

THE FORSAKEN WORLD

YTHAQ

ARLESTON FLOCH

BOOK 3
SIGH OF
THE STARS



الغائب

MATURE
CONTENT

PREVIOUSLY IN YTHAQ:

When the White Star Lines space cruiser *Comet's Mist* crash-lands on a mysterious planet, our heroes are thrust into a fight for survival amongst Ythaq's unusual inhabitants. Astronavigation Lieutenant Granite, Welgoat, maintenance engineer Narvarth Bodlesey and gold-digging beauty Callista de Sargamore encounter all manner of strange creatures as they explore the uncharted planet.



Granite



Narvarth



Callista



Krugor



Tao



Dhokas



Ophyde

Joined by Krugor the Banloo and Tao the Feng, the survivors go in search of a way off of Ythaq. They are followed closely by the dangerous mercenary Dhokas and his men who seek to capture the survivors on behalf of the masked Margrave Ophyde, an evil warlord. Ophyde believes these strange visitors can share with her the secret of interstellar travel, a feat as yet unaccomplished by the residents of Ythaq.

Captured by the vicious Dhokas, Callista frees herself by killing Ophyde and donning the mask of the vicious female leader. While on their way to rescue Callista, the rest of Granite's party encounters the circus master Zompor and his travelling band of entertainers. By posing as royal entertainment, the survivors and their friends infiltrate Ophyde's fortress, the Isle of Sighs, and escape with Callista and several other captured survivors of the *Comet's Mist*. Their incredible jailbreak is aided by a long-forgotten starship buried beneath Ophyde's stronghold, activated by the White Star Lines logo tattooed on Callista's forehead by Ophyde's mask.



BOOK 3 SIGH OF THE STARS

THE FORSAKEN WORLD

YTHAQ

Story by *Christophe ARLESTON*

Art by *Adrien FLOCH*

Colors by *CRAZYTOONS*

soileil



For Soleil:

Translation — *Stephanie Logan*
Managing Editor — *Olivier Jalabert*
Editor in Chief — *Jean Wacquet*
Publisher — *Mourad Bondjellal*

For Marvel:

Adaptation — *C.B. Cebulski*
Letters — *Joe Caramagna*
Editor — *Cory Levine*
Senior Editor, Special Projects — *Jeff Youngquist*
Production — *Jerry Kalinowski*
Editor in Chief — *Joe Quesada*
Publisher — *Dan Buckley*
Special Thanks to *Ruwan Jayatilke*

THE SHIPYARDS OF OREGON HAVE LONG BEEN FAMOUS FOR THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF THEIR SPACE-WORTHY VESSELS. A REPUTATION NOW JUSTIFIED AS ONE OF THEIR GALAXY-JUMPERS, HAVING BEEN BURIED UNDER A CITY FOR CENTURIES, NOW TAKES TO THE SKIES IN FLIGHT ONCE AGAIN...

ALLOWING THE SURVIVORS FROM THE CRASHED SPACE COUSSER THE COMET'S WIND TO ESCAPE THE EVIL CLUTCHES OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN OFFYDE AND THE CREEB AND ENIGMATIC RECREATORY DACKING...

IS THAT SOUND NORMAL?

WHAT SOUND?

A SORT OF WHISTLING, OR MAYBE MORE OF A HISS...

WHAT? I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING...



SHKRILSHHWRRIIRSSHHHH

WARNINGS ACROSS ALL BOARDS!

STABILIZERS ARE STILL INTACT!

PURFUSION'S DEAD THOUGH!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WE'RE NOT GOING TO FALL OUT OF THE SKY, BUT WE HAVE NO FORWARD MOMENTUM ANYMORE.

YOU MEAN...WE'RE GOING WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND CARRIES US?

YEAH, THAT'S ABOUT RIGHT.

THE REGION WEST OF KREACH IS
EXTREMELY INHOSPITABLE: A COMBINATION
OF DEEP LADDERWALK-FALL FAULTS AND
HIGH LIMESTONE PLATEAUS COVERED
BY DESERTS OF DRY ROCK.

YET AT THE BOTTOM OF THESE
GORGES RUN STREAMS THAT
SUSTAIN VEGETATION AND
SUPPORT LIFE IN THE AREA.

THE TERRAIN IS NOT EASILY
CROSSED, EVEN BY A GROUP
OF NORDBERG...

LORD DICHAS! THE ANIMALS
AREN'T GOING MAKE IT!

WE'LL STEAL NEW ONES
THEN I NEED TO CATCH
UP WITH THAT SHIP AND
NOTHING WILL STOP ME!

FOR THE FIRST
FEW DAYS, THE
WIND-CHARGED TROOP
WAS SINGLE-
MINDFULLY
PURSUING THE
PRISONERS IN
ATTEMPT TO
ESCAPE.

OUT OF
OUR WAY!

Just...

MOVE!

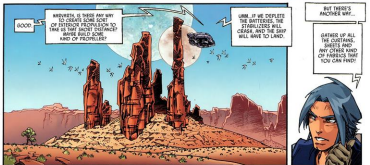
FRANK!

HEY!

THE SHIP...IT'S
NOT MOVING!

LORD
DICHAS! LOOK
OVER THERE!

THEY'RE MINE
NOW...





PULL ON THIS ROPE! WE HAVE ABOUT THREE-QUARTER WINDS, SO LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEM!

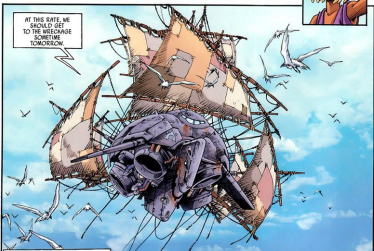
PULL!

IT'S WORKING!

KOORAYH!



AT THIS RATE, WE SHOULD GET TO THE WRECKAGE SOMETIME TOMORROW.



YOU BANTOO ARE FAMOUS FOR YOUR EYESIGHT... WHAT DO YOU SEE?

TROUBLE. A SQUAD OF ARMED MEN...

WHAT IF THE WINDS SHIFT?

THEN WE'LL PULL IN FROM THE SIDES!



GRANITE! BAD NEWS!

CHICKEN! IF RIGHT BEHIND US!

WHY'S HE AFTER US? HE MUST HAVE HIS REASONS, BUT I DON'T GET IT...

THEY'RE MOVING AGAIN!

YES, BUT THIS TIME WE WON'T LET THEM OUT OF OUR SIGHTS.

THEY HAVE TO LAND SOMETIME!



THE SURVIVORS OF THE COMET'S MUST ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES TRYING TO SURVIVE ON TITAN.

FAR TO THE NORTH...

THE SEA AHEAD!



WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT THE CRASH SITE!

IT WAS OUR BEST OPTION.

THE HEAT FROM THE ENGINES COULD HAVE MELTED THE ICE BENEATH IT.

OUR ONLY HOPE NOW IS TO FIND THE SHIP WHOSE SIGNAL WE PICKED UP RIGHT BEFORE WE CRASHED...

HEY! SOMETHING'S MOVING UNDER THERE!



IT'S GETTING BIGGER! IT'S COMING UP!

RUN!

BRACKAMMM

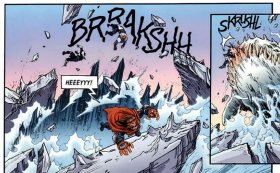
ARRGGG!

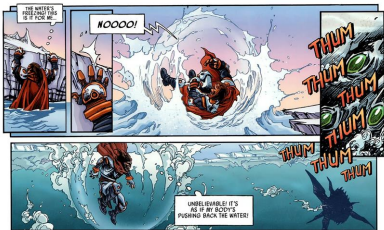


NOOO!

DON'T MOVE! STAY PERFECTLY STILL!













HERE'S NOTHING DOWN THERE!

THAT CANYON'S NOT BIG ENOUGH TO FIT THE COMET'S HULL.



TELL THEM TO CAST THE ANCHOR!

YES, SIR!

WE'RE STOPPING!



WE'RE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT OVER THE REASON, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE SHIP.

MASTER SKEENE! MISS GRANITE! THE SIGNAL...

IT'S STOPPED TRANSMITTING...



...BUT WE'RE NOW POUNDING UP A DIFFERENT ONE, A WEATHER ONE, COMING FROM THE NORTH



THAT'S THE MAJOR'S PERSONAL CODE. THE COMET'S HULL IS UP NORTH, NOT HERE.



BUT THE SIGNAL BELOW US WAS BROADCASTING A WHITE STAR FREQUENCY TOO.

COULD BE A SMALLER REASON, STUCK IN ONE OF THOSE RAINES, OR MAYBE JUST A BAD LIO.



WE STILL HAVE TO CHECK TO MAKE SURE THERE AREN'T ANY SURVIVORS.



I'M THINKING THAT...

NO, I WILL NOT LET YOU HEAD DOWN THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT! WE'LL WAIT UNTIL SUNRISE.

THE SUN'S TOO LOW AND THE SHADOWS ARE TOO LONG. FROM UP HERE WE CAN'T SEE A THING.

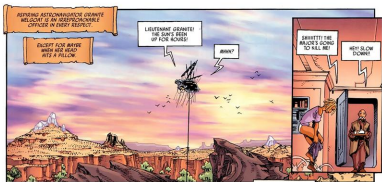


YOU CAN SEE THEIR LIGHTS! THEY'VE STOPPED AGAIN!

WATCH OUT!







ASTERING ASTRONAUT/ACE GRANTE BELGOT IS AN IRRESPONSIBLE OFFICER IN EVERY RESPECT.

EXCEPT FOR MAYBE WHEN HER HEAD HITS A PILLAR.

LIEUTENANT GRANTE! THE SUN'S BEEN UP FOR HOURS!

BARK?

SHRETT! THE MAJOR'S GOING TO KILL ME!

HEY! SLOW DOWN!



YOU AREN'T ON THE COMET'S LIST ANYMORE! REMEMBER THE CRASH?

OH, YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU WOULDN'T BE BRINGING ME BREAKFAST IN RED OTHERWISE, SHRENE!

ONLY NOW, TODAY I'M GOING TO GO AND TAKE A LOOK DOWN THAT CRACK...



GRANIIIIITE!



TAG IF GONE TOO!

THEY'RE NOWHERE ON THE SHIP!

LOOK, THERE'S A SCOP LADDER EXTENDING FROM THAT ISLE TO THE ANCHOR CABLE!

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE THEY WENT
DOWN THERE ON THEIR OWN.

LET'S GO
CHECK IT OUT!

MISTER SHRENE! LEUTENANT! THE BRIDGE
SAWS THE WORMHOLE THAT HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING
US ARE IN SIGHT AGAIN! TWO MOVES TELL
THEY ARRIVE AT OUR CURRENT POSITION.

THEN WE HAVE
TO HURRY.

YEAH,
NOW.



COULD YOU GET
OUT OF MY ROOM SO I
CAN GET DRESSED?

OH, SORRY!



What's that?

ARE WE READY?

ALMOST.

I PUT AN
ANTI-GRAV
UNIT ON THE
RAFT.

WE'LL BE ABLE
TO DESCEND
SLOWLY BY
MODULATING OUR
GRAVITATIONAL
RESISTANCE!



AND IT'LL HELP
US FIND YOU LATER...



FIND US?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

DECKARS WILL BE HERE VERY SOON.
MY JOB IS TO FIND CALLISTA, TAO
AND THAT SIGNAL. YOURS IS TO
IMMEDIATELY LEAVE AND GET ALL THE
SURVIVORS AWAY TO SAFETY, SHRENE!

I'M NOT JUST
LEAVING YOU HERE.

A SMALL GROUP HAS BETTER
CHANCES OF GETTING AWAY
IF THEY CATCH UP TO US.
PLUS, WE'VE GOT WEAPONS
NOW. THEY'LL ONLY
HAVE SUCCESS AGAINST
OUR LASERS.

I REFUSE
TO LEAVE
GRANITE!

YOU'RE OLDER
THAN ME, SHRENE.
BUT I'M AN OFFICER
AND YOU'RE A NON-
COMMISSIONED
CREWMEMBER.

THAT
MAKES
IT AN
ORDER!





WE'RE GOING DOWN
THERE WITH YOU!

BUT DICKENS IS
ON HIS WAY...



AND WE HAVE TO BE ON OUR
WAY. I THINK HE'S ALSO
INTERESTED IN YOU THAN IN US *Amirah*.



HURRY UP THEN,
WE'RE LEAVING.



TAKE CARE
OF GRANITE,
KAGARATH!



HEY!
DON'T
PUSH!

HE'S THE
ONE DOING
IT... WITH ALL
THOSE ARMS!



EASY NOW,
HERE WE ARE.



GET THE
SAILS READY!

BRING THE
ANCHOR
BACK UP!

I'M A NON-
COMMISSIONED OFFICER
AND YOU ARE JUST A SAILOR!

SO,
DON'T
QUESTION
MY
ORDERS!



GOOD LUCK,
MY FRIENDS!

SAME TO YOU,
MASTER ZOMPH!

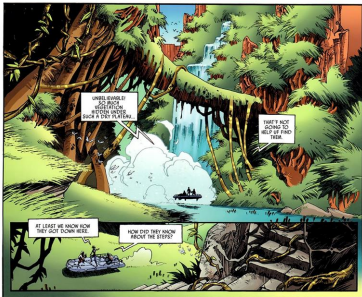


MY OUR PATHS
CROSS AGAIN,
BEAUTIFUL FOLK...



KEEP GOING LOWER.
ANYWAY, CALLISTA AND TAO
ARE DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE.

I HOPE
SHE'S
ALRIGHT.



...FO WE FOLLOW IT TOO.

GOOD IDEA.
LET'S GO!



IT'S DAMN
NOT.



NOT TO MENTION
ALL THESE
BUTTERFLIES.

THE TRAIL'S
PRETTY EASY
TO FOLLOW...

ALMOST TOO EASY.



HHHH...



IS THERE A
PROBLEM,
KNUDGE?

I DON'T
KNOW...



IT FEELS LIKE WE'RE
BEING WATCHED
AND IT'S MAKING ME
UNCOMFORTABLE

DO YOU SEE SOMEONE?



HOW ARE WE
SUPPOSED TO SEE
ANYTHING WITH ALL
THESE DAMN
BUTTERFLIES?



I THOUGHT
FORETS WERE
SENSITIVE TO
THE BEAUTY OF
NATURE?



I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO FORTIC
ABOUT THESE INSECTS, WITH
THEIR PRICKLY LEGS, SLOPPY
MANDIBLES AND BEECH EYES!

LOOK OUT!





OW
GODDY!

WHAT
IS
THAT?



WARHATRY!

KELAK!



AARRHHH!



GET OUT OF THE WAY!



THAT'S ONE LEG...NINETY-FEEN
TO GO TILL YOU STOP MOVING!

FERSSHRRH

OVER
HERE!



ARE YOU HURT?

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?



IT?
GIMMIE BE
YOU DE
ME, RIGHT?

I GOT IT!

VZZZ





KARVARTH! KURUGORI!
ARE YOU DUMB?

I'VE NEVER BEEN
PUCH A THING.

IT WAS A PHELL AND DOESN'T FEEL
PAIN. YOU CAN ONLY GET TO
IT'S BRAIN THROUGH IT'S MOUTH!

AND TAO DRAGGED CALLISTA
INTO A PLACE LIKE THIS...

WHY WOULD
HE DO THAT?

THAT SPIES
CAME FROM
OUT OF NOWHERE...



DO THESE BUTTERFLIES LIKE
BLOOD OR SOMETHING?

THEY'RE
GETTING PRETTY
ANNOYING...

COME ON, GO
AWAY! SACKO!

IT'S NOT
NORMAL! I PHELL
A TLEAF!

WE NEED
TO GET
OUT OF
HERE!

BUT I'M
SO TIRED...



AAAAH...





IT'S THEM.

ANYWAY?



IT'S SEEMS I WAS
WRONG TO TRUST YOU.

TAO!

YOU KIDNAPPED,
MISS CALLISTA!

THAT'S RIGHT...

YOU ADMIT IT?!

WHERE IS SHE?!

YOU'LL SEE HER SOON.
IT'S A RATHER DELICATE
SITUATION, YOU SEE.

SOMETHING HAPPENED
TO HER, DIDN'T IT?



WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR
FRIEND! I'M GONNA STRANGLE
YOU IF YOU TOUCHED A SINGLE
HAIR ON HER HEAD, I'LL--



WUHHHAY

EASY NOW, KNURETH!



I DON'T WANT
TO HAVE TO KUST ANY
OF YOU, BUT...

THINGS ARE SOMETIMES MUCH
MORE COMPLICATED THAN THEY
SEEM HERE ON TMAQ.



I HOPE YOUR
EXPLANATIONS ARE
CONVINCING, OTHERWISE
MY AXE WILL DO
THE TALKING!

IT MUST FIRST BE EXPLAINED
THAT WE FENG ARE NOT NOBLES.

OUR CITIES ARE ALL
BEDDEN, AND
YOU ARE NOW IN THE
OLDEST OF THEM.



WIKKI, A HARDY TOWN BUILT ON SNOW AND MID-WINTER TRAPPERS, HAREDOOMERS AND TRADERS ALL COME IN FROM THE GOLD TO MEET.

LET'S GO AND WARM UP IN THERE. THEY MAKE A BEER FROM SEAL FAT THAT TASTES DISGUSTING BUT IS QUITE NOURISHING.

AND THEN?

WE'LL TRY TO FIND PASSAGE ON A SHIP HEADING SOUTH.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU TOLD ME THIS WORLD POSSESSES NO MODERN TECHNOLOGY...

THAT'S CORRECT.

I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE YOU FOUND ME SOLELY BY CHANCE.

I'M NOT PRINCE PRINCE.

BUT YOU KNOW THINGS THAT OTHER PEOPLE HERE DO NOT?

I DO.

IS THERE SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN YOU FIND MY SHIP CRASHING HERE?

IT'S A BIT MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT—

ENOUGH!

OH!

WATGA



I'M GOING TO NEED
ANSWERS NOW, CHANK.

WAIT!

DOWN YOU GO!

HEEEYYY!



IF I LET GO, YOU'LL
FALL HEAD FIRST.
MORE THAN LIKELY
BREAKING YOUR NECK.

PLEASE
DON'T!

SHOULDN'T WE
DO SOMETHING?

AS LONG AS THEY
DON'T BEER A BOTTLE,
IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER.



THEN I NEED YOU TO EXPLAIN
THINGS TO ME NOW! WHAT IS THIS
PLANET OTHER THAN JUST SOME
POINT ON THE STELLAR MAP?

PULL ME BACK
UP! YOU
NEED ME!

OH REALLY?
AND WHAT
DO YOU GET
OUT OF IT?

I'M IN A REALLY BAD SPOT. I
NEED SOMEONE WITH THE
POWER OVER WATER... LIKE YOU!

WHERE'S THE
CLOSEST
ASTRONOMER?

THE GAVIN
FEDERATION
CONSULATE?

THERE ISN'T
ONE!

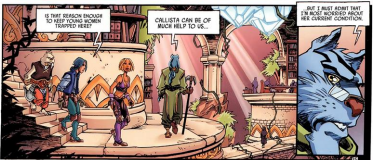
THERE YOU GO.
WAS THAT SO
BREEZY? NOW
KEEP TALKING...

HAH!

HOW DO
I GET OFF
THIS PLANET?

I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A WHITE
STAR LINE. SHEP. IT NEEDS REPAIRS.
BUT MIGHT BE ABLE TO TAKE OFF
WITH A CREW AND PASSENGERS!

I'LL... I'LL
TELL YOU
EVERYTHING.







YES, ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS OF MY PEOPLE, SHIPS FROM THE STARS HAVE BEEN CRASHING HERE RATHER REGULARLY OVER THE PAST THREE CENTURIES.

THAT'S UNBELIEVABLE!



SO THERE MUST BE... SOMETHING THAT DRAGS THE NAVIGATORS HERE?

THE STRANGE PHENOMENON THAT LINKS THEM ALL IS THAT RAINYS, CLOUDS, STORMS AND JERKIES ALL OFTEN EMERGE FROM THESE CRASHES.



BUT NORMAL PEOPLE DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF POWER!

EXCEPT ME SINCE I ARRIVED HERE.



THE FENG HAVE LONG OBSERVED YTHAG. SUCH MANIFESTATIONS CANNOT BE COINCIDENCE.



I'M A DETECTIVE, YOU SEE, AND MY PEOPLE PUT ME IN CHARGE OF SOLVING THIS MYSTERY.



SO WHAT'S THE CONNECTION TO THIS FERRY?

OWWWHHH...



GO AND SHUT YOUR MOUTHS SOMEWHERE ELSE! YOU'RE DISTURBING THE FLOOR GUESS!

WELL, JUST A MINUTE...



SHE'S RIGHT. COME WITH ME, I NEED TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE VENERABLE PRINCE WHO GOVERNS YETTER.



I AM HERE, YOUNG TAO, BUT I SEE YOU HAVE NOT FOLLOWED THE FENG RULES OF HOSPITALITY...

WELL, TRUTH BE TOLD, EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO QUICKLY--

NO ONE CAN THINK PROPERLY ON AN EMPTY STOMACH, TAO.



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ROOMS IN YETTER WERE BUILT UNDER THE CRYSTALLINE FORMATIONS AND ARE FILLED WITH NATURAL LIGHT, CHARM COLLECTED BY SUBTLE MINERAL FORMATIONS.

WHAT EXACTLY IS CHALIST'S ROLE IN ALL THIS?

AMONG THE DOCUMENTS WE'VE COLLECTED FOR TWICE PAST THREE CENTURIES, ONE APPEARS TO BE THE LOGBOOK FROM THE FIRST SHIP TO LAND ON YTHAG.

THE EXACT SAME ONE YOU FOUND UNCHAINED UNDER THE KEECHY PALACE!

THAT SHIP DID NOT CRASH, HOWEVER. IT TRANSPORTED PEOPLE HERE WHO WOULD EVENTUALLY CHANGE THIS PLANET'S HISTORY. AND THEIR LOGBOOK MOST LIKELY HOLDS ALL KINDS OF ANSWERS.



UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S LOCKED IN A SEALED CAPSULE BEARING THE EXACT SAME SYMBOL. THAT'S NOW ON YOUR FRIEND'S FOREHEAD.



AND WHEN YOU SAW HER OPEN THAT SHIP'S DOOR, YOU FIGURED IT WOULD ALSO WORK ON THE LOCK.

EXACTLY. CALLISTA IS THE KEY, EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT THE KIND OF TREASURE SHE BELIEVED IT TO BE.



WELL, THEN, OPEN THE LOGBOOK AND WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE!



WHAT TAO DIDN'T KNOW WHEN HE RETURNED WAS THAT WE'RE NO LONGER IN POSSESSION OF THE LOGBOOK.



IT WAS STOLEN?



IN A SENSE, IT'S OUR ENTIRE CITY THAT'S BEING TAKEN FROM US.

A TERRIBLE PLAGUE HAS INFESTED OUR CAVES. GIANT INSECTS, SOMETIMES BIGGER THAN MEN, HORRIFICUS AND POISONOUS. THAT NONE EXTREMELY FAST ON MULTIPLE LEGS...



WE FIND ONE OF THEM.



YES, MY PLINKA FRIENDS SAID THEY HELPED YOU KILL A RUDE MALE BUG. WE CALL THEM SACKYNDERS.



FET THE WHOLE MEET ON FIRE!

IMPOSSIBLE. THESE ARE TOO MANY EARS, LOGBOOKS AND DOCUMENTS IN THE HANDS OF THIS CITY THEY NOW CONTROL. WE CANNOT RISK DESTROYING SUCH ARTIFACTS.



THE LOGBOOK IS ONE SUCH STOLEN ITEM.

I OWE IT TO MYSELF TO TRY AND GET IT BACK.







OR THE VOLCANO
COULD BE A CLUE...



HELLO, DRAGON!

?!?

KRENGIS!

WE'RE ALWAYS RUNNING INTO
EACH OTHER, AREN'T WE?

YOU SHOULD TELL YOUR
MEN TO PUT AWAY THOSE
PIECES OF SCRAP. THEY
MIGHT HURT THEMSELVES.



YOU HERE
TO KILL ME?

JUST TO TAKE
YOU CAPTIVE.

I WAS TOLD YOU
STABBED ENNA, AND
FED HIM TO THE FISH...
BUT HE SURVIVED!

THAT'S A MISTAKE YOU'LL
PAY FOR DEARLY, AND
ONE I WON'T MAKE!

YOU WON'T
TAKE ME
ALIVE!

FIGHT ME!



NO NO!

MY POOR
DRAGON!



YOU'RE
ALREADY
LOST, YOU
KNOW!





WITH THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF PRESSURE I COULD CRUSH YOUR RIGGS, AND AS THEY BREAK THEY'LL PERFORATE ALL YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS.

BUT I WON'T DO THAT JUST YET!



BREAK HIS KNEES.

NOOO!



BUT THAT WON'T STOP HIM FROM TELLING ME ALL HIS DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS.





THEN IT'S BETTER
WE MOVE AS A
SMALL TEAM. LET'S
GET READY.

NARENETH
STILL ISN'T HERE?

I'M COMING,
I'M COMING!

MISS CALLISTA'S
DOING MUCH BETTER.

GOOD
FOR HER.

LET'S GO.

IN TIMES PAST, THOUS OF
HUNDREDS OF PRECIOUS
KICKERS SEEMED SAFELY
HOUSED FOR ALL
ETERNITY IN METRA.

WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE DID THESE HORRIBLE
INSECTS COME FROM?

SKOPFANDERS
ARE A MISTAKE
OF OUR OWN
MAKING.

OUR FRIENDS THE
FLUERS WERE LONG
RAGED BUTTERFLIES
OF BEAUTY AND
IMAGINABLE.

BY CROSSING BORDERS
THEY CREATED A
LARGER SPECIES
CAPABLE OF
CARRYING WAR.

THE SKOPFANDERS ARE THE LARVA FORM OF THESE
BUTTERFLIES, BEFORE THEY EVOLVE IN THEIR COOCHONS.

FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON,
THEY STOPPED FACILING,
MUTATED AND DEVELOPED
AGGRESSIVE TENDENCIES.

THIS IS WHERE THEIR TERRITORY
BEGINS. I'M AFRAID
MY FEAL, OLD BODY CANNOT
CONTINUE ON MUCH FURTHER.

GOOD
LUCK!

DEER! IT'S
CREEPY DOWN
HERE!

EVEN THE SNELL
IS GLOOMY.











WHAT'S
WROTH?

VERY BACK!
NO FUDDEN
MOVEMENT!
THE HAPNT
FEEN UP...



SHE...?

WROTH?

IT'S A
QUEEN

I HAVE A BAD
FEELING
ABOUT THIS.



LET'S ALL
BRICK AWAY
FLOWY.

THERE'S
NO FLOWE

THAT OTHER
EXIT I MENTIONED
EARLIER...

DOES THAT
MEAN WE HAVE
TO SQUEEZE
BEHIND HER?

NO,
THROUGH
HER.

WE HAVE GO THROUGH HER,
BODY TO GET TO THE DOOR.

IF WE CAN KILL THIS
MONSTROSITY, MY FENG
BROTHERS MAY BE
ABLE TO RETAKE THE LOST
PARTS OF NETTRA!



...IT'S DIRECTLY
BEHIND THAT
CREATURE.



I HOPE
YOUR
LASER'S
STRONG
ENOUGH...



WE'LL NEED DIRECT HITS
TO ITS SENSITIVE SPOTS.

WAIT! IN THE INSECT WORLD, THE
QUEEN IS USUALLY JUST A
WORKER THAT'S MUTATED, RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT, WHY?

SO SHE MIGHT BE SENSITIVE TO HIGH-PITCHED SOUNDS AND FREQUENCIES?

IT'S WORTH A TRY...

BUT WHAT IF WE ATTRACT THE OTHER WARRIORS?

WE'LL DEAL WITH THEM!



I'M GOING TO
BURN YOUR STOMACH
OPEN, YOU BITCH!



POUR
IT ON!

I'M SHOOTING
AS FAST AS
I CAN!

LOOK OUT!



WAAASHHHH

YUUCK!

WE'VE DRIVEN
HER MAD!



SHLARK

THERE'S TOO MANY OF
THEM! WE CAN'T HOLD
OUT MUCH LONGER!

DIIEEE!!



SHE'S
INDESTRUCTIBLE!

THE BACK OF HER
HEAD... THE ANTENNAS.
THAT'S HOW SHE
CONTROLS THE
WARRIORS!



GOT IT!



EYHHH!



WHERE ARE
THOSE DAMNED
ANTENNAS?









THOSE ARE NOT
HARBOURING THE MUTANTS.
THEY'RE THE FLURKS...
BUTTERFLIES.

كبريتات
كبريتات

THANK THE SCRIBES
YOU'RE ALIVE!

OH, TACK
YOUR LEG...



ON THE QUEEN'S
TEETH... ARGH...
BUT HOW DID YOU...?

THE FLURKS INFORMED ME THE SACHPANDERS
WERE OUT OF CONTROL, KILLING EACH OTHER...

SO I FIGURED YOU MAY HAVE SOUGHT
TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE BEAR TUNNELS.



ALL THE ABLE-BODDED FENS ARE NOW SEIZING
THIS OPPORTUNITY TO FIGHT TO TAKE BACK WETTER!

THAT'S
GOOD TO HEAR.



A HUGE SHIP
WITH THIS INSIGNIA?
WITH SURVIVORS?

A FEW
HUNDRED,
PRETTY LATE!



THE HUMBLE TRAVELING SALESMAN
THAT I AM SAW THEIR FUSIONS
NORTH, A FEW WEEKS AGO AWAY.

IF YOU WOULD
HELP ME TRADE
WITH THEM, I CAN
TAKE YOU THERE.

WELL...

YOUR
FRIENDS
HAVE
RETURNED.



IT'S INCREDIBLE.
THIS CREATURE IS
ALIVE, AS ARE YOU.

AND YET,
I DON'T FEEL
A THING.

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

ADVENTURERS SOMETIMES
SNEAK INTO OUR CITY
TO TRY AND STEAL
OUR TREASURE...



IT'S STILL ODD WE
FOUNDED YOU NEXT TO THE
CREST CONTAINING THE
LODRBOOK, MASTER...

HETZEL.
JULIUS.
HETZEL.



AM THESE YOU ARE? I
WAS WONDERING WHAT
WAS TAKING SO LONG.

HELLO...



WE WERE ON A RESCUE
MISSION THAT CONCERNS
OUR CREW, MISS CALLISTA.

HOWEVER,
WE NOW NEED
YOUR HELP.



I'VE JUST MET THIS TRAVELING
SALESMAN, MASTER KENIGS, WHO
KNOWS WHERE THE COMET'S RUST
CRASHED AND CAN TAKE US THERE.

PLEASED TO
MEET YOU.



YOU SAW
OUR SHIP?

IT WOULD BE MY HONOR
TO LEAD YOU TO IT.



WE DON'T NEED
ANYONE'S HELP,
MASTER KENIGS.

LEARN!



A BAMBOO MAKING
RULES IN A FENG HOUSE,
INSULTING THEIR
HOSPITALITY?



I'M SO SORRY, MASTER
KENIGS, BUT WE'RE
STRANGERS CARE OF SOME
PRIVATE BUSINESS
AT THE MOMENT.

THEN I
SHALL LEAVE
YOU FOR
NOW.



BUT WE SHALL SEE
EACH OTHER
AGAIN, MY FRIENDS.

THERE'S NO
WAY AROUND IT.

SEE YOU
VERY
SOON...





THE PASSENGERS
WANTED TO GET RID
OF ANY AND ALL
WITNESSES TO THEIR TRIP.

WAIT A SEC, I THINK
THERE'S A SECRET
COMPARTMENT HERE.



LOOK AT THAT...

OW!



WHAT IS IT?

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.



COULD THIS BE THE
REASON THAT LED US
HERE?

POSSIBLY.



WITH THE EQUIPMENT ON THE
COMET'S WING, I'M PRETTY SURE
I COULD UNLOCK THE OTHER
PAIRS OF THE LOGBOOK, AND
ALSO ANALYZE THIS BALL.

THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK
TO THE OTHERS! WE'LL LEAVE
FOR THE NORTH IMMEDIATELY!





THE END

NEXT (PIYODE): NO ESCAPE—
THE SHADOW OF KINGS.

SCRIPT: JEFFREY
ART: ALDO
COLORS: GRAYSON
ANIMATION: GERALD
LETTERING: CHAMPION

NEXT: YTHAQ — NO ESCAPE #1



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BIOS

CHRISTOPHE ARLESTON

Writer. Born August 16, 1963.

Christophe Arleston has been a journalist, an advertising editor, and an author of dramas (fifteen radio plays for France Inter). In the late '80s he resolutely turned to comic book stories. After making his first steps in *Circus* magazine and the weekly magazine *Spirou*, he created numerous series in very different styles, including humorous who-done-its with *Leo Loden*, illustrated by Serge Carreze, historical parodies with *Tandori*, illustrated by Cud Ridel and medieval fantastical adventure with the *Cartography Masters* and the *Askell Fires*, illustrated by Paul Glaudel and Jean-Louis Mourier. In 1994, Arleston created *Lanfeust of Troy* with Didier Tarquin, a series that mixes even more fantasy-adventure and humor and was immediately a great success. *Trois of Troy* with Jean-Louis Mourier followed, then *The Song of Excalibur* with Eric Hubsh, *The Opal Forests* with Philippe Pellet and *Morea* with Thierry Labrosse. Most of these series still continue today, joined by new ones: the *Conquerors of Troy* with Ciro Tota, *Legends of Troy: Tykko* with Nicolas Kéramidas, *Sinbad* with Pierre Alary, *Elkors* with Alberto Varanda and *Ythaq: The Forsaken World* with Adrien Floch. Since 1998, Christophe Arleston has also worn the hat of editor in chief of *Lanfeust Mag*, a monthly magazine he created. In total, he is the scriptwriter of over 60 stories, most of which have seen great commercial success.

ADRIEN FLOCH

Artist. Born in 1977 in Paris.

Adrien Floch did not stay in the French capital where he was born for very long. The green, open spaces of France are his and he runs through them with only one thought on his mind: creating comic books. He learned the basics of drawing thanks to an advertising CAP but stays true to his obsession and participates in all comic festivals. It is during one of these festivals that he met Jean-Blaize Dijan who offered him work drawing the stories of *Fatal Jack*, published by Soleil. Thus began his collaboration with Soleil publisher Mourad Boudjellal. In October of 2001, he created a new series, *Sihoks*, based on a story by Goddard. In 2002, Floch worked in collaboration with Guillaume Bianco, Olivier Dutto and Didier Tarquin this time on the anthology album *Krashmonsters*. Having settled down in Aix-en-Provence, he became close to Christophe Arleston who offered him the chance to illustrate an epic new adventure series, *Ythaq: The Forsaken World*.

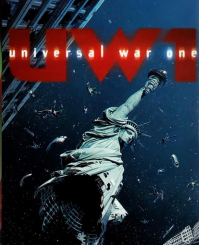
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