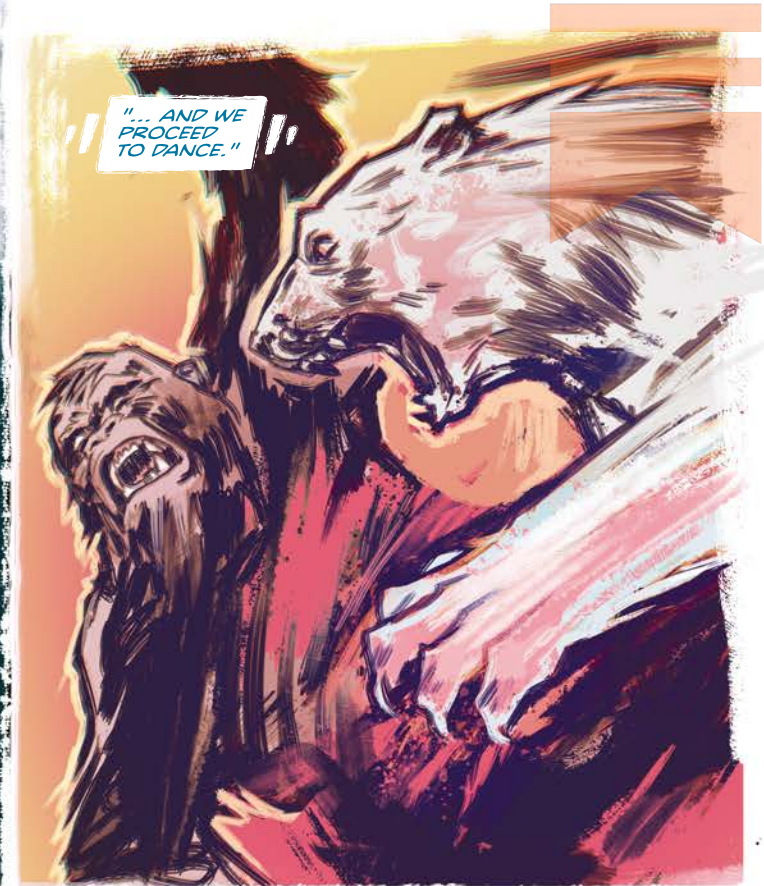
"I SEE MY ENEMY ACROSS AN INTERVAL OF TIME AND DIRT AND MY HORMONES SURGE, MAKING ME INVINCIBLE.



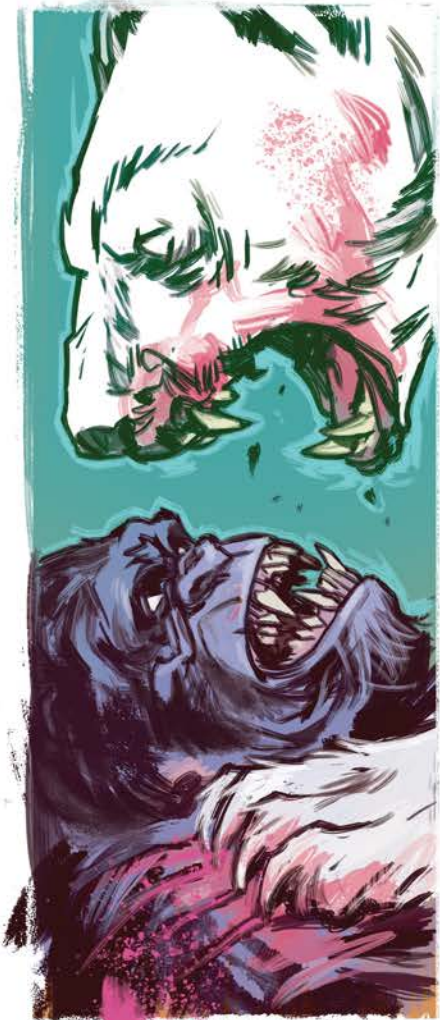
"MY BOWELS FORGET THEMSELVES IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT-- AS DO I.

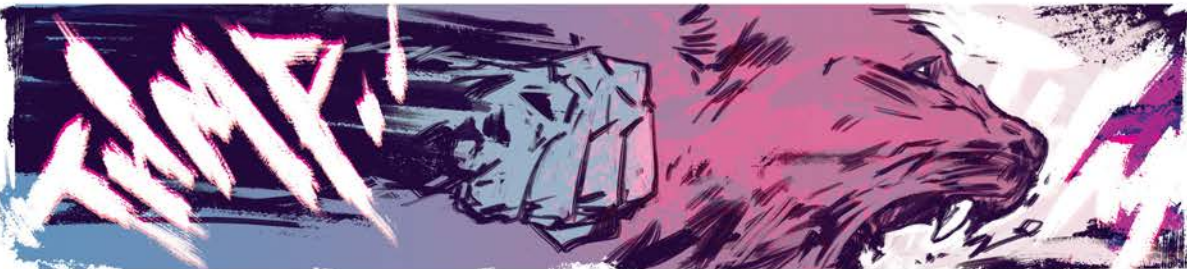


"MY ENEMY RESPONDS
TO MY CHALLENGE
WITH THE CUSTOMARY
FORMALITIES..."

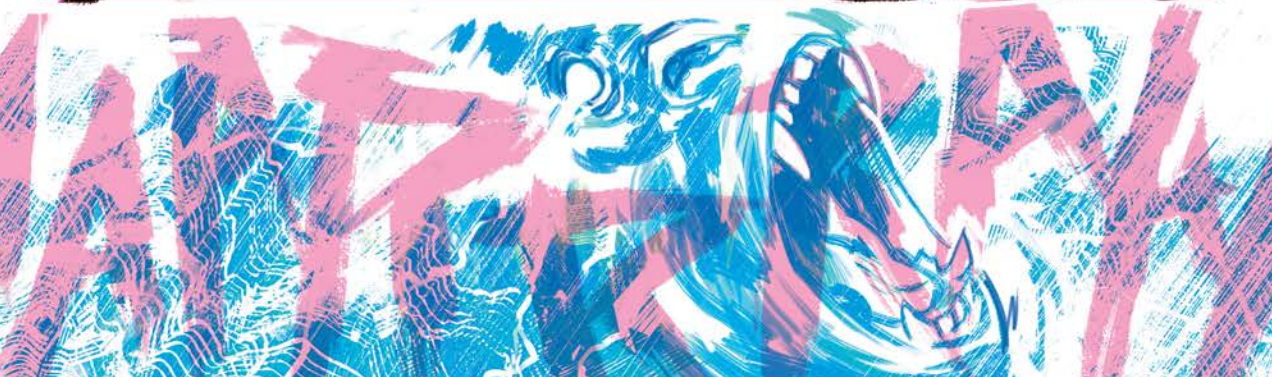


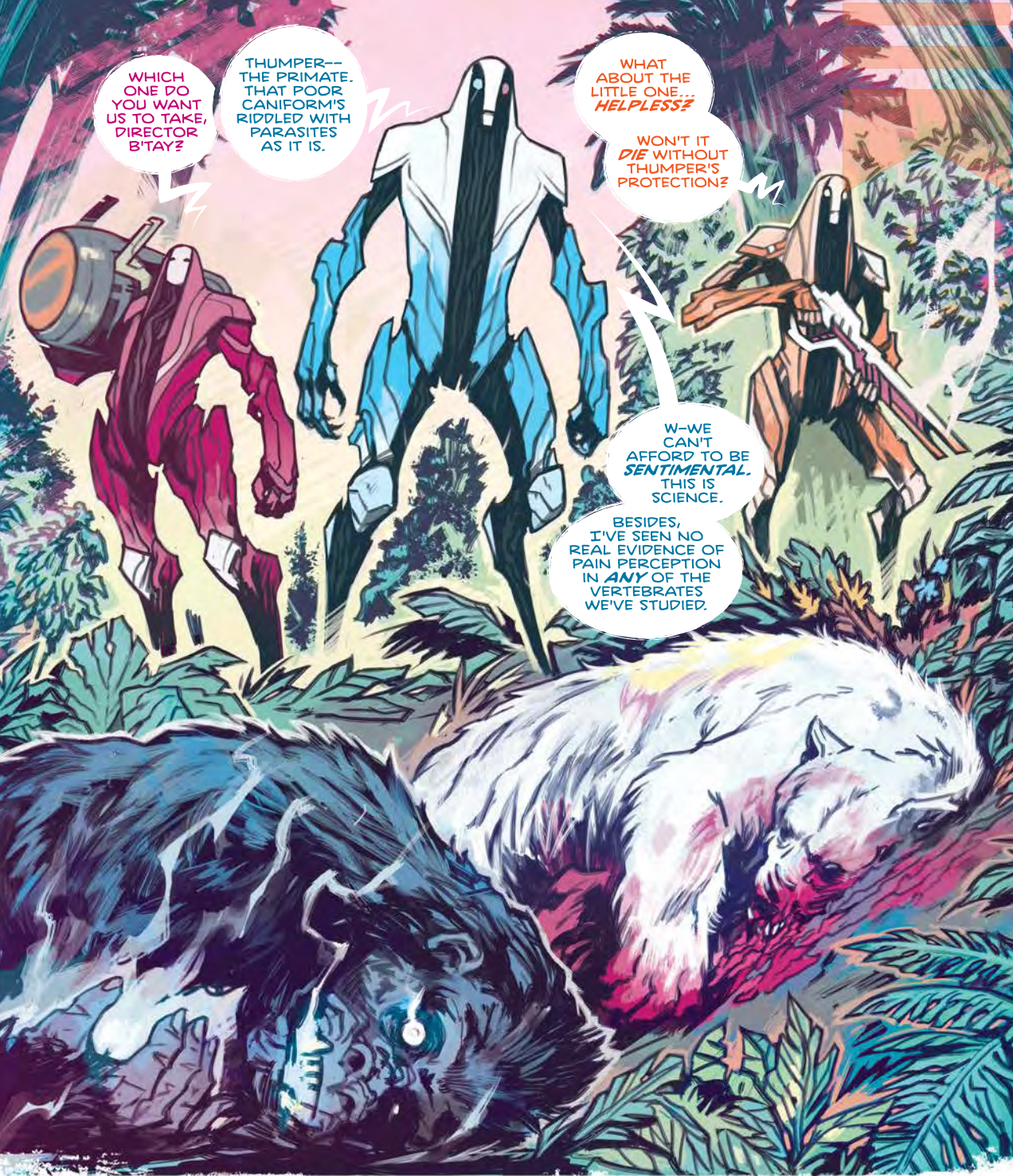
"... AND WE
PROCEED
TO DANCE."





OKAY, I'VE
SEEN ENOUGH.
TAKE IT DOWN.





WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT US TO TAKE, DIRECTOR BITAYZ?

THUMPER-- THE PRIMATE. THAT POOR CANIFORM'S RIDDLED WITH PARASITES AS IT IS.

WHAT ABOUT THE LITTLE ONE... HELPLESS?

WON'T IT DIE WITHOUT THUMPER'S PROTECTION?

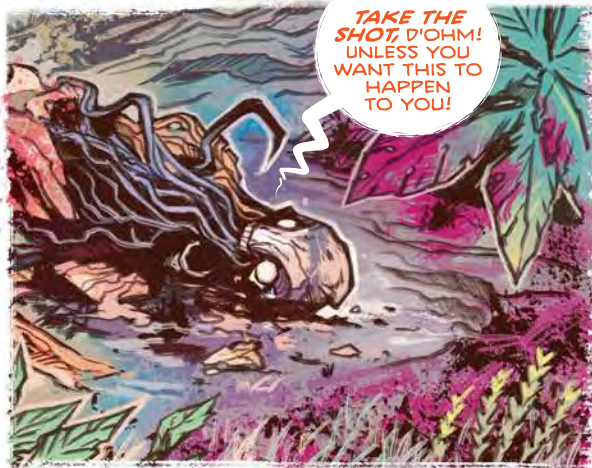
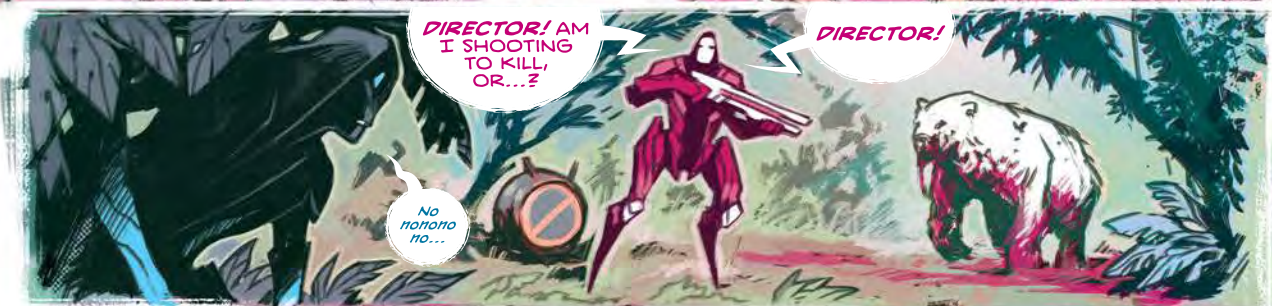
W-WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SENTIMENTAL. THIS IS SCIENCE.

BESIDES, I'VE SEEN NO REAL EVIDENCE OF PAIN PERCEPTION IN ANY OF THE VERTEBRATES WE'VE STUDIED.



ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, DIRECTOR?

SOME-TIMES AT NIGHT I HEAR THESE SCREAMS THROUGH THE PIPES AND I SWEAR IT SOUNDS ALMOST...



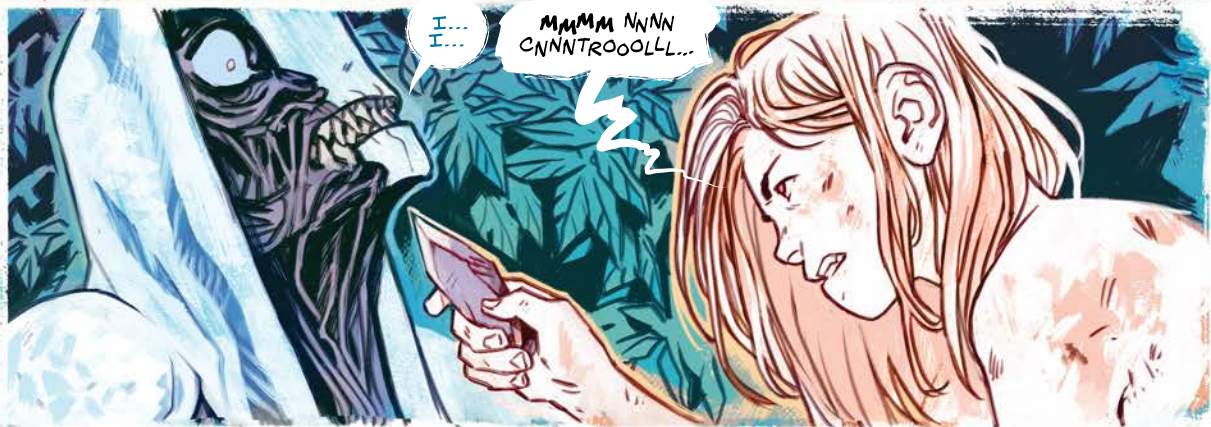
Hh!
I'm not
a coward.
It's the
body.

Don't let
the puppet
pull the
strings,
hmm?

Yes, it's...
it's just over-
stimulation
of the body's
pituitary-
adrenal axis,
that's all.

Release of
catecholamines
results in vaso-
constriction, sodium
retention, reduced
intestinal motility
and behavioral
activation.

I'm in
control.



I...
I...

MMMM NNN
CANNTR00LL...

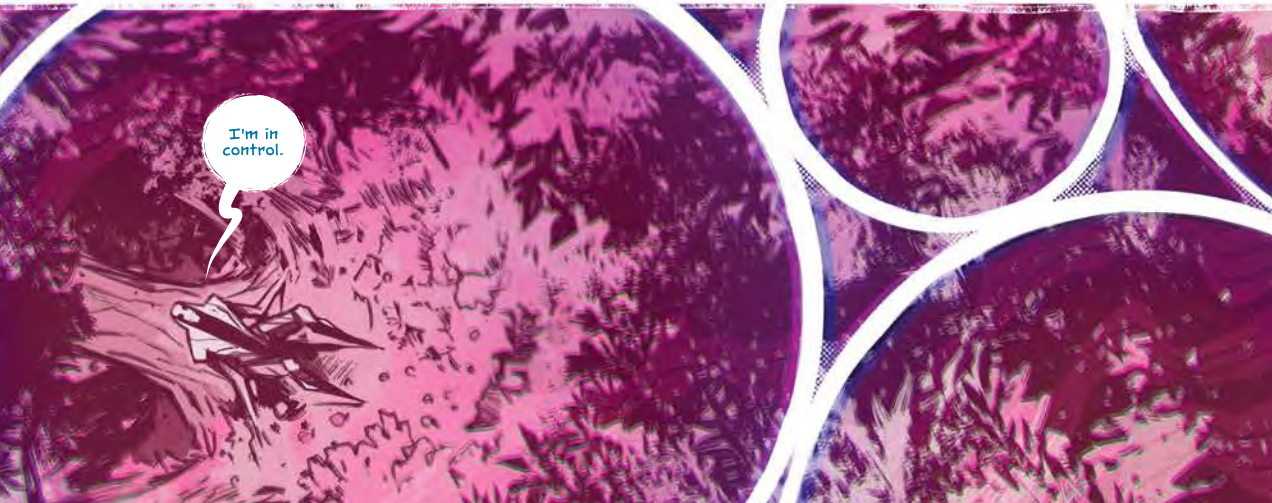


**DIRECTOR!
DIRECTOR
B'ITAY!**

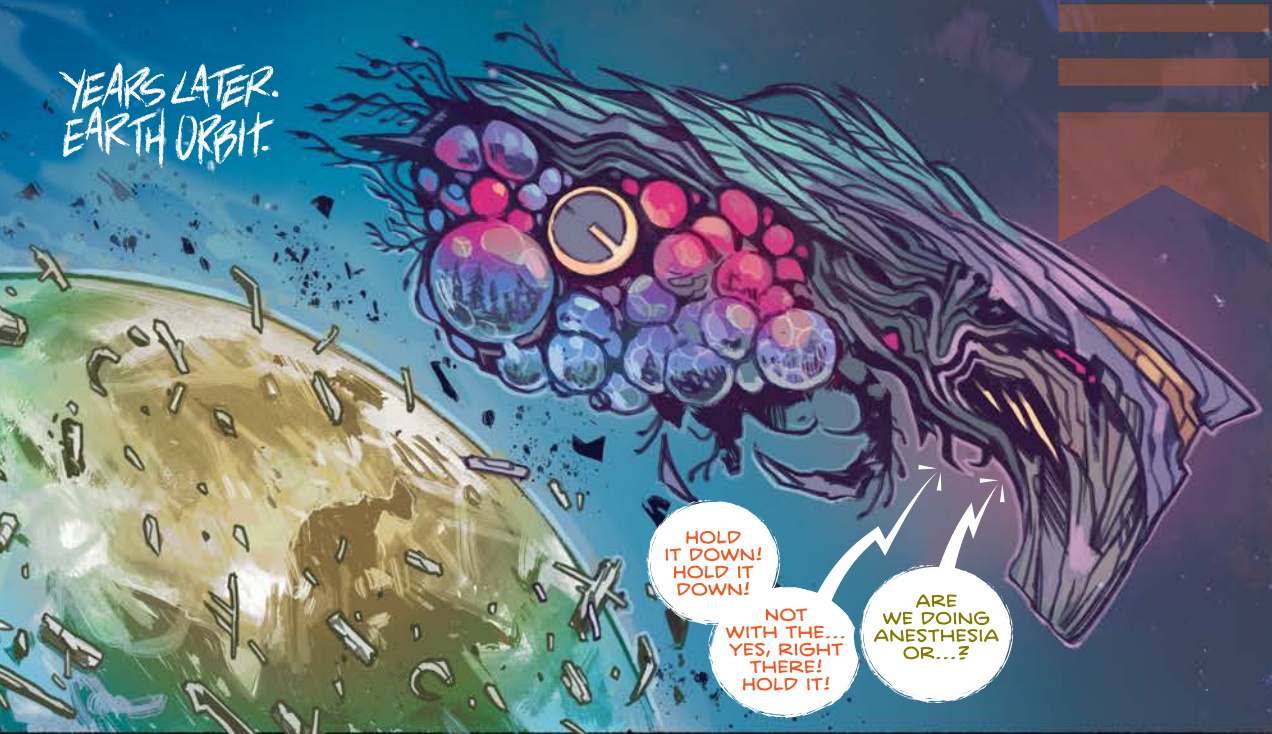
**IF YOU'RE
SUFFICIENTLY
RESTED, IT'S
SAFE TO COME
OUT NOW!**



**I'm in
control.**



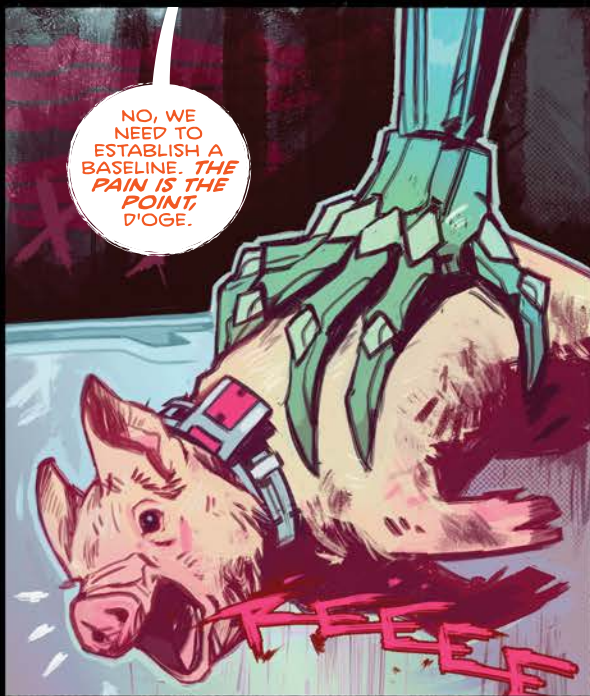
YEARS LATER.
EARTH ORBIT.



HOLD
IT DOWN!
HOLD IT
DOWN!

NOT
WITH THE...
YES, RIGHT
THERE!
HOLD IT!

ARE
WE DOING
ANESTHESIA
OR...?



NO, WE
NEED TO
ESTABLISH A
BASELINE. *THE
PAIN IS THE
POINT,
D'OGG.*



ANOTHER
UNGULATE,
V'LMANN?

WHY
DON'T YOU
EVER GET US
ANYTHING
INTERESTING?



I CAN'T
VERY WELL
TAKE
REQUESTS,
M'TELL!

I TAKE
WHATEVER
I CAN GET
WHILE THE OLD
MAN'S NOT
LOOKING.

INTERESTING...



...WHATEVER GAVE YOU THE IMPRESSION THE "OLD MAN" WASN'T LOOKING?

THE OLD MAN HAS EYES IN HEAVEN. THE OLD MAN IS IN THE WALLS. WHOSE IDEA WAS THIS?

D-DIRECTOR B'TAY, I... WE...



IT WAS MINE, DIRECTOR. I'LL PACK AND BOOK A TRANSPORT HOME IMMEDIATELY.



THE OTHER TWO TAKE THE PIG BACK TO THE HABITAT.



SIR, WE...

NOT TALKING WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT CAREER MOVE FOR YOU AT THIS POINT, D'OGE.



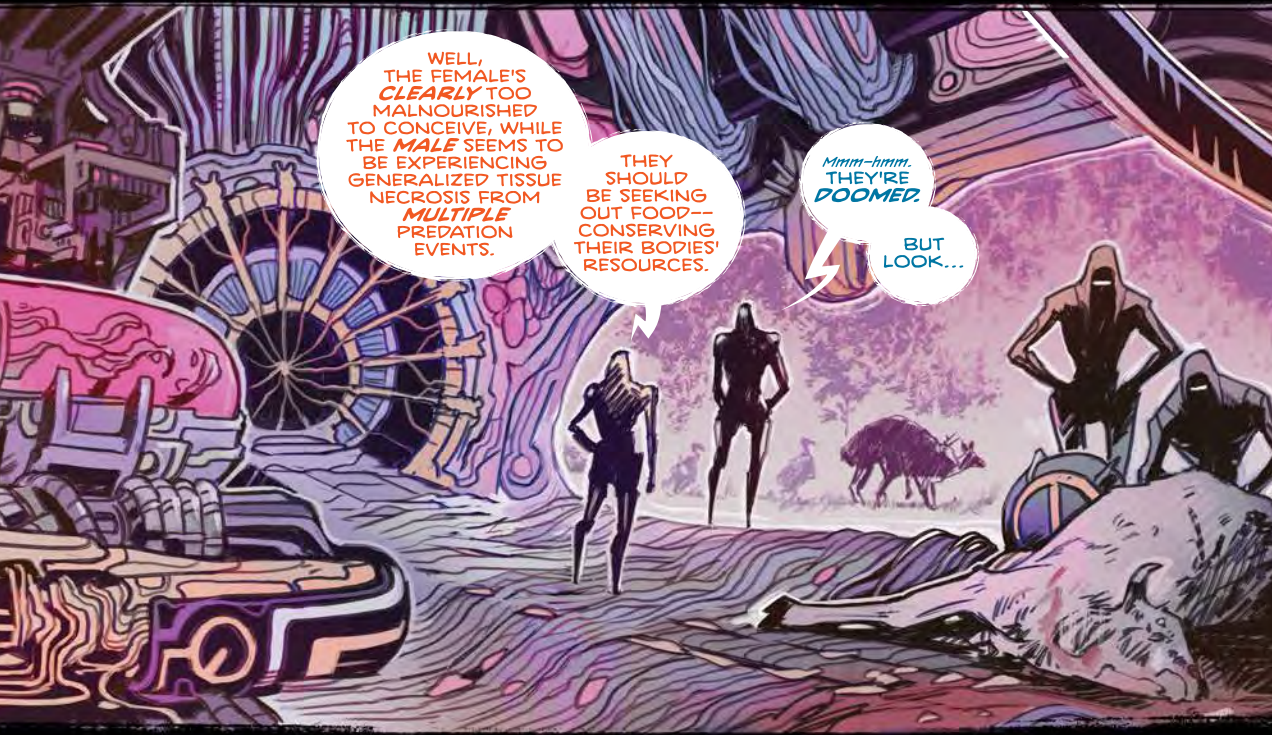
V'MANN, FOLLOW ME PLEASE.



I'D LIKE YOU TO TELL ME WHAT WE'RE LOOKING AT HERE, V'MANN.

THEY'RE BREEDING, BUT... it doesn't make any sense.

GOOD, WHY?

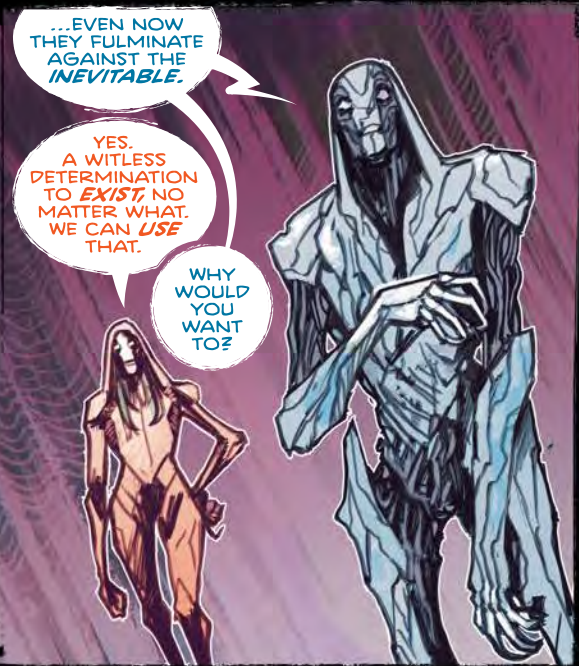


WELL, THE FEMALE'S CLEARLY TOO MALNOURISHED TO CONCEIVE, WHILE THE MALE SEEMS TO BE EXPERIENCING GENERALIZED TISSUE NECROSIS FROM MULTIPLE PREDATION EVENTS.

THEY SHOULD BE SEEKING OUT FOOD-- CONSERVING THEIR BODIES' RESOURCES.

Mmm-hmm. THEY'RE DOOMED.

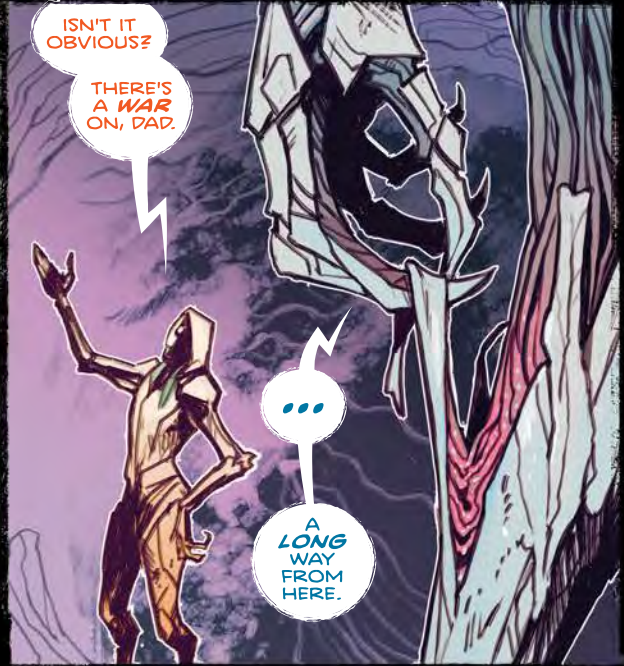
BUT LOOK...



...EVEN NOW THEY FULMINATE AGAINST THE INEVITABLE.

YES. A WITLESS DETERMINATION TO EXIST, NO MATTER WHAT. WE CAN USE THAT.

WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO?



ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

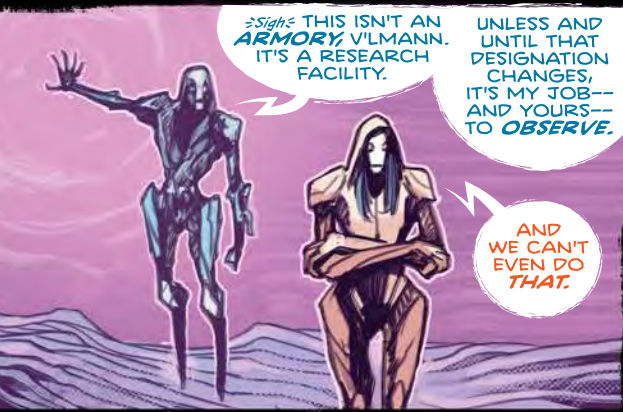
THERE'S A WAR ON, DAD.

...
A LONG WAY FROM HERE.

YOU KNOW, THERE ARE THOSE WHO THINK YOU'VE LOST *PERSPECTIVE.*

ARE THERE?

YOU KNOW HOW BADLY WE NEED AN ADVANTAGE OVER THE ENEMY, BUT YOU *STILL* WON'T LET US HARVEST ANY LIVE SPECIMENS.



Sighs THIS ISN'T AN **ARMORY, V'LMANN.** IT'S A RESEARCH FACILITY.

UNLESS AND UNTIL THAT DESIGNATION CHANGES, IT'S MY JOB-- AND YOURS-- TO **OBSERVE.**

AND WE CAN'T EVEN DO **THAT.**



SURVEILLANCE AND MONITORING EQUIPMENT'S BEEN DESTROYED IN FIVE BIOMES.

WE'RE LOSING OUR **EYES.**



... I STILL SEE YOUR **MOTHER** IN THERE SOMETIMES. WHEN I'M NOT SLEEPING.

KIRK



I... **DIRECTOR?**

WHAT IS IT, **L'SPCTR?**

A VESSEL'S JUST DOCKED WITH US.

IT HAS **MILITARY** MARKINGS.



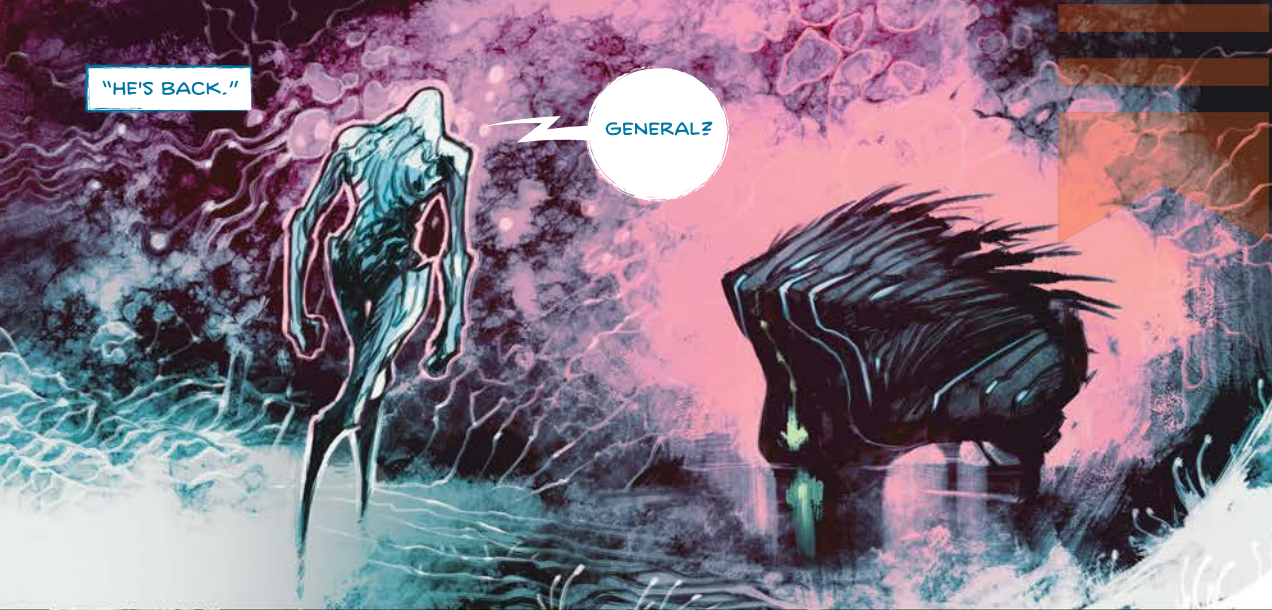
Stony **deeps...**

"HE'S BACK."

GENERAL?

GENERAL
COV'N?

HHHHRRRR





I-I'm in control.

I'm in control.



APOLOGIES FOR THE MESS, B'TAY.

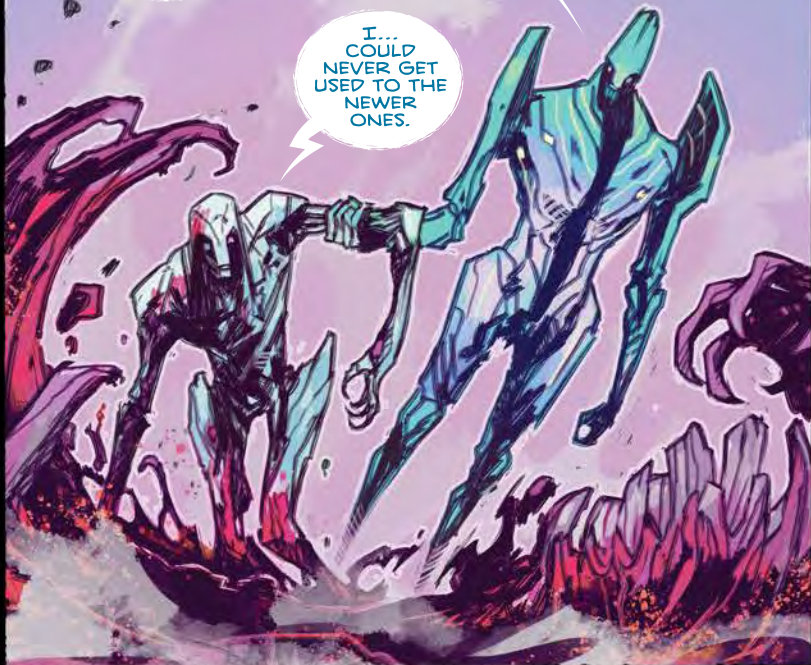
COULD HAVE SWORN WE STILL HAD THAT THING DOPED UP TO THE GILLS.



BRINY BREAKERS, MAN! WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

THAT BODY MUST BE HELD TOGETHER WITH SPIT AND PRAYER!

I... COULD NEVER GET USED TO THE NEWER ONES.



There was some- one *in* there!

YES, HIS NAME WAS LN'SON.

ANOTHER ONE OF MY BEST SOLDIERS LOST TO YOUR CORPSEMEAT DEFORMITIES.

I WARNED YOU!

Yes, yes.



"THE SPECIMENS IN THE EXOTIC HABITAT ARE TOO--

"--UNSTABLE FOR USE IN WAR!"

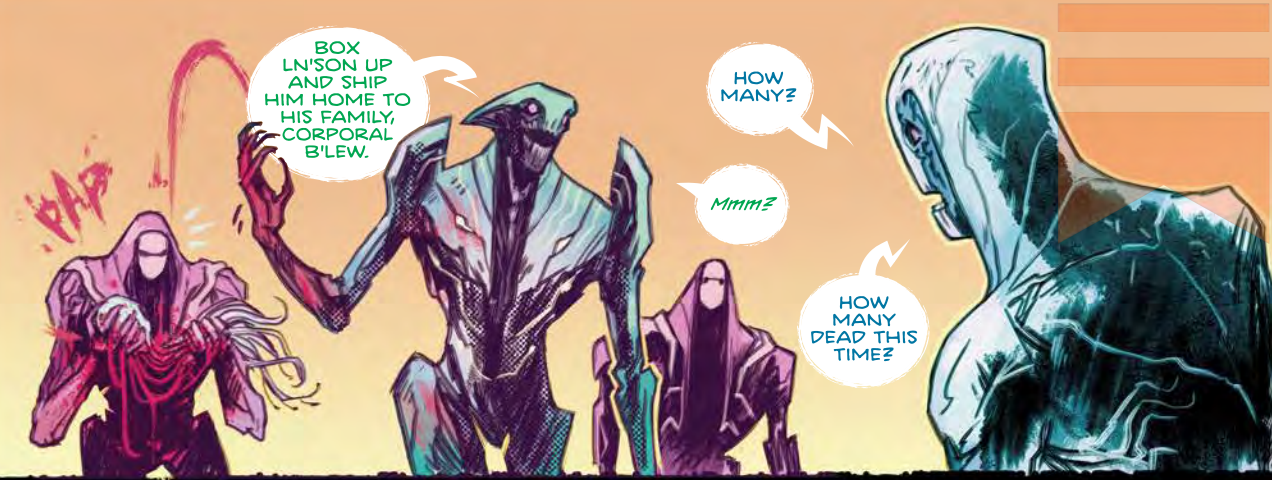
NN!



I WON'T DENY, B'TAY... WE'VE HAD SOME TEACHABLE MOMENTS OF LATE.

BUT WE HAVE OUR ORDERS. AS DO YOU.





BOX LN'SON UP AND SHIP HIM HOME TO HIS FAMILY, CORPORAL B'LEW.

HOW MANYZ?

Mmmz?

HOW MANY DEAD THIS TIMEZ?



INCLUDING LN'SONZ SEVEN. ALL OURS.

THAT'S QUITE THE BODY YOU BUILT FOR US, B'TAY. YOU SHOULD BE VERY PROUD.

"LN'SON ADJUSTED WELL AT FIRST-- NO DISSOCIATION THIS TIME-- BUT HIS BEHAVIOR STARTED TO TURN **ERRATIC** AFTER A COUPLE DAYS.

"AFTER AN INITIAL SURGE OF EUPHORIA-- SOME OF IT **SEXUAL**-- HE BECAME DIFFICULT.

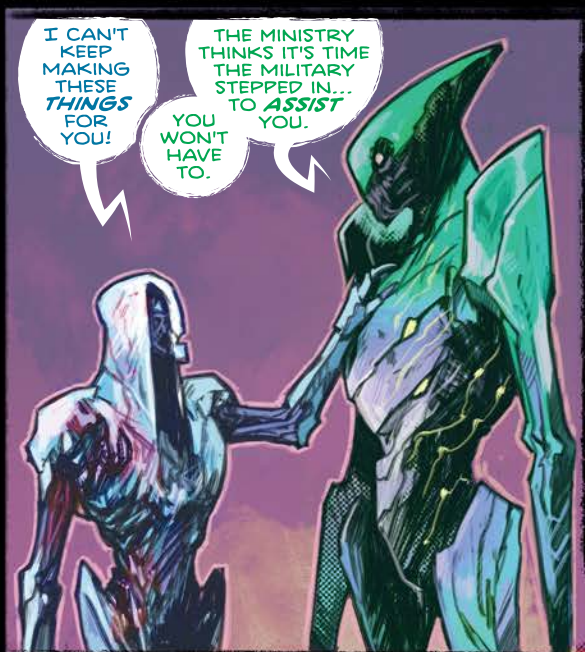
"THE BODY... IT **HAD** HIM."

"WE TRIED TO REMOVE HIM FROM THE BODY TO COOL OFF, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE.



THIS HAS TO STOP.

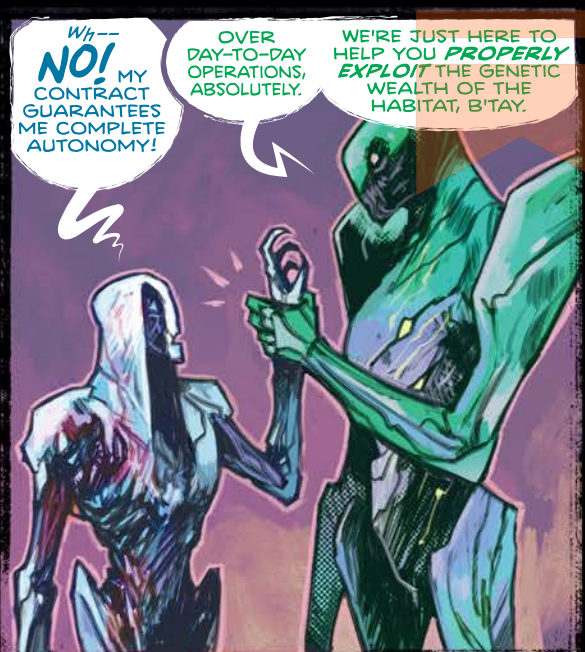




I CAN'T KEEP MAKING THESE THINGS FOR YOU!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO.

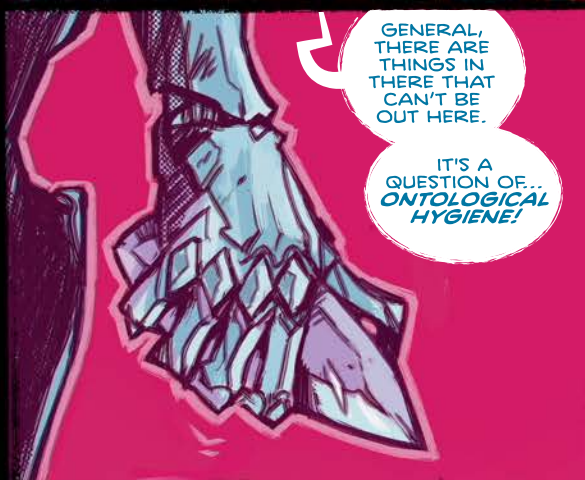
THE MINISTRY THINKS IT'S TIME THE MILITARY STEPPED IN... TO ASSIST YOU.



Wh-- **NO!** MY CONTRACT GUARANTEES ME COMPLETE AUTONOMY!

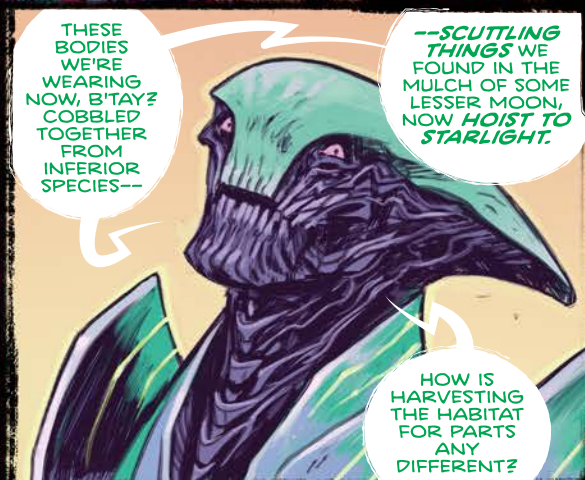
OVER DAY-TO-DAY OPERATIONS, ABSOLUTELY.

WE'RE JUST HERE TO HELP YOU **PROPERLY EXPLOIT** THE GENETIC WEALTH OF THE HABITAT, B'TAY.



GENERAL, THERE ARE THINGS IN THERE THAT CAN'T BE OUT HERE.

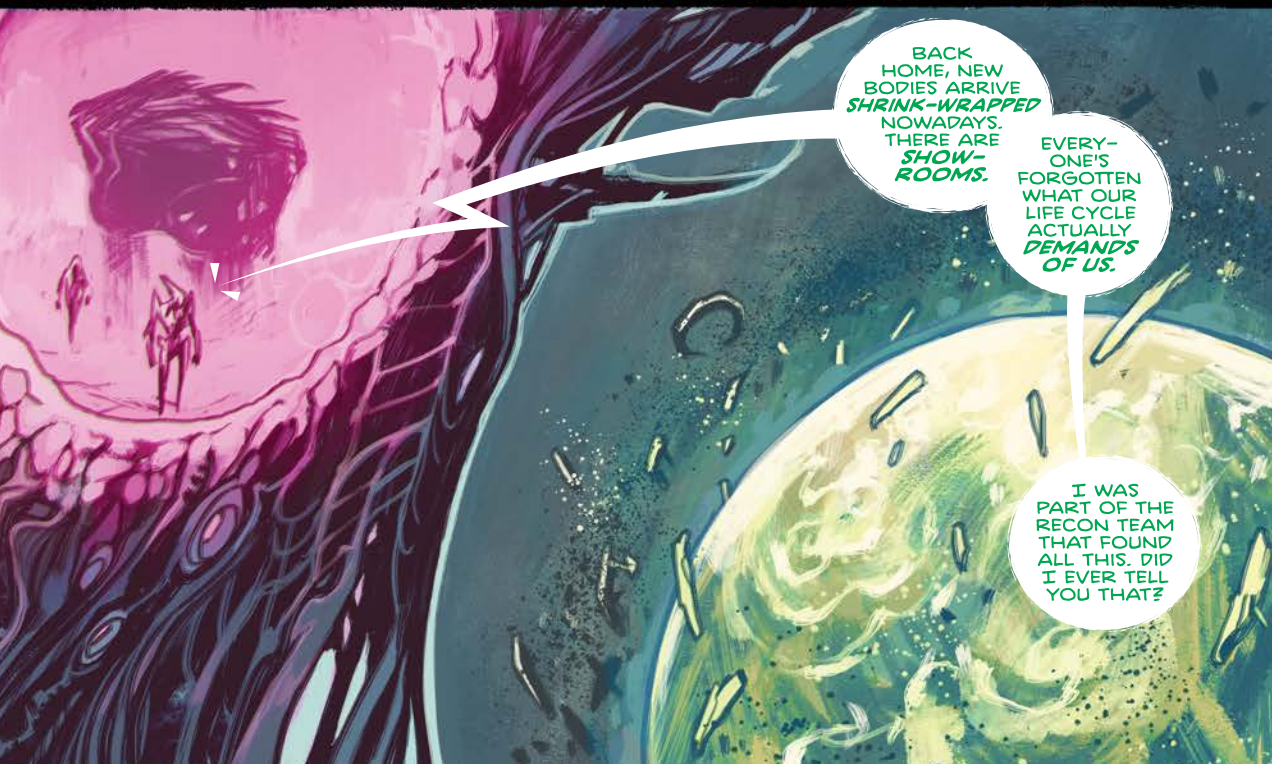
IT'S A QUESTION OF... **ONTOLOGICAL HYGIENE!**



THESE BODIES WE'RE WEARING NOW, B'TAY? COBBLED TOGETHER FROM INFERIOR SPECIES--

--**SCUTTLING THINGS** WE FOUND IN THE MULCH OF SOME LESSER MOON, NOW **HOIST TO STARLIGHT.**

HOW IS HARVESTING THE HABITAT FOR PARTS ANY DIFFERENT?



BACK HOME, NEW BODIES ARRIVE **SHRINK-WRAPPED** NOWADAYS. THERE ARE **SHOW-ROOMS.**

EVERY-ONE'S FORGOTTEN WHAT OUR LIFE CYCLE ACTUALLY **DEMANDS OF US.**

I WAS PART OF THE RECON TEAM THAT FOUND ALL THIS. DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT?

"I'D SEEN DEAD WORLDS BEFORE-- JIMMIED OUT OF THEIR ORBITS AND SCATTERED LIKE TEETH-- BUT NONE LIKE THIS.

"OCEANS OF BLEACH, SEETHING SKIES HARROWED BY A GREASY HAZE.

"WE SEARCHED WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CITIES, BUT NOTHING HAD SURVIVED.

"WHAT THAT PLANET'S DOMINANT SPECIES HAD DONE... THERE WAS A *VEHEMENCE* TO IT. EVEN THROUGH THE AIR FILTERS YOU COULD *TASTE* THE SELF-HATRED.

"IMAGINE A CREATURE CAPABLE OF DOING THAT TO ITSELF AND EVERYTHING THAT SUSTAINS IT. THE *WILL*."



"AND JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT WE WERE LEAVING EMPTY-HANDED, THERE IT WAS..."

"...THE VAULT, PRACTICALLY *GIFT-WRAPPED* FOR US.



"A TROVE OF SEEDS AND FROZEN EMBRYOS.

"A LIVING LIBRARY OF EVERYTHING WE NEEDED TO MAKE US STRONGER."





I...

SO YOU SEE, I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS, B'TAY. I DO.

THAT'S WHY I'D VASTLY PREFER TO HAVE YOU WORKING WITH ME ON THIS, BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE...

...A WAR IS A HUNGRY MOUTH-- ravenous, actually-- AND IT NEEDS TO BE FED.



GENERAL, LISTEN TO ME-- THE BODIES **WON'T BE CONTROLLED** THE AGGRESSION...

SO, WE JUST NEED TO FIND A LIMBIC SYSTEM CAPABLE OF **REGULATING** IT-- ONE FROM AN **INTELLIGENT SPECIES**.

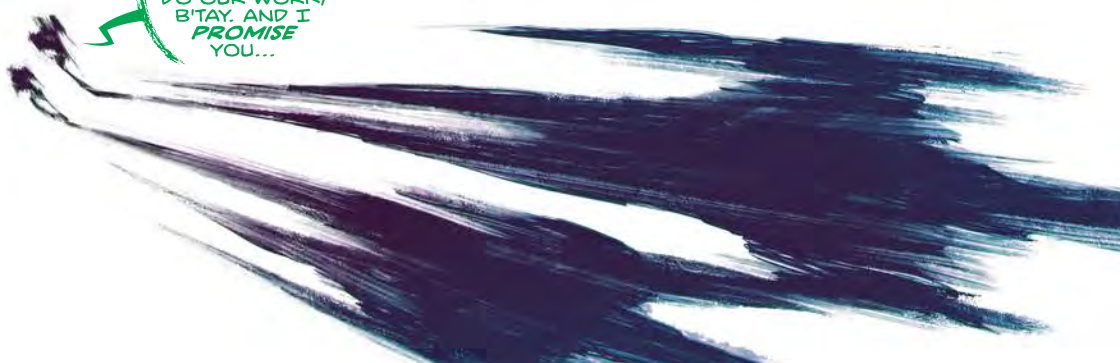
... There *isn't* one.



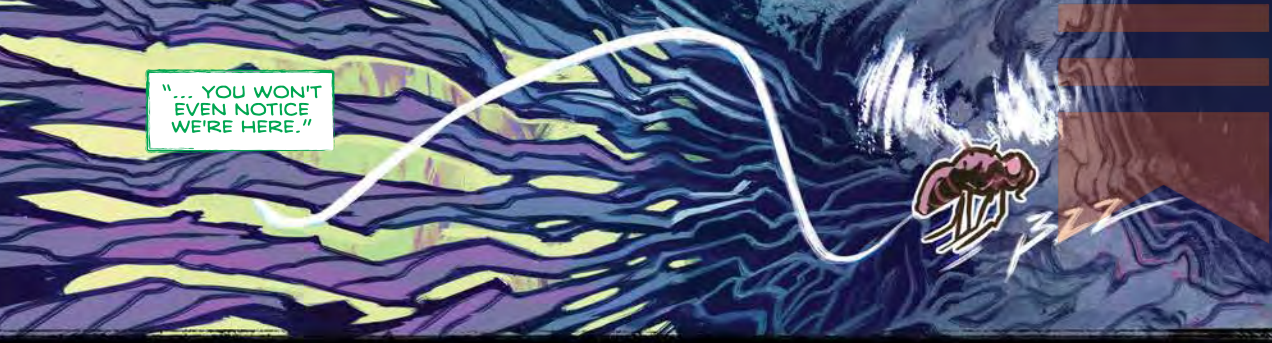
SO YOU KEEP SAYING, BUT I SAW THEIR **WORLD**.

NO CREATURE THAT **ARROGANT** WOULD HAVE PAINTED ITSELF OUT OF ITS OWN **PASTORAL SCENE**.

JUST LET US DO OUR WORK, B'TAY. AND I **PROMISE** YOU...



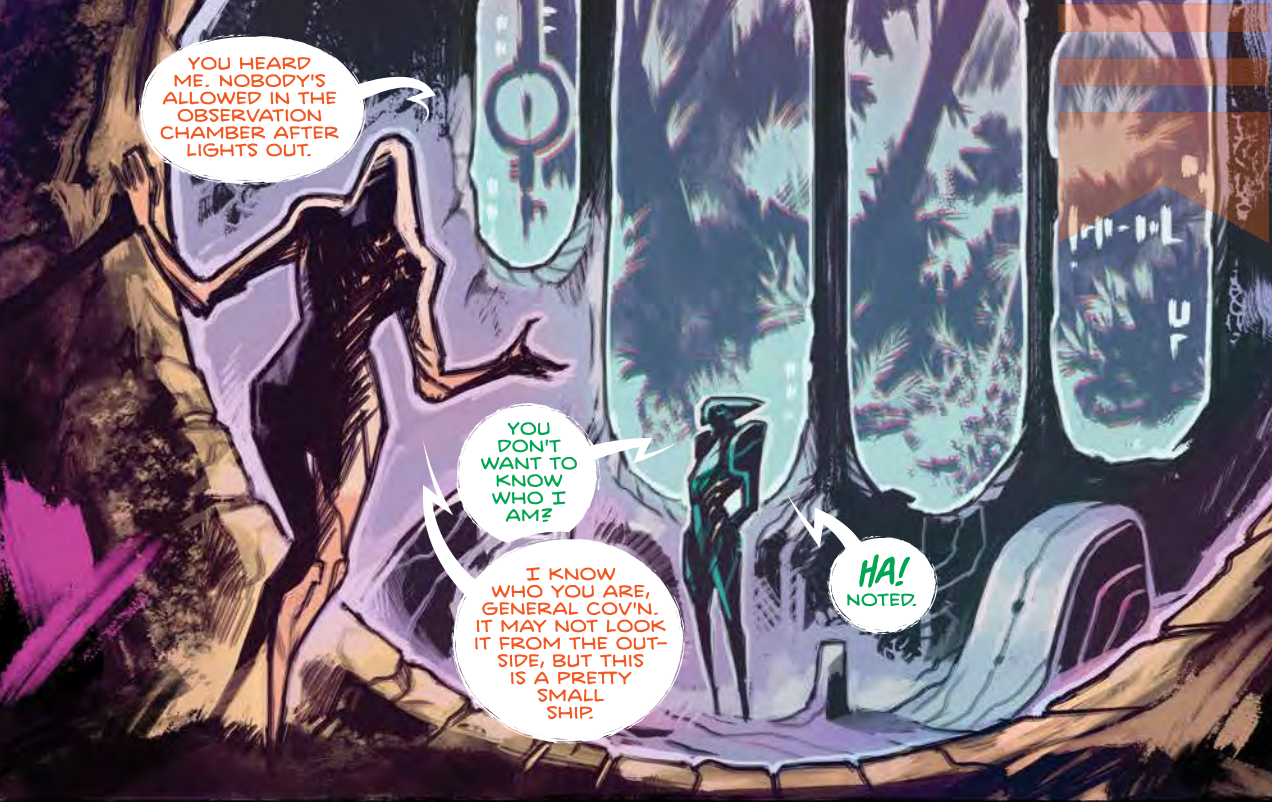
"... YOU WON'T EVEN NOTICE WE'RE HERE."



HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?



"EXCUSE ME?"



YOU HEARD ME. NOBODY'S ALLOWED IN THE OBSERVATION CHAMBER AFTER LIGHTS OUT.

YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHO I AM?

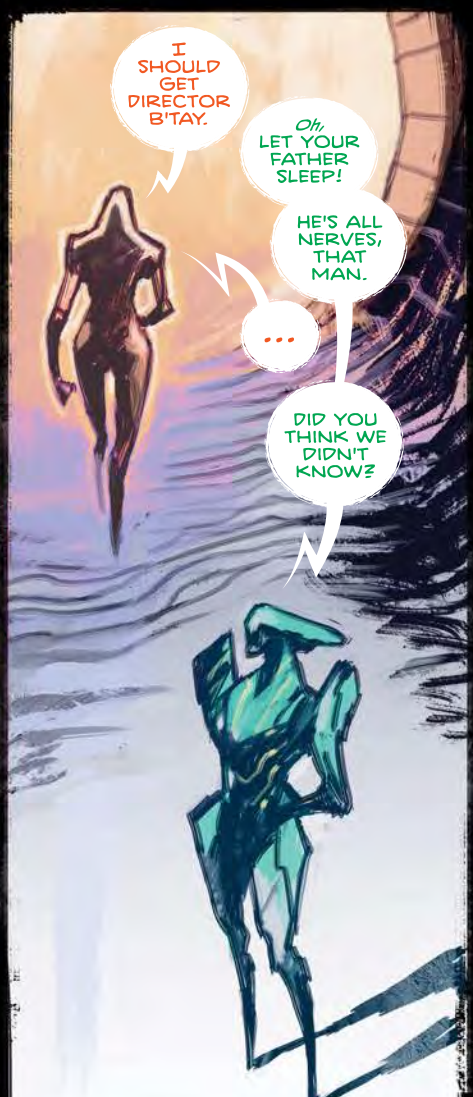
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, GENERAL COV'N. IT MAY NOT LOOK IT FROM THE OUTSIDE, BUT THIS IS A PRETTY SMALL SHIP.

HA!
NOTED.



V'LMANN, ISN'T IT?

THE MINISTRY TOLD ME ABOUT YOU.



I SHOULD GET DIRECTOR B'TAY.

Oh, LET YOUR FATHER SLEEP!

HE'S ALL NERVES, THAT MAN.

...

DID YOU THINK WE DIDN'T KNOW?



Oh, RELAX!

EVERY-ONE KNOWS YOU EARNED YOUR PLACE HERE.

NOW LOOK. YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THIS.

IS THAT--?

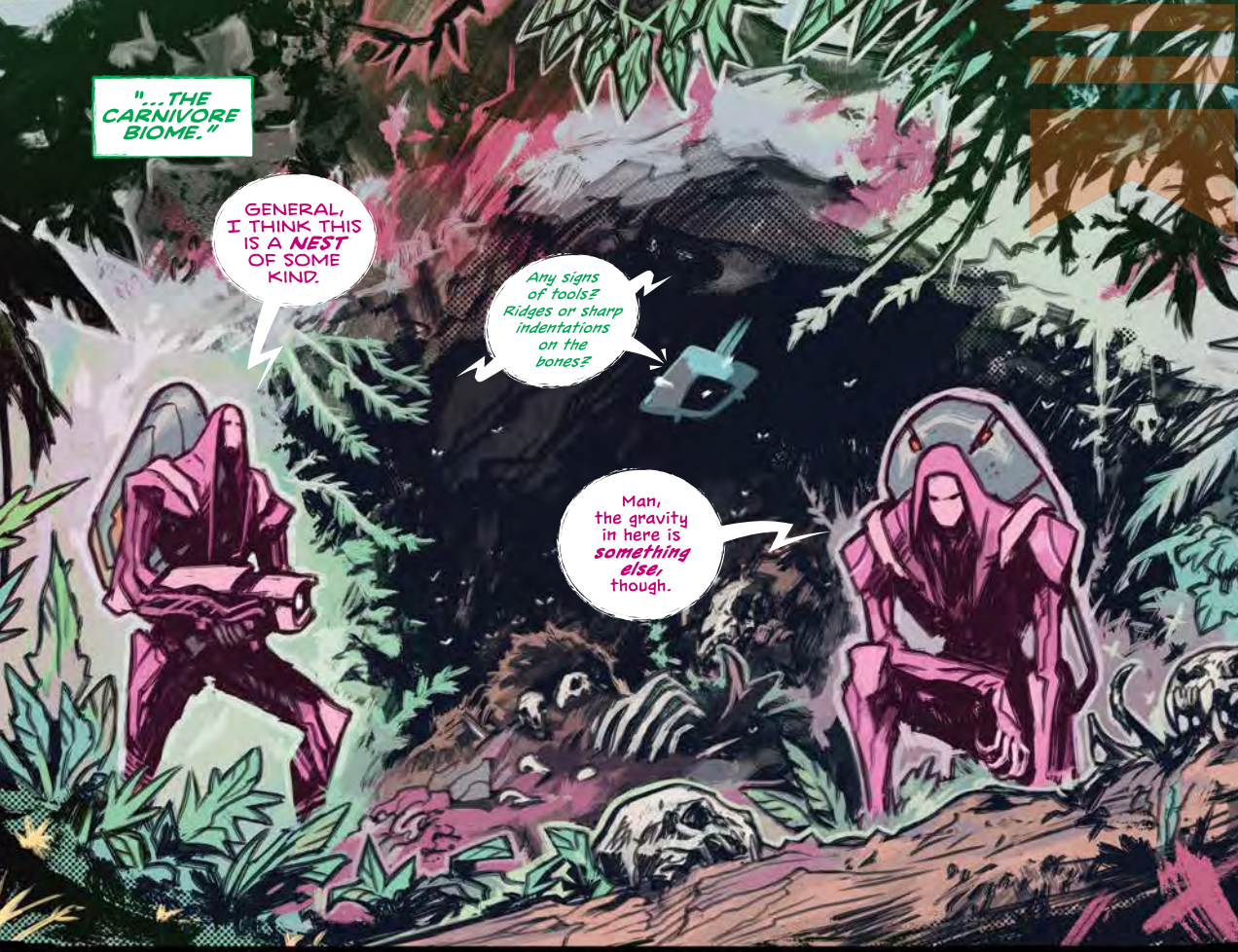
YES...

"...THE CARNIVORE BIOME."

GENERAL, I THINK THIS IS A *NEST* OF SOME KIND.

Any signs of tools? Ridges or sharp indentations on the bones?

Man, the gravity in here is *something else*, though.



YOU SEEING THIS, SIR? THERE ARE *SPORT KILLS* HERE.
The stench is pretty indescribable.

DIRECTOR B... MY *FATHER* HASN'T ALLOWED *ANYONE* INSIDE THE CARNIVORE BIOME IN YEARS. THIS IS...

YES, IT *IS*, ISN'T IT?

Uh, hi! Hi, THIS IS *VLMANN*. I WORK HERE.
PLEASE *PROCEED* INTO THE CAVE.





GENERAL?



DO AS SHE SAYS.

COPY. ENTERING CAVE NOW.



I'M INSIDE. NO SIGNS OF HABITATION SO FAR, BUT THERE'S A... CHITTERING SOUND.

YEAH, I DON'T THINK I'M ALONE.



Hold on...

KLR





**BRINY
BREAKERS!**



WHAT!?
WHAT
IS IT?!

**TELL
ME WHAT
YOU CAN
SEE!**



...

WELL,
IF I HAD TO
GUESS, I'D SAY
B'RBRS WAS MAKING
FRIENDS WITH THE
LOCAL FAUNA.



Whoa.

FLIP



OKAY,
SO YOU
REMEMBER HOW
DIRECTOR B'TAY
BASICALLY TOLD US,
"MOVE ALONG,
NOTHING TO
SEE HERE'?"

TURNS
OUT THERE'S
SOMETHING TO
FUCKIN' SEE
ALL RIGHT,
SIR.



AND
WHATEVER
IT IS, IT
KNOWS
DIRECTOR
B'TAY.



MMMM...

NNNN...

A comic book illustration set in a dense jungle. In the center, a muscular man with long, light-colored hair and a determined expression stands amidst the foliage. He is shirtless, showing his well-defined muscles. To his left and right are two werewolves with dark fur and glowing yellow eyes. The werewolf on the right is in a more aggressive, snarling pose, showing its teeth. The background is filled with various tropical plants and trees, creating a sense of a wild, untamed environment. The overall style is dynamic and uses a rich color palette of greens, browns, and purples.

CNNNTROOOLL.

TO BE
CONTINUED

NEXT
MONTH

The Earth habitat is under military control and is being strip-mined for its genetic riches. Its most fearsome predators are now fair game for a species that can graft their most lethal traits into terrifying biological warsuits.

However, unbeknownst to General Cov'n and his alien warriors, the hunters have become the hunted. Helpless, the habitat's lone human survivor, lusts for revenge on his captors and will stop at nothing to see them torn limb from limb.



JANUARY 2023



A



C

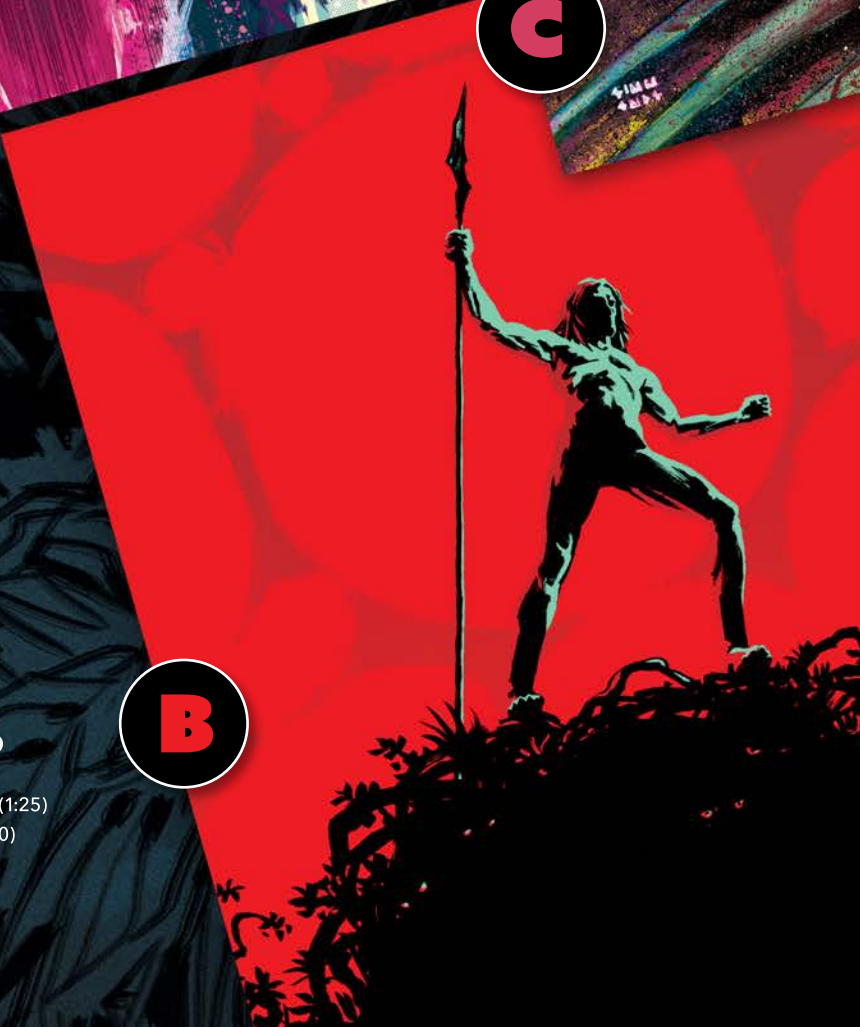


ISSUE 1 COVER LINE-UP

- A: CASPAR WIJNGAARD
- B: SEAN PHILLIPS
- C: MARTIN SIMMONDS (1:25)
- D: CHRISTIAN WARD (1:50)

SPAWN VARIANT by
CASPAR WIJNGAARD

B





D



30
EST. 1992
image

HS TAK • ISABELLA MAZZANTI

HITOMI

7

3



7

"HITOMI
IMMERSES
READERS INTO
THE WORLD OF
ITS CHARACTERS
AND IS A MUST-
READ REVENGE
TALE."

CBR.

**ON
SALE
NOW**

PH

HOME SICK PILOTS

DAN WATTERS
CASPAR WIJNGAARD

"I love this. Punk, horror, beautiful stuff from Dan and Caspar."
—Kieron Gillen

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