



AP
ANTARCTIC
PRESS

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1995
ADVENTURE

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U.S.
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Can.

Weird Fall

#724

by **MATT HOWARTH**





THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL


17-4.65

BENEATH THE
CITY OF YUJA,
A VAST LABYRINTH
OF CAVERNS
STRETCH DEEP
INTO THE EARTH.


ONE DAY,
MURPHY
AND I ARE
CROSSING
THE TIBETAN
DESERT,
THE NEXT
WE'RE
SPELUNKING
UNDER
SIBERIA.

NEVER A
DULL MOMENT.






HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP, PROF. DIREC?



I AM AN OLD MAN, MISS TAVILOV, NOT A FEEBLE INVALID, I WILL—



YOW—HEY—NO!



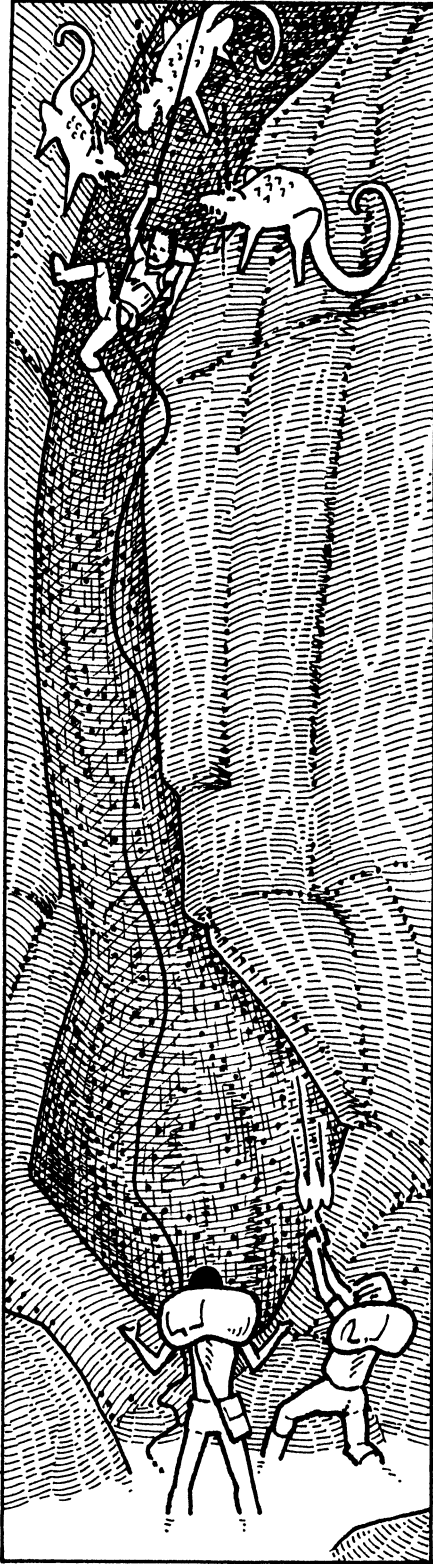
DAMN WEIRDFALL LIZARDS!

KEEP YOUR CLAWS OFF OF ME!



MURPHY!





SHE SHOT THEM...WITH REAL BULLETS ... MURPHY WAS TELLING THE TRUTH...

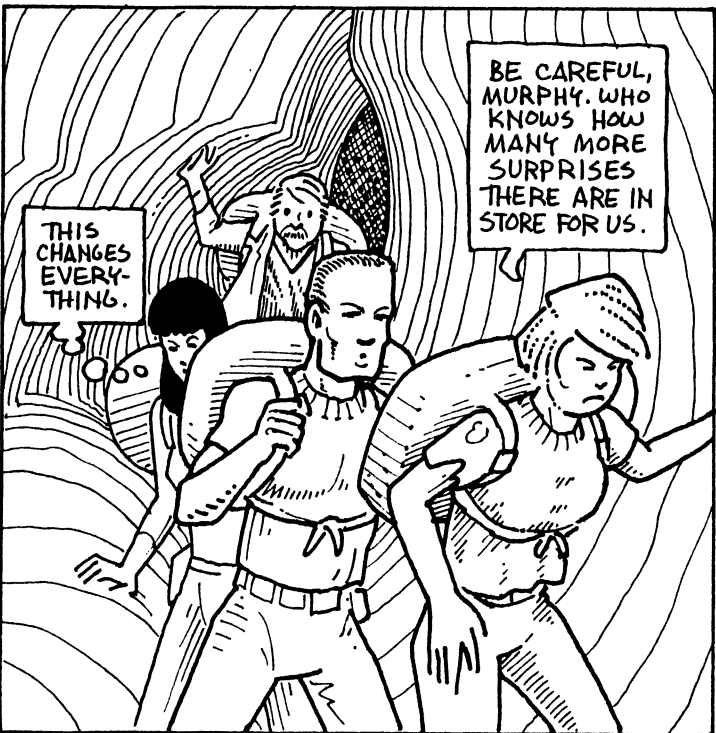


SHE IS CAPABLE OF AFFECTING WEIRDFALL...

THANKS, NYTA.

ARE YOU OKAY?

AMAZING! I WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HAD NOT SEEN IT!



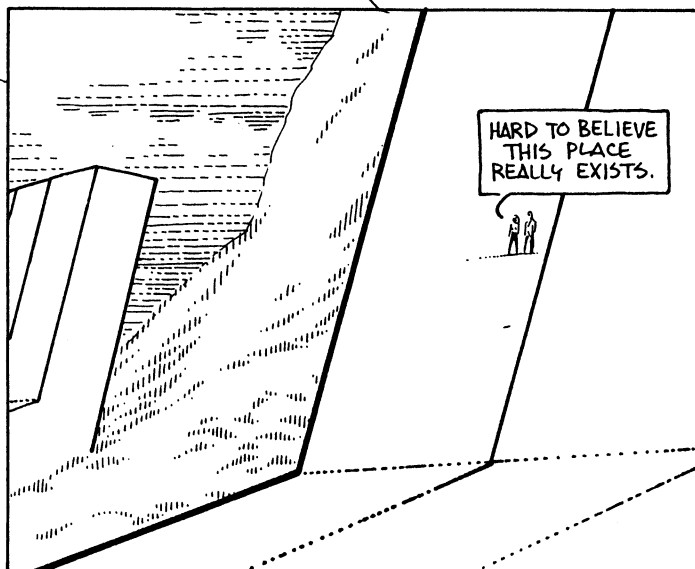
THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING.

BE CAREFUL, MURPHY. WHO KNOWS HOW MANY MORE SURPRISES THERE ARE IN STORE FOR US.

VISITOR'S PASS

11=4,51

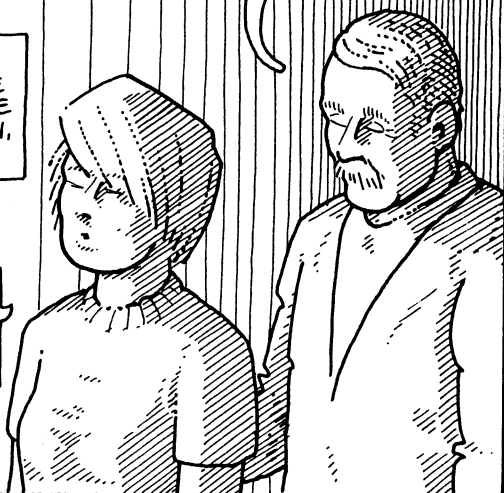
DEEP INSIDE THE FROZEN SIBERIAN TUNDRA, THE HIDDEN CITY OF YUJA FILLS A VALLEY NEAR LAKE BAIKAL.



AH, NYTA... ALL THIS IS QUITE REAL. THERE IS NO WEIRDFALL HERE. EVERYTHING IN YUJA IS CONSTRUCTED OF A SYNTHETIC MADRIDIDIUM ALLOY, WHICH, AS YOU MAY RECALL, RESISTS THE VARIABLE PHYSICS OF WEIRDFALL.

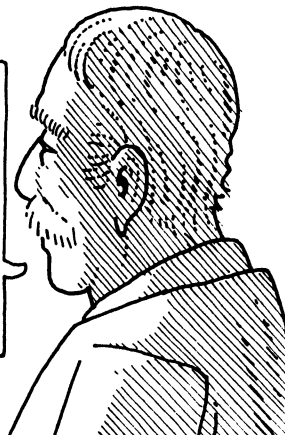
SPARE ME THE SCIENCE LESSON, PROF.

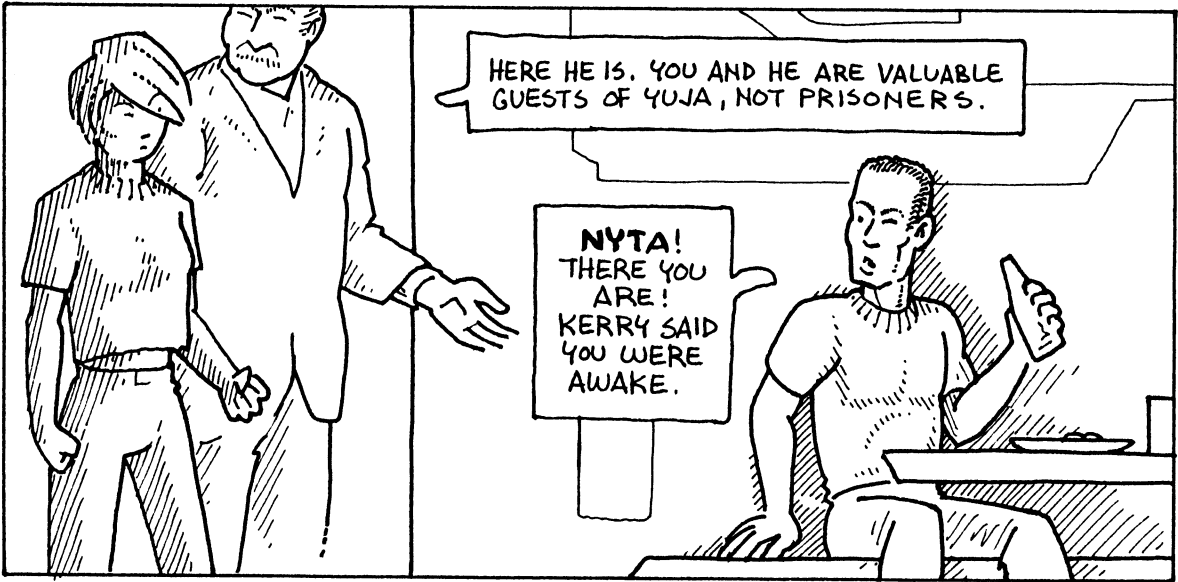
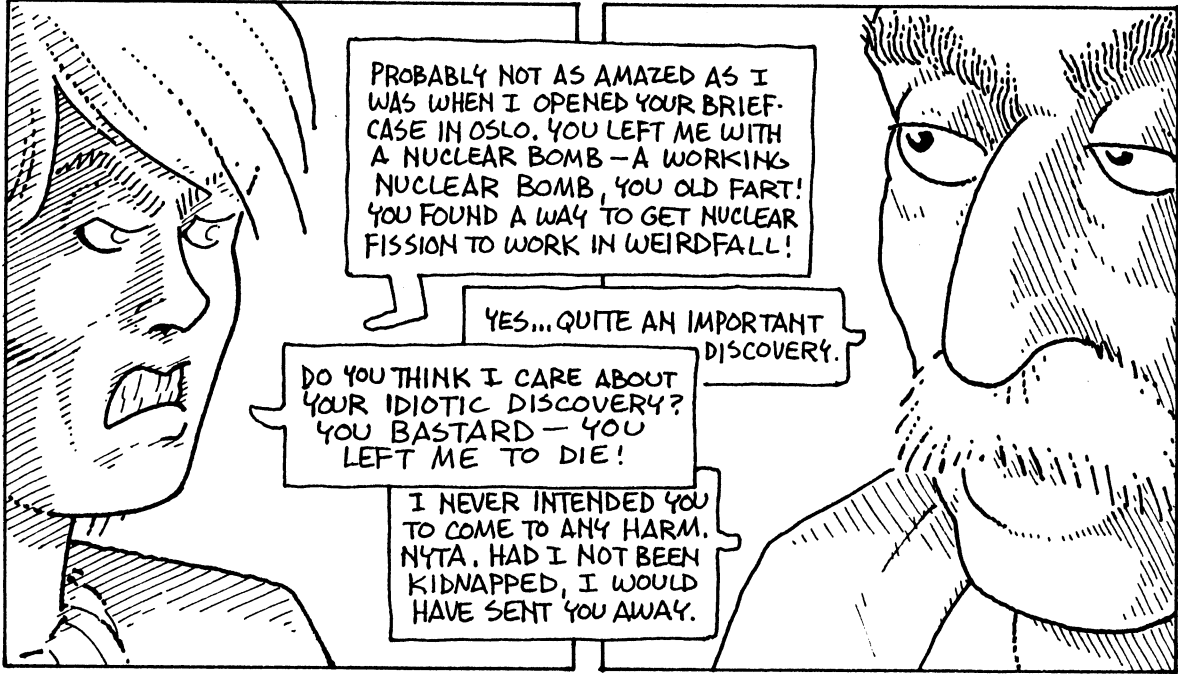
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

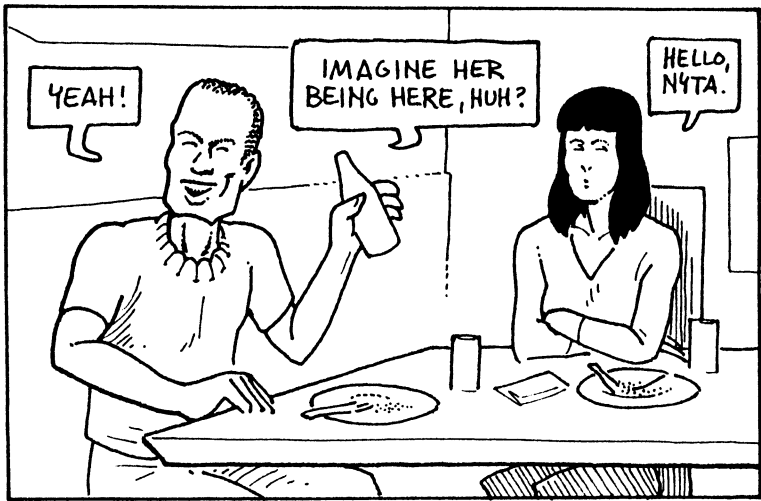
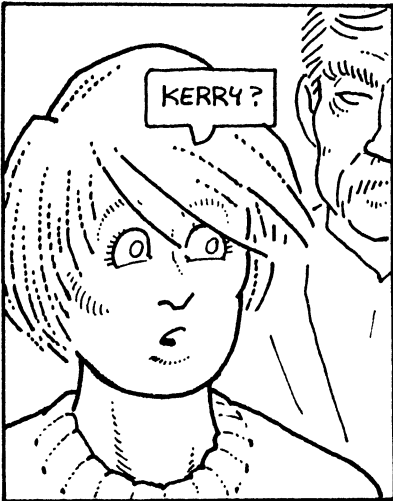


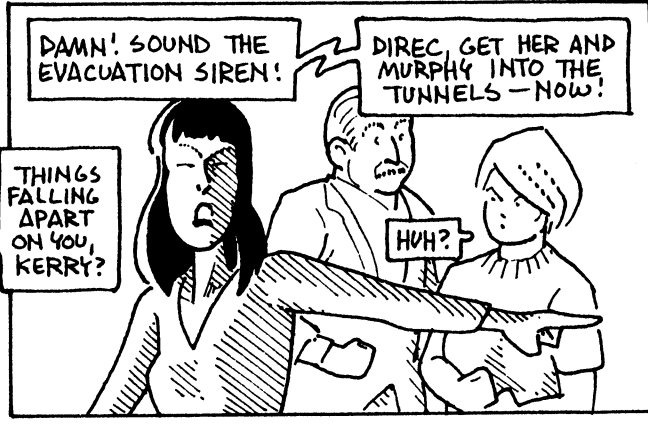
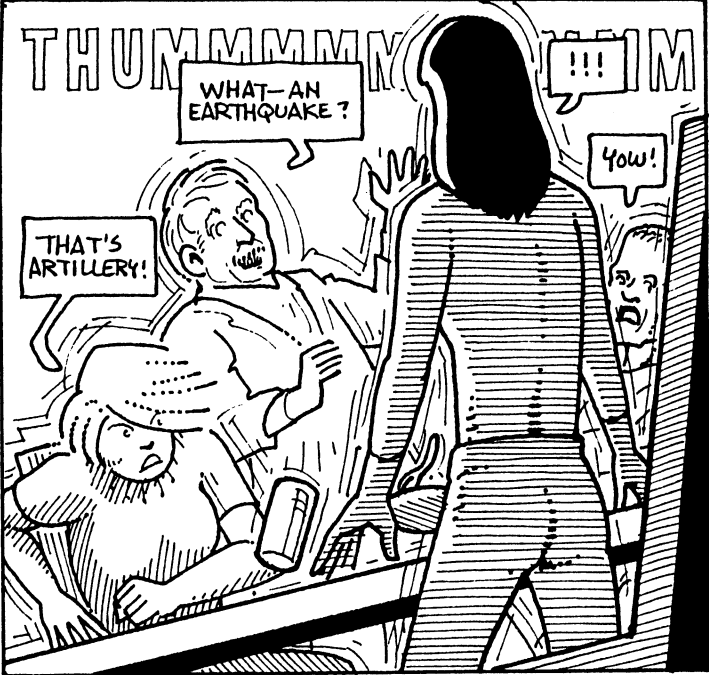
MY KIDNAPPERS IN OSLO BROUGHT ME HERE. FOR DECADES, YUJA HAS BEEN ASSEMBLING ITS OWN ELITE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY TO STUDY WEIRDFALL. ALAS... IF ONLY MY BELOVED UNA HAD LIVED TO BE ABLE TO SEE YUJA!

YOU WOULD NOT BELIEVE THE BOLD TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES THAT THIS PLACE HAS MADE! I AM STILL AMAZED WITH EVERY NEW DAY HERE!









KERRY KNEW THOSE RELIGIOUS
FANATICS WOULD ATTACK YUJA
SOONER OR LATER. THEY ARE
DOUBTLESSLY AFTER OUR SUPPLY
OF SYNTHETIC MADRIDIDIUM.

EACH OF
YOU-
GRAB A
BACKPACK.

WE ARE NOT GOING
ANYWHERE IF I CANNOT
OPEN THIS HATCH!

LET ME TRY IT.

UGH-

UNGE

UNGE

AHA!

WE WILL BE SAFE
IN THE TUNNELS
BENEATH THE
CITY.

HURRY! THEY'VE ALREADY
GOT THEIR TROOPS IN THE
BUILDING! QUICKLY-GET IN!
THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND ME!

BANG

Yow!

BANG

STOP!

BANG

YOU
MUST
DIE!

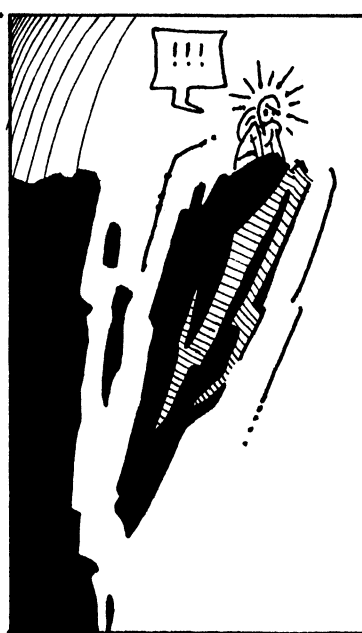
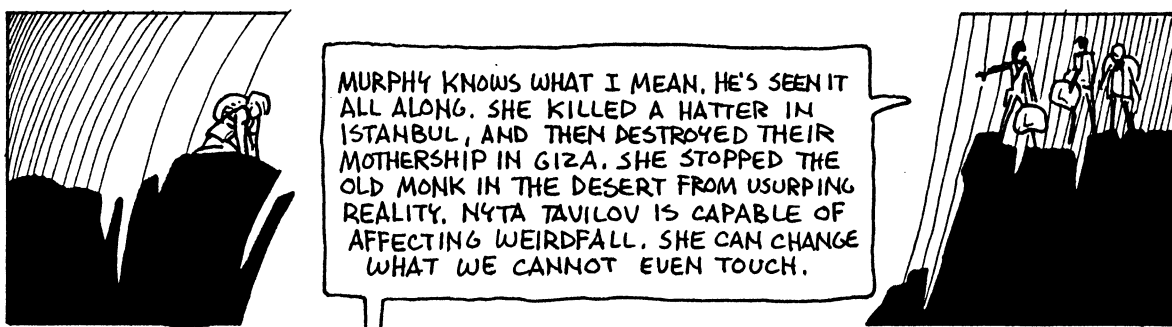
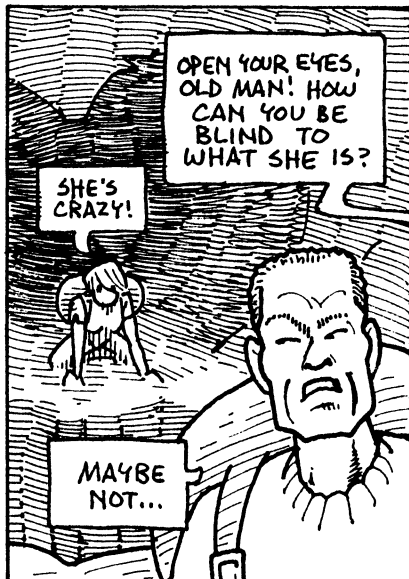
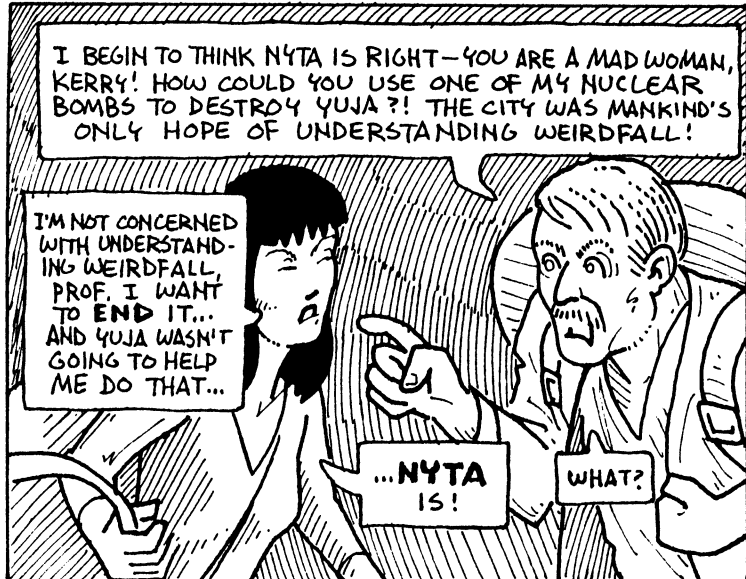
FORCED DESCENT

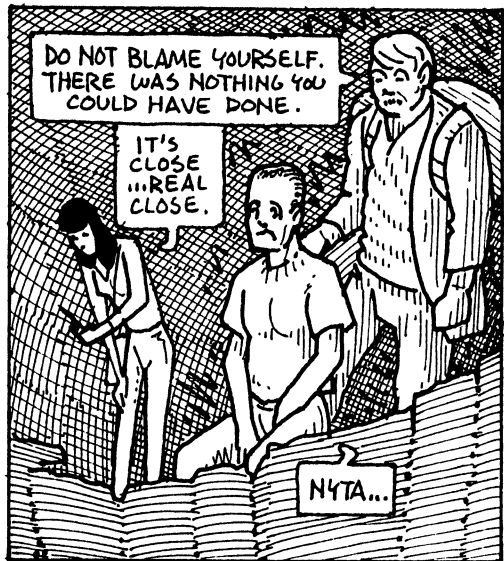
11: 4.87

AS THEIR FLIGHT INTO THE CAVERNS BENEATH YUJA CONTINUED, NYTA BEGAN TO FEEL A CERTAIN, ELUSIVE APPREHENSION.







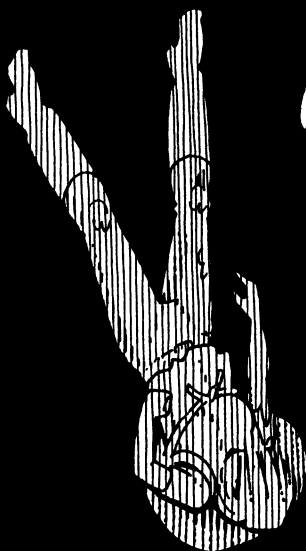




FALLING INTO POSITION


11-2.39

SO MUCH FOR
KERRY'S PLAN
TO GET ME TO
HELP HER END
WEIRDFALL...







...FALLING...



...PRESSURE CHANGE
IS PLUGGING UP
MY EARS...



BOJEMOI! WHY ME?
MURPHY'S THE ONE
WITH ALL THE
EXPERIENCE FALLING
INTO HOLES...



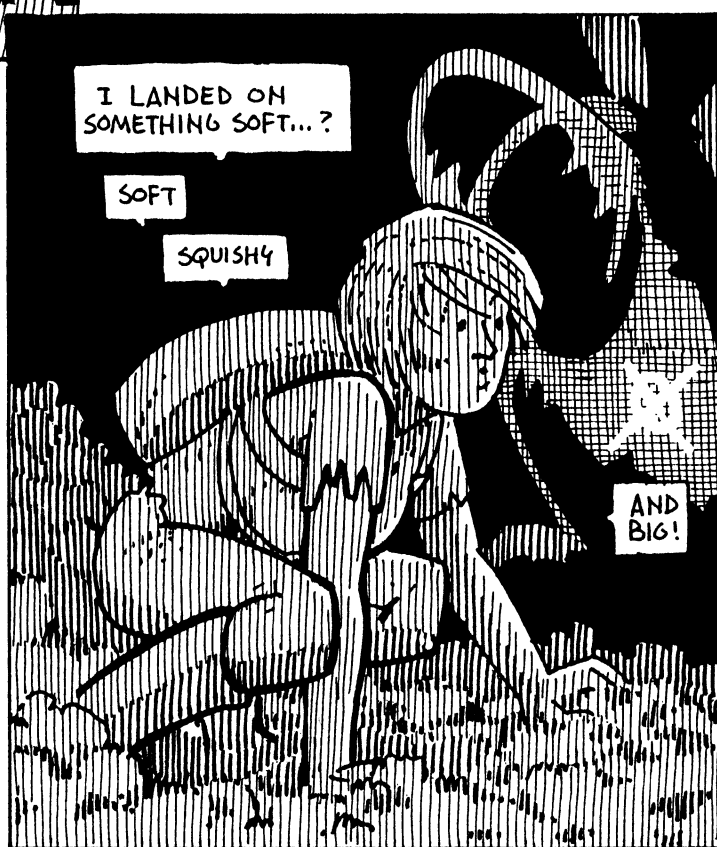
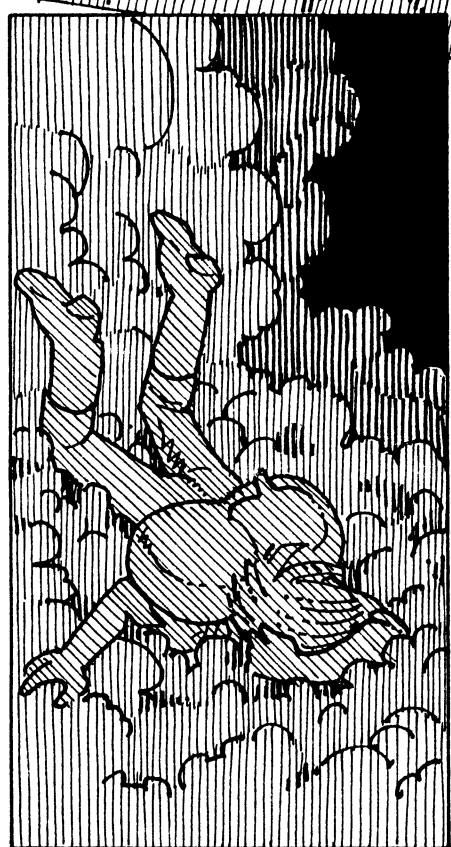
IT'S FUNNY HOW IMMINENT
DEATH INSPIRES
GRAVEYARD HUMOR...



OOOF!



I DIDN'T
BREAK MY
NECK ON
SOLID ROCK?

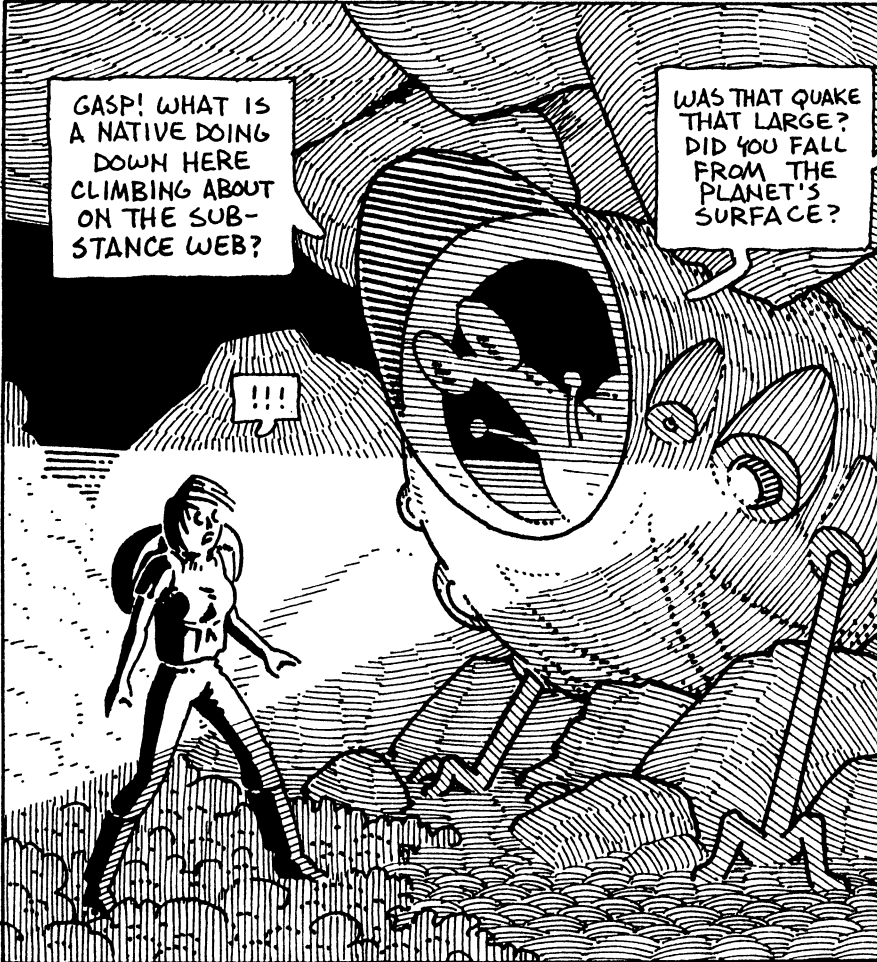


I LANDED ON
SOMETHING SOFT...?

SOFT

SQUISHY

AND
BIG!



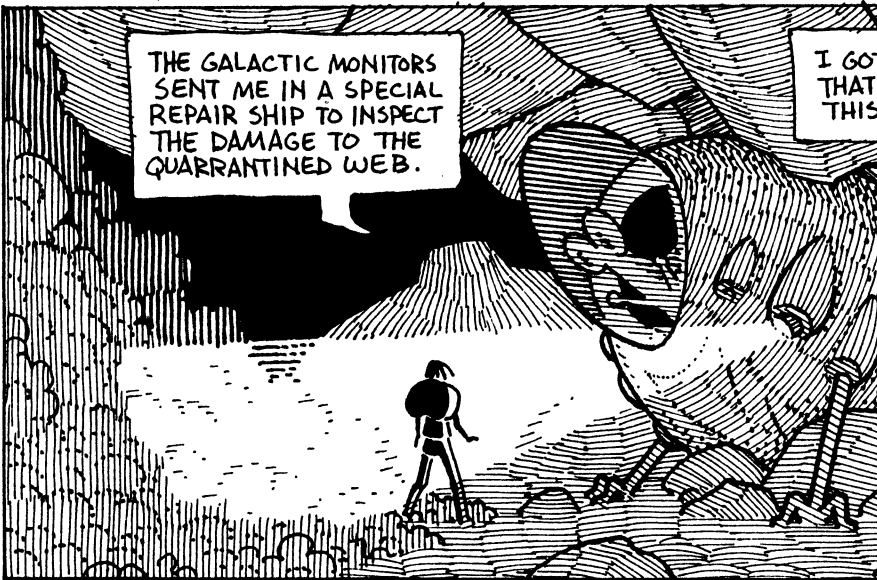
GASP! WHAT IS
A NATIVE DOING
DOWN HERE
CLIMBING ABOUT
ON THE SUB-
STANCE WEB?

WAS THAT QUAKE
THAT LARGE?
DID YOU FALL
FROM THE
PLANET'S
SURFACE?

HELLO? (I KNOW
MY TRANSLATOR
IS WORKING.
MAYBE THIS
NATIVE IS DEAF.)

UHHH

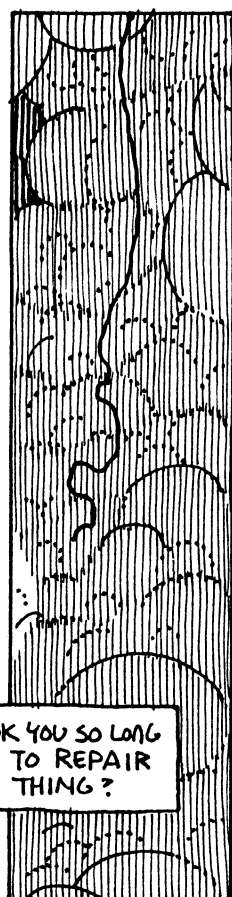
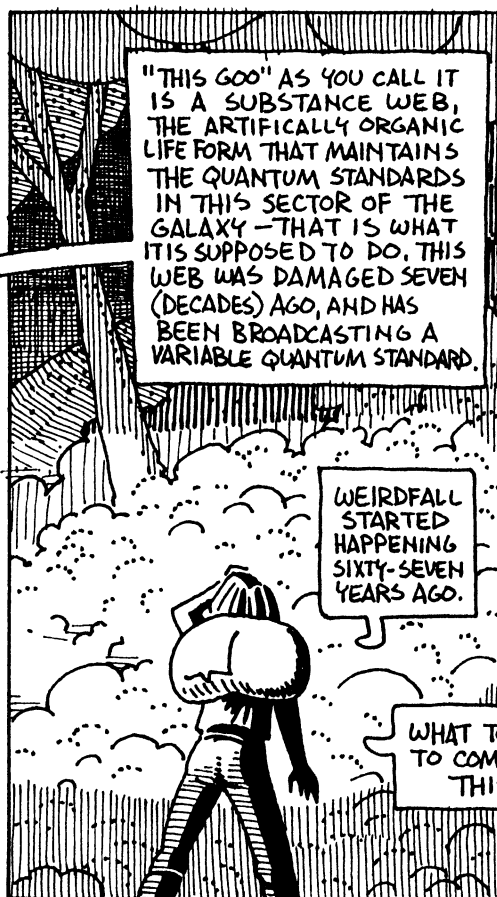
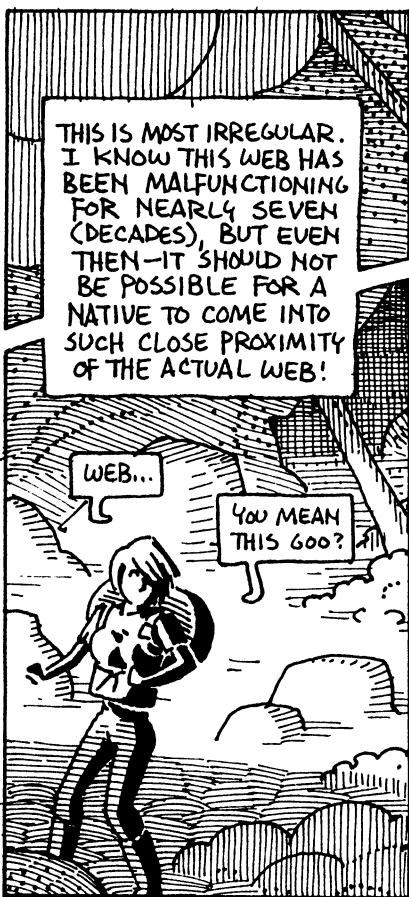
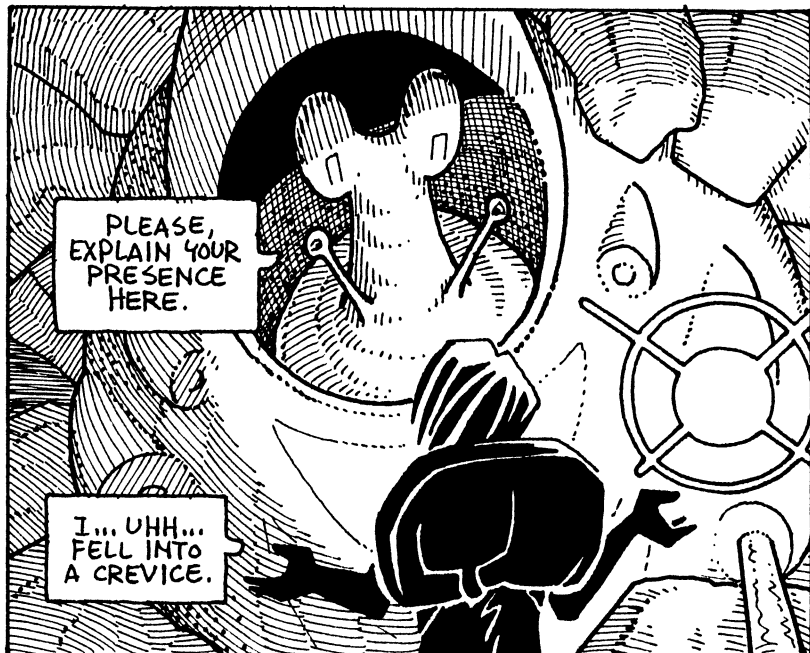
HELLO...

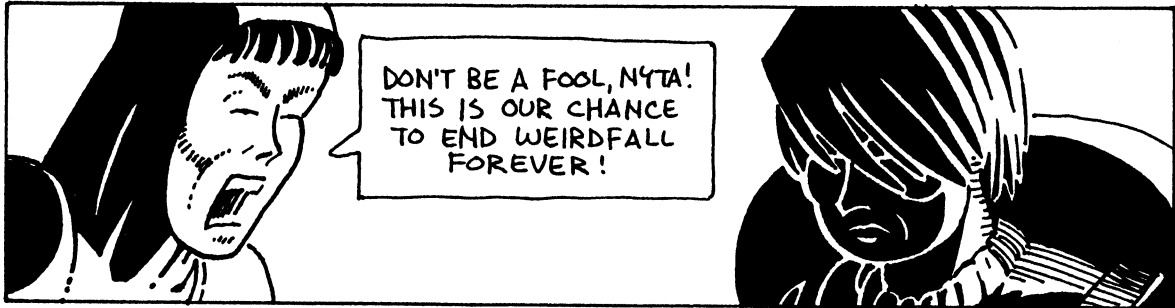
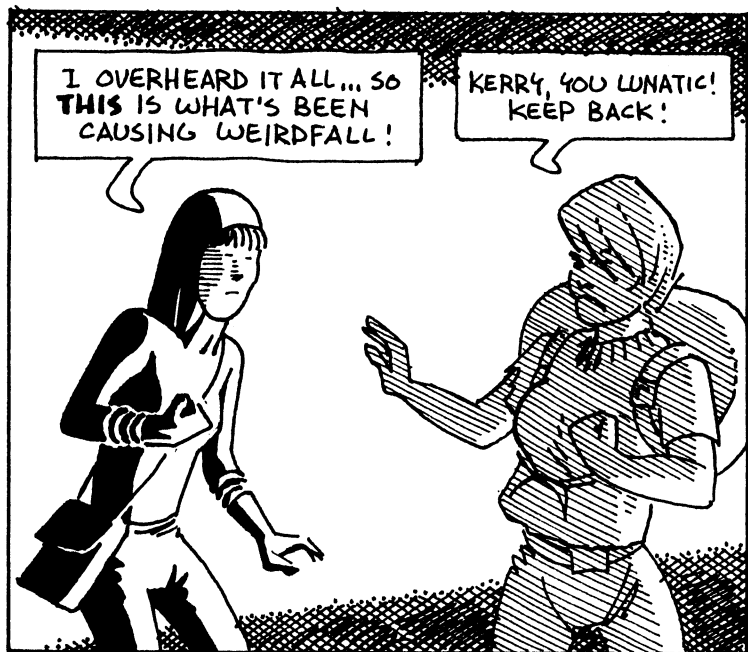
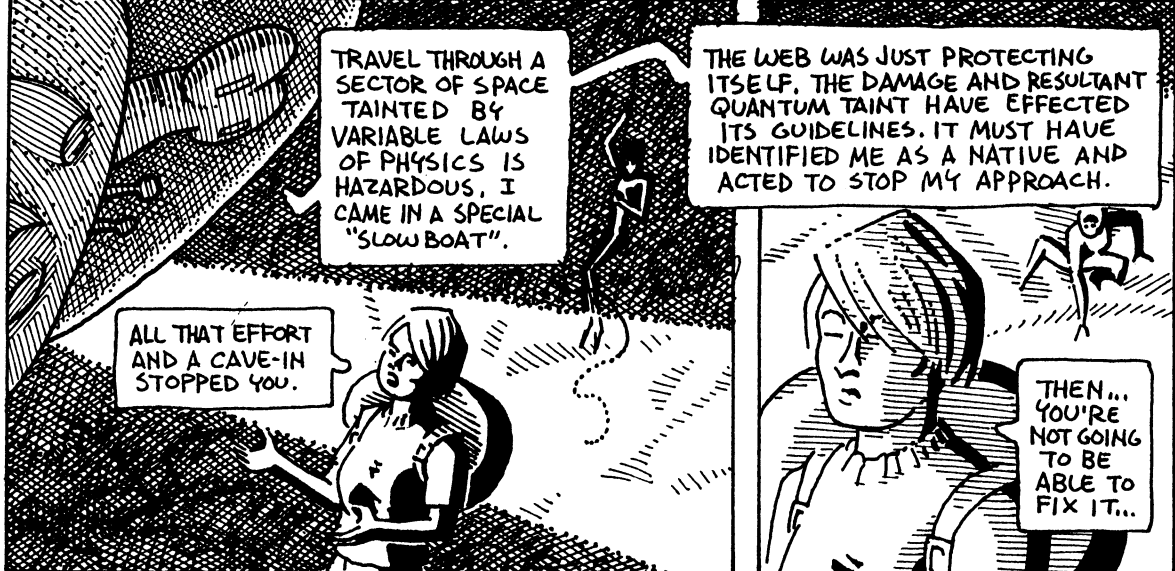


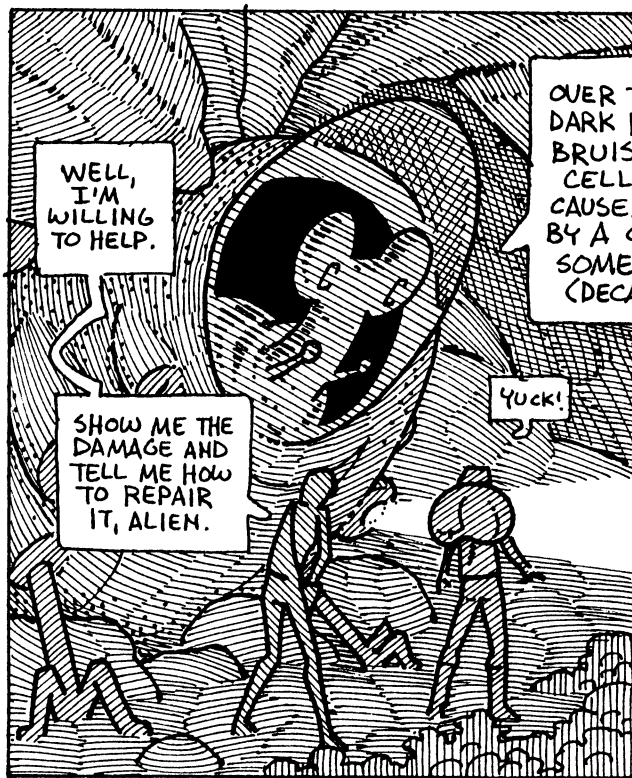
THE GALACTIC MONITORS
SENT ME IN A SPECIAL
REPAIR SHIP TO INSPECT
THE DAMAGE TO THE
QUARRANTINED WEB.

I GOT THIS CLOSE BEFORE
THAT QUAKE COLLAPSED
THIS CAVERN ON ME.

I AM UNFAM-
ILIAR WITH YOUR
WORLD'S FAUNA.
I SUPPOSE YOU
ARE INCAPABLE
OF FREEING
ME FROM
THESE ROCKS.





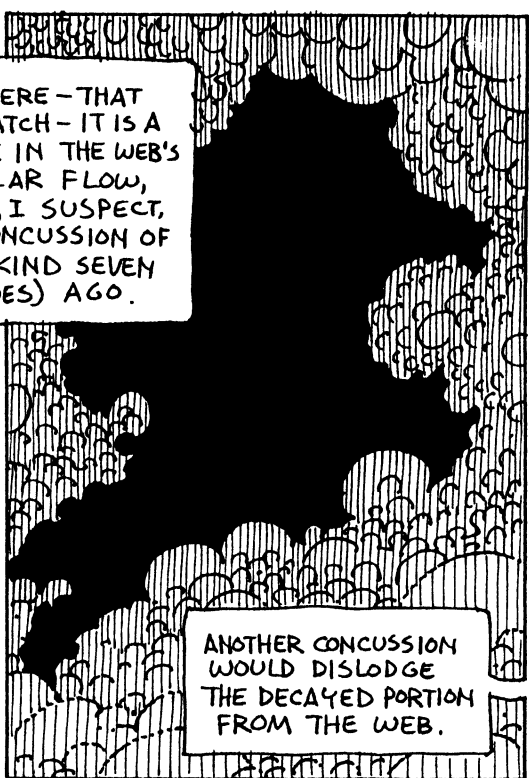


WELL,
I'M
WILLING
TO HELP.

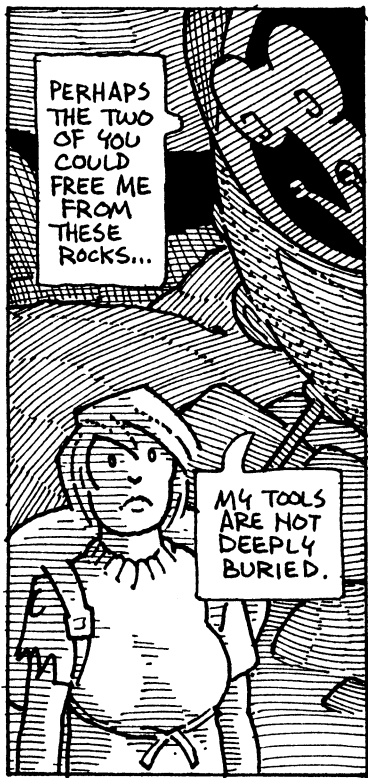
OVER THERE - THAT
DARK PATCH - IT IS A
BRUISE IN THE WEB'S
CELLULAR FLOW,
CAUSED, I SUSPECT,
BY A CONCUSSION OF
SOME KIND SEVEN
(DECADES) AGO.

SHOW ME THE
DAMAGE AND
TELL ME HOW
TO REPAIR
IT, ALIEN.

YUCK!



ANOTHER CONCUSSION
WOULD DISLODGE
THE DECAYED PORTION
FROM THE WEB.



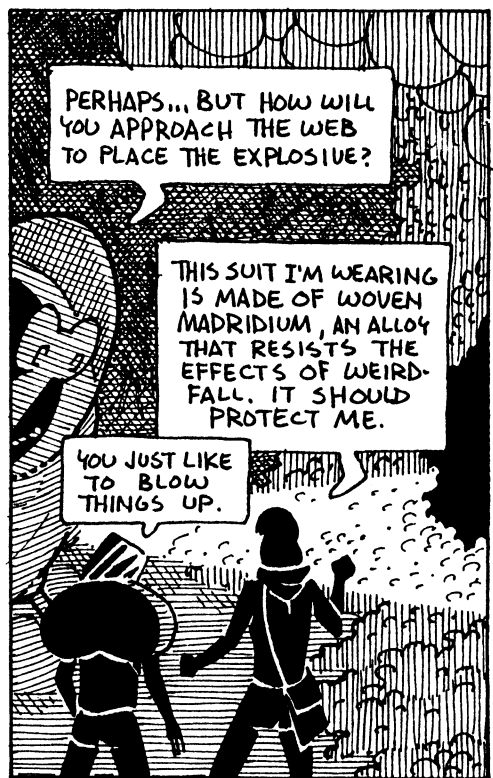
PERHAPS
THE TWO
OF YOU
COULD
FREE ME
FROM
THESE
ROCKS...

MY TOOLS
ARE NOT
DEEPLY
BURIED.



I HAVE SOME
EXPLOSIVES WITH
ME. WILL THEY
DO THE JOB?

YOU
CRAZY-



PERHAPS... BUT HOW WILL
YOU APPROACH THE WEB
TO PLACE THE EXPLOSIVE?

THIS SUIT I'M WEARING
IS MADE OF WOVEN
MADRIDIUM, AN ALLOY
THAT RESISTS THE
EFFECTS OF WEIRD-
FALL. IT SHOULD
PROTECT ME.

YOU JUST LIKE
TO BLOW
THINGS UP.

HUH - IT LOOKS AS IF DIREC WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL. IT'S YUWA'S SCIENCE THAT WILL HELP ME DESTROY WEIRDFALL... NOT YOU, NYTA.

WAIT -

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY HAND?

I'M DISSOLVING!

AUGH!

CALM DOWN, KERRY. OH CRIPES!

IT'S

NOT

STOPPING!

APPARENTLY YOUR MADRIDIDIUM ALLOY COULD NOT BLOCK THE WEB'S ABILITY TO TWIST PHYSICS TO PROTECT ITSELF.

YOU WILL PROBABLY DISSOLVE ENTIRELY.

THERE IS NO WAY TO EVADE THE EFFECTS OF WHAT YOU CALL WEIRDFALL.

HMM

UNLESS SOMEONE WERE IMMUNE TO WEIRDFALL...

WHAT IF MURPHY AND KERRY WERE RIGHT...?

WEIRDFALL HAPPENS AROUND ME, BUT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TO ME! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO SIDESTEP IT... AND I DID KILL THOSE HATTERS... THEY WERE WEIRDFALL FIGMENTS... AND ALL THE ACCIDENTS THAT HAVE CONSPIRED TO GET ME HERE IN THIS CAVERN...

THE ALIEN SAID THE WEB PROTECTED ITSELF. I WONDER IF ALL THOSE "ACCIDENTS" WERE THE WEB'S DOING... TO GET ME HERE SO I COULD FIX IT...

HMPH—THAT SMACKS OF MYSTICAL SELF-JUSTIFICATION.

THIS IS AS CLOSE AS I'M GETTING. I DON'T WANT TO END UP DISSOLVING. A TOSS FROM HERE HAD BETTER SUFFICE.

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

PTOOM

DAMN YOU, KERRY! THE CHARGE WAS TOO BIG!

THE WHOLE PLACE IS COMING DOWN!

GASP

UGH

PLEASE

DON'T
BURY ME!

NO-

HANG ON,
NYTA!

I'VE GOT YOU!

AHH!

YOU'VE GOTTA
BE THE LUCKIEST
GIRL ALIVE,
NYTA!

I'M ALIVE!

IT WAS
AWFUL!

YES.

BUT YOU'RE
ALIVE TOO
-YOU AND
THE PROF.

UMM...WELL,
NOT EXACTLY.

THAT LAST QUAKE...IT GOT
THE PROF. THE WHOLE CAVE
CEILING CAME DOWN ON HIM.
HE SCREAMED SOMETHING
ABOUT "GOING TO UNA NOW"...

AWW

UNA WAS HIS DEAD GIRL-
FRIEND ... HE'S HAPPY
WITH HER NOW, I GUESS.

TOO BAD...HE'S
GOING TO MISS
THE RETURN OF
SCIENCE NOW
THAT WEIRDFALL
IS OVER...

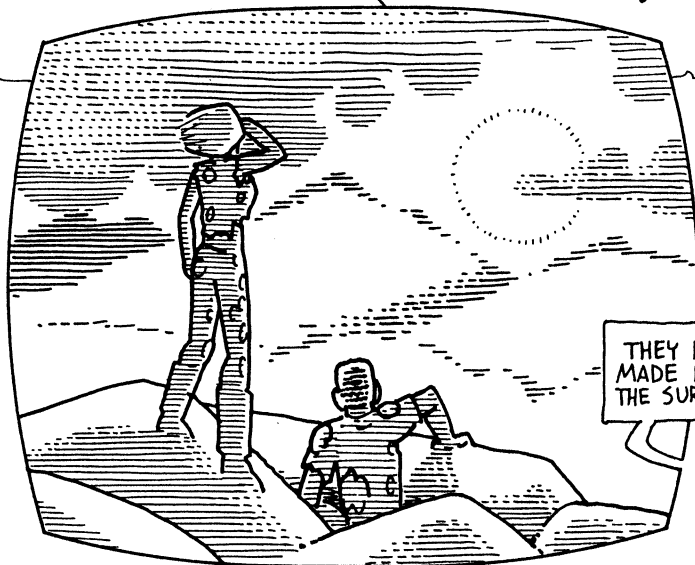
HUH?

I'M SO
TIRED,
MURPHY.

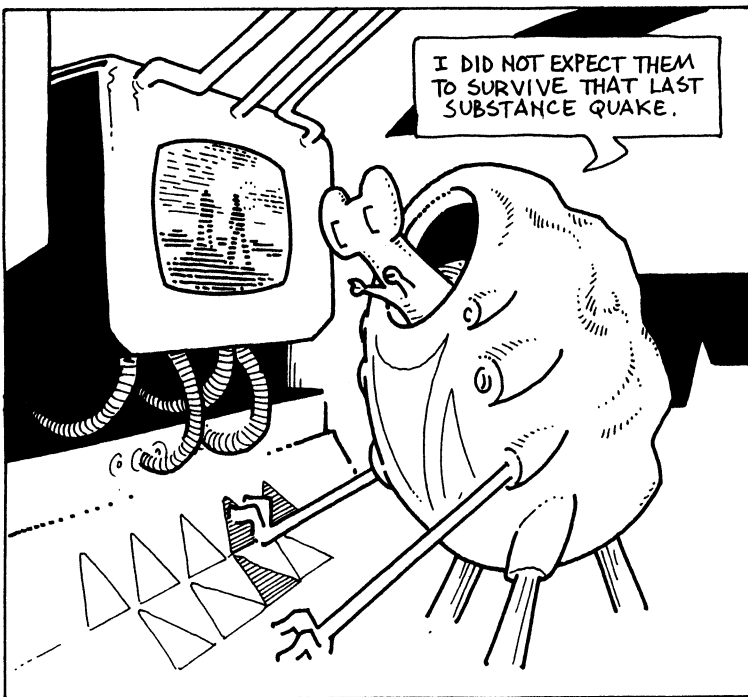
CAN I
REST FOR
A WHILE?
THEN I'LL
TELL YOU
ALL THAT
HAPPENED.

HOVERVIEW

AY= 3.14



THEY HAVE
MADE IT TO
THE SURFACE.



I DID NOT EXPECT THEM
TO SURVIVE THAT LAST
SUBSTANCE QUAKE.

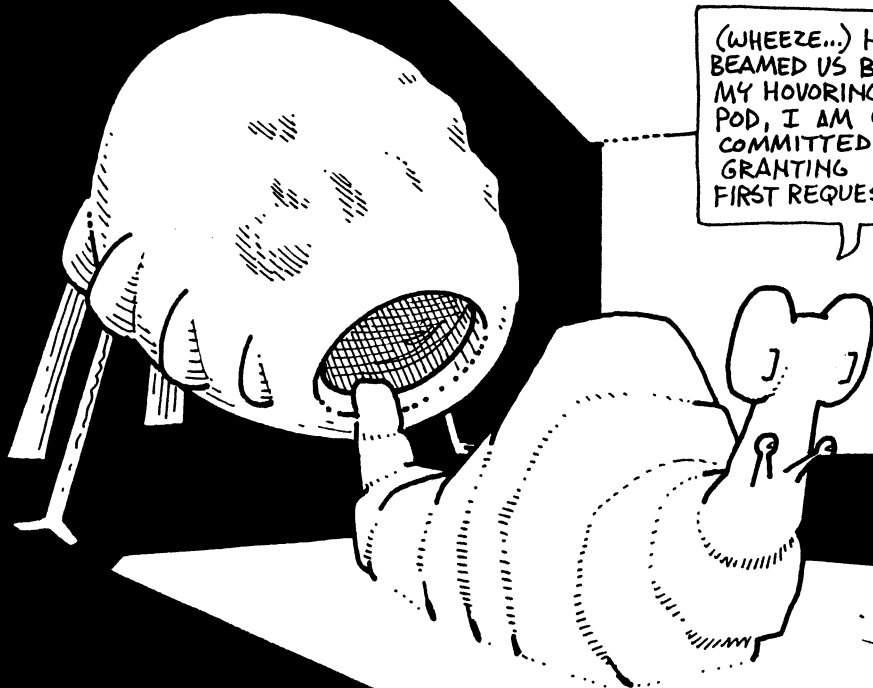


HEY NOW - WE
HAD A DEAL...

BUT SHE KNOWS ABOUT THE SUBSTANCE WEB. THE RULES ARE QUITE STRICT CONCERNING SUCH KNOWLEDGE!

I GOT YOU OUT OF THAT CAVE-IN, AND YOU AGREED TO GIVE ME THREE THINGS. MY SECOND WISH IS THAT YOU LEAVE NYTA TAVILOV AND MURPHY ALONE.

TRUE... I HAVE GIVEN YOU MY WORD, BUT...



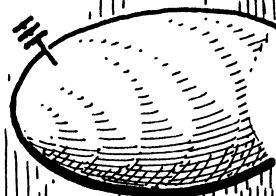
(WHEEZE...) HAVING BEAMED US BOTH TO MY HOVORING ENTRY POD, I AM CLEARLY COMMITTED TO GRANTING YOUR FIRST REQUEST, BUT...

THE RULES-

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

TRUST ME, I KNOW NYTA... SHE'S NOT GOING TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT YOUR PRECIOUS SECRET SUBSTANCE WEB.

NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE HER IF SHE DID... PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE BUSY COPING WITH A NEW LIFE WITHOUT WEIRDFALL.



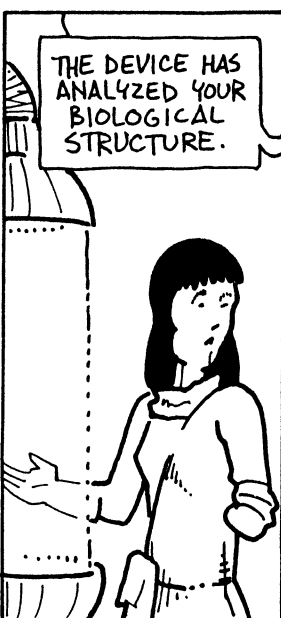
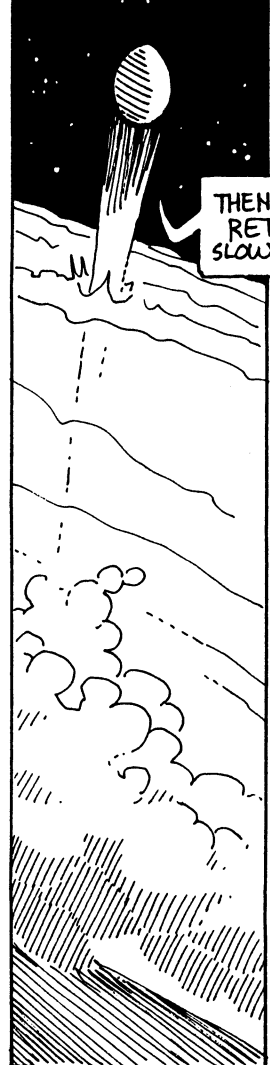
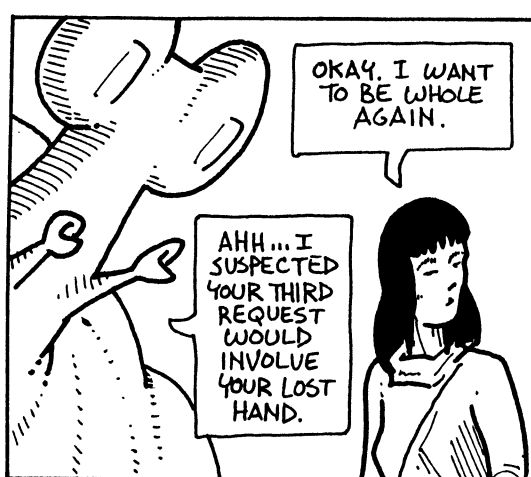
AND REMEMBER, SHE WAS THE ONE WHO REPAIRED THE WEB.

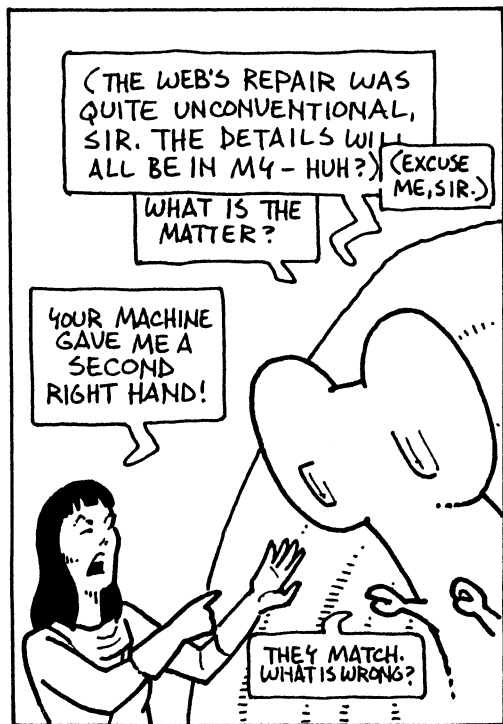
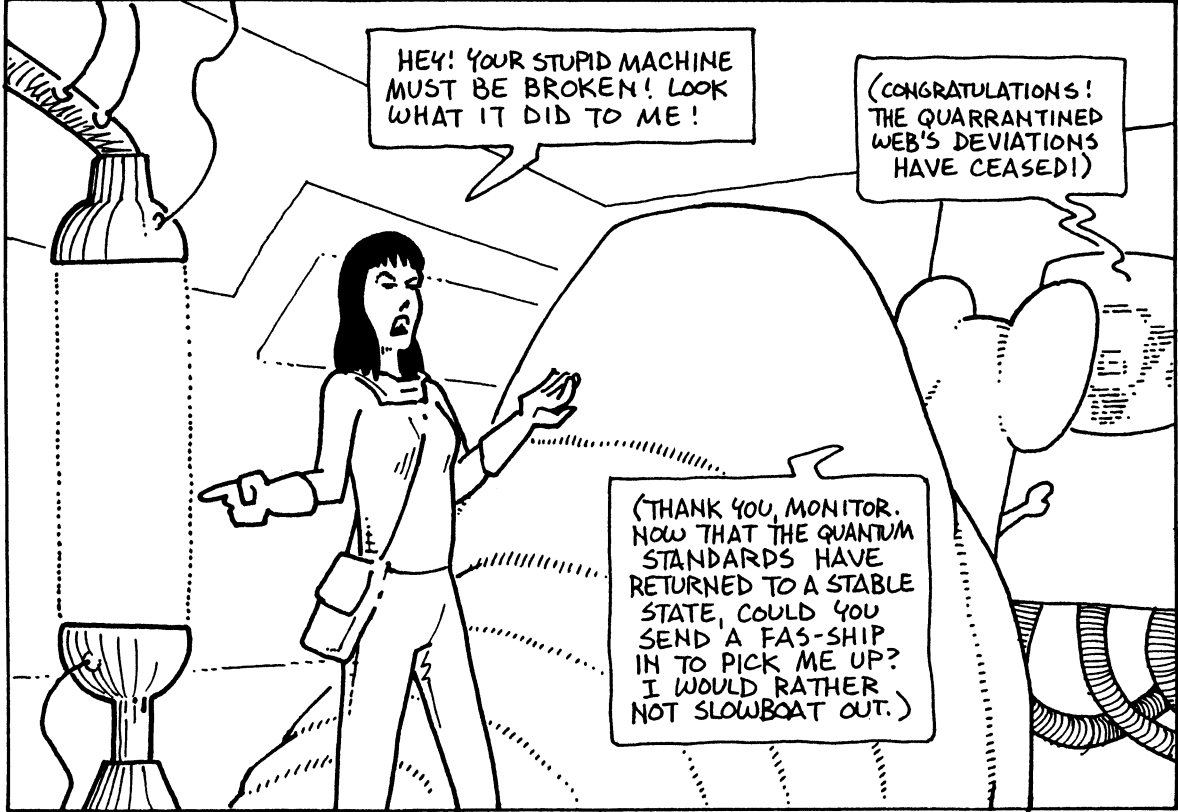
THERE IS BOUND TO BE AN INQUIRY.

THEN I'LL TAKE THE HEAT FOR IT.

YES... AS A NEW GALACTIC CITIZEN, YOU WILL BE EXPECTED TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR ACTIONS.

I ALREADY LIVE BY THOSE RULES.





THIS IS IT... I'M
GOING TO THE STARS!

THE EARTH WILL BE TOO
NORMAL NOW... A PLACE
DEVOID OF SURPRISES.

A FAS-SHIP
IS BEING
SENT FOR US.

BUT A GALAXY FULL
OF STARS HAS
SURPRISES BEYOND
NUMBER...

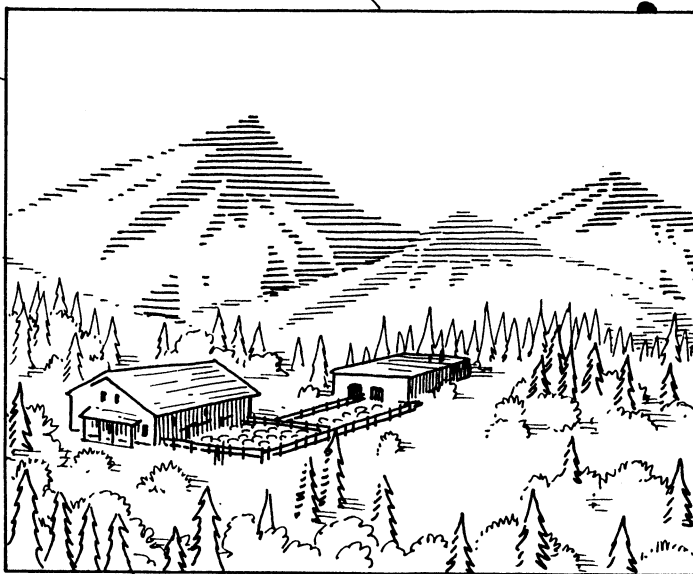
WELCOME TO
THE GALAXY,
NEW CITIZEN.

I SUPPOSE TWO RIGHT
HANDS IS A SMALL PRICE
TO PAY FOR ALL THAT...

PART IV

17-3.14

IT IS TEN YEARS AFTER WEIRDFALL ENDED AND THE LAWS OF PHYSICS ONCE AGAIN BECAME SOMETHING ON WHICH YOU COULD DEPEND.



A DECADE OF REAL LIFE FINDS NYTA TAVILOV RUNNING A PIG FARM IN SIBERIA, NOT FAR FROM HER BIRTH-PLACE NEAR LAKE BAIKAL. THE IRONY OF ALL THIS IS NOT UNKNOWN TO HER.



I STRUGGLED MY ENTIRE CHILDHOOD TO ESCAPE A PLACE THAT COULD BE THIS FARM'S TWIN... AND HERE I AM... THIS IS WHERE MURPHY WANTED TO SPEND HIS LAST MONTHS...

HE DIED LAST WEEK... MY POOR MURPHY...



HE SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO SUFFER LIKE HE DID... HE WAS A GOOD MAN...

HIS TEETH AND HAIR
FELL OUT...AND HE
HAD BLEEDING SORES...

THE DOCTORS IN
IRKUTSK SAID HE
HAD ALL THE
SYMPTOMS OF
RADIOACTIVE
FALL OUT...

IT'S NOT FAIR...
I WAS JUST AS
CLOSE TO THE
OSLO BLAST AS
MURPHY. WHY
AM I STILL
ALIVE?

MAMMA!

OH, IT'S NO MYSTERY TO ME.
IT'S BECAUSE I WAS SPECIAL.
BECAUSE I WASN'T TOUCHED
BY WEIRDFALL... SIGH...

YES,
HELLO,
AARON.

YES, AARON.
DADDY
WOULD LIKE
THAT.

CAN WE GO VISIT
DADDY'S GRAVE,
MAMMA? WANNA
SHOW HIM THE
MAGIC STRING
I FOUND.
PLEASE?

ANTARCTIC BLAST

NOVEMBER 1995

**CHECK
OUT
ANTARCTIC
PRESS'
other releases***

*subject to change

- ☐ Vampire Milyu #2
- ☐ Shotgun Mary #2
- ☐ Fantastic Panic Vol. 2 #1
- ☐ Chesty Sanchez #1
- ☐ Ninja High School #49
- ☐ Small-Bodied Ninja High School #7
- ☐ Gold Digger #26
- ☐ F-III Bandit #6
- ☐ Silbuster #12
- ☐ Hurricane Birds #3
- ☐ Furlough #35
- ☐ Weirdfall #3
- ☐ Mangazine #41
- ☐ Shanda the Panda #12
- ☐ Tigers of Terra #17
- ☐ A-Bomb #9 (Venus)
- ☐ Genus #15 (Venus)

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We Want YOU!

(after you've asked yourself some questions)

Antarctic Press is constantly looking for new talent to work with. If you're a writer, artist, inker or colorist, you should think about sending something in... but I do mean you should think about it.

The submissions process is full of emotional pitfalls, not the least of which is having your work rejected. But you can avoid rejection and dejection by understanding your level of talent and progress. Be your own harshest critic. Ask tough questions.

Artists, ask yourselves — have I studied anatomy texts until I'm comfortable drawing the human figure from any angle, in any position? Do I understand perspective, and how to create a sense of space? Do I know how to draw everyday objects, rather than leaving backgrounds blank or filling up my panels with figures? Are my layouts a careful choreography of events, not just a series of neat individual illustrations?

Writers, respect and use all your craft's tools: Can I spell every word I use, and at least roughly diagram every sentence I write? And

if so, are those diagrams and words carefully chosen for their subtle variations? Have I analyzed how many words can effectively fit on a page without crowding artwork, and do I know how much action can really be conveyed in a single panel? Does my work say anything, or am I only interested in how "cool" it is?

Inkers: Do I understand textures, line variation and lighting effects? Can I correct for sloppy pencils if the artist has left a hand awkward or a background vague?

Colorists: Do I choose colors carefully and vary them subtly to emphasize the lighting and mood of the inked art? Can I reproduce other colorists' effects, and emulate the company's house style while adding my own creative touch?

If you're uncertain about the answers to any of those questions, you probably need to do some more technical study and analysis before submitting. But if you're ready, we're waiting to hear from you.

Herb Mallette
Editor in Chief

AP Pro-Files



Shon-Ra

Shon Howell is the editor of A-Bomb and most of the Venus comics and letterer for the AP and Venus manga books. He is also a prominent anthropomorphic artist doing freelance commission artwork and portfolios.

Sadly, Shon passed away unexpectedly from a sudden heart attack two months ago, but he was recently resurrected through an ancient Egyptian ritual. Too much Diet Coke was used in the ceremony however, and

now he keeps boasting that he's the "Ever-living Source of Fetish", his artwork has become more erotic, and he drops sarcophaguses on top of you when he gets mad! Not to mention that all the babes can't get enough of his confining leather straps...

To top it all off, come January he will be attending a wake for Shon Howell. Afterwards he plans to get drunk and play ping-pong.

A completely unattached photo (I mean, we?) courtesy Artline

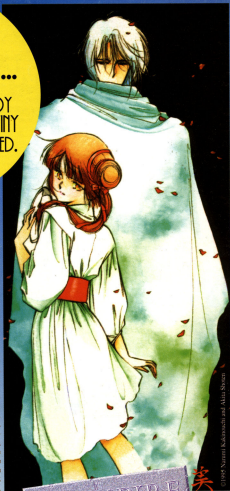
WHEN NIGHT FALLS...

TAKE A GIRL AND A BOY
— AND MIX WITH A DESTINY
THAT CANNOT BE CHANGED.

Within the cold, dark dimensions of the night, a twilight land that knows no peace, sleep the demonic beings known as the Shinma. When a human spirit is in chaos, however, it calls to the Shinma, who wander out of the darkness and lose themselves in the human world.

Charged with guarding over the sleep of the Shinma are the vampire clan.

Now begins the tale of a young girl who must hunt down the wandering Shinma when she awakens to the vampire blood within her. Her name is Miyu—Vampire Miyu—and she is the new sentinel against the Shinma.



A different kind of story.
Presented by Akita Shoten. Written and drawn by Narumi Kakinouchi,
creator of the animated Vampire Princess Miyu.
Coming from Antarctic Press.

