

Heavy Metal presents

# ALIEN



## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson

Based on Twentieth Century-Fox's science fiction hit, *Alien*





## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

**Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon. Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett.**

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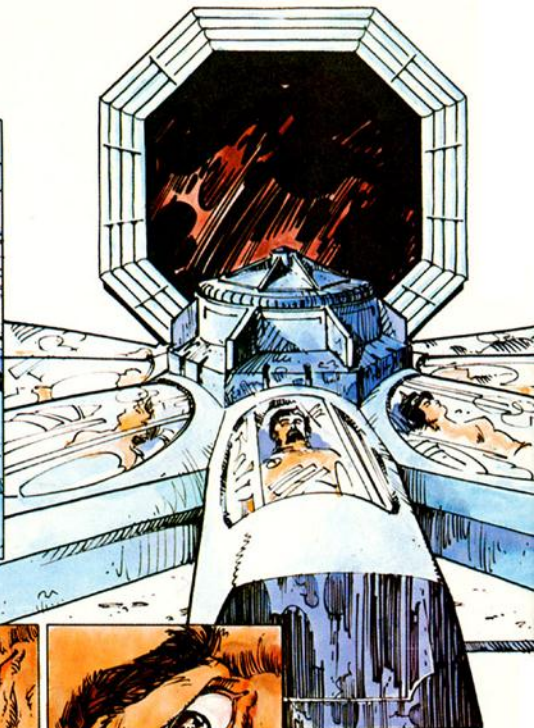
## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin  
and Walter Simonson

Distributed by Simon & Schuster



ENDING WITH THE  
SILENCE...



...A LONG, COLD  
SLEEP...





STIFFLY, SULENNLY, THEY  
ENTER, IGNORING THE  
EXECUTIVE OFFICER,  
KANE, FOR THE COFFEE  
HE'S BREWER

SHIP'S NAVIGATOR...



...LAMBERT.



IT'S CAPTAIN...  
DALLAS.



SCIENCE  
OFFICER...  
ASH.

WARRANT OFFICER...  
RIPLEY.



SEVEN BEINGS. TWO  
FEMALE. FIVE MALE.  
GRADUALLY BEGINNING  
TO FEEL HUMAN AGAIN.



ENGINEER...  
PARKER.



AND HIS  
TECHNICIAN...  
BRETT.



FORE WE  
DOCK, MAYBE  
WE'D BETTER GO  
OVER THE BONUS  
SITUATION.

RIGHT.

BRETT AND  
I THINK WE DE-  
SERVE A FULL  
SHARE.

YOU TWO  
WILL GET WHAT  
YOU CONTRACTED  
FOR, PARKER.  
LIKE EVERYONE  
ELSE.

EXCEPT MAYBE  
FOR JONES, THE  
DAMN CAT...



...EVERYONE  
ELSE GETS  
MORE THAN  
US.

RIGHT.



EVERYONE ELSE  
DESERVES MORE  
THAN YOU.

DALLAS...



...GOT A  
YELLOW  
LIGHT. MOTHER  
WANTS TO  
TALK TO  
YOU.



I SAW  
IT, ASH.

THE REST OF  
YOU HIT YOUR  
STATIONS.

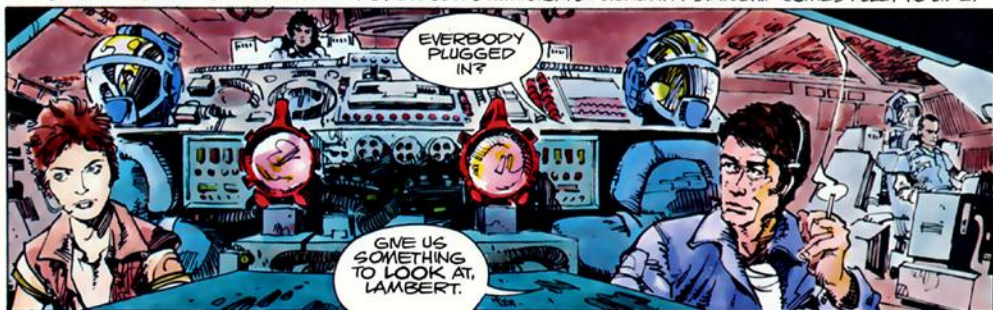
YELLOW LIGHT...



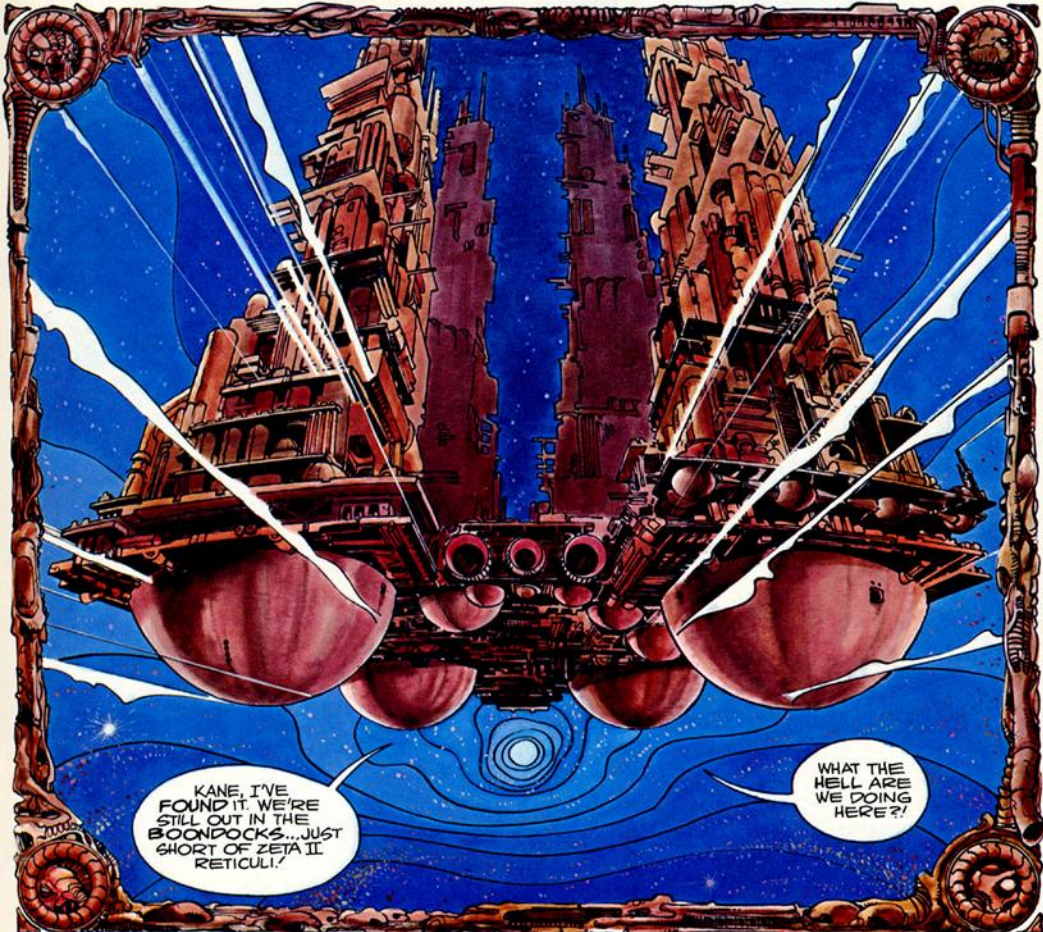
...CAPTAIN'S EYES ONLY...



THE BRIDGE. SWITCHES ARE THROWN. POWER CELLS HUM. LIGHTS FLICKER. A STARSHIP COMES TO LIFE.

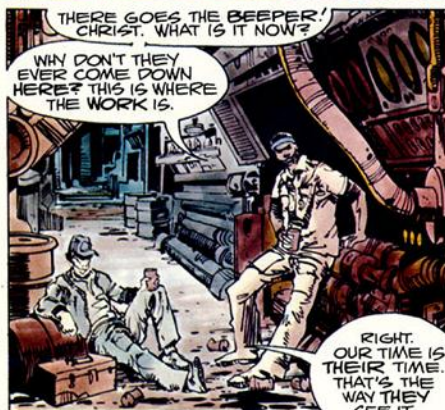






KANE, I'VE  
FOUND IT. WE'RE  
STILL OUT IN THE  
BOONDOCKS...JUST  
SHORT OF ZETA II  
RETICULI.

WHAT THE  
HELL ARE  
WE DOING  
HERE?!



THERE GOES THE BEEPER!  
CHRIST. WHAT IS IT NOW?

WHY DON'T THEY  
EVER COME DOWN  
HERE? THIS IS WHERE  
THE WORK IS.

RIGHT.  
OUR TIME IS  
THEIR TIME.  
THAT'S THE  
WAY THEY  
SEE IT.



IT'S WHY WE  
ONLY GET HALFA  
SHARE TO THEIR--

PARKER,  
THIS IS RIPLEY.  
CAN'T YOU TWO HEAR  
THE BEEPER? RE-  
PORT TO THE  
MESS.



I'LL TELL YOU  
SOMETHIN', BRETT...  
IT STINKS.



AS MOST OF US HAVE  
ALREADY FIGURED OUT...  
WE'RE NOT HOME. MOTHER'S  
INTERRUPTED OUR VOYAGE  
BACK TO EARTH.

WHAT THE  
HELL...?

WHY,  
DALLAS?

SHE'S PROGRAMMED TO DO  
THAT IF CERTAIN CONDITIONS  
ARISE, KANE. THEY HAVE  
SEEMS MOTHER INTER-  
CEPTED A TRANSMISSION  
OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN.

TRANSMISSION?  
OUT HERE...?

AN ACOUSTIC  
BEACON. IT RE-  
PEATS AT 32 SEC-  
OND INTERVALS.

IS IT AN  
S.O.S.?

HUMAN?

SO  
WHAT...?

CHRIST, I HATE  
TO SAY THIS... BUT  
WE'RE NOT A  
RESCUE  
TEAM.

BETTER REREAD  
THE FINE PRINT.

ANY SYSTEM-  
IZED TRANS-  
MISSION INDIC-  
ATING POSSIBLE  
INTELLIGENT  
ORIGIN MUST  
BE INVESTI-  
GATED..

UNKNOWN.

UNKNOWN.

THAT  
KINDA DUTY'S  
NOT IN OUR  
CONTRACT.  
BUT... IF IT'S  
FOR  
MONEY--

...UNDER  
PENALTY OF  
TOTAL  
FORFEIT-  
URE.

PARKER.  
BRETT.

UH...  
RIGHT.

WE'RE  
GOING IN.  
THAT'S IT.

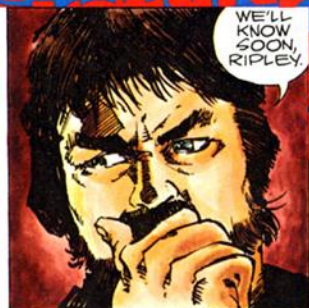
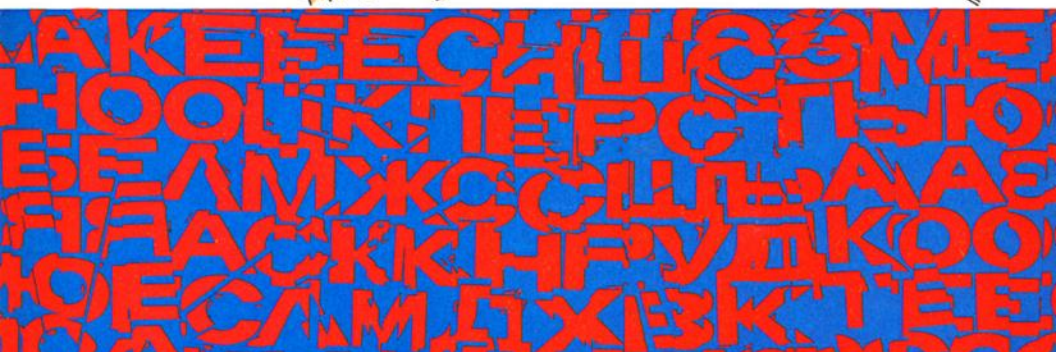
WE'RE  
GOIN'  
IN...  
...SIR.

WELL, ASH. CAN  
WE LAND ON IT?

SOMEONE  
DID.

THAT'S  
WHAT I  
MEAN.









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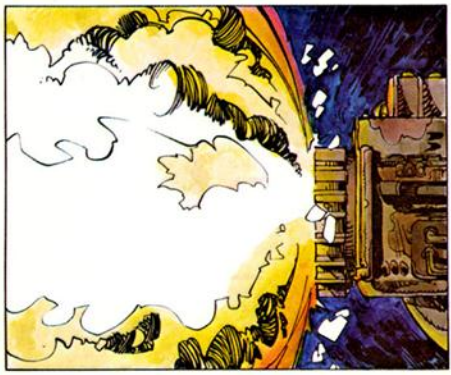
APPROACHING  
ORBITAL APOGEE.  
MARK: TWENTY  
SECONDS...



NINETEEN...  
EIGHTEEN...



ROLL 92  
DEGREE  
STAR  
BOARD  
YAW!



EQUATORIAL  
ORBIT NAILED!  
ASH, SHOUT IF  
THE EC PRES-  
SURE READING  
CHANGES.

WORRIED ABOUT RE-  
DUNDANCY MANAGEMENT  
DISABLING CMGS CON-  
TROL...? WE'LL AUGMENT  
WITH TACS AND MONITOR  
THROUGH  
COMPU-  
TER IN-  
TERFACE.



FEEL  
BETTER?



A LOT. PREPARE TO DISENGAGE...





L ALIGNMENT ON  
PORT AND STAR-  
BOARD IS GREEN.

GREEN ON  
SPINAL  
UMBILICUS  
SEVERANCE.

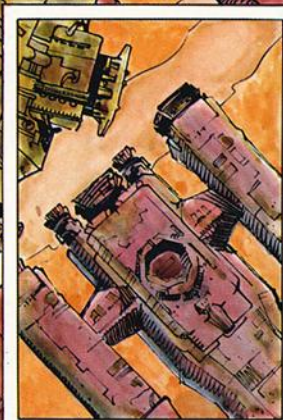


CROSSING THE TERMIN-  
ATOR. NIGHT SIDE COMING  
UP

STAND BY.  
FIVE SEC-  
ONDS. FOUR.  
THREE. TWO...  
ONE...



DISENGAGE.



OKAY. THE  
MONEY'S  
SAFE. LET'S  
GO DOWN-  
STAIRS.



DROPPING.  
50,000 METERS.  
DOWN. DOWN.  
40,000...

ENTERING  
ATMOSPHERE.





TURBULENCE,  
DALLAS...  
BAD.

AND NOT LIKELY TO  
GET BETTER. LET'S  
HAVE THE NAVA-  
TIONAL LIGHTS.



WHAT IN  
HELL WAS  
THAT?

PRESSURE DROP  
IN INTAKE THREE,  
PARKER.

GOD-  
DAMN!  
WE'VE  
LOST A  
SHIELD!

SHUT 'ER DOWN,  
BRETT! WE GOT  
AN ENGINE  
FULL'A  
CRAP!

THINK I'M NOT  
TRYIN'?! JEEZUS.  
DOLLARS TO YOUR  
AUNT'S CHERRY--



--IF WE  
DON'T CRASH,  
WE GET AN  
ELECTRICAL  
FIRE!

APPROACHING  
POINT OF  
TRANS-  
MISSION  
ORIGIN.



AND I MARK SOME  
FLAT TERRAIN  
FURTHER ON.



LET'S GO  
WITH IT. TAKE  
HER DOWN!

KILL  
DRIVE  
ENGINES!



ACTIVATE  
LIFTER  
QUADS!



WIND-DARK, SCREAMING-CLAWS  
AT THE DESCENDING MODULE.

THEN, SHAKING,  
SHUDDERING...

WE'RE  
DOWN.  
BUT--



LOST  
IT... LOST  
IT!

LIGHTS...  
EVERY  
DAMN  
THING.

SECONDARY  
GENERATOR SHOULD  
KICK IN, KANE.

WHERE  
IS IT?

WE CAN'T WAIT!

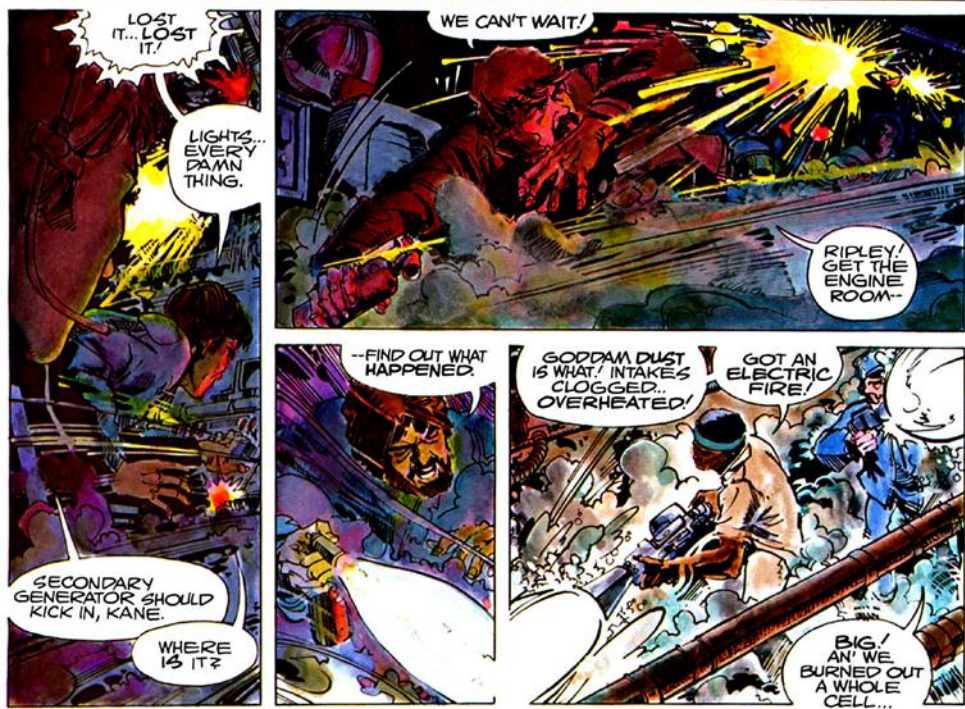
RIPLEY!  
GET THE  
ENGINE  
ROOM--

--FIND OUT WHAT  
HAPPENED

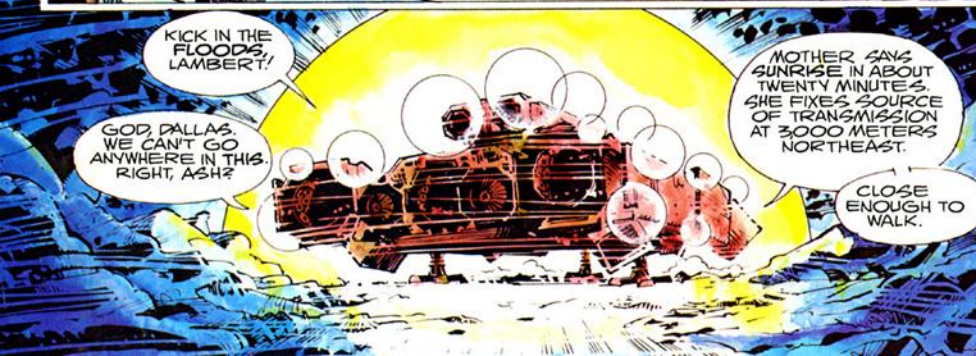
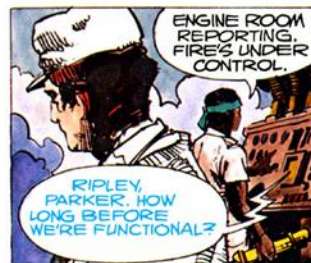
GODDAM DUST  
IS WHAT! INTAKES  
CLOGGED...  
OVERHEATED!

GOT AN  
ELECTRIC  
FIRE!

BIG!  
AN' WE  
BURNED OUT  
A WHOLE  
CELL...











SHOULD BE A LOVELY DAY FOR IT. NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FIRST GROUP?

YOU GOT IT, LAMBERT... YOU, TOO.

SWELL.



HEY, RIPLEY, WE GET TO GO ON THAT LITTLE WALK... OR WE STUCK HERE 'TIL EVERYTHING'S FIXED?

YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.



WHAT ABOUT THE SHARES... IN CASE THEY FIND ANYTHING?

DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU.



WELL, I'M NOT DOIN' ANY MORE WORK UNLESS PARKER AN' ME GET FULL SHARES.

BRETT, YOUR SHARE IS GUARANTEED BY LAW. NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOCK IT OFF AND GET BACK ON THE JOB!

RIGHT.



EVERYBODY SET? ACCORDING TO ASH'S ATMOSPHERIC... IT'S MOSTLY INERT NITROGEN, A HIGH CONCENTRATION OF CARBON DIOXIDE CRYSTALS, PLUS METHANE AND FROZEN AMMONIA.

THROW IN THE LAVA, BASE ROCK, THE DEEP COLD... IT'S ALMOST PRIMORDIAL.



ONE MORE THING. KEEP AWAY FROM YOUR WEAPONS...

...UNLESS I SAY OTHERWISE

















W-WHAT  
IS IT...?

ALIEN  
LIFE-  
FORM...



LOOKS LIKE IT'S  
BEEN DEAD A LONG  
TIME... FOSSILIZED

LET'S  
GET OUT  
OF HERE,  
DALLAS.

NOT YET,  
LAMBERT.



I WANT TO  
SEE IF--

THAT  
STOPPED THE  
TRANSMISSION.



LOOK AT  
THIS, DALLAS.  
JUST GOES  
DOWN...

CAN'T SEE  
BOTTOM.  
LIGHT WON'T  
REACH.



THIS IS  
YOUR BIG  
CHANCE,  
KANE.





KANE...  
YOU OKAY  
IN THERE?

IT'S  
WORK. I'M  
BELOW  
GROUND  
LEVEL...  
HAVEN'T HIT  
BOTTOM.

REMEMBER:  
OUT IN UNDER  
TEN MINUTES.  
AND DON'T UNHOOK  
FROM THE  
CABLE.

AYE, AYE,  
SKIPPER.



ASH?... RIPLEY. MOTHER'S  
DECIPHERED PART OF  
THAT TRANSMISSION.

I'M  
AFRAID  
IT MAY  
NOT  
BE  
AN  
S.O.S.



THEN  
WHAT  
IS  
IT...?

SHE  
THINKS  
IT MAY  
BE A  
WARNING.



WE'VE GOT  
TO GET THROUGH  
TO THEM. RIGHT  
AWAY.

NO  
USE. NOT  
WHILE  
THEY'RE  
INSIDE  
THAT  
SHIP.



THEN I'M  
GOING OUT  
AFTER THEM.

I DON'T  
THINK  
SO.

WE'RE AT  
MINIMUM  
TAKEOFF  
CAPABILITY  
NOW. THAT'S  
WHY DALLAS  
LEFT US ON  
BOARD.



ASH,  
I STILL  
THINK WE  
SHOULD  
GO.

WHAT'S THE POINT,  
RIPLEY? IN THE TIME  
IT TAKES TO GET  
THERE... THEY'LL  
KNOW IF IT'S A  
WARNING.



YOU STILL ALL  
RIGHT, KANE? SEE  
ANYTHING?

I'M IN SOME  
KIND OF CAVE  
OR SOMETHING.  
DALLAS: HOT...  
OXYGEN: HIGH  
NITROGEN  
CONTENT  
AND...

THIS IS  
WEIRD!

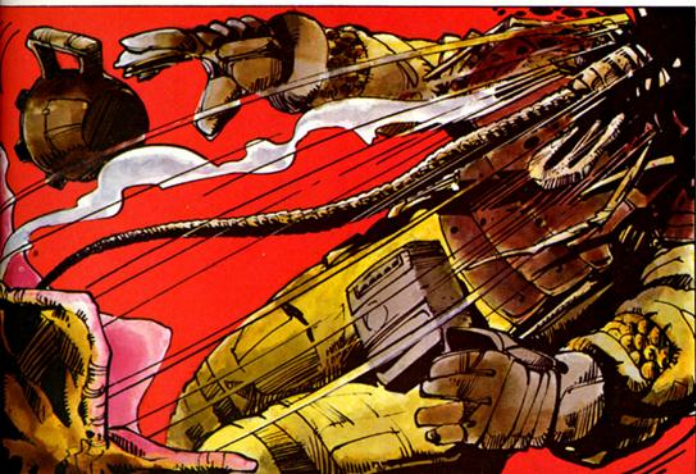
PLACE IS FULL  
OF SOME SORT OF  
LEATHERY THINGS.

IT'S LIKE A  
STORAGE  
AREA FOR  
THEM.

CAN YOU  
SEE INSIDE  
ANY OF THE  
THINGS?

SEEMS  
TO BE  
SEALED.

STRANGE  
FEELING TO IT...  
WONDER IF ALL  
THE OTHERS...



KANE!  
WHAT IS  
IT?  
KANE!  
ANSWER  
ME!  
CUTTER



SUNSET...

WE'VE  
GOT  
THEM,  
RIPLEY...

...THEY'RE  
BACK ON THE  
SCREENS.

DALLAS? DALLAS,  
CAN YOU READ ME?

WE HEAR  
YOU, RIPLEY.  
WE'RE COMING  
BACK. KANE'S...  
INJURED. WE'LL  
NEED SOME  
HELP GETTING  
HIM IN.

ASH, RIPLEY,  
I'M ON MY WAY TO  
THE INNER-LOCK  
HATCH.

UH... DALLAS?   
WHAT EXACTLY  
HAPPENED  
TO KANE?

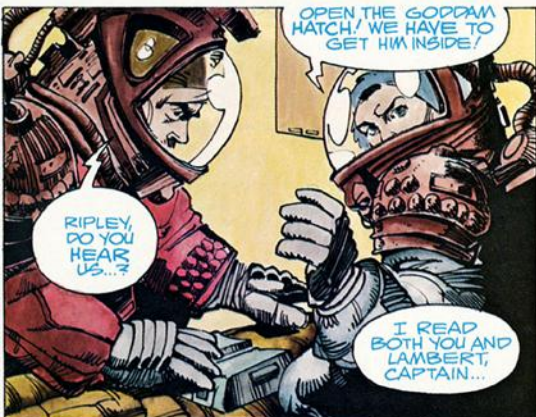
SOME... SOME KIND OF  
ORGANISM. IT'S... ATTACHED  
ITSELF TO HIM.

WE'RE COMING  
UP NOW. GOTTA  
GET HIM TO THE  
INFIRMARY.

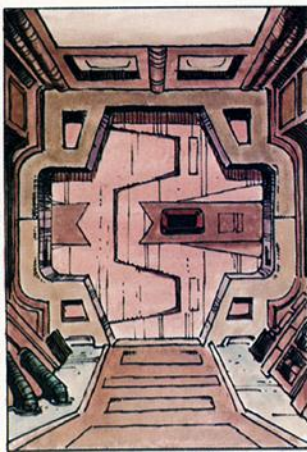
I NEED  
A CLEAR  
DEFINITION,  
DALLAS.



JUST OPEN  
THE HATCH,  
RIPLEY.



INNER HATCH OPEN





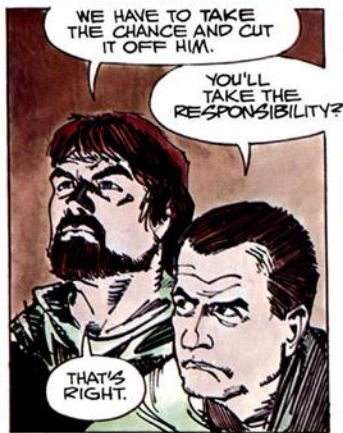
THE INFIRMARY. A LIFE FORM SLOWLY PULSES. PULSES ON THE FACE OF THE NOSTROMO'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE.

IT SEEMS TO HAVE... BURNED RIGHT THROUGH THE VIEWPLATE OF HIS HELMET, ASH.

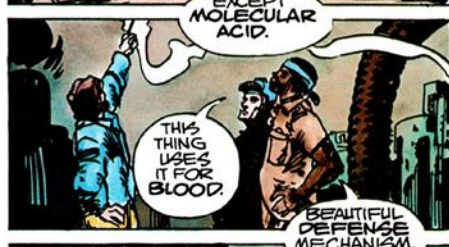


BETTER PUT HIM IN THE SUPPORT CHAMBER. LET IT WORK ON HIM.















OUTSIDE, THE WINDS SHRIEK.  
DUST POUNDS THE NOSTROMO'S  
HULL. AND TIME PASSES.

DALLAS, IT'S  
ASH. PERHAPS  
YOU AND RIPLEY  
SHOULD COME HAVE A  
LOOK AT KANE.  
SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED.

SERIOUS?

INTERESTING.



DOOR'S CLOSED,  
DALLAS. IT MUST  
STILL BE IN HERE.

!-IT'S  
GONE!



THERE ARE  
PLENTY OF NOOKS  
AND CRANNIES  
WHERE IT CAN  
HIDE.

BETTER  
USE LIGHT  
PROBES.

BUT  
WHATEVER  
YOU DO, DON'T  
DAMAGE IT.



YEAH.  
CAN'T GRAB  
IT... CAN'T  
KILL IT.

LET'S HOPE  
TO HELL THERE'S  
A WAY WE CAN  
CATCH IT.











WALK IN THE  
PARK. WHEN WE  
FIX SOMETHING,  
IT STAYS  
FIXED.



FIRE UP THE BIG  
ONES, RIPLEY.  
LET'S GO HOME.



THAT'S A ROGER.  
ALL QUADS ACTIVE.  
ALL GREEN. ALL  
SYSTEMS GO.

FEETS,  
GET ME OUT  
OF HERE.



WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN  
WITH KANE NOW, DALLAS?  
MAYBE BEST TO JUST  
FREEZE HIM. STOP THE  
DISEASE. LET THE DOCS  
ON EARTH LOOK  
AT HIM.

RIGHT.

YOU KNOW,  
BRETT, WHEN-  
EVER PARKER  
SAYS ANYTHING,  
YOU SAY  
"RIGHT."

RIGHT.

KNOCK IT  
OFF. KANE WILL  
HAVE TO GO INTO  
QUARANTINE.

YEAH.  
AND SO WILL  
WE.

HOW ABOUT  
SOMETHING TO  
LOWER YOUR  
SPIRITS?



OKAY,  
LAMBERT.  
THRILL  
ME.

BY MY  
CALCULATIONS,  
BASED ON TIME  
GETTING TO AND  
FROM THE  
PLANET AND ON  
THE SPEED WHICH--



GIVE ME THE SHORT  
VERSION... HOW FAR?

TEN  
MONTHS  
IN THE  
FREEZER.

CHRIST.



THIS IS ASH,  
DALLAS. I THINK  
YOU CAN SET AN  
EXTRA PLACE  
FOR DINNER.





ROTTEN. LIKE SOME-  
BODY'S BEEN HITTING  
ME WITH A STICK.



AND I'M  
STARVING.  
NEED SOME  
FOOD.



YOU GOT IT.

ONE  
MEAL  
BEFORE  
BED I'M  
BUYING.



FIRST THING I'M GOING TO  
DO WHEN WE'RE BACK IS GET  
SOMETHING DECENT TO EAT.

I'VE HAD  
WORSE THAN  
THIS...

...BUT I'VE  
HAD BETTER,  
TOO, IF YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
I MEAN.



RIGHT.

CHRIST, PARKER,  
YOU'RE POUNDING  
THAT STUFF DOWN  
LIKE THERE'S NO  
TOMORROW.

IT'S  
KANE WHO'S  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE STARVING.



MAN WORKS HARD, HE  
GETS HUNGRY, LAMBERT.  
AND I DON'T THINK ABOUT  
WHAT THIS STUFF IS  
MADE OF SO--

KANE!  
WHAT--?

D-DON'T  
KNOW...FEELS  
LIKE...



...CRAMPS! OH,  
GOD! IT HURTS SO  
MUCH! IT HURTS!



COME ON, MAN!  
THIS SHIT ISN'T  
THAT BAD.

BREATHE  
DEEPLY, KANE.

TRY TO TELL US  
EXACTLY WHERE  
IT--



M-MY...MY...OHMY  
GOOAAAH!



ERUPTION! A  
SCARLET SHOWER  
OF FLESH OF  
BLOOD.







IT MOVES.

FASTER THAN  
THE EYE  
CAN FOLLOW...

...MORE THAN  
THE MIND CAN  
ACCEPT.

NO NO NO  
NO NO NO

PARKER. PARKER.

TAKE BRETT AND  
SEAL OFF THE  
IMMEDIATE  
AREA.

WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND THE LITTLE  
BASTARD

AND  
KILL  
IT.













BRETT TRIES  
DESPERATELY  
TO SCREAM.  
THE SOUND IS  
NOT IN HIM.







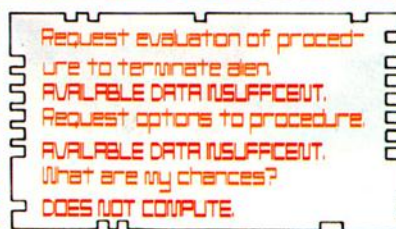
AND IN THE DEPTHS  
OF HIS FEAR-  
CHOKED THROAT...

AAAAARRRG

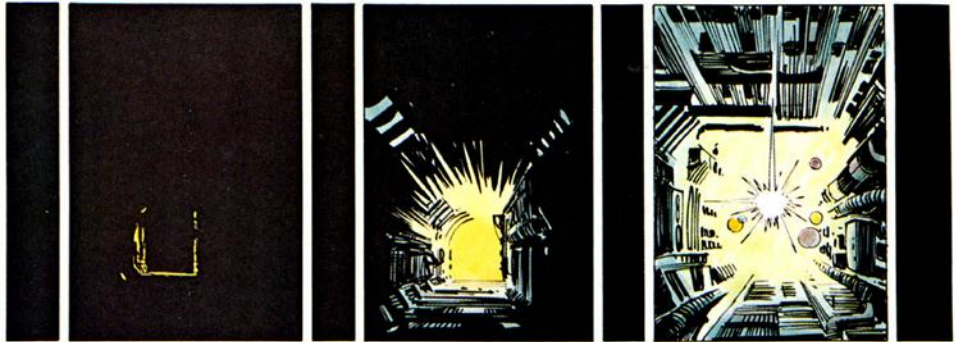


...BRETT FINDS  
THE SCREAM.









PARKER.  
LAMBERT.  
RIPLEY.

I'M  
UNDER  
WAY.



DO YOU  
RECEIVE  
ME?  
OVER.



RIPLEY,  
DALLAS YOU'RE  
LOUD AND CLEAR  
HERE AT THE AIR  
LOCK VESTIBULE

LAMBERT,  
DALLAS. PARKER  
AND I ARE AT  
MAINTENANCE  
LEVEL...

...READ  
YOU FINE.



PARKER, IF IT TRIES TO COME OUT  
THAT AUXILIARY OPENING, MAKE SURE  
YOU DRIVE IT BACK IN. I'LL PUSH IT  
FORWARD.

RIGHT.

I'LL TRY TO  
PICK YOU UP  
ON THE TRACKER,  
DALLAS.



RIPLEY  
AGAIN, DALLAS.  
IF YOU'RE READY,  
I'LL OPEN THE  
LOCK.

DO IT.  
I DON'T GET  
ANY MORE READY  
THAN THIS.







BEGINNING TO  
GET A READING  
ON YOU, DALLAS.



GOOD.  
STAY WITH  
ME.



I'VE REACHED A  
CORNER. GOING  
AROUND IT...



...NOW!



NOTHING.  
MOVING  
AHEAD.

YOU'RE  
PASSING  
OUR POSITION,  
DALLAS.

RIPLEY?



READ YOU  
CLEAR.

DON'T THINK  
THIS SHAFT  
GOES MUCH  
FURTHER.

LAMBERT,  
WHAT ARE  
YOU GETTING  
NOW?



MUST BE INTER-  
FERENCE, DALLAS.

SEEMS TO  
BE SOME KIND  
OF DOUBLE  
SIGNAL.



YEAH. WELL, ASH  
IMPROVISED THOSE  
TRACKERS PRETTY  
FAST.

I'M AT A  
REPAIR JUNCTION.  
SHAFT HAS TWO  
LEVELS. IS IT  
CLEARER SINCE  
I'VE STOPPED?

IT'S CLEAR.  
ALL RIGHT. BUT  
I'M STILL  
GETTING TWO  
SIGNALS.

NOT SURE  
WHICH ONE IS  
WHICH.



NOTHING IN SIGHT,  
LAMBERT.

DON'T  
MOVE  
YET...

I'LL  
MAKE THIS  
THING  
WORK  
OR--

WAIT. IT IS  
WORKING.  
ONE SIGNAL'S  
STARTING TO--

**שירותי ייעוץ ופיקוח**

OH, GOD,  
DALLAS! IT'S  
CONVERGING  
ON YOU!

GET  
OUT OF  
THERE!  
RUN!  
RUN!









THE NARCISUS ONLY HOLDS THREE.

THEN DRAW STRAWS, ASH... I DON'T KNOW.

STRAWS? I AIN'T DRAWING NO FUCKIN' STRAWS.



FUCK IT. I'LL GO WITH IT.

GOOD, PARKER. WE'LL NEED FUEL FOR DALLAS'S WEAPON. ASH WILL HELP YOU.



I CAN MANAGE IT.



ANY WISDOM FROM YOU OR MOTHER, ASH? SO FAR YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY USELESS.

I'M STILL COLLATING DATA, RIPLEY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DO?



NOTHING... I'M IN COMMAND. I'VE GOT ACCESS TO MOTHER. I'LL GET MY OWN ANSWERS.

AYE, AYE... CAPTAIN.



LAMBERT, I PROMISE YOU, IF THIS DOESN'T WORK...

...I'M GETTING ALL OF US OUT OF HERE.



DID YOU EVER SLEEP WITH ASH?

NO. DID YOU?



NO. I NEVER GOT THE IMPRESSION HE WAS INTERESTED.

NEITHER DID I.





NOW, MOTHER. YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE HELPED DALLAS MUCH.

MAYBE HE ASKED THE WRONG QUESTIONS.



DAMN IT. NO ANSWER.



I'M GOING TO KEEP PUNCHING CODE COMBINATIONS...

...UNTIL YOU HAVE ONE.

FINALLY...  
A SCREEN COMES TO LIFE.



DON'T HOLD OUT ON ME, MOTHER!  
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY COMMAND OVERRIDE.  
10073.

WHAT IS SPECIAL ORDER 937?



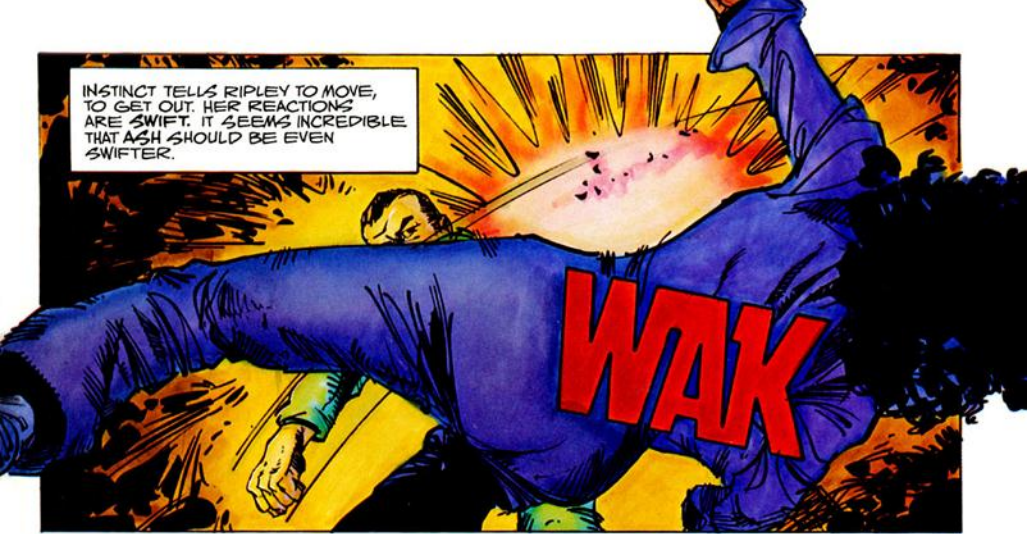
Request clarification on science  
inability to neutralize alien.  
UNABLE TO CLARIFY.  
Request enhancement.  
NO FURTHER ENHANCEMENT.  
SPECIAL ORDER 937.  
SCIENCE DIVISION OFFICER  
EYES ONLY.  
What is Special Order 937?

NUSTRONID REROUTED TO COORDINATES  
R620 D-63992.  
INVESTIGATION LIFE FORM GATHER  
SPECIMEN. PRIORITY ONE.  
INSURE RETURN OF ORGANISM TO ML-SO LAB.  
ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS  
SECONDARY.  
ALL PREVIOUS PRIORITIES RESCINDED.





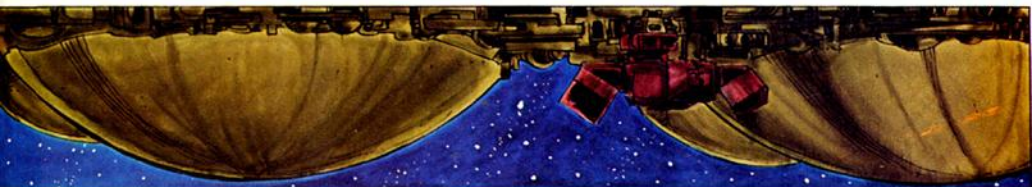
INSTINCT TELLS RIPLEY TO MOVE,  
TO GET OUT. HER REACTIONS  
ARE SWIFT. IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE  
THAT ASH SHOULD BE EVEN  
SWIFTER.







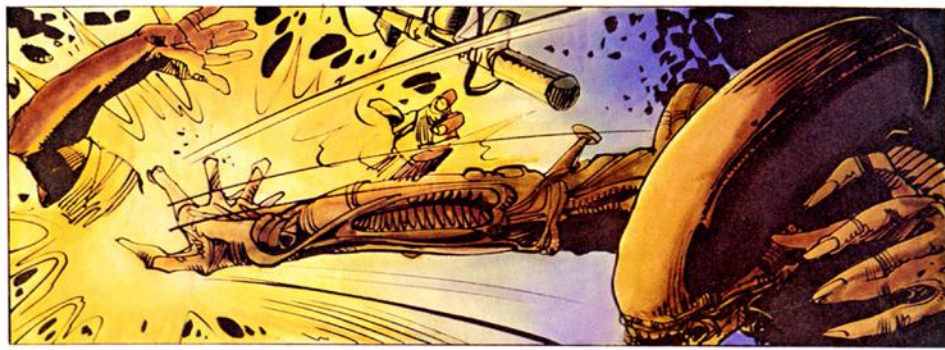










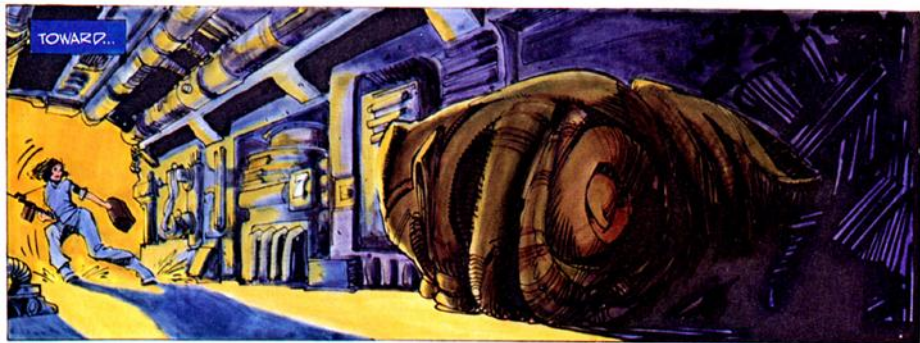








TOWARD...



BACK INTO THE NOSTROMO, NOT DARING TO LOOK...AT WHAT MIGHT FOLLOW.







ATTENTION THE  
LIGHT-PLUS  
ENGINES WILL  
OVERLOAD IN  
TWO MINUTES,  
FIFTY SECONDS



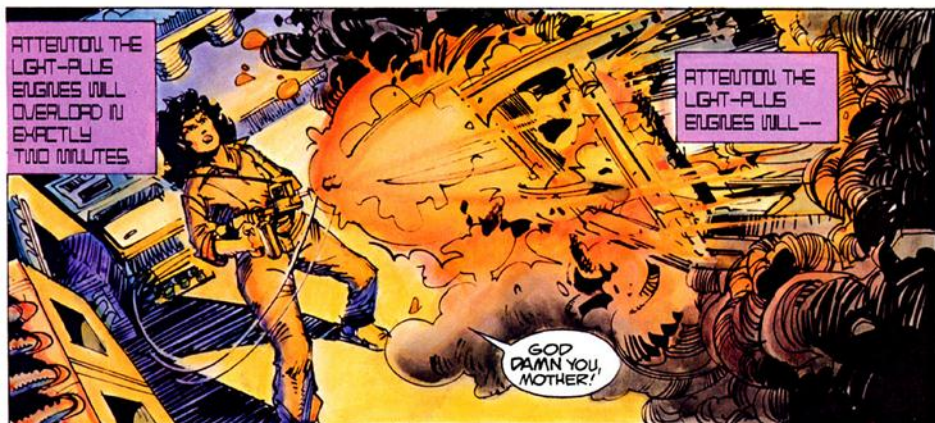
MOTHER, I'VE  
REVERSED  
THE SERIES.  
STOP THE  
COUNTDOWN.

IT IS TOO  
LATE FOR  
REMEDIAL  
ACTION



MOTHER...!

THE  
LIGHT-PLUS  
ENGINES WILL  
OVERLOAD IN  
TWO MINUTES,  
TEN SECONDS



ATTENTION THE  
LIGHT-PLUS  
ENGINES WILL  
OVERLOAD IN  
EXACTLY  
TWO MINUTES

ATTENTION THE  
LIGHT-PLUS  
ENGINES WILL—

GOD  
DAMN YOU,  
MOTHER!

NOW BACK AGAIN. MOTHER'S  
MAPPING COUNTDOWN  
CONTINUING IN HER HEAD



ONE  
MINUTE,  
FORTY  
SECONDS  
LESS.

NINETY SECONDS. THE ACCESS CORRIDOR.



OH,  
CHRIST.  
NOW, GOT  
TO BE--



GONE!  
EITHER IT CAME  
BACK INTO THE  
NOSTROMO AFTER  
ME, OR...

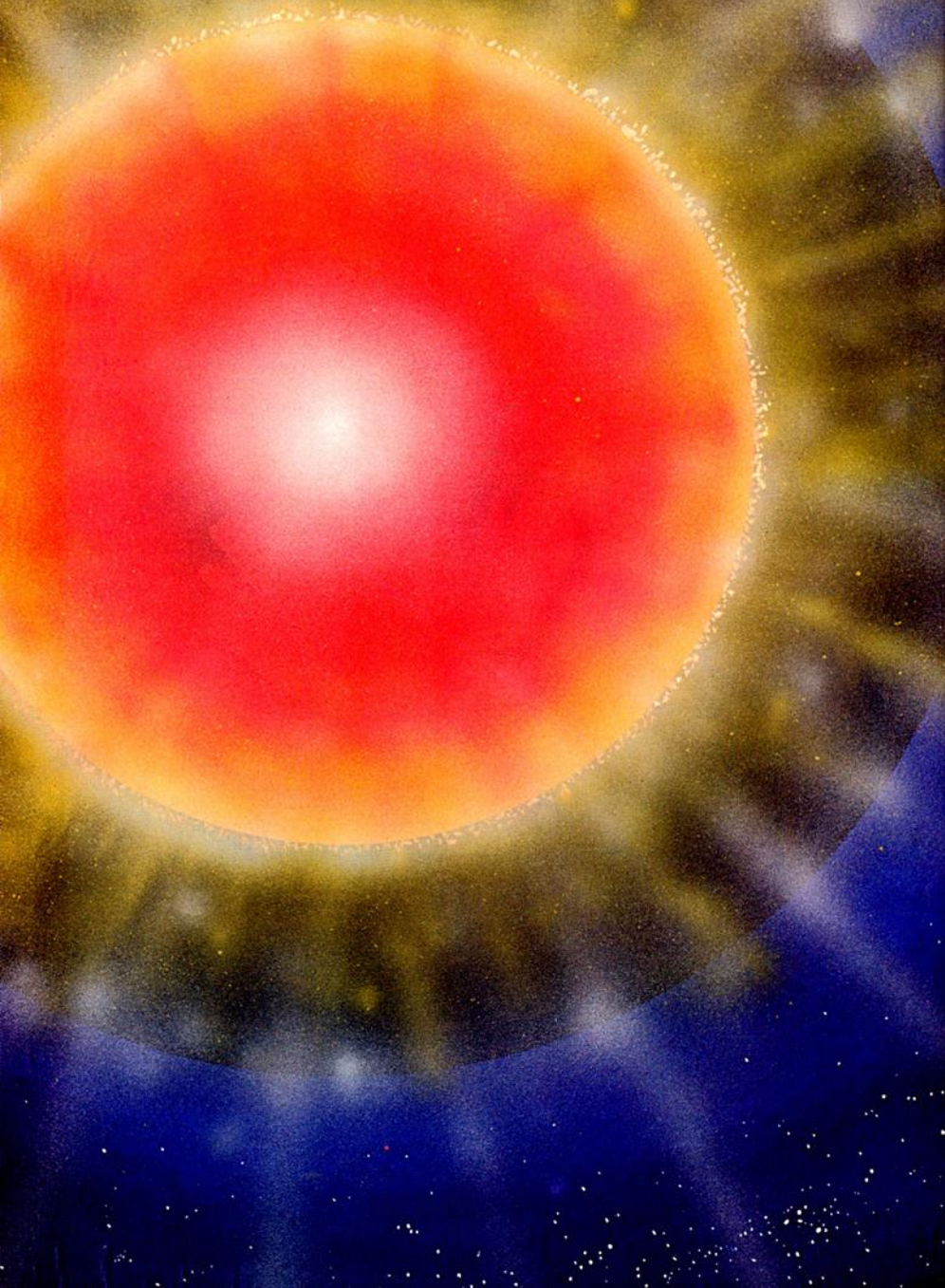




SIXTY SECONDS. RIPLEY LOOKS FOR DEATH IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF THE NARCISSUS, AND FINDS...

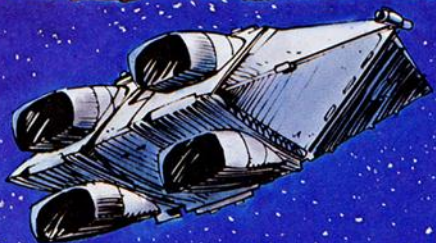








THE LIGHT OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION TONS OF FUEL FADES. THE SHOCK WAVES EBB, AND THE LIFEBAT NARCISUS SLOWLY DRIFTS.

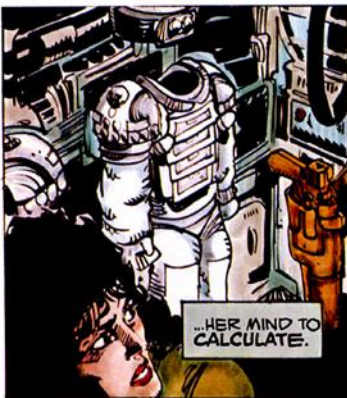




NO.

NO NO NO  
NO.

RIPLYE WANTS TO SCREAM,  
TO CRY, INSTEAD, SHE  
FORCES HER BODY TO  
MOVE...



...HER MIND TO  
CALCULATE.



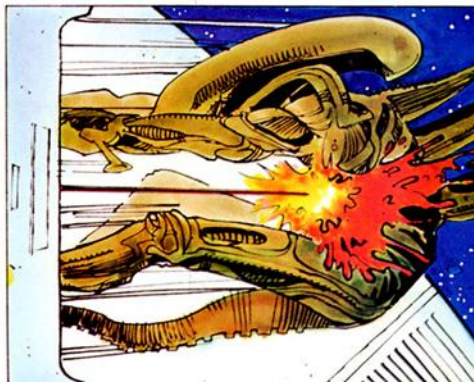
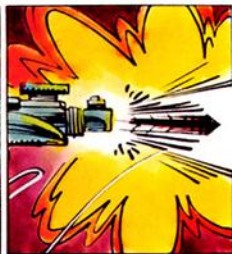
HAVEN'T EVEN  
STIRRED. YOU'RE  
THAT DAMN SURE  
OF ME.



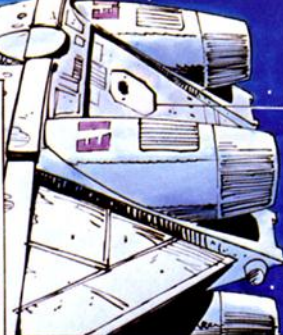
YOU'VE GOT  
EVERYTHING IT  
TAKES TO OUTLAST  
ME, AND I'VE GOT  
NOWHERE ELSE  
I CAN GO.

LONG AS YOU'RE NOT  
STARVING, WHAT'S THE  
RUSH, RIGHT?







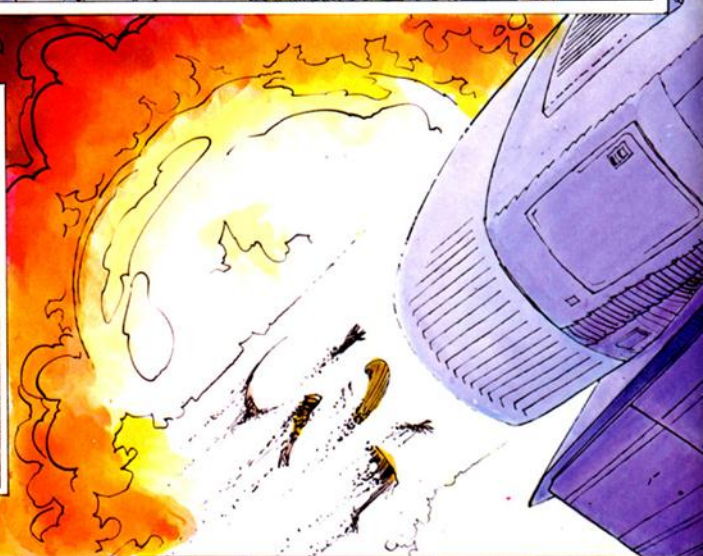


IT DOES WHAT IT DOES  
BEST. IT SURVIVES.  
AND SURVIVING...IT  
WORKS ITS WAY BACK.



TO THE SHIP.  
TO THE PREY.

GUESS  
AGAIN,  
YOU SON  
OF A  
BITCH.



REPRESSURIZING THE CABIN, RIPLEY, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE NOSTROMO, MOVES TO HER SLEEP VAULT.

IT ENDS AS IT BEGAN. WITH THE SHIP...

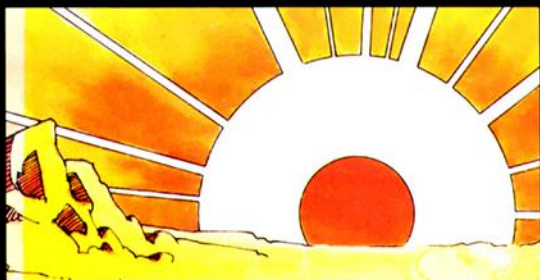
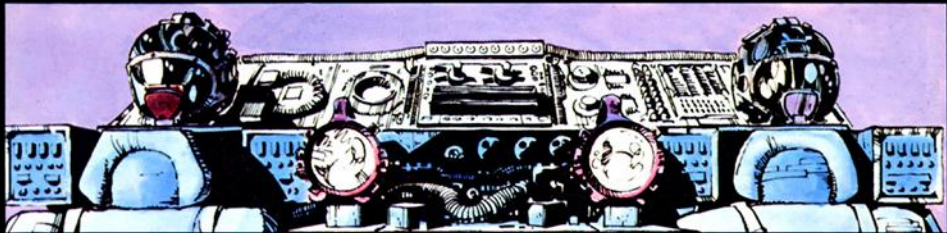
THE SHIP...AND THE SILENCE.

THE  
END









**Vacant.**

**Two space helmets resting on chairs.**

**Electrical hum.**

**Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.**

**Moments of silence.**

**A yellow light goes on.**

**Electronic hum.**

**A green light goes on in front of one helmet.**

**Electronic pulsing sounds.**

**A red light goes on in front of the other helmet.**

**An electronic conversation ensues.**

**Reaches a crescendo.**

**Then silence.**

**And when the silence is broken... the crew of the Nostromo must grapple with a terrifying life force they cannot leash, nor even comprehend—the Alien!**

# ALIEN

## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

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