

"Angel of Hearth and Home"

Fig. A - A Field of Flowers, the air is fresh and clean.

Fig. B - Curtains Drawn, we have all that we need here.

Fig. C - A Porcelain Plate, the dining table set.

Fig. D - The Malignant Amalgam. It's organs shaped into machine.

Fig. E -

COVER BY CHANCELLOR STOKES
LOGO BY OCEAN ET



BIOFUNK: VULTUREPORN BY OET

PEARLS BY LUKE BAKER

SALAMANDER COUNTRY #2
BY LICHEN EUCHELLA

THE SHORE BY LATTICEPARABLE

HEAVEN'S BREACH BY OET

EXHUMED IN FLORIDA BY PORTAL

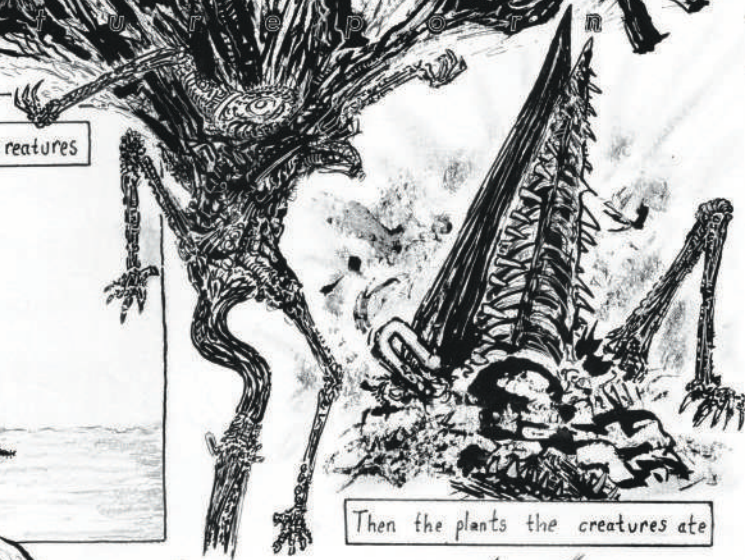
MECHWITCH BY GLENN PEARCE

ROADKILLER: PILOT BY OET



BLOOFUNK

It started with small creatures



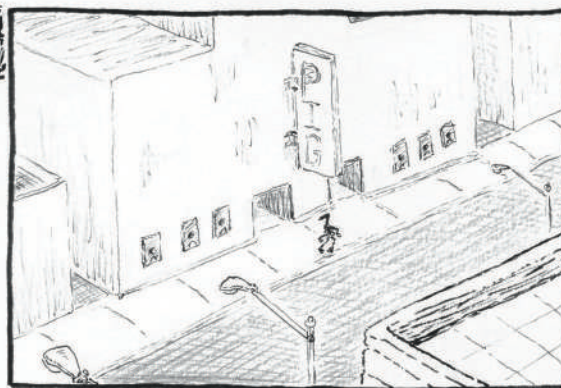
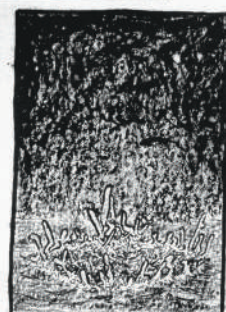
Then the plants the creatures ate



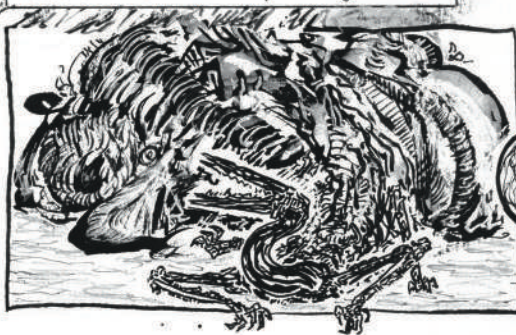
Lakes drunk to streams and forests gorged to deserts



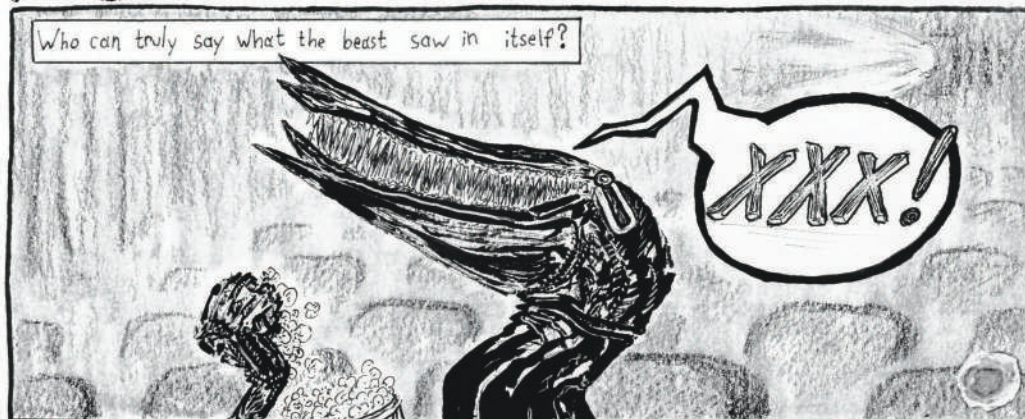
Until the desert bloomed as flesh



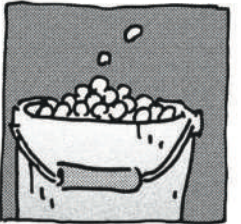
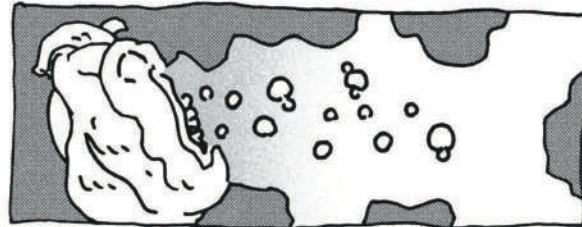
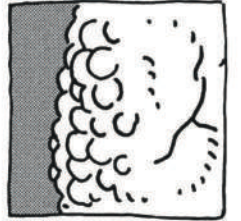
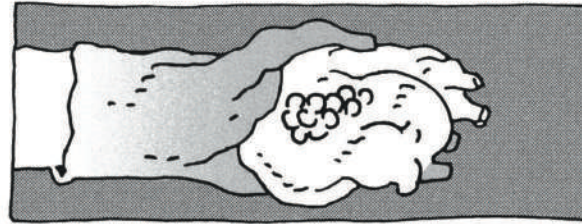
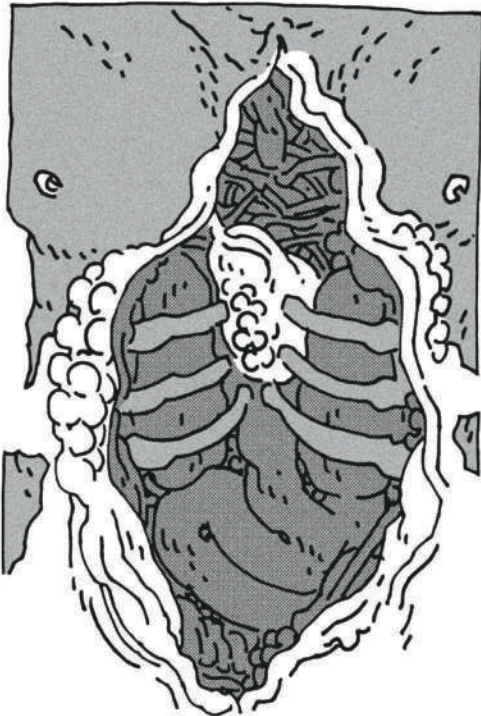
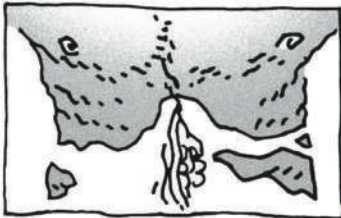
Then the earth the plants grew from



Who can truly say what the beast saw in itself?

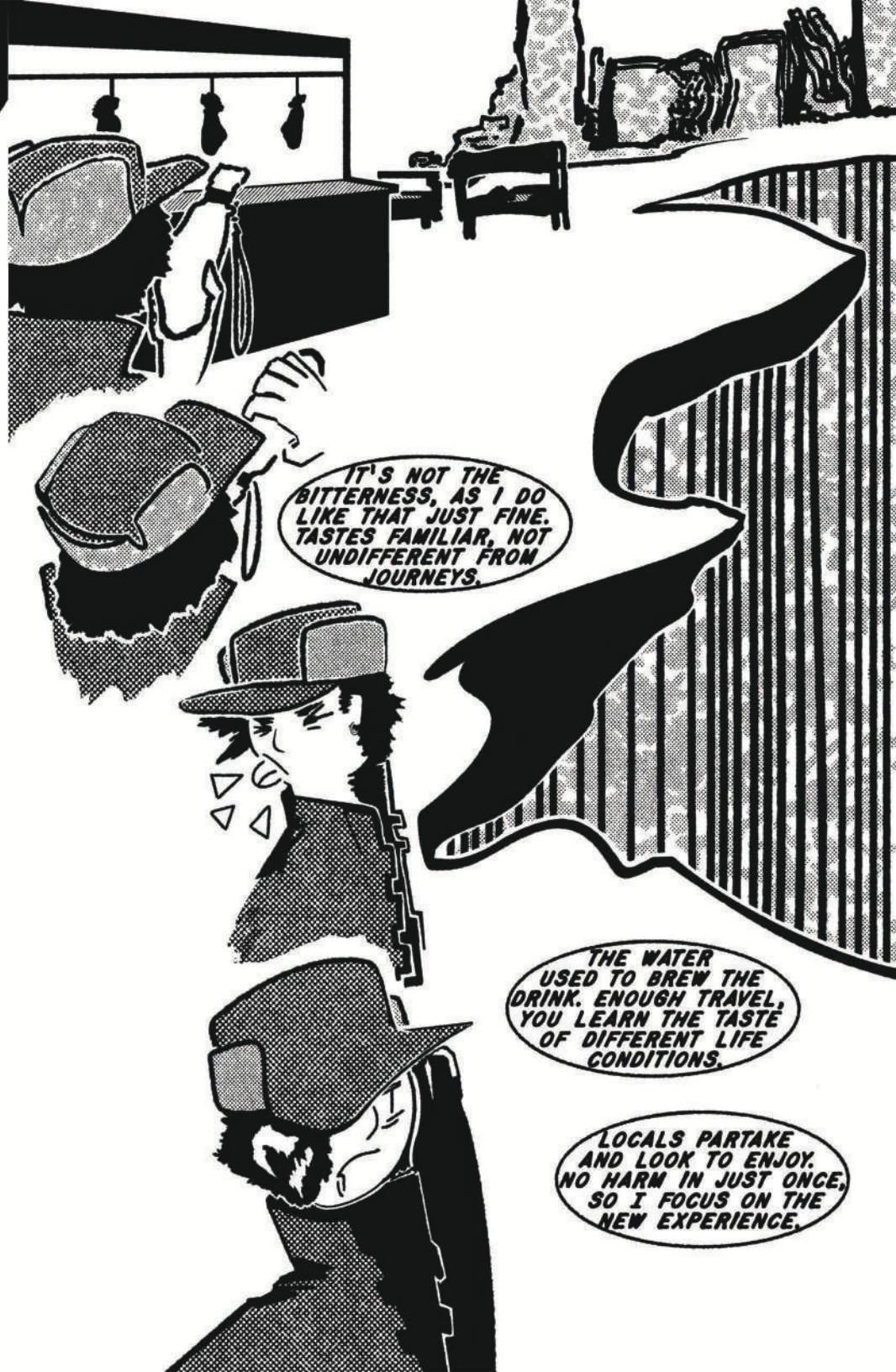
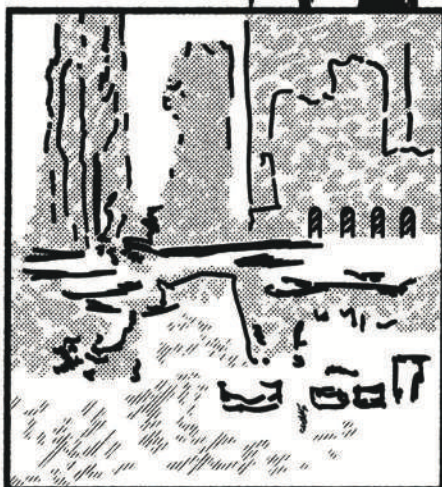


XXX!









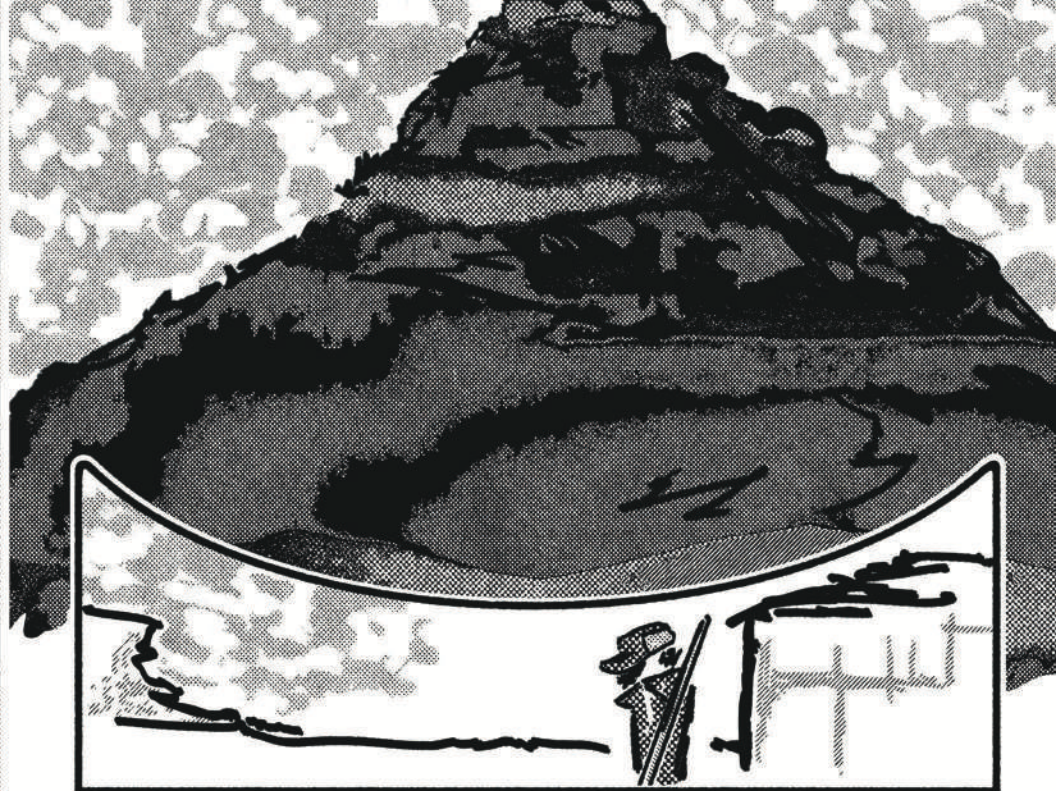
IT'S NOT THE BITTERNESS, AS I DO LIKE THAT JUST FINE. TASTES FAMILIAR, NOT UNDIFFERENT FROM JOURNEYS.

THE WATER USED TO BREW THE DRINK. ENOUGH TRAVEL, YOU LEARN THE TASTE OF DIFFERENT LIFE CONDITIONS.

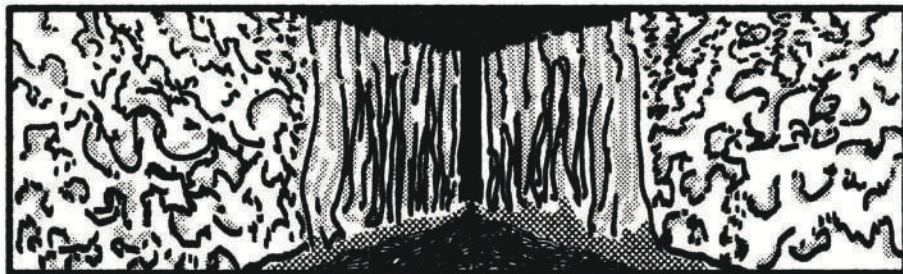
LOCALS PARTAKE AND LOOK TO ENJOY. NO HARM IN JUST ONCE, SO I FOCUS ON THE NEW EXPERIENCE.



THAT'S WHEN I
STARTED MENTAL NOTES,
WHEN I BEGAN TO SEE THE
FACES AROUND ME AND STUDIED
THE PEOPLE I PASSED BY ON
THE REST OF MY WALK TO
MOUNT SAINT FOREST.
"THE TOWER"







YOU
APPROACH
THE VILL
OF NO
WORDS



THESE HUDDLED SOULS ARE TOWER DWELLERS
WITHOUT HEARING OR SPEECH YOU COULD PERCEIVE.
MANY OF THEM KNOW YOUR KIND'S THOUGHTS ALREADY.
MY PLACE HERE IS FOR TALKING TO SOULS LIKE YOU.

ALL DWELLERS ARE SEEN AS UNWELCOME,
A PESTILENCE INSTEAD OF AFFLICTED PEOPLE.
AT TIMES THEY ARE EVEN HUNTED OR USED LIKE BEASTS.

THE RESHAPED DESCENDANTS OF THIS LAND
WHO HAVE ONLY THE SALAMANDERS TO TRUST.
THEY TOO ARE THE LAND BUT ESCAPED THE MUTATION.

YOUR PREY IS ON THEIR OWN HUNT,
HEADING DEEPER INTO THE TOWER,
WITHOUT CARE OF YOURS.



INSTEAD OF A
SELF-LIT PASSAGE,
LIKE SO MUCH OF
THE TOWER, I FOUND
DARKNESS. THE ROOM
BEGAN TO HEAT. THE
ENERGY CONDENSER
INSIDE MY GAUSS
RIFLE WENT
INERT.

MY HEAD
FELT FUZZY.

THOUGHTS
AND MEMORIES
LOST ROOT,
REPEATED BACK,
LOOPED.

I BEGAN
COLLAPSING
AND SWINGING

MACHINERY
QUIETED AND
COOLED AS LIGHT
RETURNED WHILE I
SOUGHT EGRESS.

THEN I SAW THE BODY.
IT WAS ONCE MY TARGET.
IT MOVED.

THE HALF-CARCASS SPOKE:
HE WAS A SALAMANDER, IMPRISONED BUT FREED UNDER CONDITION.
THE OLIGARCHS SEEK A COMPONENT OF THIS CARNIVOROUS ROOM
AND NEED SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THE TOWER.

HE INTENDED TO DESTROY THE OBJECT OF DESIRE, KNOWING
HE WOULD BE DEAD UPON RETRIEVAL OR NOT, BUT HE FAILED.

HE FIGURED A HUNTER WOULD COME NEXT
AND HE GOT A LAST MESSAGE TO THE SALAMANDERS PRIOR.

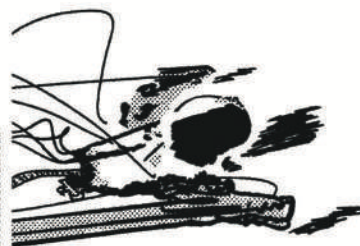
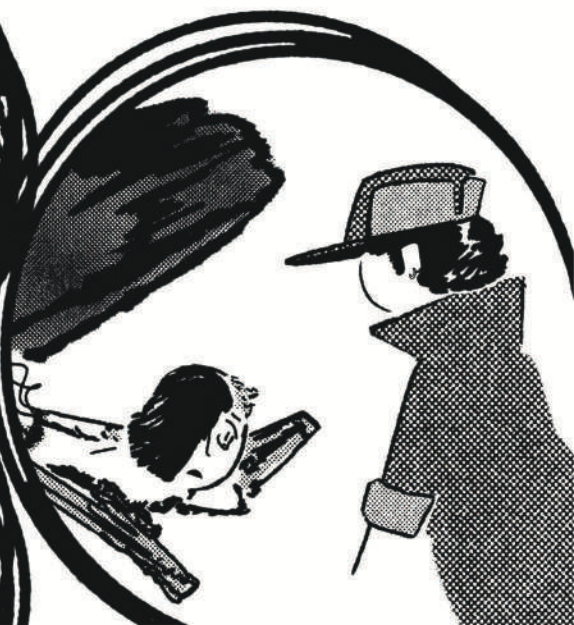


HE BEGS ME TO FINISH HIS QUEST OF DESTRUCTION.

BARELY PARSING AND BARELY ABLE TO RISE, I SILENTLY
AGREE TO THE ONE THING I AM ALWAYS CAPABLE OF
AS LONG AS I HAVE A MEASURE OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

I TRY TO STAND FOR A MOMENT, ATTEMPTING
TO REGAIN SOME COMPOSURE WHILE MY SENSES
ARE STILL DULL AND WEAKNESS LURKS NEAR.
I SEE FIGURES COMING AS I SLOWLY GET BACK OUT
WHILE WHAT REMAINS OF MY TARGET IS DRAGGED DEEPER IN.

THEY MUST BE HIS PEOPLE.



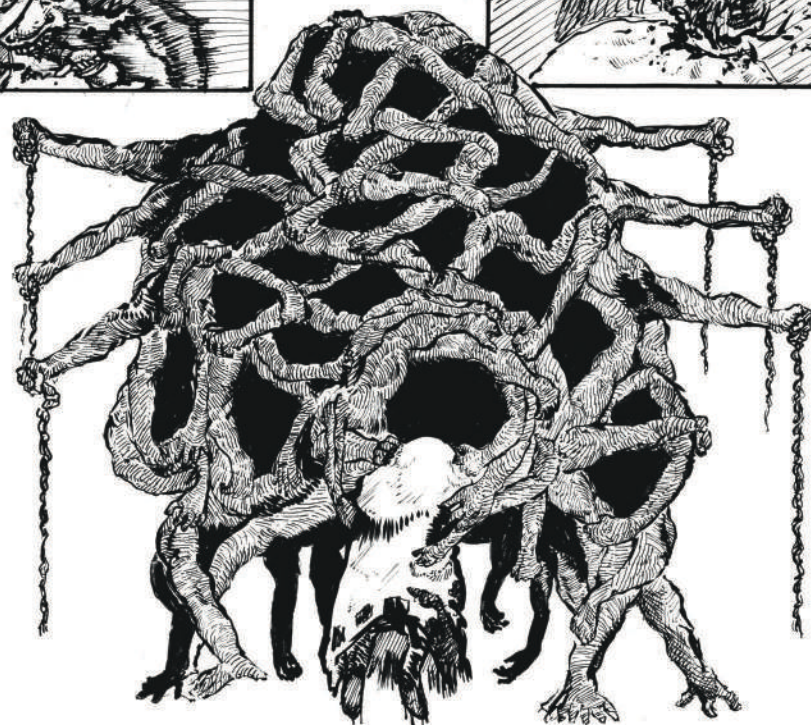
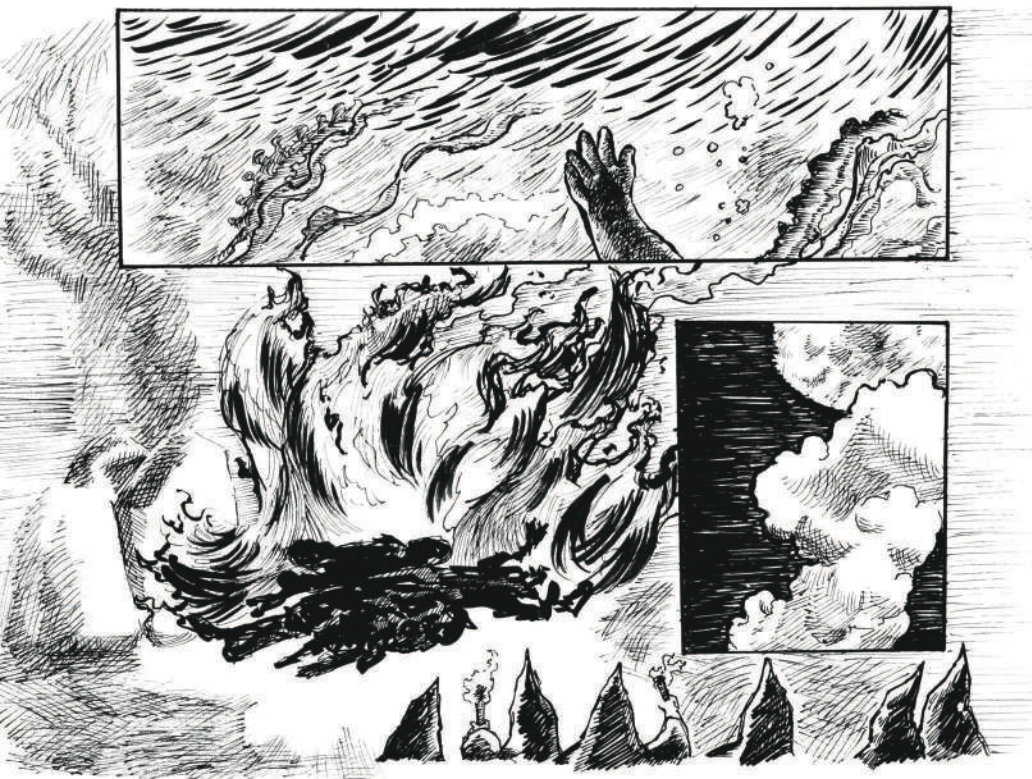
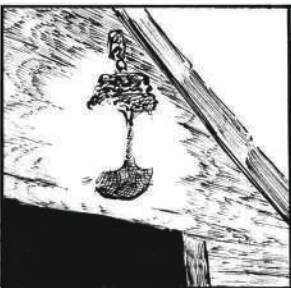
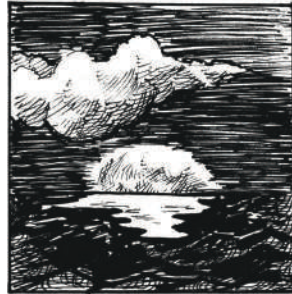
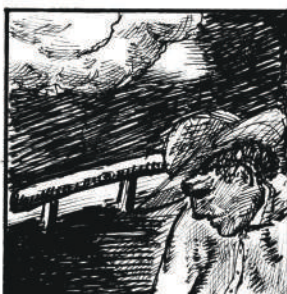
I'VE BEEN AFFECTED
BY WHATEVER IS HAPPENING ALL THE WAY OVER HERE.
ALTHOUGH I LIVE TO HUNT GAME, AND WILL HUNT
PEOPLE WHEN ASKED WITH GOOD REASON BY THE
RIGHT PARTIES, THAT IS NOT THE KIND OF NAIL THIS
HAMMER IS MEANT FOR.

I CAUGHT ONLY A GLIMPSE, BUT AN EYEFUL,
OF WHY THIS CONTINENT IS CALLED
THE WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS.

I NEED TO
LEARN FROM THESE PEOPLE.

I NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THEIR LAND





HEAVEN'S BREACH



by Ocean ET



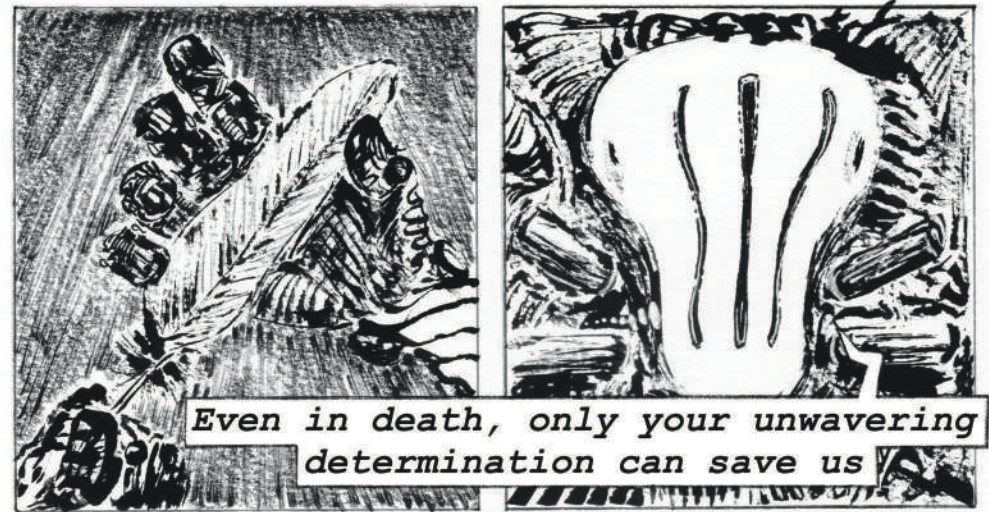
Hull fidelity compromised

Major godhead leak in sectors
Tigris through Yangtze

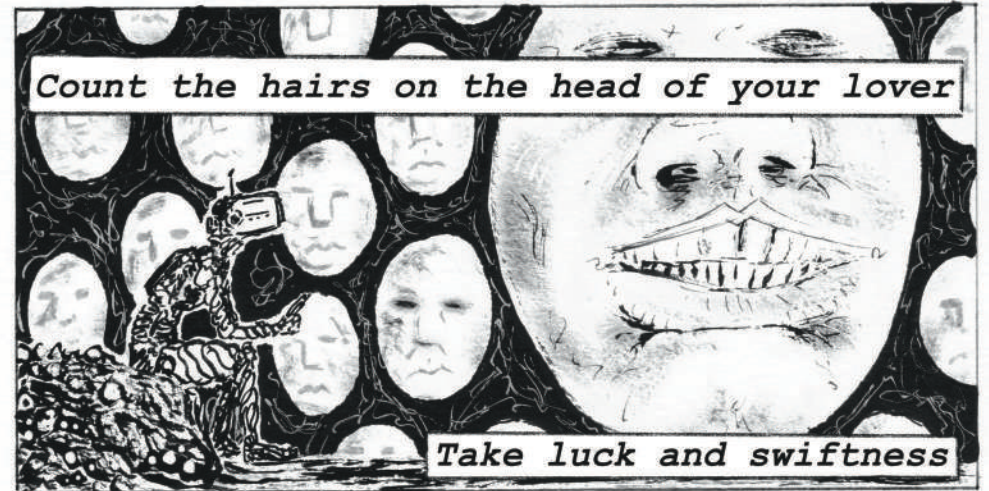
Karmic dampeners are offline

Code bronze

Find your sacraments

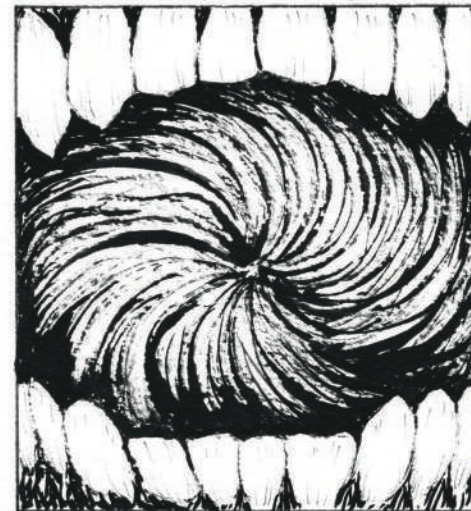


Even in death, only your unwavering
determination can save us



Count the hairs on the head of your lover

Take luck and swiftness





You seek the treasure

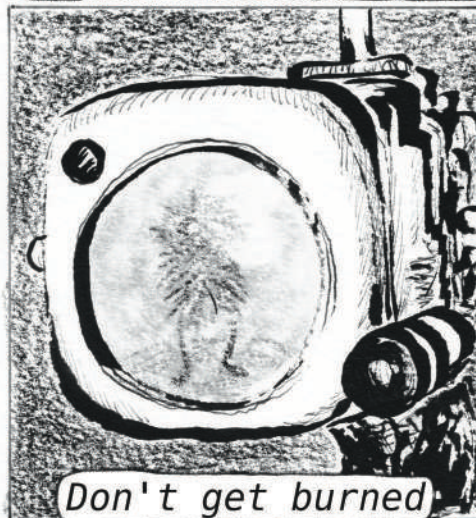


You won't rest 'til your eyes overflow with gold

I can see it



Your heart's a vessel



Don't get burned



Temple at 64% capacity

We need your faith

We need your strength



Without you

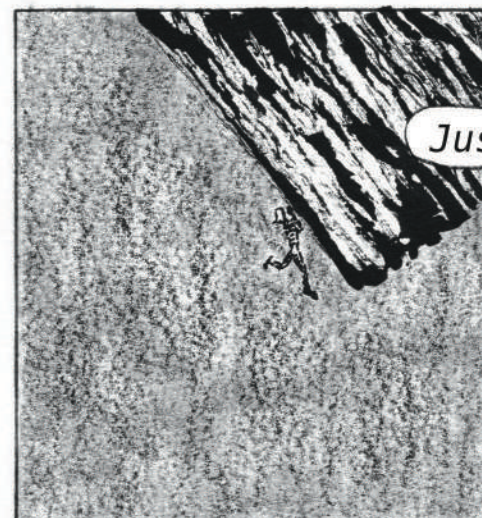
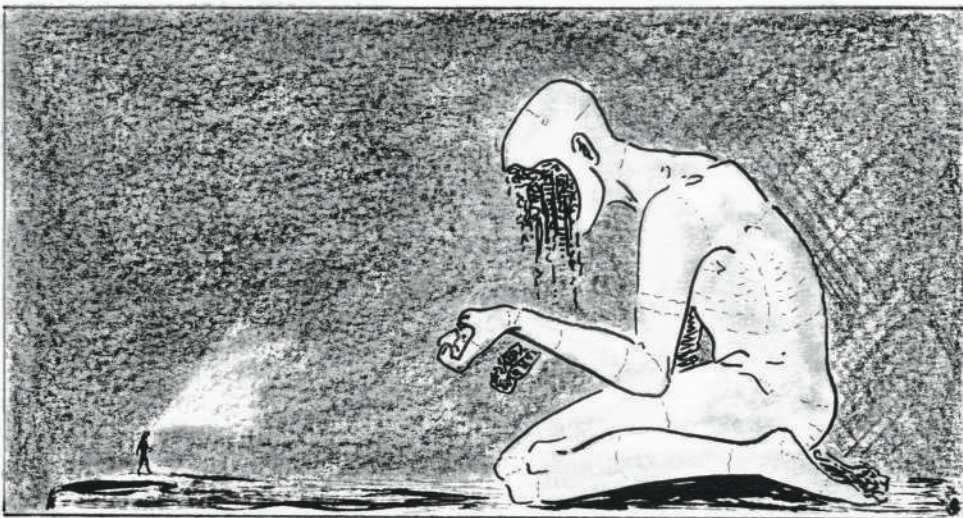
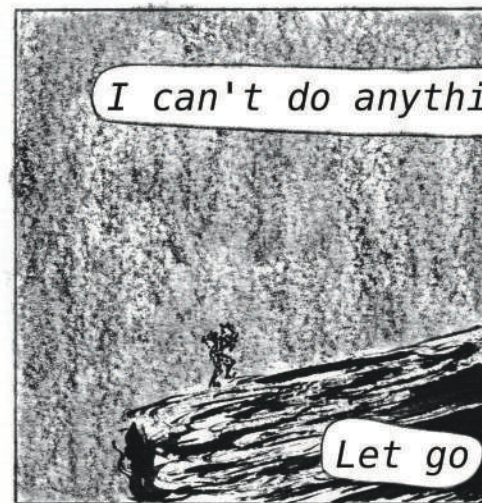
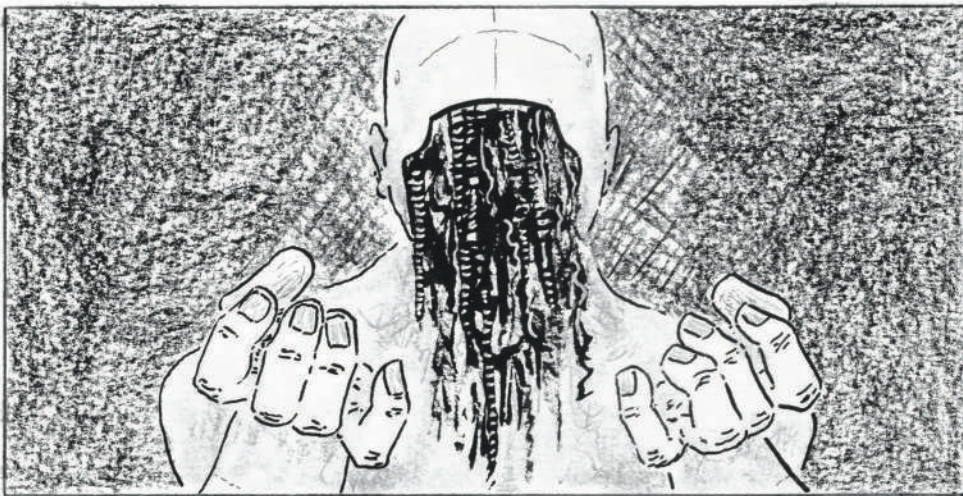
We will be forever lost

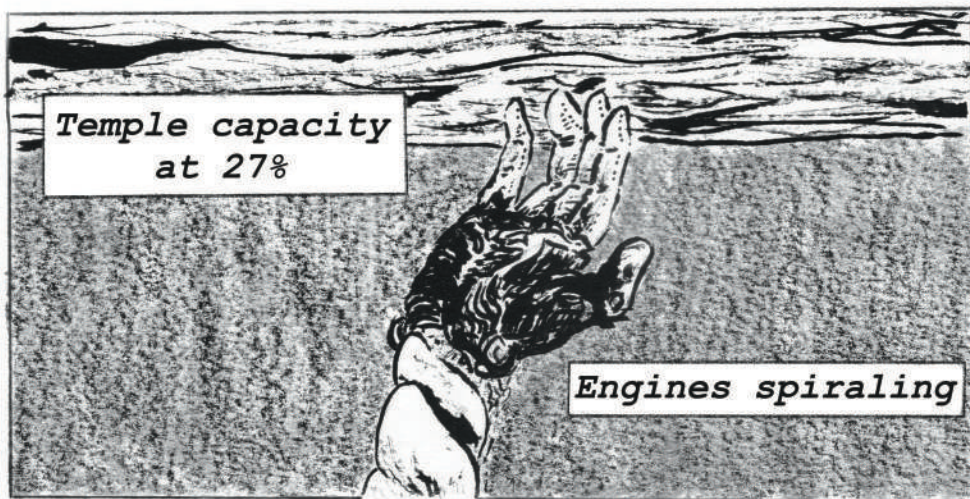
Hold on



Hold on.

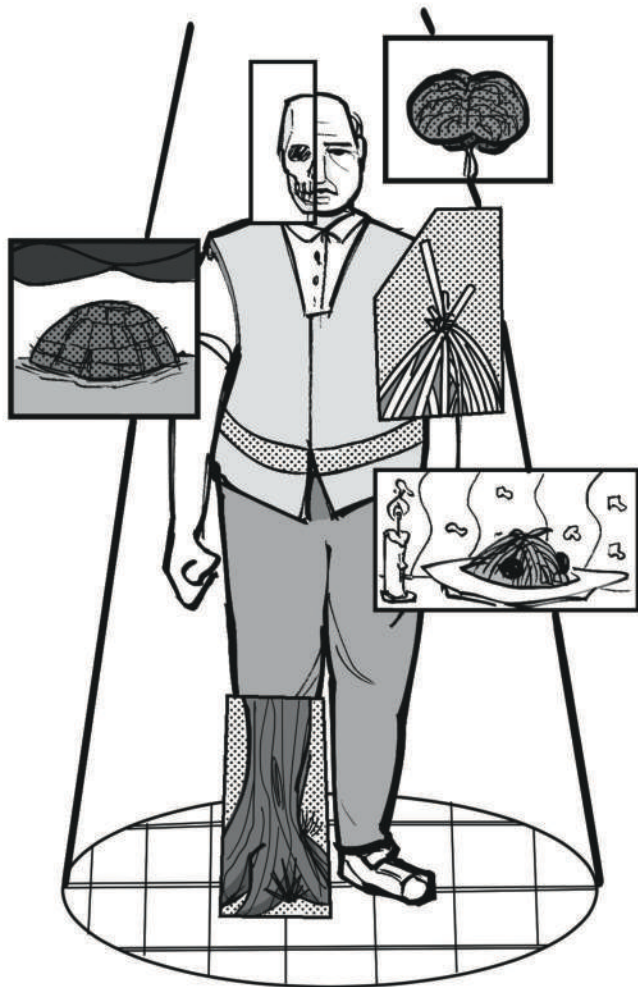




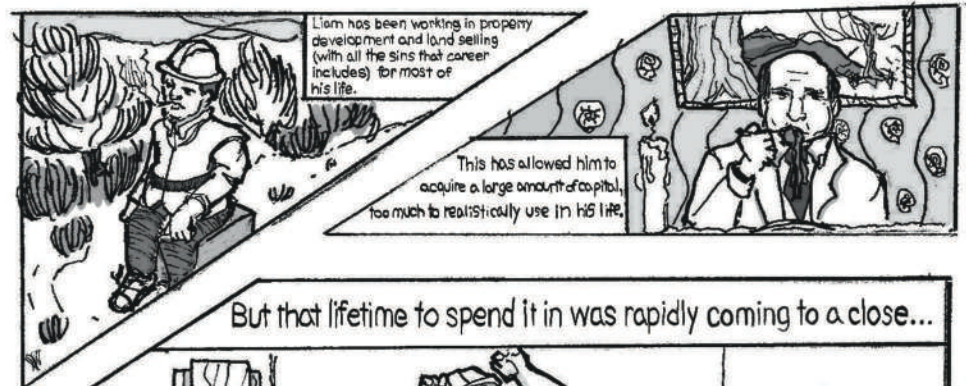
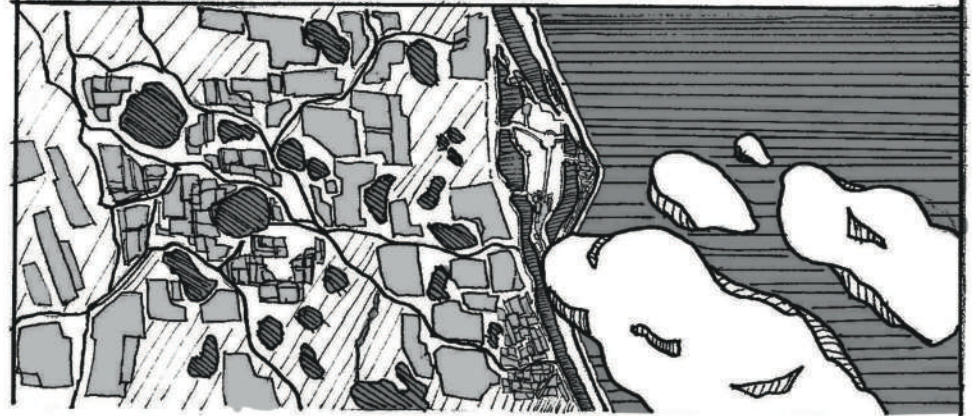


EXHUMED

IN *Florida*

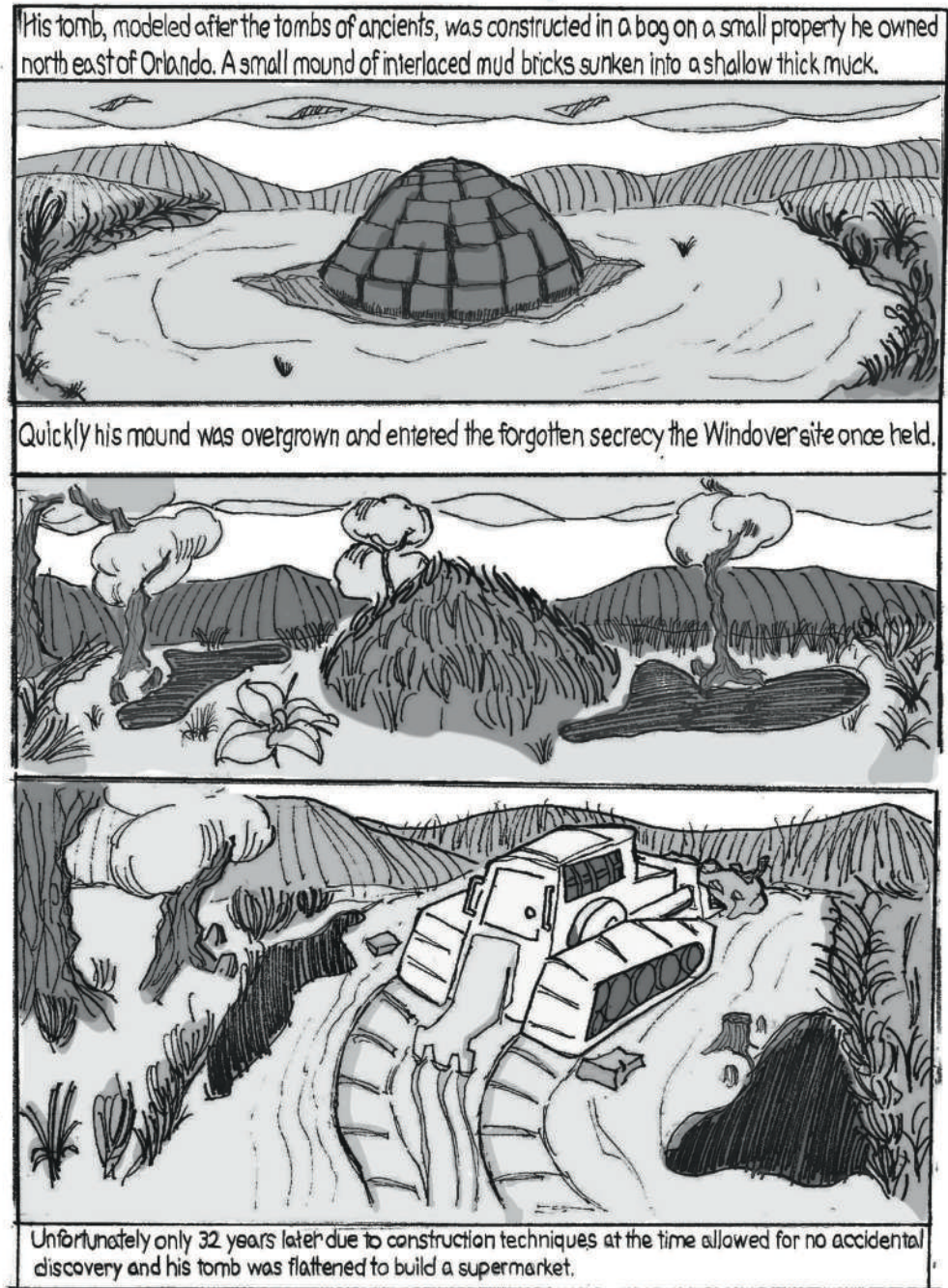
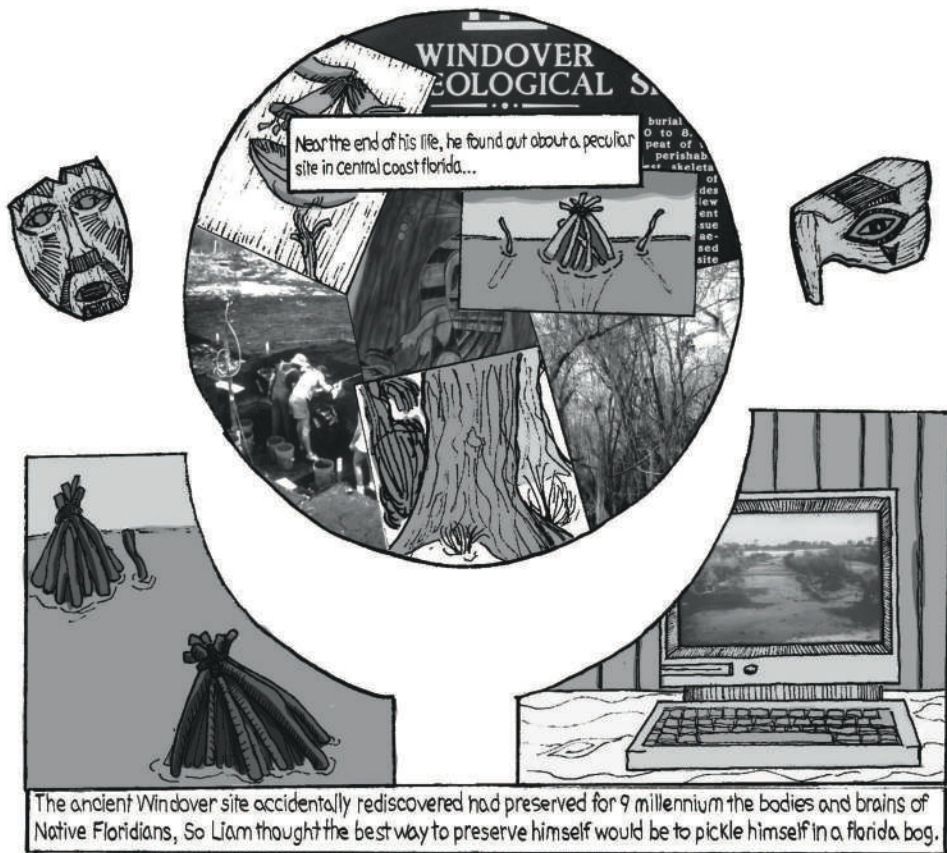


In the central and heartland region of Florida works the owner of a housing development and realty company, A man named Liam Blanchet...



But that lifetime to spend it in was rapidly coming to a close...





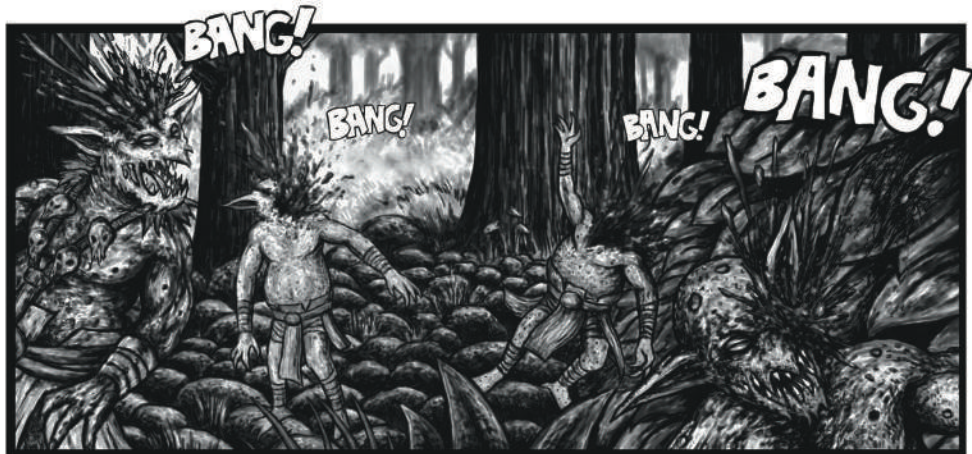


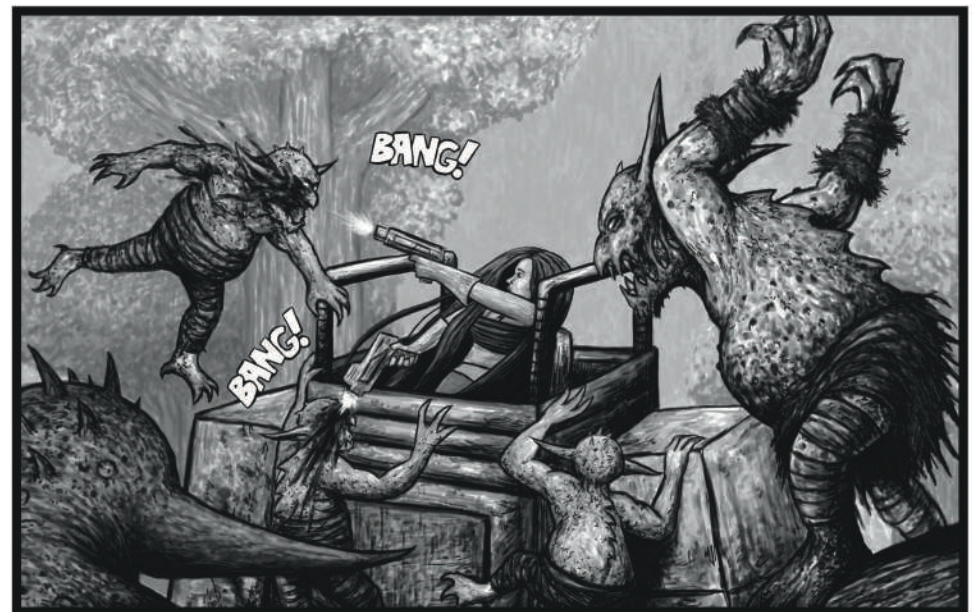
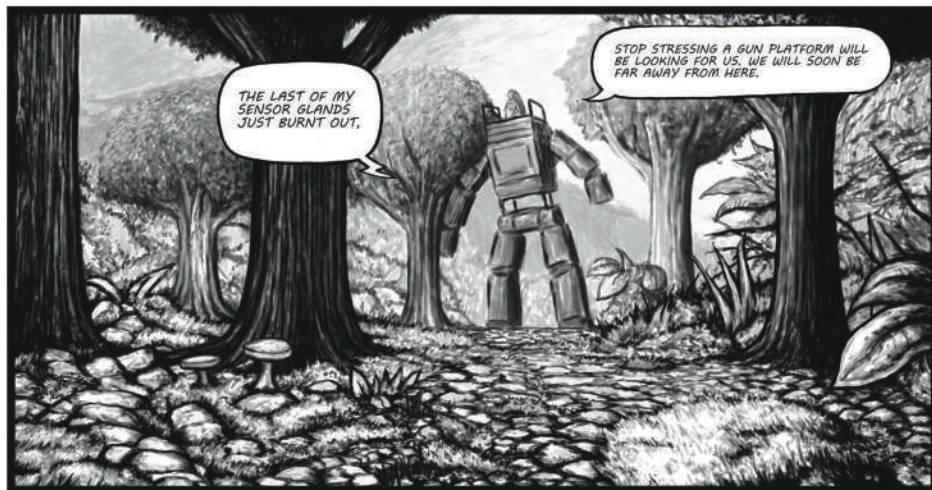
MECHWITCH. By Glenn Pearce.



STOP BEING STUPID AND BE SILENT.











I can't believe we pulled that off, we never have to work again!

How's that? Who'd pay that much for a buncha rocks anyway?

YOU CLODPOLE!
THIS IS
**GOLD!
PURE
GOLD!!**



And not just any gold, this is gold transmuted from **LEAD!** Entire mountain ranges were pit-mined and savannas paved over with solar farms to power the particle accelerator that forged these bricks!



Natural gold still flies on the black market, but ask any politician or whitecollar rube, the **0.01% run the WORLD** on the artificial gold standard!!



Of course we'll have to fake their authenticity certificates, and invest the profits in stocks and bonds...

Uh, question?

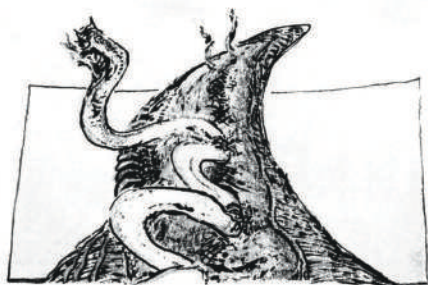


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**OCEAN ET
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FEATURING

JETSTREAM DISCO

