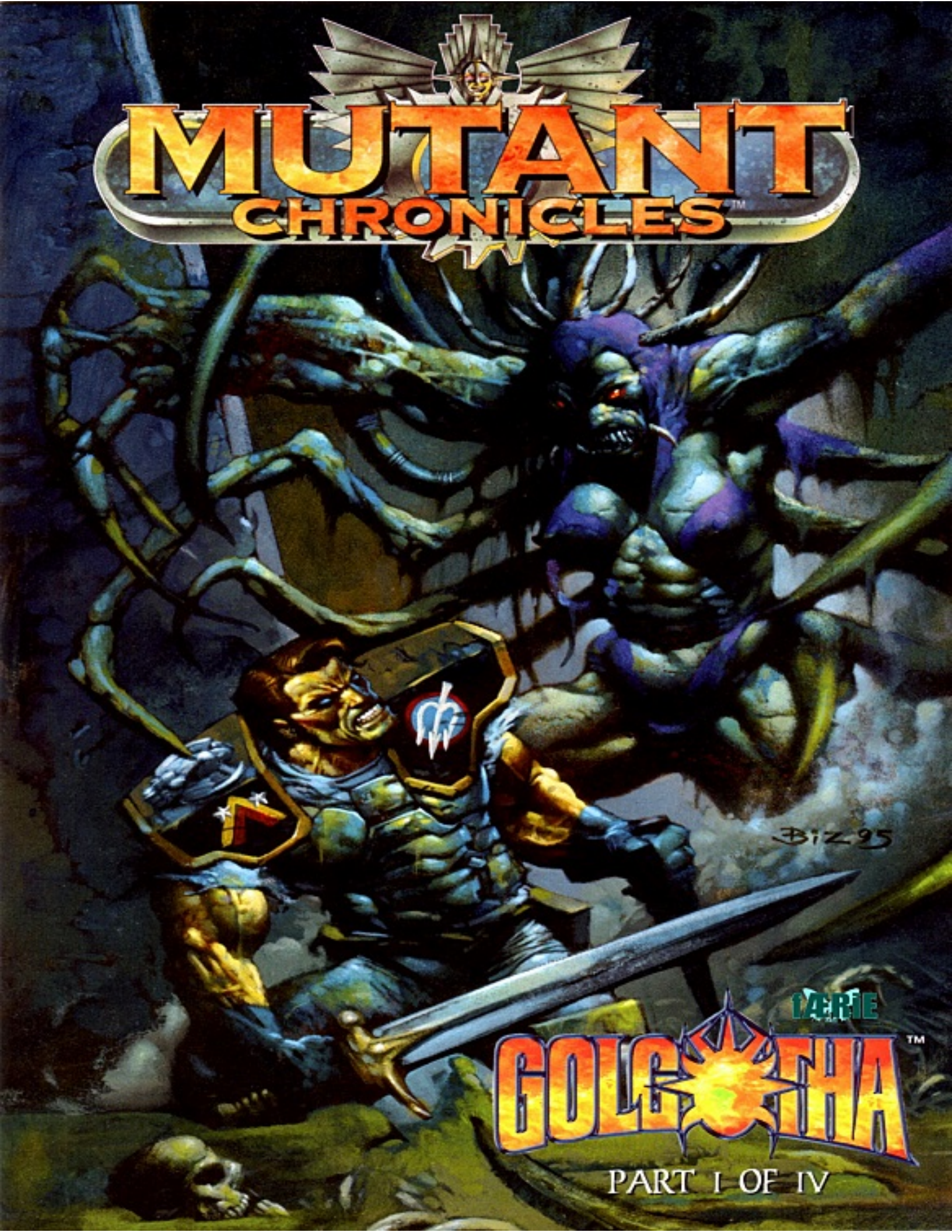




MUTANT CHRONICLES™

VARIE
GOLGOTHA™

PART I OF IV

PRESENT

MUTANT CHRONICLES™

GOLGOTHA™

PART I OF IV

MUTANT CREDITS

WRITER

WILLIAM KING

PENCILS

DAVIDE FABRII

INKS

ALEX HORLEY

COLORS

PAOLO PARENTE

LETTERS

WILL QUINTANA

ASSISTANT EDITOR

JEOF VITA

TOP 5 LINE EDITOR

JEFF CONNER

ARMADA LINE EDITOR

JEFF GOMEZ

COVER PAINTING BY

SIMON BISLEY

ACCLAIM COMICS

PRESIDENT/PUBLISHER

STEVEN J. MASSARSKY

SENIOR V.P./EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

BOB LAYTON

SENIOR V.P.

JON HARTZ

V.P. OPERATIONS

MORTY R. NISSEN

CONTROLLER

HAYLEY EDEN

DIRECTOR OF PRODUCTION

DARREN SANCHEZ

PRODUCTION MANAGER

HARRY EISENSTEIN

CIRCULATION MANAGER

BRAD L. GOLDBERG

ADVERTISING SALES

REBECCA KNASTER

ARMADA

ARMADA LINE EDITOR

JEFF GOMEZ

ASSISTANT EDITOR

JEOF VITA

COMPUTER GRAPHIC DESIGN

KENNY MARTINEZ

SCOTT FRIEDLANDER

TOP DOLLAR COMICS

PUBLISHER

EDWARD R. PRESSMAN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

JEFF CONNER

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

MILES MOGULESCU

EXECUTIVE V.P. & COO

NEIL A. FRIEDMAN

MARKETING DIRECTOR

PAMELA E. GODFREY

TARGET GAMES

NILES GULLIKSSON

MICHAEL STENMARK

HENRIK STRANDBERG

MAGNUS SETER

JERKER SOJDELIUS

STEFAN THULIN

FREDRIK MALMBERG

MY MAMA
USED TO
SAY:

"JAKE, YOU'RE A
MEAN, LOW-DOWN,
BACK-STABBIN' *WEASEL*;
AN' YOU'RE GONNA
COME TO A *BAD* END."





GUESS THE OLD
WITCH WAS *RIGHT*
AFTER ALL.



WHAT A *FINALE* TO AN
OTHERWISE BRILLIANT CAREER;
BLOWN AWAY IN A HEIMBURG
BACK-ALLEY. NEVER THOUGHT
I'D *BUY* IT HERE ON VENUS.



BETTER HIT THE
OLD *PANIC* BUTTON...



...AND PRAY THAT
HUNTER GETS HERE
IN TIME TO *SAVE*
MY SORRY ASS.



THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A
SIMPLE *SNATCH AND GRAB*.
NEUTRALIZE SCHMIDT AND
RELIEVE HIM OF WHATEVER
HE'S CARRYING.



ONLY SCHMIDT WASN'T
CARRYING *BAUHAUS*
CORPORATE SECRETS.
NO--HE'S TOTING THIS
GASKET-THING INSTEAD.
DAMN BOX WEIGHS A
FREAKING *TON*!

NEXT THING I KNOW COLLINS
AND MACARTHUR ARE *DEAD*
AS LAST NIGHT'S PROPHYLACTIC,
AND A MOB OF PISSED-OFF
MONSTERS ARE CRAWLING UP
MY BUTT, READY TO RIP
ME A NEW ONE.

NOW I GOTTA RUN FOR
MY *LIFE*, WHICH IS A NEAT
TRICK THANKS TO THIS
LEAD-FILLED FOOTLOCKER!

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT
ABOUT THIS DAMN
CRATE ANYWAY?



AND WHY DO THESE
DARK LEGION CREEPS
WANT IT SO BAD?

SAME OLD STORY--
NEVER AN *INQUISITOR*
AROUND WHEN YOU
NEED ONE.



**BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!**



I MEAN--ISN'T THE
BROTHERHOOD SUPPOSED
TO PROTECT US FROM
CREEPS LIKE THESE?

END OF THE LINE.
NO MORE *PIER*
TO FISH ON.



WELL, JAKE KRAMER,
TIME TO *KISS* YOUR ASS
GOODBYE, JUST DON'T
MAKE IT A LONG SLOPPY
WET ONE.





AT LEAST
THINGS CAN'T
GET ANY
WORSE.



CLICK
CLICK

THAT'S ANOTHER
THING MY MAMA
TOLD ME: THINGS
CAN *ALWAYS*
GET WORSE.



YOU WANT
IT SO BAD--
TAKE IT!

UNNGH

ERRFF



WHIRRRRR!

WHAT
THE HELL
IS THAT?

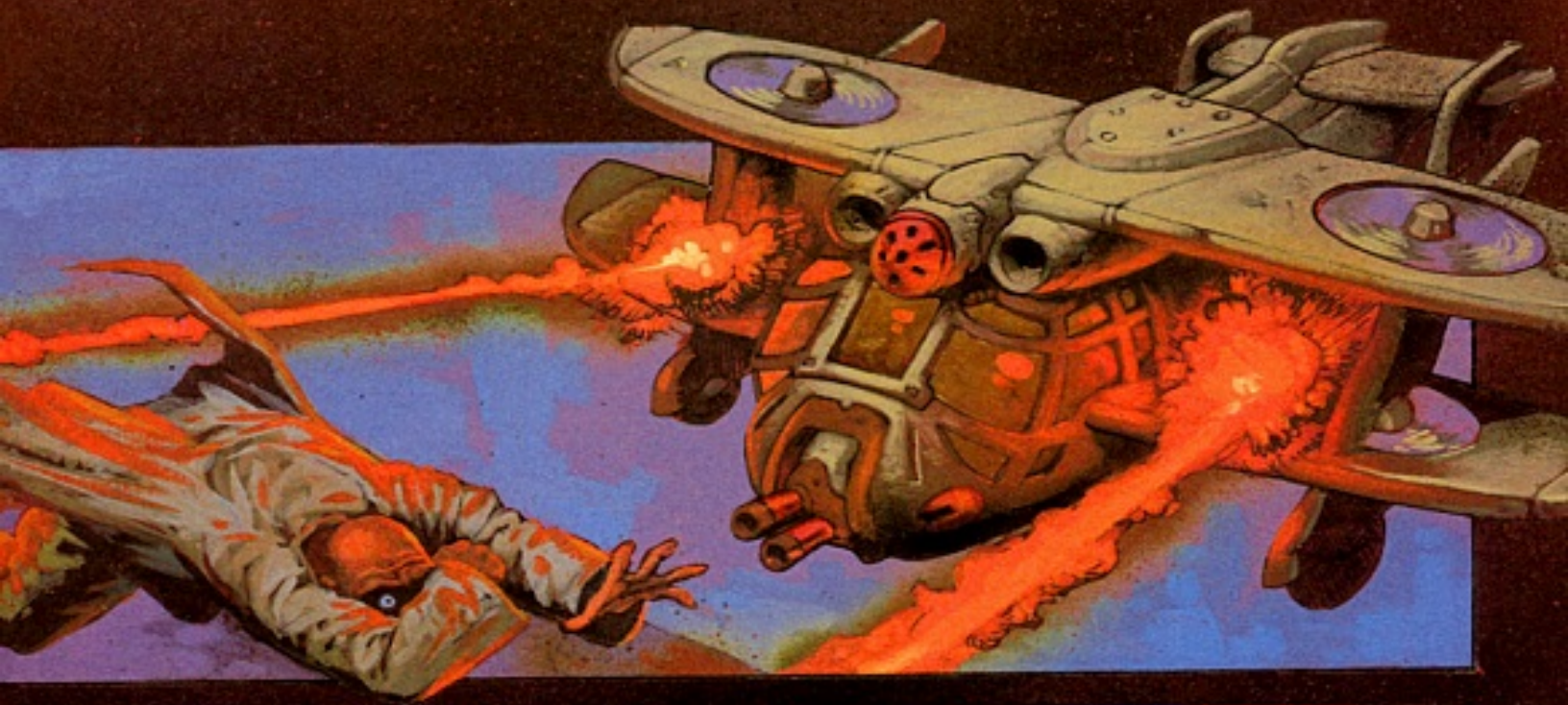


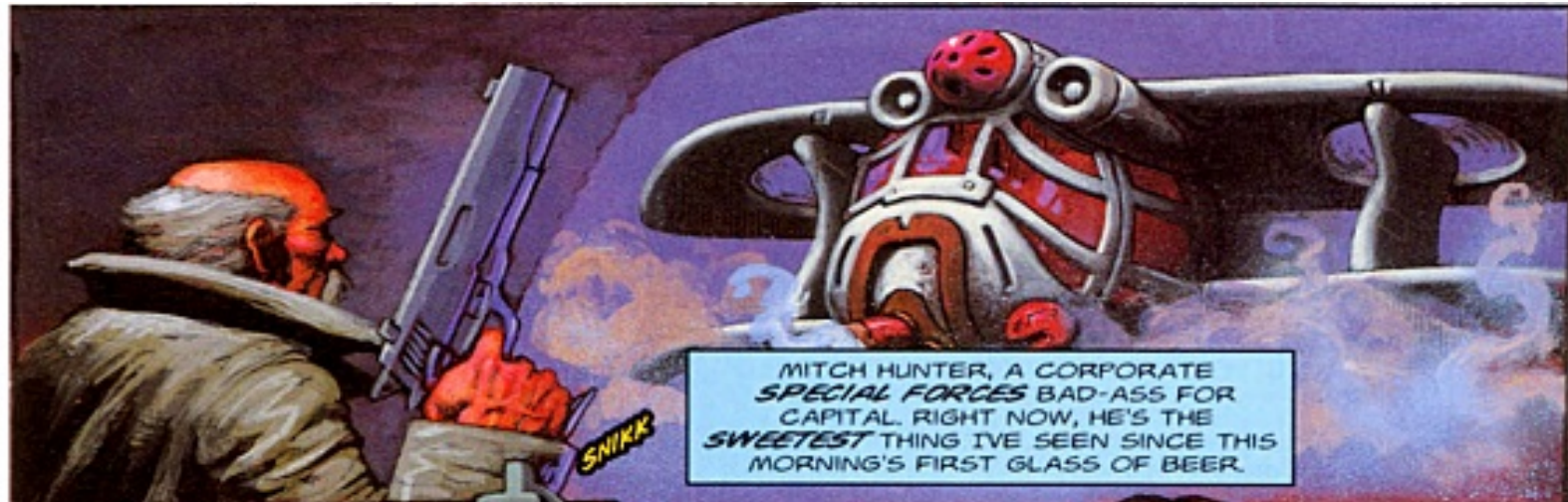
**KRAMER!
GET DOWN!**



HUNTER,
YOU
ASSHO--







MITCH HUNTER, A CORPORATE *SPECIAL FORCES* BAD-ASS FOR CAPITAL. RIGHT NOW, HE'S THE *SWEETEST* THING I'VE SEEN SINCE THIS MORNING'S FIRST GLASS OF BEER.

SNIKK



WHAT
KEPT YOU,
WAR HERO?
STUCK IN
TRAFFIC?



SSHCA-CHAK!



SHUT IT,
KRAMER.

CALL IT
A *HUNCH*, BUT
I'M BEGINNING
TO THINK YOU
DON'T *LIKE* ME,
HUNTER.



THAT'S NO
HUNCH, KRAMER.
IN FACT, *NOBODY*
LIKES YOU.



WHERE'S COLLINS AND
MACARTHUR?



SLIGHTLY
DECEASED.
BOTH OF
THEM.



NECROMUTANTS!
THEY SERVE THE
DARKNESS...NOT
BAUHAUS.



PRETTY NIFTY
RIDE YOU HAVE THERE.
PAID FOR?

STOLE IT
ON THE WAY
OVER.

YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU BAGGED
A BAUHAUS *MILITARY GYRO?*
HOPE YOU DIDN'T LEAVE
ANY FINGERPRINTS.

KA-BOOM

GUESS
NOT.

NICE
SHOT. HAVE
A CIGAR.





YOU CALL THIS
"NOTHING"?



AND YOU
WILL TOO,
HUNTER--UNLESS
AN INQUISITION
CONFESION CELL
IS YOUR IDEA
OF R&R.



C'MON,
CAPITOL WILL
STILL GIVE US
TWENTY-TO-LIFE FOR
COMPROMISING THIS
OPERATION.

WE'RE NOT
AT *WAR* WITH
BAUHAUS ANYMORE,
REMEMBER?



WHATEVER
SCHMIDT WAS
CARRYING IT
WAS FOR THE
DARK LEGION.
SOMEBODY
INSIDE BAUHAUS
IS MAKING
DEALS.



SO?



SO--WE
WASTE THEM.
NOW!



JUST
YOU AND
ME AGAINST
BAUHAUS *AND*
THE DARK LEGION?
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE
A FEW ROUNDS
SHORT OF A
FULL CLIP.



WE DON'T
DO IT ALONE,
FAT MAN--WE GET
A "SPECIALIST"
TO HELP.

YEAH--
YOU NEED
A SPECIALIST
ALRIGHT.

STAHLER
PALACE,
HEIMBURG.

LORD MARSHALL
ERWIN STAHLER,
UNDER-SECRETARY
IN THE MINISTRY
OF DEFENSE.

I HAVE
FINISHED
FOR THE EVENING,
WERNER. YOU MAY
GO NOW.

YES, SIR.
THANK YOU, HERR
STAHLER.

IN THE
NAME OF
ALGEROTH,
I SEEK
COUNSEL.

MMMMMMMMMMMM



STAHLER--YOU
HAVE RECOVERED
THE *EYE* FROM THE
BROTHERHOOD'S
VAULTS.

YES, MISTRESS,
BUT I REGRET TO
REPORT THERE HAVE
BEEN SOME...
COMPLICATIONS.



COMPLICATIONS?
EXPLAIN!



OUR AGENT
WAS INTERCEPTED
AFTER LIBERATING THE
CASKET FROM
THE VAULTS.

I HAVE
DISPATCHED MY
COHORT TO RETRIEVE
THE EYE, BUT IT IS
TEMPORARILY
UNSHIELDED.

UNSHIELDED!
IDIOT! IN THE HANDS
OF *UNBELIEVERS*, THE
BROTHERHOOD'S SEERS
CAN TRACE IT!





YES,
MISTRESS.
BUT IT WILL NOT
BE OUT OF OUR
CONTROL FOR
LONG.



STAHLE,
YOU ARE MY
MOST FAVORED AND
TRUSTED SLAVE, BUT
I MUST HAVE THE EYE.
THE GREAT WORK
DEPENDS
ON IT.

DO NOT
FAIL ME AGAIN.
I NEEDNT REMIND
YOU--THE GIFT OF THE
DARK TECHNOLOGY
CAN BE
RESCINDED.



YES,
MISTRESS.
I WILL NOT
FAIL.



VMMMMMMMMMM



ONCE THE
EYE IS IN MY
HANDS, WE SHALL SEE
WHAT HAPPENS...
MISTRESS.



THE CLUB
ARKADIN. HOME
AWAY FROM HOME
FOR HALF THE
MERCENARIES
IN THE SOLAR
SYSTEM.



THIS IS
NOT A GOOD
IDEA, HUNTER.
SHE'S COMPLETELY
IRRATIONAL.
SHE WORKS FOR
BAUHAUS--AND SHE
STILL HATES YOU
FOR THAT *SCAR*
YOU GAVE
HER.



MAYBE--
BUT SHE HATES
THE *HERETICS*
MORE.



MAYBE *YOU'VE*
FORGOTTEN THE
FACT THAT SHE ONCE
ALMOST *GUTTED*
YOU--BUT I SURE
HAVEN'T.

THAT WAS
A LONG TIME
AGO, DURING THE
GREAT CORPORATE
CHALLENGE.







THIS IS
NOT OF
THE DARK
LEGION.



CAPITOLIAN
ISSUE. 6.55MM.
I SENSE A
PRESENCE--
HUNTER.



HUNTER?
THEN CAPITOL
MEGACORPORATION
IS INVOLVED.



AND IT
LOOKS LIKE
HIS DOG *KRAMER*
IS WITH HIM,
AS WELL...



THIS REQUIRES
AN *EXPLANATION*.
CRENSHAW, YOU MUST
FIND IT. THE ARK MUST
BE LOCATED AND
RETURNED TO THE
SACRED VAULTS.

YES,
EXCELLENCY.
I UNDERSTAND.



AND NO
LOOSE ENDS,
MY SON.



NONE,
EXCELLENCY.



YOU TOOK OUT
ERWIN STAHLER'S
BEST AGENT? I SHOULD
REPORT YOU IMMEDIATELY
TO DIRECTOR LANG AT
THE MINISTRY
OF FEAR.

YEAH--
BUT YOU
WON'T.

NO,
BECAUSE
IF WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING IS **TRUE**,
THERE ARE
HERECTICS
THERE.

THEN
YOU **BELIEVE**
US?

NO--I
BELIEVE
HIM.

THEN
LET'S GET
MOVING.

KER-BLAM

THINGS
SURE GOT **DEAD**
IN HERE.

STAHLER TOWER, HEIMBURG.
THE PENTHOUSE OF SENIOR
BAUHAUS SECURITY CHIEF
HENRIK WOLFE.





I'M SORRY, LADIES, BUT SOMETHING MORE *AMUSING* HAS COME UP. PLEASE ENTERTAIN YOURSELVES, I'LL REJOIN YOU SHORTLY.



I'M TWENTY YEARS TOO *OLD* AND FORTY POUNDS TOO *FAT* FOR THIS NONSENSE.



TRUST DUVAL TO USE HER BAUHAUS *CONNECTIONS* TO TAKE THE EASY ROUTE. I *HATE* A WOMAN WHO HOLDS A GRUDGE.



HOPE DUVAL'S *CREDENTIALS* ARE IN ORDER; HATE TO BE BREAKING INTO A *TRAP*.



THE *COURIER* WAS TAKING THE PACKAGE TO LORD MARSHAL ERWIN STAHLER, SO FIRST STOP: STAHLER'S *DIGS*.









IT'S WOLFE! THE TOP ENFORCER FOR THE BAUHAUS ELITE. A FREAKING ONE-MAN DEATH SQUAD FROM A LONG LINE OF 'GENTLEMAN' ASSASSINS.





TWO MORE HEARTBEATS
AND I'M A MEMBER OF
THE DEAR DEPARTED.
SOME DAY *THIS* TURNED
OUT TO BE.



GRENADE.
DAMNATION.



TIME TO GO
THIS PARTY'S
GETTING OUT
OF HAND.



KER-BANGGGG







GOOD EVENING,
MR. KRAMER...AND
GOODBYE.

A RAZIDE,
NOW I REALLY
AM DEAD.

TO BE CONTINUED!

MUTANT CHRONICLES

THE HISTORY THUS FAR...

THE PAST

Huge corporations rendered the world's nations obsolete. The Earth was more and more controlled by immense businesses instead of governments. Progress, they called it. Mankind thought that the old national and ethnic hatreds would be erased by the arrival of these new governments.

Yet ambition reared its ferocious head and destroyed all hope of peace. The megacorporations endlessly strove against one another to achieve a strategic advantage. They would do anything in the name of profit. The corporations cared for little besides the elimination of their rivals in their quest for gain.

THE EXODUS

By the twenty-third century, mankind exhausted its only home. Over a period of centuries, the gigantic corporations competed for meaningless profit while they defiled the Earth with war and pollution. Man could no longer exist on the world that birthed him.

Faced with extinction, mankind turned its ambition from war towards salvation. The corporations rallied to save themselves and

designed a way for mankind to find new homes in the other planets of the solar system. The huge spacecraft the Ancients called Arks carried the precious seeds of mankind in their hulls, but many were left behind to wander the Cursed Lands of a Dead Earth.

THE MEGACORPORATIONS

Four corporations survived to colonize the solar system: Capitol, Bauhaus, Mishima and Imperial. Massive Capitol claimed Mars as its own and successfully named its settlements the Freedom Lands and spread its Pioneers over the planet. On the moon, Capitol erected Luna, the largest and most famed city in the system.

Efficient Bauhaus built its colonies in the sweltering jungles of Venus, where its Homebuilders worked exhaustively to carve out a home for future generations. Honorable Mishima constructed its cities in the huge caverns of Mercury. Thousands of workers slaved away in dark, wretched tunnels in order to glorify the name of the Great Mishiman Overlord.

Last to join in the leap into space, small but proud Imperial was left to find itself room wherever possible, surviving by sending its Conquistadors to seize territories where no man had set its foot before.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE DARKNESS

Small but haughty, Imperial soon wrought what proved to be the bane of Mankind. In a desperate quest for land, the Conquistadors landed on Pluto to explore the cold, dark and hostile planet. An expedition revealed a discovery as frightening as it was mysterious—a strange metallic tablet, buried several miles beneath the planet's surface. Over the garbled static of their intercoms, the expedition managed to relay news of their strange finding. Then all was silent.

Gradually, an evil, ancient force permeated the solar system. The thinking machines which had brought man such unparalleled wealth, comfort and happiness, ran amok or malfunctioned. Madness and violence seeped through people's souls. The masses disobeyed their masters and scorned their beloved. Chaos ensued while the corporations bickered amongst themselves. The conflicts escalated into the First Corporate Wars, where brother slew brother and the fruits of war were nothing but pain and grief.

Copyright © 1996 Target Games AB. All Rights Reserved. Doomtrooper, MUTANT CHRONICLES and all character names and the distinctive likeness(es) thereof are Trademarks of Target Games AB.



THE BROTHERHOOD



It was during these dark years that a seemingly insignificant man of Bauhaus descent, Nathaniel Durand, gave the dark forces at work a name, the Dark Symmetry. It was also he that first unveiled and manipulated the astral powers that hold our universe together, by using the mysterious and secretive ways of the Art, and he used these to resist the Dark Symmetry. Realizing that mankind must ever be vigilant against the Darkness, he founded the Brotherhood, a breakwall that stood strong against the flows of the Dark Symmetry, and he taught his most pure-minded followers the ways of the Art, he made them Mystics, Inquisitors and Mortificators and charged them with guarding mankind against the Darkness.

Slowly, man extricated himself from the influences of the Dark Symmetry. The system was at peace for a time—until Imperial discovered a previously unknown tenth planet in the solar system, which they named Nero.

Brotherhood scribes have it that this fatal move was what awoke the Dark Legion and summoned them to our worlds. The Seventh Seal of Repulsion had been broken, and the world would never be the same.

THE DARK LEGION



Almost overnight, mankind found itself under attack from nearly every side. Endless hordes of hideous creatures assaulted the human settlements on every planet. Immense Nepharites led unholy armies of inhuman Necromutants and Undead Legionnaires against the unprepared humans. The megacorporations stood helpless before the relentless onslaught of these nightmarish forces. This Dark assault stretched the Brotherhood to the breaking point.

One after the other, mankind's foes appeared in all their horrendous might. Five Apostles led the Dark Legions—Algeroth, Apostle of War and Dark Technology; Ilan, Mistress of the Void; Mutwijhe, Lord of Insanity; Semai, Prince of Lies; and Demnogonis, the Befouler—and each of these spawns of the Dark Symmetry had its own evil plan for the destruction of mankind.



THE VENUSIAN CRUSADE

Kneeling under the yoke of the Apostles' unstoppable assaults, mankind finally lay internal feuds aside and mustered under the banners of Cardinal Nathaniel Durand. The First Venusian Crusade was announced, and like a scythe the united forces of mankind's finest fell over the armies of the

five Apostles. Slowly but surely,

the combined might of the corporations and the Brotherhood forced the Dark Legion to a grinding halt in the midst of the mighty jungles of Venus.

Ten humans fell for every Necromutant, but there were no lives to spare in what seemed to be the final charge. After years and millions of human lives sacrificed for the cause, the Cardinal finally met Algeroth face to face, challenging him for the fate of the human worlds. Mortally wounded himself, the Cardinal expelled Algeroth from our worlds and seemingly, humanity was finally at peace.

An age of prosperity followed the Crusade's success. The corporations once again turned their minds toward profit and gain. The Brotherhood preached warnings to deaf ears. A new, mysterious corporation - Cybertronic - arose overnight. Neither the corporations nor the Brotherhood could pierce the secrets of Cybertronic's advanced technology. Some claimed that Cybertronic was just another manifestation of the Dark Symmetry, but nothing was ever proved.

Petty greed inevitably led all the corporations to begin fighting with one another once again. The Second Corporate Wars began.

NOW...

This time, there is no crusade. This time, the corporations battle their rivals more fiercely than ever before.

This time, the horrors of the Dark Legion are forgotten, but they are still not gone.

Now is the time to conquer our fear and stand strong against the tidal wave of the Dark Symmetry.

Now is the time for heroes.





"Well, what are you waiting for?"

NO.1 MAY \$2.95
4.25 CAN

DIRECT SALES



7 16892 88093 3