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BLACK FLAG



WETA
BLACK
FLAG
DRE

CREATOR • STORY
DERANGED DAN FRAGA

ART BY
DANGEROUS DAN FRAGA
SIZZLIN' SHELBY ROBERTSON
KILLER KARL ALTSTAETTER
POUNCIN' PAT LEE
LIGHTNING LOGAN LUBERA

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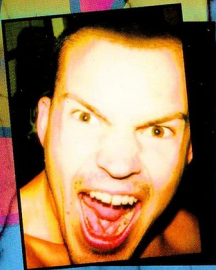
PGS 1, 17, 18, 19, 26

PGS 2-6

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EXTREME COLOR IS

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ACCESSING
SECURITY
DATABASE...

...OPENING
PERSONNEL
FILES...

...SUBJECT OF
INQUIRY, BLACK
FLAG OPERATIVE--
LEA-HCIM ZEMOG--
CODENAME:
RASCAL...

FILE OPEN:

SUBJECT IS AN ALIEN HUMANOID
ORIGINATING FROM THE PLANET
MORPHIKA. ARRIVED ON EARTH
4/20/93. A REBEL SOLDIER ON
HIS HOMEWORLD, RASCAL'S UNIFORM
IS A METAMORPHIC SKIN THAT
ALLOWS HIM TO SHIFT INTO
ANY FORM.

SUBJECT IS A
WANTED CRIMINAL--
CHARGED WITH STEAL-
ING A DIMENSIONAL
TRANSPORTATION
DEVICE KNOWN AS
THE TIMEDISC.

THIS DISC WAS
APPROPRIATED
IMMEDIATELY PRIOR
TO HIS ARRIVAL ON
EARTH..STAND-BY
FOR FURTHER
INFORMATION...



IN THE
NAME OF LORD
GRIMALKIN,
STOP AT ONCE,
THIEF!

THAT DISC
BELONGS TO THE
CHETAR
EMPIRE!

FRA-
BOOSH!

FRA-
BOOSH!

OOPS!

BREAKING INTO
THE IMPERIAL VAULTS
WAS SO SIMPLE A TASK--
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED
ME TO HAVE IT!

SORRY--MY
MISTAKE.

DESPITE LEA-HCIM'S LEVITY, HE
UNDERSTANDS THE SERIOUSNESS
OF THIS SITUATION. THE TIMECHAC
HE'S JUST STOLEN IS MORE THAN
A DEVICE TO MANIPULATE DIMEN-
SIONAL GATEWAYS--

--IT IS THE KEY TO HIS
PEOPLE'S FREEDOM.

IT'S NO WONDER HIS PURSUERS
ARE SO DETERMINED TO STOP
HIM.

THEY ARE THE CHETAR--
A FELINE RACE--KNOWN
THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY
FOR THEIR RUTHLESS
CONQUESTS OF ALIEN
WORLDS.

RECENTLY, THEY INVADIED
AND CONQUERED
LEA-NGIM'S HOMEWORLD.

TODAY HE'S TAKING IT BACK.

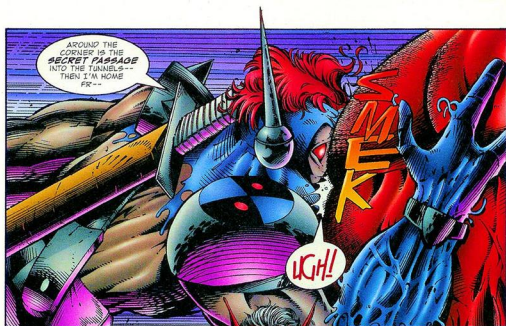
IT'S TOO
LATE,
CHETAR--

ONCE I MASTER
THE TIMEDISC, I'LL
LEAD A REVOLUTIONARY
FORCE THE LIKES OF
WHICH THE UNIVERSE HAS
NEVER SEEN--

SHOULD
WE FOLLOW
HIM?

--THEN
I'LL SEND YOU
TO THE **PET**
STORE!

NO--
LET **GROD**
DEAL WITH THE
ALIEN SCUM...HE
COULD USE THE
EXERCISE.





**--ABOUT
YOURS!**

BEFORE THE WAR LEA-HCIM
ZEMOO WOULDN'T HURT AN
INSECT. HE REJECTED
VIOLENCE IN ALL FORMS.

BUT THEN CAME THE
CHETAR INVASION AND
THE REVOLT TO FREE
HIS WORLD FROM
TYRANNY.

IN THE CHAOS THAT
FOLLOWED, HE BECAME
A RESPECTED LEADER
IN THE REVOLUTION.
AND IN DOING SO, HE
BECAME SOMETHING
ELSE--

-- A KILLER

SHUUK!



SINCE I'VE
BROKEN MY SACRED
COVENANT AND TAKEN
LIFE TO SECURE THE
TIMEDISC, I'D BETTER
SEE IF IT ACTUALLY
WORKS.

GROD'S
FRIENDS CAN'T
BE FAR
BEHIND.



HERE GOES
NOTHING!

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
GROUND?!!

DISCOVERED BY
YOSHI IMOTO, C.E.O.
OF IMOTO INDUS-
TRIES, LBA-HCIM
WAS GRANTED
SANCTUARY IN
RETURN FOR THE
METAMORPHIC
TECHNOLOGY HE
POSSESSES...

DAGGER CITY.

1993

WHAOOO!!

IMOTO ISLAND

FACILITY 421

THIS INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX IS ONE OF MANY OWNED AND OPERATED BY IMOTO INDUSTRIES--ITS PRIMARY FUNCTION IS TOY MANUFACTURING.

BUT TODAY IT'S A BATTLEGROUND

APRIL IMOTO--
DAUGHTER OF
YOSHI IMOTO

THE TOY'S SOFTWARE INFECTED IMOTO'S MILITARY WEAPON PROTOTYPES. NOW THEY CONTROL THE FACILITY AND HAVE KILLED MOST OF THE RESEARCHERS.

APRIL'S MISSION:
RESCUE THE
SURVIVORS

MOVE IT,
DR. GODDARD--
THE DROP SHIP
SHOULD **ALREADY** BE
EN ROUTE TO THE
ISLAND!

ISN'T THERE
ANY WAY WE
CAN SAVE THE
FACILITY?!

SHE HAS BEEN GIVEN A VERY DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT BY HER FATHER.

A NEW MANUFACTURING PROCESS--ONE IN WHICH TOY DOLLS ARE PRODUCED AS FULLY INTERACTIVE ARTIFICIAL LIFE FORMS--HAS **BACKFIRED**.





ONE THING
CAN--

ME!

THE DAUGHTER OF A
MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST,
APRIL IMOTO HAS ENJOYED
A LIFE OF RICHES

BUT RATHER THAN USING
HER FATHER'S WEALTH TO
BUY CLOTHES AND CARS,
APRIL HAS EDUCATED
HERSELF--

--IN THE ART OF
PERSONAL COMBAT.











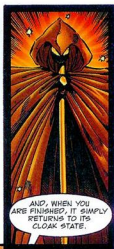
UTILIZING
A COMBINATION OF
HOLOGRAPHIC
IMAGERY AND
MOLECULAR RECON-
STRUCTION, IT CAN
BECOME A SUIT OF
ROBOTIC ARMOR.



OR, IF
YOU PREFER,
CLOTHING
OF YOUR OWN
DESIGN.



OR, FOR
THE MORE ADVEN-
TUROUS AMONG
YOU, A MODERN DAY
KNIGHT.



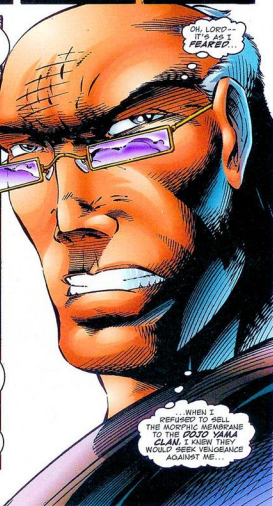
AND, WHEN YOU
ARE FINISHED, IT SIMPLY
RETURNS TO ITS
CLOAK STATE.



IMAGINE,
CLOTHES THAT NEVER
WEAR OUT--COSTUMES TO
LIVE OUT YOUR GREATEST
FANTASIES--YOUR OWN
SUIT OF **ARMOR** TO PROTECT
YOU FROM A DANGEROUS
WORLD.

ALL OF
THIS AND MORE WILL
BE POSSIBLE WHEN **IMOTO TOYS**
UNLEASHES THE MORPHIC MEMBRANE
ON AN UNSUSPECTING MARKETPLACE.
THE INITIAL SUITS WILL BE VERY
EXPENSIVE, BUT MY RESEARCHERS
ARE ALREADY DESIGNING MODELS
AIMED AT THE AVERAGE
CONSUMER.

IT'S JUST
A MATTER OF **TIME**
BEFORE EVERY MAN,
WOMAN, AND CHILD
OWNS THIS
MIRACULOUS--



OH, LORD--
IT'S AS I
FEARED...

...WHEN I
REFUSED TO SELL
THE MORPHIC MEMBRANE
TO THE **DOJO YAMA**
CLAN, I KNEW THEY
WOULD SEEK VENGEANCE
AGAINST ME...

... BUT SO SOON?"



SILENCE,
IMOTO--THE CLAN
DOJO YAMA IS HERE
TO TAKE THAT WHICH
YOU WOULD NOT
GIVE!



IF YOU
COOPERATE, YOUR
LIFE WILL BE SPARED--
MAKE ANY ATTEMPT
TO INTERFERE AND I
WILL OUTFIT YOU
MYSELF.



TELL
YOUR WARLORD
HE HAS NO RIGHT
TO THE MORPHIC
ARMOR!
IT IS A
TECHNOLOGY
MY COMPANY CREATED
AND I HAVE NO INTEN-
TION OF LETTING IT FALL
INTO YOUR HANDS!



HAVE IT
YOUR WAY,
MR. IMOTO!







HE IS CALLED
SHRINE

THERE IS NO OTHER BEING
LIKE HIM ON EARTH.

HE IS A MYSTIC AND
A WARRIOR.

HE IS THE ONLY WHITE MAN EVER
TO SURVIVE THE TRAINING OF A
SHAOLIN TEMPLE.

AND EVEN THOUGH THE
EXPERIENCE COST HIM
AN EYE--IT WAS
WORTH IT.

FOR NOW HE IS **ONE**
WITH AN ANCIENT POWER.
A METAPHYSICAL ENERGY
SOURCE.

THE **ESSENCE**

EIGHTY-FIVE,
EIGHTY-SIX, EIGHTY-
SEVEN. COME ON...
PUSH **HARDER!**



COME ON,
BOY--ANOTHER
FIFTY. THEN WE MOVE
ON. HARDER. PUSH
HARDER! YOU HAVE

TO FIND THE
ESSENCE WITHIN
YOURSELF.

IT'S **THERE.**
IT'S SIMPLY
SHROUDED IN A
DARK PLACE.

I-I'M
TRYING, MASTER
SHRINE.

I-I
REMEMBER,
MASTER.



YOU **ARE**
DOING BETTER,
DALTON. BUT YOU
MUST FIND YOUR
LIMITS THEN GO
BEYOND THEM.

REMEMBER
WHEN I FOUND
YOU? THINK OF
WHAT YOU'VE
ACHIEVED SINCE
THEN.

IT ALL HAPPENED
TOWARD THE END OF
THE **JARLTAIR WARS.**
IT IS A MOMENT IN TIME
THAT I'LL NEVER FORGET.



...THE MOMENT WHEN
MY LIFE **ENDED**

WAR TEACHES YOU TO ACCEPT
DEATH. IT COMES WHEN IT
DAMN WELL PLEASES, SO YOU
LEARN NOT TO FIGHT IT.

IT'S **INEVITABLE**

BUT DEATH USUALLY COMES
AT THE HAND OF YOUR
OPPONENT--A FACELESS
ENEMY. BUT ONE THAT
YOU'RE **SWORN** TO
DESTROY.

BUT SOMETIMES THE
ENEMY **HAS** A FACE.

A FACE THAT
YOU KNOW.

THE FACE OF A
COMRADE

A COMRADE
LIKE **ELIJAH
BERRENGER**



WATOON!

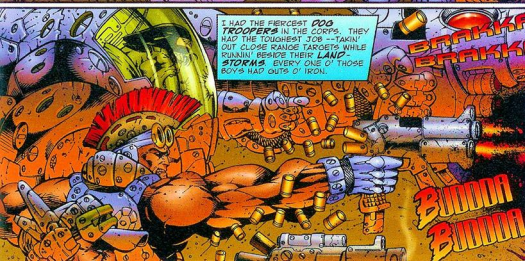
KA-BOOM!

BRAKKA
BRAKKA

MY LANDSTORM® PLATOON WAS THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS. WE'D MOPPED UP THE ENEMY FOR MONTHS AND HAD EARNED QUITE A REPUTATION.

WHEN WE TOOK TO THE BATTLEFIELD--WE TOOK THE BATTLEFIELD. NO ONE GOT IN OUR WAY.

*LANDSTORM: MILITARY TERMINOLOGY FOR THE MECHANIZED ARMOR SUIT.



I HAD THE FIERCEST DOG TROOPERS IN THE CORPS. THEY HAD THE TOUGHEST JOB --TAKIN' OUT CLOSE RANGE TARGETS WHILE RUNNIN' BESIDE THEIR LAND-STORMS. EVERY ONE O' THOSE BOYS HAD OUTS O' IRON.

BRAKKA
BRAKKA

BUNDA
BUNDA



BUT IT WASN'T ALL
FUN AN' GAMES.

WAR COMES WITH A **BIG PRICE**
TAG AN' WE'D PAID MORE THAN
OUR FAIR SHARE. I'D LOST A
LOT O' GOOD MEN TO THE ENEMY.
EVERY DAY THE **BODY COUNT**
WAS RISEN' HIGHER AND HIGHER.

BUT THAT'S THE STRANGE
THING ABOUT WAR--



--ON ONE SIDE OF THE
BATTLEFIELD YOU'D HAVE
NURSES TENDIN' TO
THE WOUNDED

YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT.
JUST REST.

EACH ONE OF 'EM AN
ANGEL OF MERCY

BUT ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE BATTLE-
FIELD--YOU'D HAVE
THE ANGELS OF
DEATH



AND THEY DIDN'T
PLAY BY THE RULES.
MY BOYS... MY DEAD
BOYS... HAD BEEN
PACKAGED UP FOR
THE TRIP HOME.



TURNS OUT A LOT
OF 'EM WEREN'T
TRAVELLING ALONE.

CRUCCS WERE
GETTIN' **SMUGGLED**
OUT IN THEIR BODY
BAGS.


AN' WHO WAS BEHIND IT?
NOT THE ENEMY WE'D BEEN
FIGHTIN'--THAT WOULD'VE
BEEN TOO EASY. IT WAS
THE ENEMY **WITHIN**.

A MAN I RECRUITED
AND TRAINED. A
BROTHER AND A
FRIEND--ELIJAH
BERKREGER.

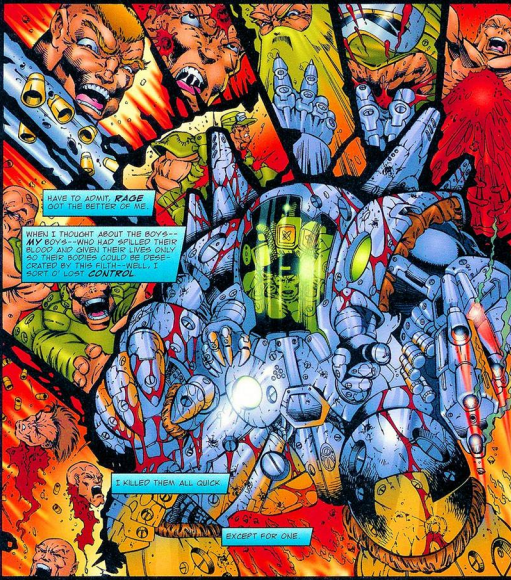
A **BETRAYSR**.



WHEN THE **AIR-SHARKS** WOULD TRANSPORT THE
BODIES OUT--THEY WERE ACTIN' AS COURIERS FOR
A MAJOR **SMUGGLING** OPERATION. NEEDLESS TO
SAY, I WAS DETERMINED TO PUT A STOP TO IT.



WHEN I GOT THE LOCATION
OF THE NEXT SHIPMENT, I
PAID A LITTLE VISIT.



HAVE TO ADMIT, **RAGE**
GOT THE BETTER OF ME.

WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE BOYS--
MY BOYS--WHO HAD SPILLED THEIR
BLOOD AND GIVEN THEIR LIVES ONLY
SO THEIR BODIES COULD BE DESER-
VED BY THIS FILTH--WELL, I
SORT O' LOST **CONTROL**.

I KILLED THEM ALL QUICK

EXCEPT FOR ONE.



ELIJAH.

WE FACED EACH OTHER
FOR A LONG TIME.

HE HAD BEEN MY BEST
STUDENT. OPERATED A
LANDSTORM LIKE HE WAS
BORN INSIDE ONE.

BUT SOMETHING
HAD TWISTED HIM.

TWISTED HIM
REAL BAD.



YOU SON OF
A BITCH! HOW
DO
THISS?



LYING BASTARD!
I'M GONNA RIP YOUR
FRIGGIN' HEART
OUT!



YOU'RE A FOOL,
DALTON. TO THINK I'M
IN THIS ALONE! THE
GOVERNMENT'S IN ON
IT! IT WAS THEIR DEAL!



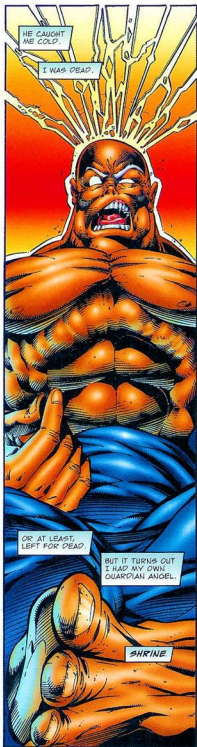
SO THERE WE WERE, LANDSTORM
AGAINST LANDSTORM. LIKE I
SAID, ELIJAH WAS A NATURAL.
HE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT.



BUT I WAS BETTER--
AND HE KNEW IT.



SO HE HIT ME WITH SOME-
THING **REAL** SPECIAL. IT
WAS A PASTE--CARBON LIQUID
PLASMA. IT SHOOTS OUT AS
A HOT RED LIQUID--BORES
THROUGH ARMOR PLATING, THEN
TURNS SOLID WHEN IT GETS
TO FLESH.





BUT THAT'S OKAY.
I'VE GOT NOTHING
BETTER TO DO.

WHATEVER LIFE I
HAD BEFORE THIS
ONE IS **LONG
GONE**

EVEN IF I WANTED
THAT LIFE BACK, I'M
NOT SURE I COULD
GET TO IT.

SEE, A LOT OF THINGS STILL
DON'T MAKE SENSE TO ME. MY
MEMORIES ARE ALL JUMBLED---
LIKE AN OVERTURNED FILING
CABINET. IT'S JUST A BIG
MESS ON THE FLOOR.

BUT I'LL
STRAIGHTEN
IT OUT.

SOONER OR
LATER.