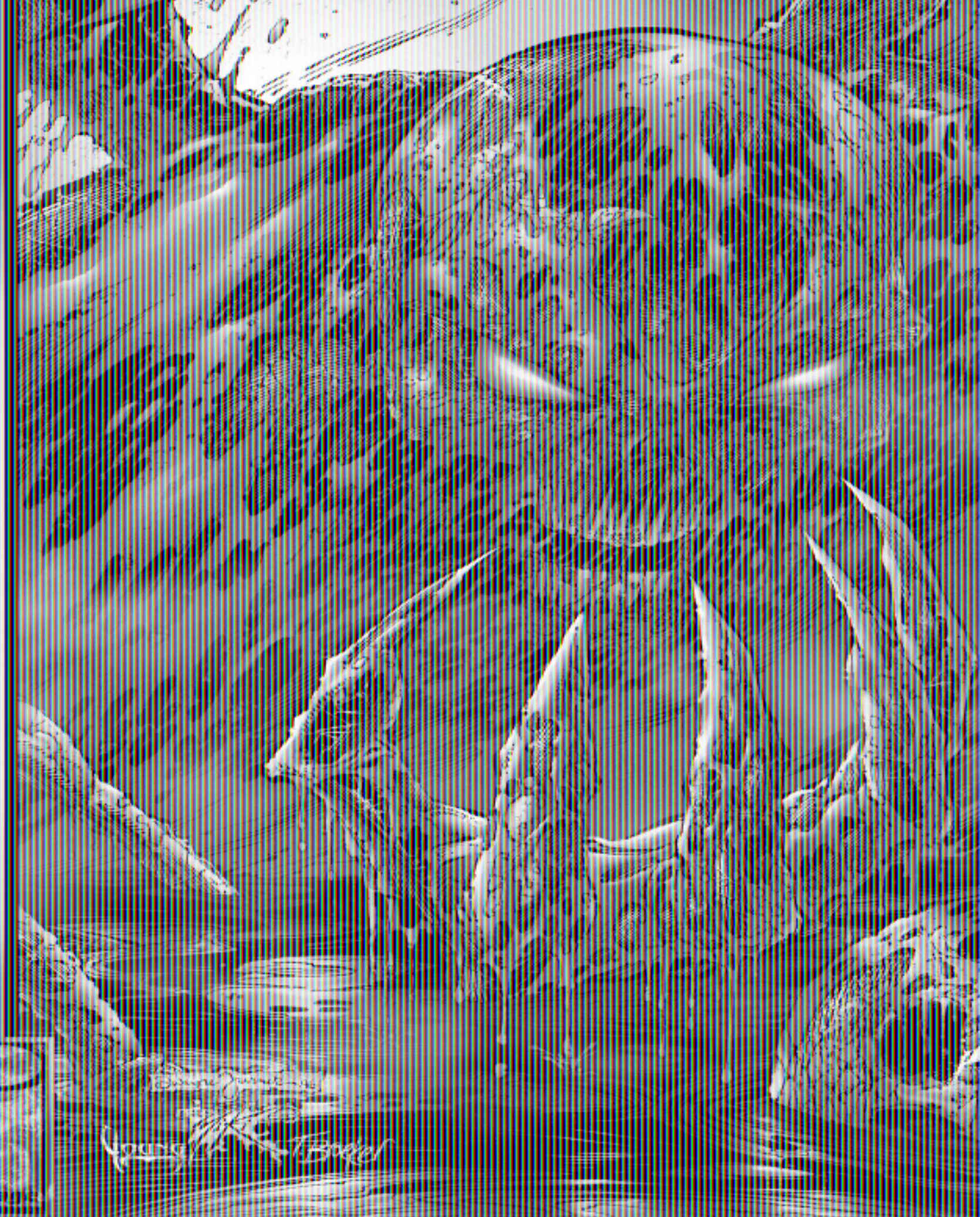


No. 1

DIGITAL EDITION

CURSE OF THE

SERPENT



By *James Van Der Loo*
Illustrated by *James Van Der Loo*

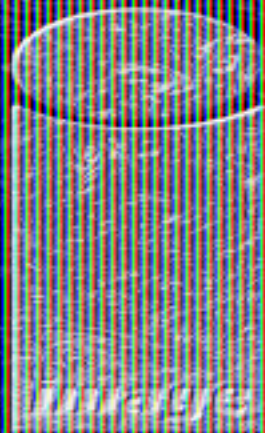
CURSE OF THE SPAWN

TODD MCFARLANE &
IMAGE COMICS™ PRESENTS:

“DARK FUTURE”




DEDICATED TO:
KYMM MELBOY



ALLEN
DWAYNE

DANN
COPY EDITOR
TOM ORZEC

TODD B
BO
SPECIAL
JOH



The FUTURE--

A TIME LOST TO THE PESTILENT HORRORS OF A NEW DEMONIC AGE. RIVERS AND OCEANS OF BLOOD TIDE AND CHURN TO OVERFLOWING ACROSS MANKIND'S SOUL-STRIPPED SHORES, REEKING OF SULFUR AND BURNING FLESH (ROASTED FROM THE BONE, WITH SKULLS STILL SCREAMING). A TIME OF DAMNATION GIVEN FORM.

YES, THEY
COME, TH
WHOSE HO
RACE HAS
RAGGED P
SPLINTER
BOOK OF
LEASHED
WIDE, DA
ITS ARMIE
THIS IS AN
THE HEAR
THOUSAN

DISTANT-- THE WAIL OF FALLEN SOULS. THE SCREAMS OF THOSE YET THIS SIDE OF DEATH. AND THE DEMONS, WINGED MINIONS OF THE DARK LORD, CARRYING OFF THE TENDER FLESH OF TORTURED INNOCENTS.

BY NIGHT, BY DAY... THE FALL OF APOCALYPSE.

ABADDON, THE DESTROYER--
CHIEF OF THE DEMON LOCUSTS, A
CHOSEN SON OF THE APOCALYPSE
AND SOVEREIGN OF THE BOTTOM-
LESS PIT, REGARDS AN ARENA
OF BLOOD AS HUMANITY, THE
CHILDREN OF GOD, ARE DRIVEN
LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER.
SCREAMS FOLLOW SCREAMS IN A
CRESCENDO OF DESPAIR.

AND BELOW--THEY
COME, COLD, DEAD,
RELENTLESS. THE
NECRO-SOLDIERS,
THE HEAVILY-ARMED
UNDEAD, ZOMBIES
POWERED BY
HELL'S DARK LIGHT.

IT'S THE SAME
EVERYWHERE,
ALL OVER THE
BLINDING EARTH.
INNOCENTS
CORNERED,
INNOCENTS
PLEADING,
WHAT NO GOD
EXISTS--

DRIVE
THEM! HOUND
THEM TO THE
DARKEST DEPTHS!
NO MERCY! NO
SALVATION!

WHERE ARE
YOUR PRECIOUS
MESSIAHS NOW?!
WHERE IS YOUR
GOD?!

SCREEEEEE!

THE VOICES
OF HIS
SCREELING
TENDRILS ARE
LIKE JAGGED
KNIVES
SCRAPING
SLOWLY
ACROSS DRIED
FEMURS.

SHRED
THEM!
SHRED
THEM!

THERE IS NO MERCY--
EVEN IN DEATH.

ABOVE THE CORPSE-STREWN LANDSCAPE, YET ANOTHER SUB-ORBITAL FIGHTER BURNS A PATH BACK TO EARTH. EVEN *THIS* HAS BECOME A BATTLEFIELD.

WATCH IT!
MATT!

DEBRIS!
MOVE!

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE IN LIVES NEVER FAR FROM DEATH'S COLD KISS.

MOM!



A PAIR
OF PRIZES
TROPHY
BONES--AND
FLESH FOR
FEASTING

THE BOY'S
INTESTINES
WILL MAKE
A NICE
SANDOLIER

NOW--SHALL
WE DANCE?

THE WOMAN, MADRID,
WITHOUT FEAR OR HESITATION
SHE KNOWS THEIR LIVES
THE HEARTBEAT BETWEEN
INACTION AND ATTACK


MATTHEW--
GET DOWN!

A NIGHTMARE'S
DEATH-WAIL IS ALWAYS
BONE-CHILLING.

THEY'RE
GETTING
CLOSER,
MOM!

WE'RE
OKAY
FOR
NOW

COME ON
MAYBE THE *DEAD*
CAN GIVE US SOME
COVER.



*IN A WORLD OF FLAME AND
AMID THE BLOOD AND ENDL
ONE BUILDING STANDS UN
IT'S A CATHEDRAL COMPL
THE SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL*

*THIS IS NU-VATICAN CITY, A
NECROPOLIS BORDERED BY
WALLS BUILT OF HUMAN BONE
AND BLOOD. EACH NEW
MISERY IS ANOTHER BRICK IN
ITS SPRAWLING BATTLEMENTS.*

*AN
VA
NIG
PAT
HE*

AND WITHIN
THE HEIGHTS
OF NLI-
VATICAN'S
DARK
SPIRES--

-- ABOVE
DRIFTING
CLOUDS OF
BRIMSTONE
FLIMES--

-- HE
WATCHES.

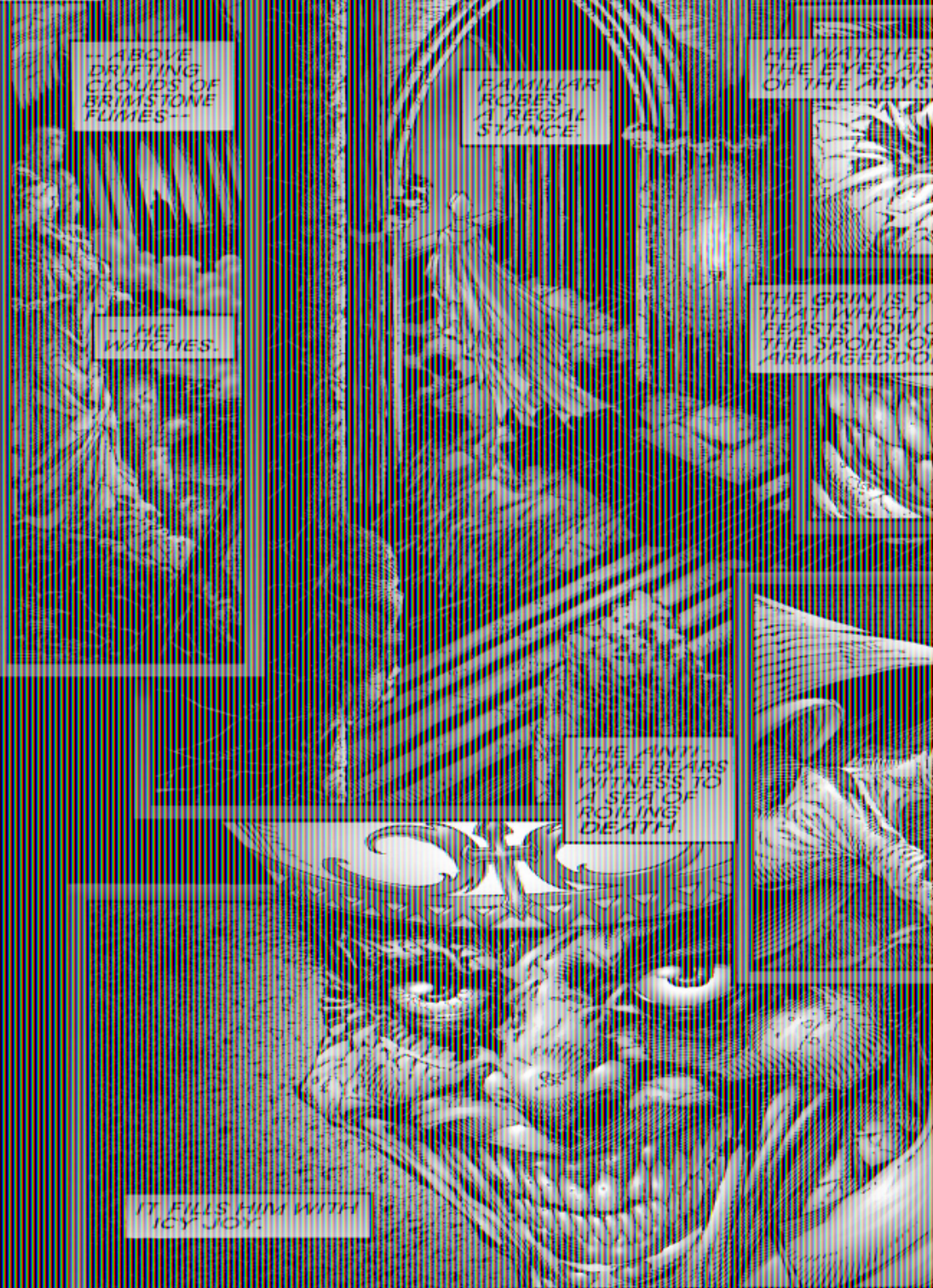
FAMILIAR
ROBES.
A REGAL
STANCE.

HE WATCHES
THE EYES AR
OF THE ABYS

THE GRIN IS O
THAT WHICH
FEASTS NOW O
THE SPOILS O
ARMAGEDDO

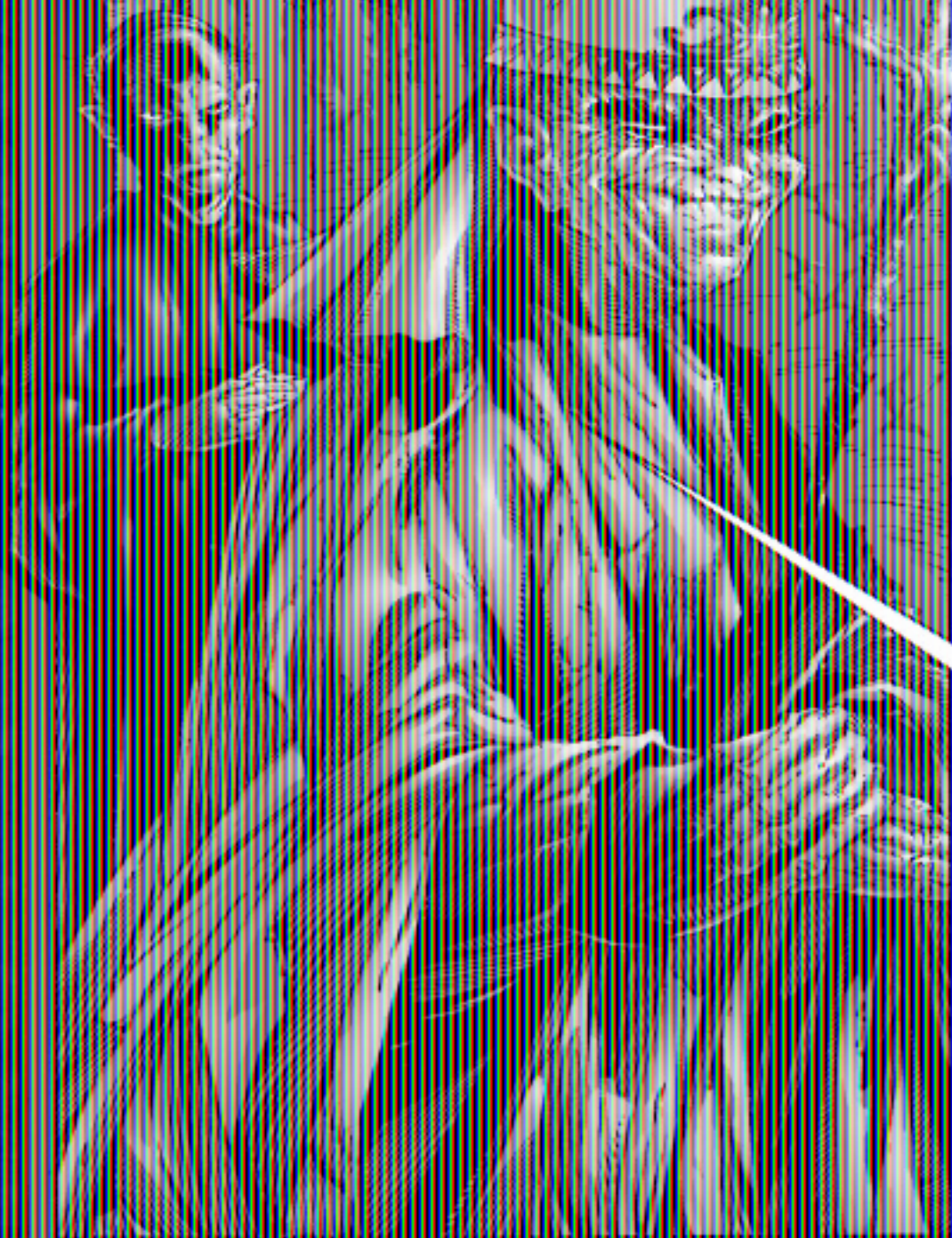
THE ANTI-
POPE BEARS
WITNESS TO
A SEA OF
ROILING
DEATH.

IT FILLS HIM WITH
ICY JOY.



A CARDINAL, ONE OF THE MANY DARK DISCIPLES OF THE ANTITHESIS, BASKS IN HIS ANTI-POPE'S BLACK WARMTH.

THE DARK DAYS GROW MORE CRIMSON, EMINENCE.



THE CONGREGATION IS IN THE FULL THROES OF WORSHIP.

THE NON-BELIEVERS, THE HERETICS, THE LIGHT-SINNERS, WILL SOON BE BROUGHT TO HEEL.

JOYOUS.



THE
TINU
AWA
TO TA
THE P

GOD--
H-HELP

AWAY, TO THE
OLD PLACES.

TO THE ANCIENT
CREVICES, WHERE
THE FALLEN FIRST
WAITED TO BE CAST
INTO ABOLISHMENT--
NOW NESTS FOR
SOULS GATHERED
AND PLUNDERED TO
POWER THEIR DARK
LORD'S BLACK
COMBAT WITH THE
WRONGFUL
RIGHTEOUS.

MATTHEW AND MADRID
CROSS ACRE UPON ACRE
OF GRAVES AND DEATH
MOUNDS... THE COLD, GREY
LEGACY OF A HUMANITY
REDUCED TO ASH AND DUST.

ALL ARE
FLAMING
HELLFIRE
AND D...

MORE
NIGHT-
MARES!

THE META-TANK, THE
MOST POWERFUL LAND
WEAPON LEFT IN MAN-
KIND'S ARSENAL,
SHATTERS AND BURNS,
ITS POLY-STEEL ALLOY
BLASTED ASLINDER.

No!
THAT
TANK'S
GOING!

GET
DOWN!

PLEEEZZZ--

-- IN
THE
NAME OF
GOD--

HE'S HUM
ONE OF U

DON'T
TOUCH HIM--
THE NECRO-
FLAMES
HAVE HIM.

IT'S
TOO
LATE.

--UNTIL HIS EYES
AND GREY
MATTER SWELL
AND BOIL FROM
HIS SKULL.

MADRID AND MATTHEW
CAN ONLY STAND
WITNESS TO A HORROR
THEY VIEW ALL TOO OFTEN.

BUT NOW-- A NEW
HORROR AMBLES FORWARD.

FLUIDS
MUSTN'T
BE LOST. IT'S A WASTE.
I TELL YA-- A
WASTE AND A
DAMN SHAME.

LIVING
WRIST
SLASH
BURNIN
ENCUM

AND NOW--
RAPED OF
FLUIDS.

SAPPED
OF ALL
CELLULAR
MOISTURE.

UNTIL THE
NOTHING
HUSK--
THE BRIT
SPLITS A

slosh
slosh
SPLASH

MORE FLUID.
COME *HERE*,
LITTLE ONES.

COME
FEED
MY
NEED!

WATER IS PRECIOUS.
THE STUFF OF *LIFE*.
AND WHERE ELSE IS
IT STILL PURE?

NOT IN
BLOOD-
CHOKED
LAKES--
NOT IN
PESTILENT
RIVERS--

-- BUT IN
PEOPLE!

COME TO ME, CHIL-
DREN. BAPTIZE ME
WITH YOUR NUTRI-
ENTS. COME *HERE*,
DAMN YOU!

DESICCATOR
DEMANDS IT!!

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE
YOUR FATE! THIS
IS THE EVIL *EARTH*.
THE PLACE OF
DAMNATION.

HOW CAN
YOU *ESCAPE*
DAMNATION--?

You
CAN'T!

A BLAST FROM
DESICCATOR'S
PVA-44\0\45 PSI-
PULSE CANNON
DRIVES MADRID
AND HER SON IN
THE DESIRED
DIRECTION.

FINE. *RUN!* BUT
DON'T CUT YOUR-
SELVES. DON'T
SPILL A *DROP* OF
YOUR PRICELESS
FLUID!

BUT THIS TIME THE
ROUTES OF ESCAPE
HAVE BEEN EXHAUSTED.
DEATH, THE HUNTER,
HAS FINALLY RUN
THEM DOWN.

MADRID BLAMES
HERSELF,
BRINGING A
CHILD INTO THIS
UNHOLY WORLD...!
BUT SHE HAD
NO CHOICE.

MADRID AND
MATTHEW
HEAD DOWN
AN ALLEYWAY
BETWEEN
THE FALLEN
WALLS OF
HOTELS TURNED
MAUSOLEUMS.

MOM--?!

MADRID DRAWS
HER SPINNER--
BUT THIS TIME--
SHE FAILS.

AAAAH!

Nooo!

REVEREND
MADRID

SORRY
BUT
GONE

THE CORPSE MOUND
BEHIND MADRID AND
MATTHEW SHATTERS.
SKULLS AND BONES
TOPPLE FORWARD. THE
DEAD MAKE WAY AS
SOMETHING RISES
FROM THEIR MIDST.

WHAA--?!

AND A NEW WELLSPOWN RISES

RENT BY BIRTH PAINS AS
HE'S DRIVEN FROM HELL'S
SPIKE-LINED RECTUM.
THE OLD LIFE, STILL IN
VIEW, FALLS AWAY LIKE
SHATTERED GLASS.

Noooo!
NOT YET!
NOT READY!
AAAAA

HIS MIND, DRIVEN BY
PAIN, BLINDED BY
AGONY AND IMAGES,
HORROR AND RAGE.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS
SINCE THE LAST
HERE. NOW.

A NEW SPAWN ERLIPTS
FORTH. A MAN ONCE
NAMED DANIEL LLANSO.

CHARRED DOWN TO THE
BONE-- IN PERPETUAL PAIN
FEELS FIBERS, POLY-ALLO
AND PLEXI-PLASTIC RODS
THROUGHOUT HIS UNDER
FLESH. AND THE NECRO-
FLESH, LIKE A WHIP
ACROSS HIS SPARKING M
AND STORM-SHATTERED
SOUL.

RAGE GRIPS THE MAN WHO ONCE WAS DANIEL LLANSO, HIS MIND FLIELED BY FERAL SHORT-CIRCUITS INTERMINGLED WITH FLASHBACKS FROM A LIFE OF HUMAN HORRORS.

BUT LLANSO DOESN'T SEE DESICCATOR, BUT HIS OWN TORMENTOR. A DRUNK. AN ABUSER. A MAN WHO USES HIS FISTS TO OFFSET HIS WHITE TRASH FRUSTRATIONS.

WORKING-CLASS POOR IN TRAILER-DOMES ON THE MOON'S DARK SIDE. SLAVE WAGES. A MAN'S LIFE WHITTLED AWAY WITH EVERY SECOND IN THE AIRLESS, GODLESS VOID.

FOOD ON THE DAMN TABLE! DRINK IN MY HAND! ALL I ASK!

PUNISHME COMIN'. GONN HELL TO

I WON'T LET YOU HURT THEM!

WHAT IS THIS?!

AWAY, DEMON. THESE MORSELS BELONG TO ME!

WORK HARD!

AND THE BOY DANNY WATCHES THE MAN PUMMEL HIS MOTHER AND SISTER UNTIL THE FLOOR IS AWASH WITH BLOOD. THE FISTS-- THE SCREAMS-- THE FRACTURED BONE--

UNTIL THE BOY CAN TAKE NO MORE.

NO MORE!

AND HE GRABS THE RIVET-LASER. THEN, THE FLASH. THE SPRAY OF BLOOD.

YOU WO HURT TH AGAIN! I LET YO

AND THE AN THE TEARS. THE DIRE SE OF RELIEF

NOW THAT HIS FATHER IS FINALLY DEAD.

BLOOD HIS SOU COLD. A STRANG. COMFOR

ANGER RISES LIKE A BILE FROM LLANSO'S DARK MEMORIES. A WELL OF RAGE. DEEP, BLACK, TERRIFYING.

HELL TO PAY. IN FLESH AND BONE. BLOOD AND MARROW. OK YEAH. OH YEAH!

COME 'ERE, BASTARD!

Shred his soul, boy!

Yes-- oh yes-- blood-- blood-- blood!

FROM THE LIVING CLOAK-- VOICES, PHANTOMS, GHOSTS WEBBED IN NECRO-FIBERS-- CHANTS OF DEATH AND MURDER. FEEDING ON AND FEEDING SPAWN'S DARKNESS.

Powder his bones. Danny boy! Fists! Fists!

Take him to the dark place!

Put him in the box. Bad boy. Very bad boy!

YEAH TO THAT!

SPAWN SHATTERS BONE.

Shatter!

SPAWN PUNISHES DESICCATOR. FRACTURES HIS CONSCIOLISNESS. STAINS HIS DEMENTED SOUL WITH SPLASHES OF BLOOD-RED AGONY.

No mercy!
Only pain!

GGAAAH!
AWAY, DEMON!

WHAT IS IT--?!

I DON'T KNOW-- GET BACK!

VEN

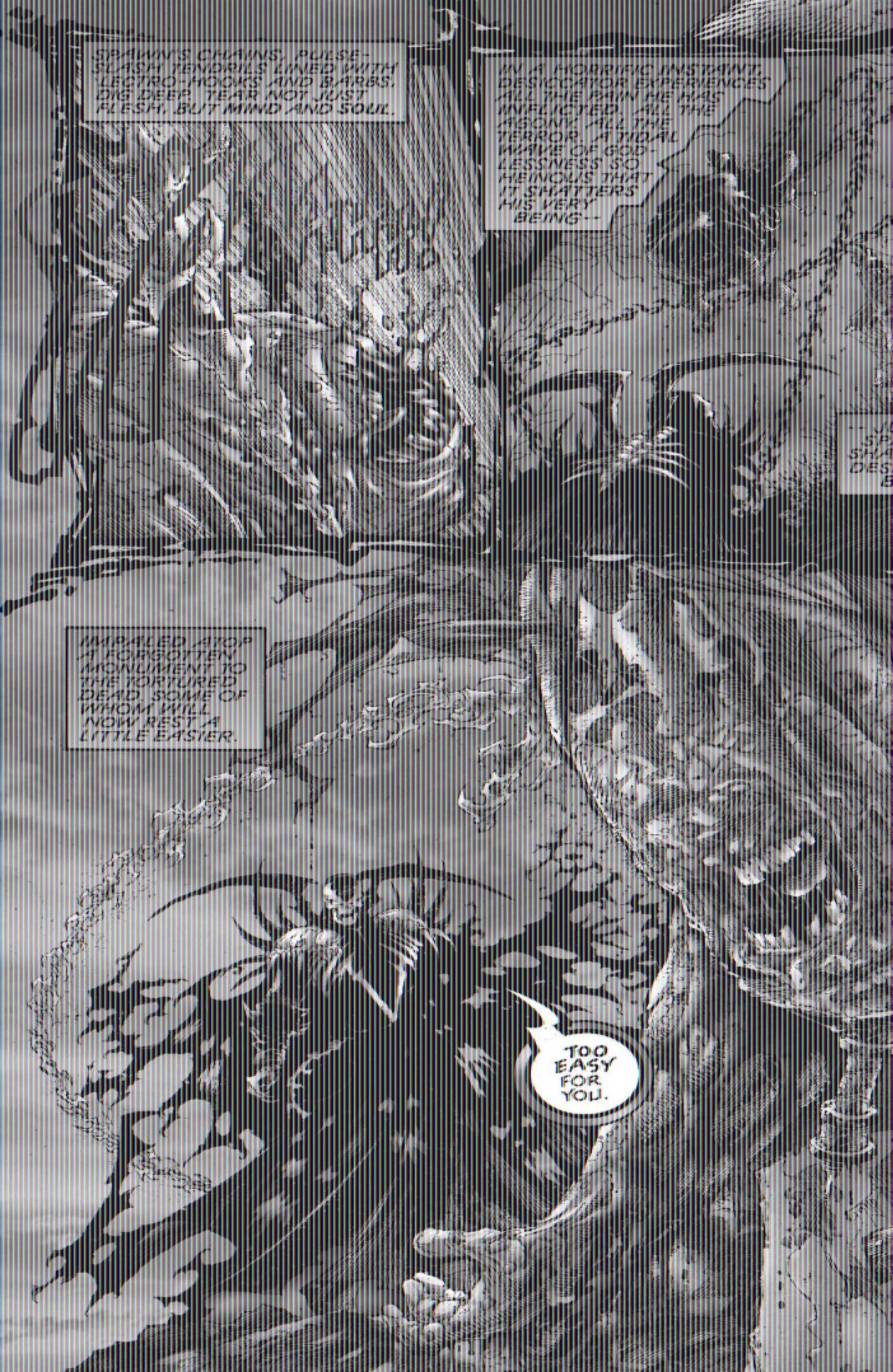
SPAWN'S CHAINS, PULSE-SLASH TENDRILS LINED WITH ELECTRO-HOOKS AND BARBS, DIG DEEP, TEAR NOT JUST FLESH, BUT MIND AND SOUL.

IN A HORRIFIC INSTANT, DESICCATOR EXPERIENCES ALL THE PAIN HE HAS INFLECTED. ALL THE AGONY. ALL THE TERROR. A TIDAL WAVE OF GOD-LESSNESS SO HEINOUS THAT IT SHATTERS HIS VERY BEING--

-- J
SP
SHA
DES
E

IMPALED ATOP A FORGOTTEN MONUMENT TO THE TORTURED DEAD, SOME OF WHOM WILL NOW REST A LITTLE EASIER.

TOO EASY FOR YOU.



MADRID STANDS FIRM AS SPAWN TURNS. AFRAID TO RUN, AFRAID TO SHOOT, SHE KNOWS THAT THIS CREATURE JUST SAVED THEIR LIVES. BUT TO WHAT END?

MOM--?

DON'T MOVE--

--STAY AWAY FROM US!

IT KNEW I WASN'T READY. KNEW I WOULD'VE PROMISED ANYTHING--


TAKE ANOTHER STEP, UGLY, AND 'HURT' IS WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN A WORLD OF.

MOM-- I THINK HE MEANS IT.

YOU-- HAVE A SON...?

WAIT-- NO. HOW LONG...?

DON'T YOU KNOW ME...?



THE
MEMORIES...

THE
WORLD...

No.
92

DIGITAL
EDITION

CURSE OF THE

SARAWAK



Weyland

T. Boer

CURSE OF THE SPAWN SERIES

TODD MCFARLANE &
IMAGE COMICS™ PRESENTS:

“BLOOD LUST”



ALAN MOORE

DWAYNE HUNTER

DANNY FICHTELBERG

COPY EDITOR

TOM ORZEC

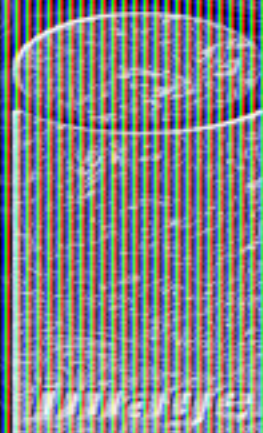
DEDICATED TO:
ROBBIN TURNER

TODD BOYD

BOYD


A SPECIAL

JOHN



Summary: Curse of The Spawn #2

In a future war, the battle of Armageddon commences. The Anti-Pope, allying with evil, stands at the threshold of victory. Once known as Daniel Llanos rises out of destruction to become the new Hellspawn. A blind rage of memories from his childhood, he saves two refugees, Madrid and certain death at the hands of Desiccator. Even though Hellspawn just saved them, the only terror toward him while he sees with them.



IT COMES TO HIM IN
FLASHES. RIPS THROUGH
HIS MIND LIKE RAZORED
SHARDS.

FLASHES OF
DEATH.

BLOOD.

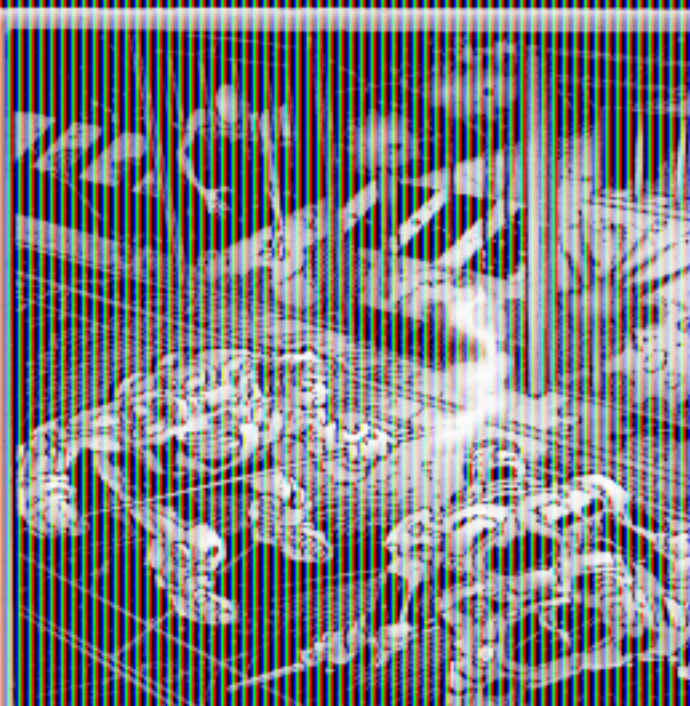
JAGGED FORGOTTEN
BONES.

PAIN.

ANGER.

FUEL FOR
SOME DARK
INNER
ENGINE THAT
SCREAMS
WITHOUT END
FOR ONE
THING--

VENGEANCE.



IMAGES FROM
THE PAST SLASH
DEEP INTO THE
PSYCHE OF THE
MAN ONCE
KNOWN AS
DANIEL LLANSO.

THE DEIMOS
PRISON FACILITY,
KNOWN TO ALL AS
AGONY BASE.

GUARDS, CYBERIZED
EMOTIONLESS HUSKS,
PROWL THE CORRIDORS
WITHOUT REST,
DISPENSING MISERY,
CONDUCTING A SYM-
PHONY OF SCREAMS.

AND LLANSO.
DEFIANT. A
MAN STEEPED
IN A LEGACY
OF ABUSE
AND ANGUISH.

AND NOW, MORE PAIN. DEEPER. THE FINAL MOMENTS. THE CLOSING FIST OF DEATH SQUEEZES TIGHTER AND TIGHTER. AS HIS STOLEN FREIGHTER SPIRALS TOWARD EARTH.

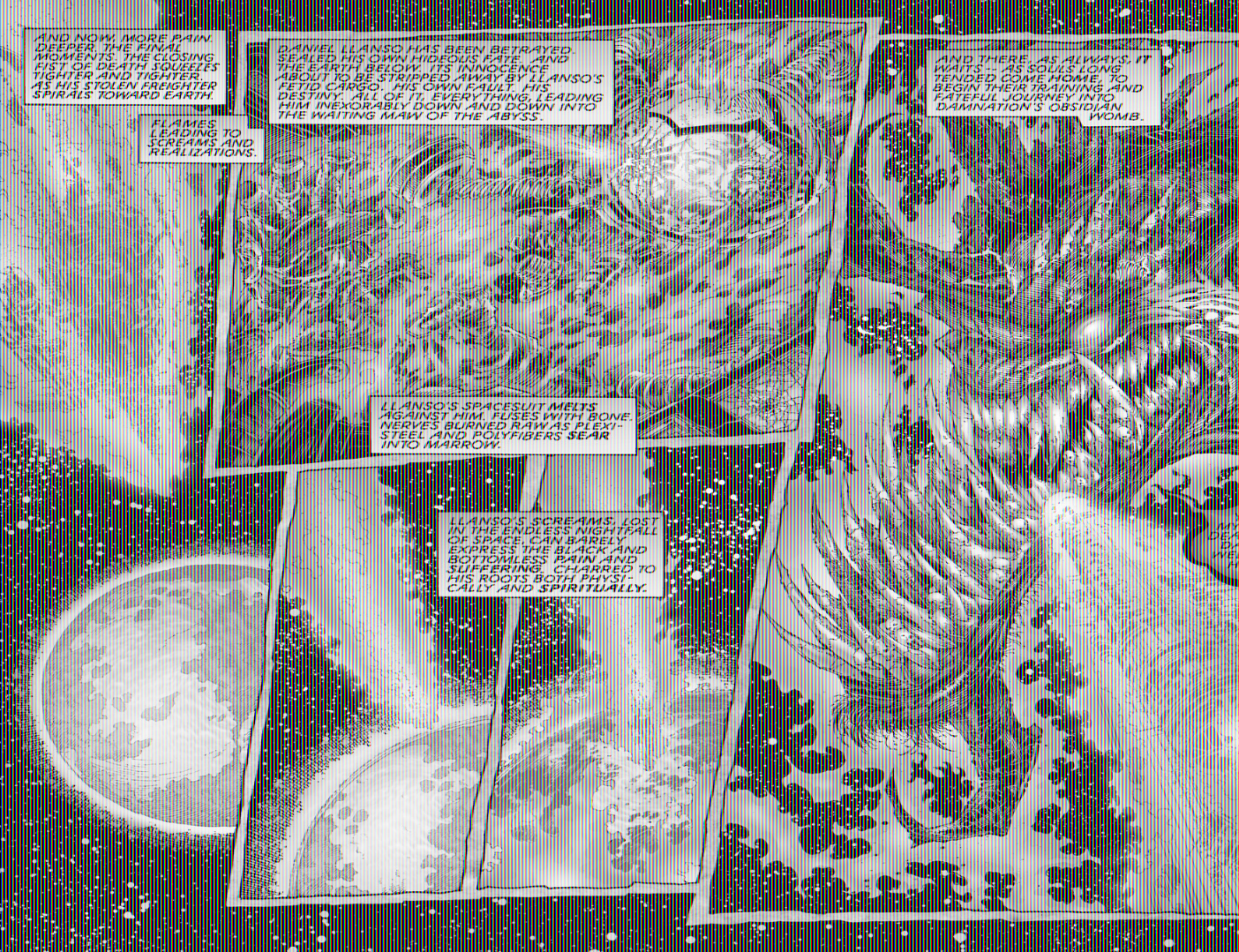
FLAMES LEADING TO SCREAMS AND REALIZATIONS.

DANIEL LLANSO HAS BEEN BETRAYED. SEALED HIS OWN HIDEOUS FATE. AND THE EARTH BELOW. ITS INNOCENCE ABOUT TO BE STRIPPED AWAY BY LLANSO'S FETID CARGO. HIS OWN FAULT. HIS DESTINY. ALL OF IT, EVERYTHING, LEADING HIM INEXORABLY DOWN AND DOWN INTO THE WAITING MAW OF THE ABYSS.

LLANSO'S SPACESUIT MELTS AGAINST HIM. FUSES WITH BONE. NERVES BURNED RAW AS PLEXI-STEEL AND POLYFIBERS SEAR INTO MARROW.

LLANSO'S SCREAMS, LOST IN THE ENDLESS NIGHTFALL OF SPACE, CAN BARELY EXPRESS THE BLACK AND BOTTOMLESS PAIN AND SUFFERING. CHARRED TO HIS ROOTS BOTH PHYSICALLY AND SPIRITUALLY.

AND THERE, AS ALWAYS, IT WAITS -- AS SOULS LONG TENDED COME HOME, TO BEGIN THEIR TRAINING AND FATEFUL JOURNEY INTO DAMNATION'S OBSIDIAN WOMB.



HERE, IN THIS PLACE OF DEATH, ON A WORLD IN THE THROES OF A THOUSAND YEAR WAR WITH HELL ITSELF, THE NEWLY-BORN HELLSPAWN'S SCREAM OF DIRE TORTURE SETS RESTLESS SOULS CRINGING IN FEARFUL SILENCE.

BASTARD. I HEAR YOU LAUGHING. STOP IT!

YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME? THINK YOU CAN PLAY ME?!

AHH!
PAIN.

WHAT IS IT, MOM? NOT A NIGHTMARE?

I DON'T KNOW, MATT. NEVER SEEN A DEMON LIKE THIS ONE BEFORE.

SOMETHING ABOUT HIM...

HE SAVED OUR LIVES. A DEMON WOULDN'T DO THAT, RIGHT?

FIRST RULE OF SURVIVAL: NOTHING IS FOR GOOD OR DEAD. HE DESICCATED YOU. HE COULD KILL US.

BUT MOM...

YOU...

EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED. HE PLANNED IT ALL. TRICKED ME AT MY OWN DAMNED GAME.

AND NOW-- THE BOY. NOT THE BOY!



LLANSO AS A TEENAGER. IN AND OUT OF JUVENILE DETENTION CENTERS. A KILLER. A THIEF. A STAND-ALONE.

ATTACKED AGAIN AND AGAIN BY CRATER-GANGS THINKING THEY OWN THE MOON AND EVERYONE ON IT. PUNKS LIVING BY THE SWORD OF INTIMIDATION.

NO ONE HAS DARED STAND AGAINST THEM.

THEY JUMPED HIM. TRIED TO CUT HIS AIR-LINE.

THEIR LAST MISTAKE.

WANNA KILL ME, REESE? USE ME AS AN EXAMPLE? THAT YOUR PLAN, STAINBOY?! SPEAK UP, I CAN'T HEAR YOU THROUGH THAT HELMET.

I KNOW. LET'S OPEN IT UP. GET TO THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM. AIR OUT OUR DIFFERENCES!

WHATEVER.

GONNA WEAR YOU INSIDE THE DOME, REECE. YOUR BRAINS! YOUR BLOOD! AS MY SIGN SAYING: NO TRESPASSING. GET OUTTA MY FACE! DON'T SCREW WITH ME!
*I! DON'T!
LIKE
IT!!*

HOW'S THAT, REECE. PRETTY COOL, huh?!
HUH?!

NO, IT
WASN'T
LIKE THAT.
I WASN'T
LIKE THAT.

WHAT
THE HELL
ARE YOU
WHAT DO
YOU
WANT?!

THEY
HAD IT
COMING.

LIKE ALL
OF US.

COLD TRUTHS
MIX WITH SLABS
OF MEMORY-PAIN.

MADRID KNOWS AS WELL...
THE GODLESS MIND TRICKS
OF THE DEMON HORDES.

**LEAVE
MY SON
ALONE!**

MOM!
NO!

SOME
NOT



PAINED, SPAWN CRAWLS AWAY.
STOPS COLD WHEN HE HEARS
THE RASPING WHISPER.

YOU SHOULD'VE RIPPED
THEIR HEARTS OUT.

WHAT?

SHOULD'VE
SHATTERED
THEIR BONES.
FEASTED ON
THE DELECT-
ABLE PATE.

AND AS SPAWN RECOVERS
FROM MADRID'S SPINNER
BLAST, THE VOICES RISE
AGAIN. A SHRIEKING,
HISSING GREEK CHORUS OF
SINGULAR BLACK THOUGHT.

SHATTER
ANYTHING
THAT
MOVES.

KILL
THEM

TAKE
LIFE

RIP
THEM

WASTE
EM AL

SHUT
UP--!!

SHUT
UP,
DAMN
YOU!

YOU KNOW
YOU WANT
TO MAKE
THEM PAY

WHAT
AM I?

SPAWN. ONE
OF THE DARK
SOLDIERS.
ONE OF THE
CHOSEN.

SPAWN'S INSTINCT DRIVES
BARBED BONE CHAIN-TENDRILS
TO STRIKE DESICCATOR'S
IMPALED CORPSE.

THE GUILLESS
LAUGHTER
ONLY DOUBLES
AS SPAWN
SNAPS AWAY
THE JAWBONE.

SHUT UP!
IT'S NOT ME!
I'M NOT
READY!

A PROMISE
IS A
PROMISE.

A CONTRACT
HAS BEEN
MADE.

THE
DOTTED
LINE
BEARS YOUR
NAME.
DANIEL
LLANSO.

VIOLATOR
OF EVERY
COMMANDMENT

WE KNOW,
DANIEL. WE
EMPATHIZE
BECAUSE
WE LOVE
YOU.

GET
AWAY!

AND AGAIN THE MEMORIES
RAPE HIS SOUL WITH A FLASH
OF DAMNATION-PAIN.

YET ANOTHER INCARCERARIUM. PHOBOS. AND LLANSO, A VETERAN OF IMPRISONMENT, IS DRAGGED TO HIS LATEST HOUSE OF PUNISHMENT BY CYBERCOPS.

HEY, DANNY LONG TIME NO SEE.

MR. LLANSO? I'M THE PUBLIC DEFENDER ASSIGNED TO YOUR CASE. MY NAME IS NOON.

THREE TIME LOSER.

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, LLANSO! HEAR ME?!!

"THEN SHE CAME INTO YOUR LIFE. AND WITH HER, AN OFFER OF SOMETHING YOU THOUGHT LONG LOST:

"A FUTURE.

"YOU INHABITED EACH OTHERS' THOUGHTS AND DREAMS. SHE BROUGHT LIFE TO YOU. A LAST CHANCE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING SIMPLE AND GOOD.

"HOW COULD IT POSSIBLY LAST.

"SLAUGHTERED, LIKE ALL THE R

NO! NOO

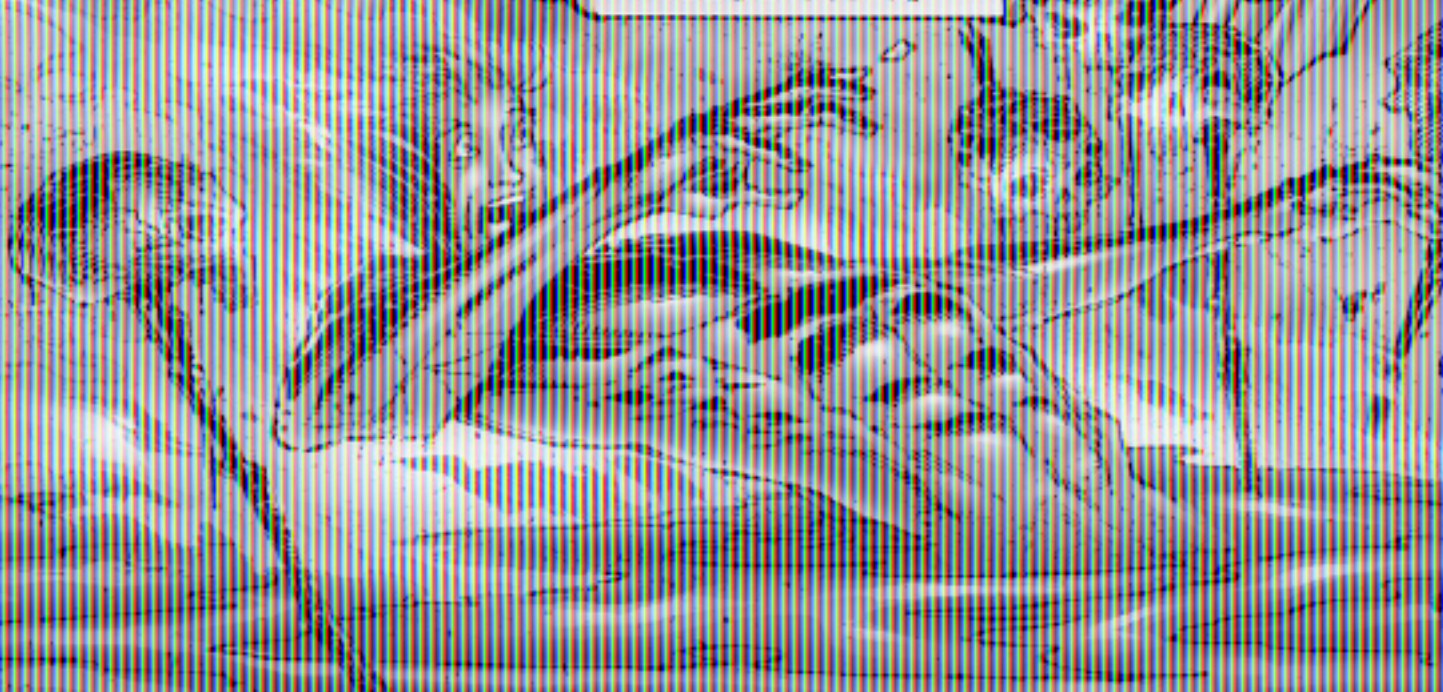


"THEY KILLED HER!

"BECAUSE OF YOU, DANNY! THEY KILLED HER!

SHE DIED FOR YOU

You killed her, Danny.



PHLEGETHONYARRE
LAUGHS FROM HIS
BOWELS' FIERY DEPTHS
AS HE HOLDS LLANSO'S
FATE AND SOUL IN HIS
GNARLED PALM.

JUST
ANOTHER
CASUALTY
IN THE LIFE
OF DANNY
LLANSO.

THIEF--
LLANSO,
GUILTY!

MURDERER--
LLANSO,
GUILTY!

SOULLESS
MONSTER--
LLANSO,
GUILTY!

GUILTY ON ALL
COUNTS. SO BURN,
MY BOY, DOWN TO
WHAT MATTERS.
LEAVE ONLY WHAT'S
HARD, CHARRED, AND
READY TO BE RESHAPED
INTO SOMETHING
MEANINGFUL.

DOWN HERE
ON THE
TWELFTH LEVEL
WE TURN YOUR
DARKNESS INTO
A WITHERING
STRENGTH.

WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS,
SPAWN FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED
BY NECRO-SOLDIERS, FOOT SOLDIERS
IN HELL'S WAR ONEARTH. AT
ATTENTION. READY TO BE UNLEASHED
AT SPAWN'S COMMAND.

FAR ABOVE, A RUMBLE
BEYOND THUNDER. THE
VOICE OF A LETHAL
STORM. ITS DREAD-
FILLED TIMBRE SETS
THE NEWLY BURIED
DIGGING DEEPER.

YOU WILL
BE MY BEST
HELLSPAWN OF
ALL HELLSPAWN.
EACH BLOOD-
SMEARED FOOTSTEP
WILL BE A POEM, A
SOLILOQUY, A
SONNET TO
THE PIT.

PREPARE
TO BE A
MASTERPIECE,
DANIEL. WE'RE
DEPENDENT
ON YOU.

ELSEWHERE, MADRID AND MATTHEW RUN ACROSS THE DEATH-STREWN LANDSCAPE. THERE IS NO REST AND NO PEACE FOR THE LIVING.

TOO CLOSE, MOM. OVER THERE.

THIS WAY, MATT!

THE MOTHER AND SON BARELY FIND COVER BEFORE THE HUGE WAR MACHINE LUMBERS OVER TOMBSTONES. NIGHTMARES RIDE ITS ARMORED FLANKS.

THEY'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

Ssh. BE READY TO MOVE WHEN I TELL YOU.

THEN-- RAN FROM SOLD RUN AND TO HOPE OF OV LESS, TIRELE

BUT EVEN AS NIGHTMARES SHRIEK AND VAPORIZE, STILL MORE POUR FROM SHADOWS.

DIE! BASTARDS!

AFTER YOU.

NNAAAR!

MADRID CAN ONLY WATCH AS NIGHTMARES SCUTTLE FROM THE APC AND TEAR APART THE SLAIN HUMANS.



IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE MORALITY AND DECENCY FORCE MADRID TO ACT.



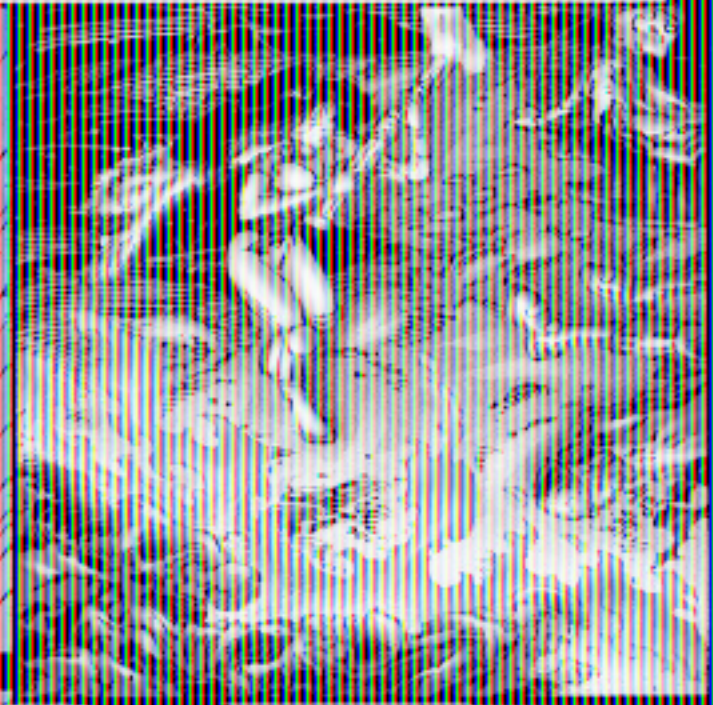
LET THE DEAD REST!

HER SPINNER-CANNON RAGES.

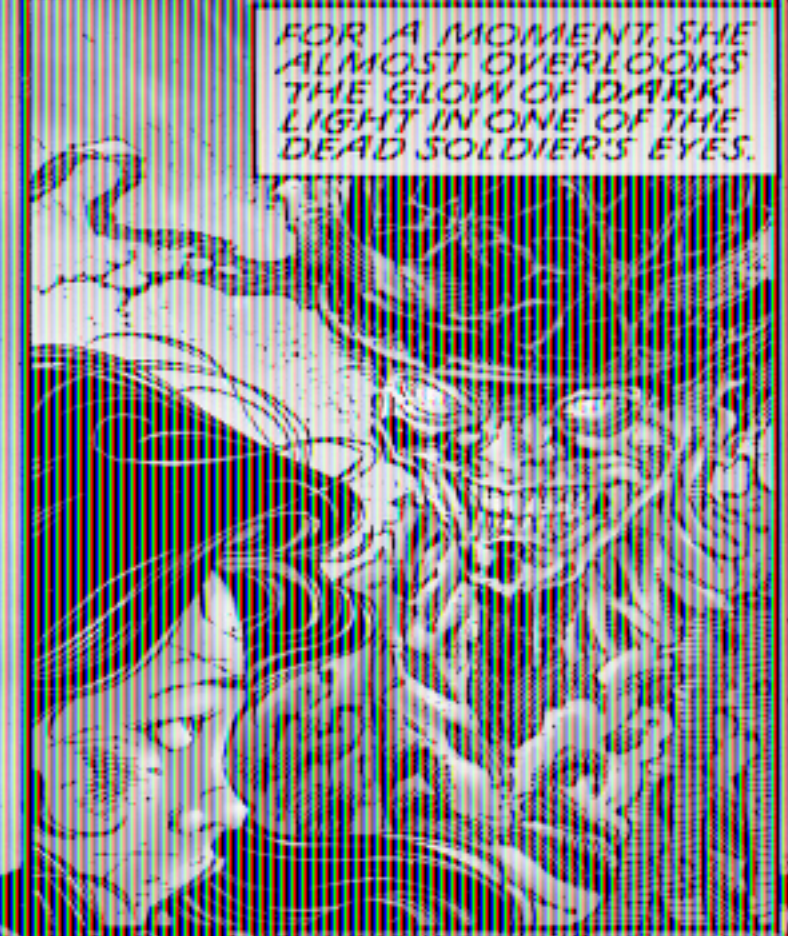


SEARS THE NIGHTMARE PLATOON INTO MISERY.

SPENT, MADRID WALKS AMID THE DECIMATED SOLDIERS. YET ANOTHER SLASH OF THE CHISEL ACROSS THE DEATH MARKER OF HUMANITY. THE CRYPT IS NEARLY FILLED. NO ONE LEFT TO GIVE A EULOGY.



FOR A MOMENT, SHE ALMOST OVERLOOKS THE GLOW OF DARK LIGHT IN ONE OF THE DEAD SOLDIER'S EYES.



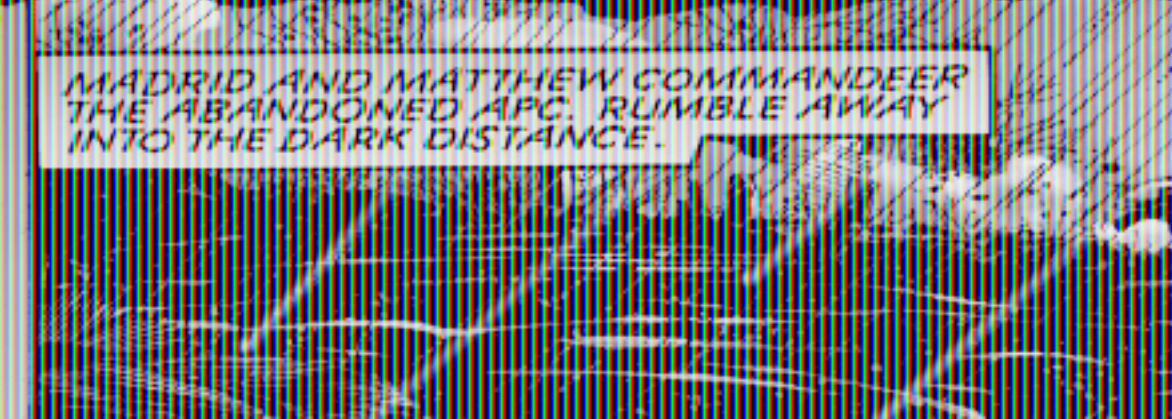
THE NEWLY-BORN NIGHTMARE SCAMPERS ACROSS THE RUINS. LAUGHS WITH GLEE AS HE VANISHES, CHASED BY SPINNER-FIRE.




YOU'RE WRONG, DEMON. YOU HAVE TO BE.



MADRID AND MATTHEW COMMANDER THE ABANDONED APC. RUMBLE AWAY INTO THE DARK DISTANCE.






A SUBORBITAL
FIGHTER
CAROOMS
THROUGH THE
ATMOSPHERE
AND SLAMS
INTO SCARRED
EARTH.

ABOVE, ATOP A
ROCKY PLATEAU, A
DARK CLOAKED
FIGURE STANDS IN
MOTIONLESS VIGIL.
WATCHES THE
DISTANT VALLEY
FLOOR AS HUMANS
AND ANTI-HUMANS
DO BATTLE FOR THE
SOUL OF THE WORLD.

AND THE EARTH
BUCKLES AS THE
HANDS' OWNERS
SLOWLY RISE. BUNE
LAUGHS AND THE
SOUND DRAWS THEM.

CHILDREN.

PART
PART M
KNOWN
SCYTHE
ARC AC
A SOU
EARTH
RISES
MUFFE
BURI
FOR
THAT
FERM
RAGE



FLAMING HAIL
FALLS UPON AN
EMBATTLED LAND-
SCAPE. THE EARTH
IS SCORCHED AND
PITTED LIKE DEAD
SKIN. BLAST
FURNACED ASUN-
DER BY THE
BIBLICAL BARRAGE.

A WORLD UNDER
GLASS. DESTINY
CONTAINED.
WATCHED OVER
WITH JOYOUS
SOULLESS RELISH
BY THE ANTI-POPE.
THE CRIMSON
GLOW OF EVIL
REFLECTED IN HIS
DEPTHLESS EYES.

THE CARDINAL
APPROACHES. DISCIPLE
OF THE GREAT ANTITHESIS.
A STUDENT IN THE
SHADOW OF EVIL.

THE
NIGHTMARES
HAVE
RETURNED,
EMINENCE. THEY
HAVE BROUGHT
YOU A
PRIZE.

YES,
LORD.

EXCELLENT.

ABEL.

ALL
LIGHT
DER
IT

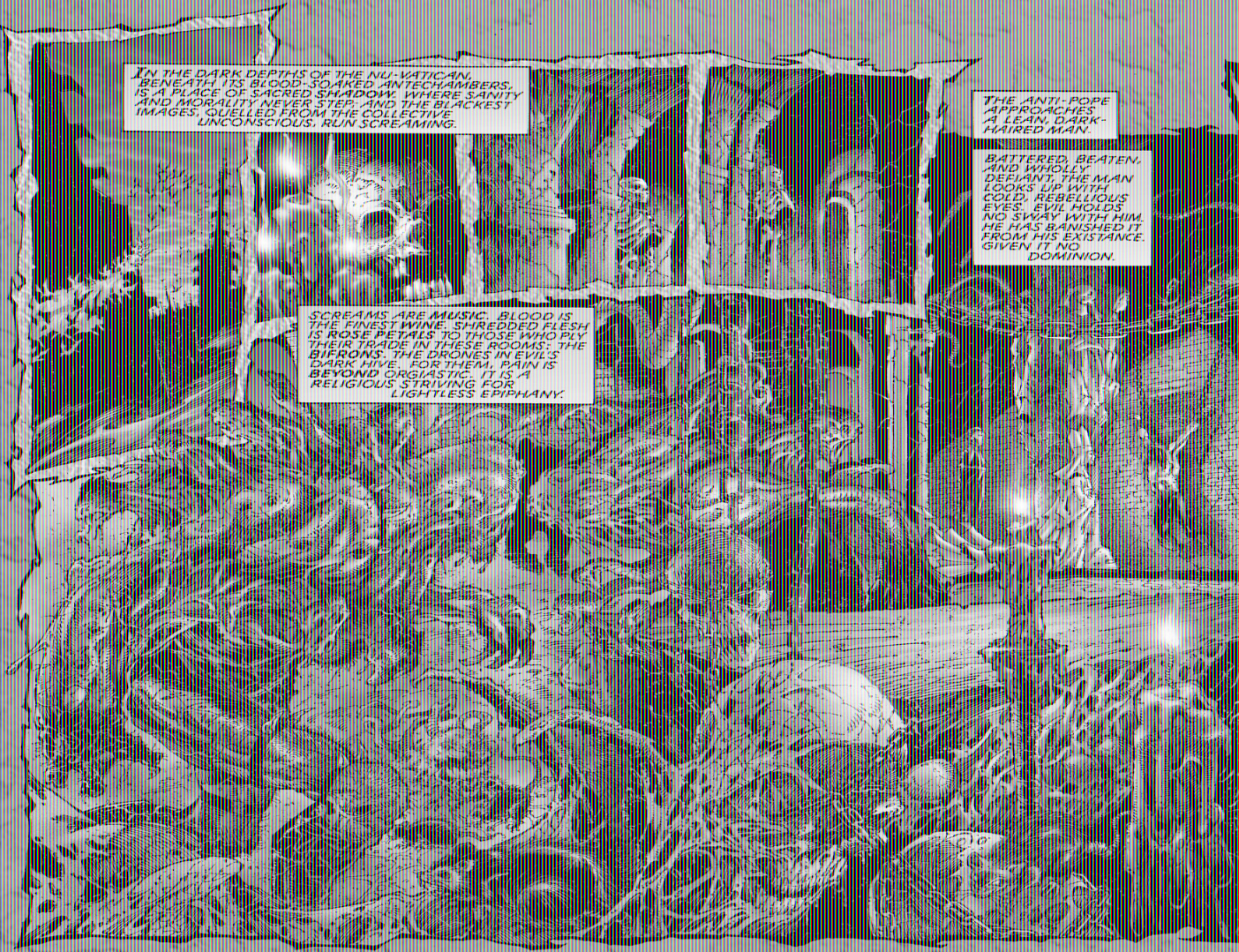
MO
GRATIF

*IN THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE NU-VATICAN,
BENEATH ITS BLOOD-SOAKED ANTECHAMBERS,
IS A PLACE OF SACRED SHADOW. WHERE SANITY
AND MORALITY NEVER STEP, AND THE BLACKEST
IMAGES, QUELLED FROM THE COLLECTIVE
UNCONSCIOUS, RUN SCREAMING.*

*THE ANTI-POPE
APPROACHES
A LEAN, DARK-
HAIRED MAN.*

*BATTERED, BEATEN,
AND WHOLLY
DEFIANT, THE MAN
LOOKS UP WITH
COLD, REBELLIOUS
EYES. EVIL HOLDS
NO SWAY WITH HIM.
HE HAS BANISHED IT
FROM HIS EXISTENCE.
GIVEN IT NO
DOMINION.*

*SCREAMS ARE MUSIC. BLOOD IS
THE FINEST WINE. SHREDDED FLESH
IS ROSE PETALS TO THOSE WHO PLY
THEIR TRADE IN THESE ROOMS: THE
BIFRONS. THE DRONES IN EVIL'S
DARK HIVE. FOR THEM, PAIN IS
BEYOND ORGIASTIC. IT IS A
RELIGIOUS STRIVING FOR
LIGHTLESS EPIPHANY.*



HAVE
YOU
NO
PRIDE?

YOU HATE
ME, DON'T YOU?
YOU WOULD GIVE
ANYTHING TO SLIT
MY THROAT. PAY ME
BACK FOR THE
MILLIONS OF LIVES
I'VE DRAINED.
THAT'S WHAT
YOU WANT.


LOOK AROUND,
ABEL. THE PIT HAS
OVERFLOWED. AND
THE IRONY IS THAT THE
PIT WAS FILLED TO
VOMITING BY THE
VILE MISDEEDS
OF HUMANITY.

PEOPLE--
STEEPED IN
BLOOD THEY'VE
SPILLED ON ONE
ANOTHER SINCE
TIME BEGAN.

I WANT
NOTHING
FROM
YOU.

LIAR!
YOU WILL BE
CRUSHED. GROUND
TO DUST WITH THE
REST OF YOUR
PATHETIC LIGHT-
SINNERS.

YOU AND
THE REST WILL
BURN FOR YOUR
ARROGANCE IN THE
FACE OF BLACK
MAJESTY.



THE CUT IS
SWIFT, SMOOTH,
DEEP. AN ACT
PERFORMED
MORE TIMES
THAN MEMORY
CAN HOLD.

GGAAA!

ABEL FEELS
HIMSELF
EMPTY. THE
WORST THING
ABOUT BEING
DISEMBOWELED
ISN'T THE PAIN.
IT'S THE FEELING
OF LOSING
ONE'S INSIDES.

THIS
IS MORE
LIKE IT.

PREPARE
HIM FOR
BAPTISM.

THE BIFRONS STRETCH
ABEL'S GUTTED CORPSE
ONTO A BONE SLAB.

THE ANTI-POPE BRINGS
FORTH THE JARS OF
BAPTISM. THE ABYSS
CONCEIVED OF AS WORMS,
ROACHES, LICE, FLEAS,
GRUBS, AND ALL MANNER
OF FILTH-LADEN ROT-
DWELLERS.

THEN, IN
TONGUE
SPOKE
PAGES
N

SO
BEAUTIFUL.

AS EVIL'S DARK DARK
ABEL SCREAMS, WITH
THE BURN OF DARK
WITHIN HIS FIBER

NOW, THE
KNIFE TURN
UPON THE
WIELDER

AFTER A TIME, THE BIFRONS
SEAL THE WOUND. SEAL HIM
SHUT WITH STRANDS OF
DRIED TAPEWORM.

HIGH ATOP THE RUINS OF A DYING WORLD, TWO OFFICERS IN HELL'S GREAT ARMY GAZE ACROSS A LAND OF BATTLE. HUMANITY DRIVEN BEFORE A MASS OF UNDEAD SOLDIERS.


THERE THEY ARE, MY BROTHER. LAIN WASTE LIKE CATTLE. THERE IS BUT ONE MISSION IN THIS CAMPAIGN. TOTAL AND COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

NO MERCY!

SAY

MAKE THEM PAY FOR THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENTS, THE POINTLESS SUFFERING IN THE NAME OF GOODNESS.

PLEASE PUT THESE USELESS, FOUL-SMELLING, SANCTIMONIOUS BASTARDS OUT OF OUR MISERY.



THE WIND BLOWS ASH
AND THE SCENT OF
BROILED BONE. BLOOD
RUNS IN ENDLESS RIVERS.

AND D
HELLS
HAS SE
LIFE, G

-- HUMAN BE

-- LOCKED IN A
PITCHED AND
HOPELESS BATTLE
FOR THEIR VERY
SOULS--

-- AGAINST THE INDOM
TABLE FORCES OF
UNDEAD EVIL.

No.
3

DIGITAL
EDITION

CURSE OF THE

SABOTW



TURNER

T. Boeker
Young

CURSE OF THE SPAWN

TODD McFARLANE &
IMAGE COMICS™ PRESENTS:

“CORPSE CANDY”



ALAN MOORE
DWAYNE HUNTER

DENNIS HOOPER
COPY EDITOR
TOM ORZEC

DEDICATED TO:

SHANNON CRYSTAL TOMAS


TODD BOY

A SPECIAL
JOHN



Summary: Curse of The Spawn #2

Memory flashes of Daniel Lianso's past re-present situation as this future's Hellspawn. Matthew witnessing the Hellspawn kill the Dessicator, him and fires while Matthew nearly recognizes they flee the area, they battle the Nightmares mandeer an Armored Personnel Carrier. Meanwhile recovers from the blast, the demon Abbadon g mission. Elsewhere, the Anti-Pope visits the N bers where he disembowels a prisoner named, "baptizes" him with transformative results.



A CROSS A MAGGOT-
INFESTED LAND-
SCAPE STREWN WITH
REMNANTS OF THE
FRESHLY DISMEMBERED,
ABEL WALKS LIKE THE
NEWLY DEAD.

FIRES BURN
PERPETUALLY
ALONG DISTANT
HORIZONS.
DAEMONS
SOAR, MOUTHS
FILLED TO
BRIMMING
WITH SCREAM-
ING CARGO.


FROM THE
SHADOWS,
A TERRIFIED
ALLY RISES.

DORRO.

THE
SURVIVORS.
WHERE ARE
THEY?

COME ON,
I'LL TAKE YOU
THERE. ALL
MAN, ARE THEY
EVER GONNA
BE GLAD TO
SEE YOU.

YOU'RE
OKAY,
RIGHT?



ASH.
SULFUR.
DEATH.

BUNE STANDS HIGH
ATOP A SCARRED RIDGE
WATCHING ABEL AND
DORRO MOVE THROUGH A
DISTANT FIELD OF CROSSES.

FOLLOW
THEM,
CHILDREN.
THE DARKLIGHT
WILL LEAD
YOU LIKE A
BEACON.

BUNE PULLS BACK HIS
HOOD--REVEALS A
GHASTLY ENTROPIC
SKULL. ACROSS HIS
RUNNELED COUNTENANCE,
TINY NANO-TECHMITES
SCURRY TO REPAIR AND
RESHAPE FLAKING AND
ROTTING EPIDERMIS.

FOLLOW
ITS BLACK
GLOW TO THE
SLAYGROUND.


SPAWN TRUDGES THROUGH A BLOOD-SOAKED KILLING FIELD IN THE HEART OF APOCALYPTIC WARFARE. HUMANS AND NIGHTMARES. BLOOD AND BONES. FLAMES AND FLESH. THE WORLD BURNS IN ITS DARK DOWNWARD SPIRAL.

MERCILESS.

GODLESS.

DEMON!
GOT SOMETHING
FOR YA! LI'L
TASTE'A
HOME!

LET'S SEND
THIS SOULLESS
DEVIL-PUKE BACK
WHERE HE CAME
FROM!



HERE!
TAKE ALL
YOU CAN
HANDLE!

DON'T
BE SHY NOW.
PLENTY TO GO
'ROUND!

NININININ!


WAAAA

Get them,
Danny. The Liars,
abusers, betrayers.
Do 'em all like
cordwood.
Hee heeee!

This is
your time,
Danny. Go on!
Disk it out!

OH YEAH!
PAYBACK'S
A BITCH,
AIN'T IT?!

NICE
WORK.
HAPPY
WORK!



HOURS. DAYS.
TIME BLEEDS
TOGETHER.

DON'T
SHOOT,
WE'RE
HUMAN.

APC,
INTACT.
SHOULD
COME IN
HANDY.

IT'S YOURS
FOR SOME
FOOD AND
WATER.

THE SEWAGE-
CLOGGED BOWELS
OF A FORMER
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL...

YOU'RE
WELCOME
TO WHAT WE
CAN SPARE.
IT AIN'T
MUCH.

BODIES ARE
PILED HIGH
IN FORMER
CLASSROOMS
TURNED MAKE-
SHIFT MORGUES.
BODIES PRAYED
OVER BY THE
GRIEF-STRICKEN.

SIV AND FLECHETTE.
SHE LIVES IN THE
SUBURBS OF PSYCHO-
SIS. HE WALTZES WITH
A DANCE PARTNER
CALLED PAIN. ONLY
I-V MED IMPLANTS
KEEP HIM FROM
SCREAMING TO DEATH.

WILL
IT EVER
BE OVER,
MAN?

I DON'T
KNOW...

FLECHETTE,
SIV, GET THESE
TWO SOME FOOD
AND WATER.

I AIN'T NO
WELCOMING
COMMITTEE.

JUST DO IT
THEN TAKE 'EM TO
MORTEMEURE.



THIS AUDITORIUM ONCE TEEMED WITH JOYFUL, SCREECHING GRADE-SCHOOLERS. ITS LAST FUNCTION IN THE REAL WORLD WAS A PERFORMANCE OF 'OLIVER TWIST'. JUST AFTER THE SECOND CURTAIN CALL, THE SUN TURNED BLACK AS SACK-CLOTH, AND THE MOON BECAME AS BLOOD.

ALONE NOW, ON THE STAGE, MORTEMEURE PRAYS FOR THE SOUL OF HUMANITY.

MORTEMEURE, WE HAVE TWO NEW ARRIVALS.

EXCELLENT, WE ALWAYS--

AS THE ENCLAVE'S SPIRITUAL LEADER, MORTEMEURE HAS STARED DEEPLY INTO THE ABYSS AND WALKED THE RAZOR'S EDGE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

FELT THE ICY BREATH OF HELL'S DEMENTED RULERS ON HIS WRINKLED NAPE-- AND SURVIVED.

MORE IMPORTANTLY, HE STILL HAS HOPE, AND WEARS HIS FAITH LIKE FLEXISTEEL ARMOR.

HE KNOWS YOU!
HE KNOWS YOU!!

THE BOY!

HE SEES HIMSELF IN YOU!

YOU ARE HIS MIRROR!

YOU ARE HIS

BLOOD!

KILL THEM BOTH!



BOTH DRAW WEAPONS LIGHTNING FAST.

BE THE LAST THING YOU EVER DO.

TRY ME.



PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS. NOW.

JEEZ-- OUTSIDE AIN'T BAD ENOUGH?



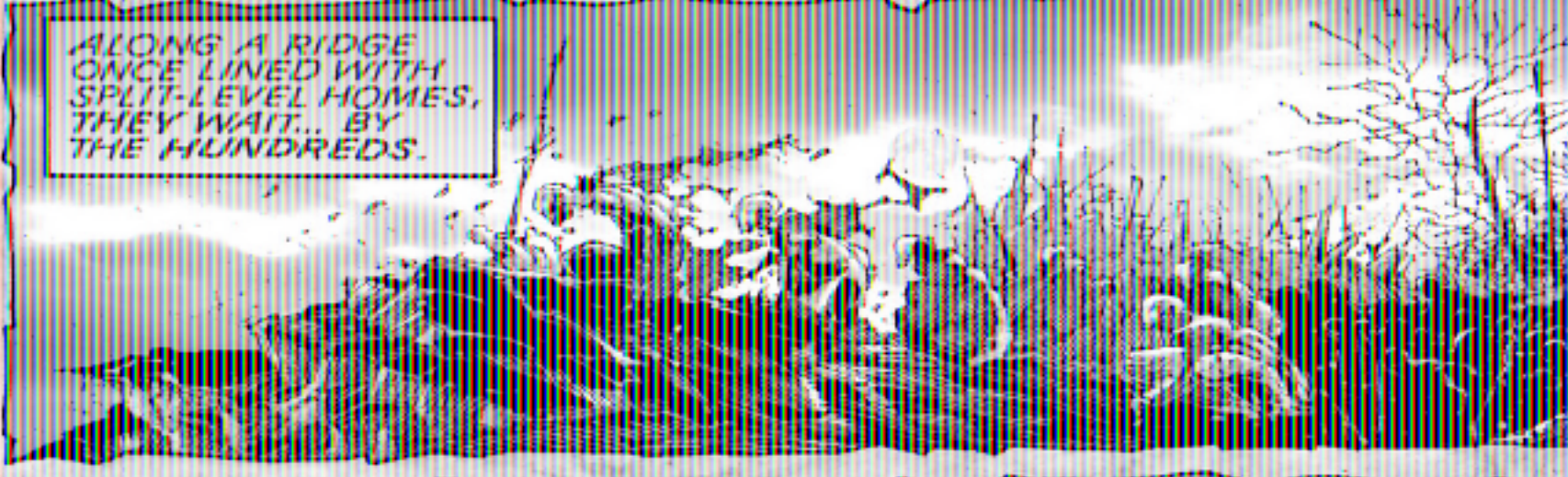
THE WOMAN AND THE BOY ARE WELCOME HERE.

THANK YOU.



EVIL NEVER SLEEPS.

ALONG A RIDGE
ONCE LINED WITH
SPLIT-LEVEL HOMES,
THEY WAIT... BY
THE HUNDREDS.

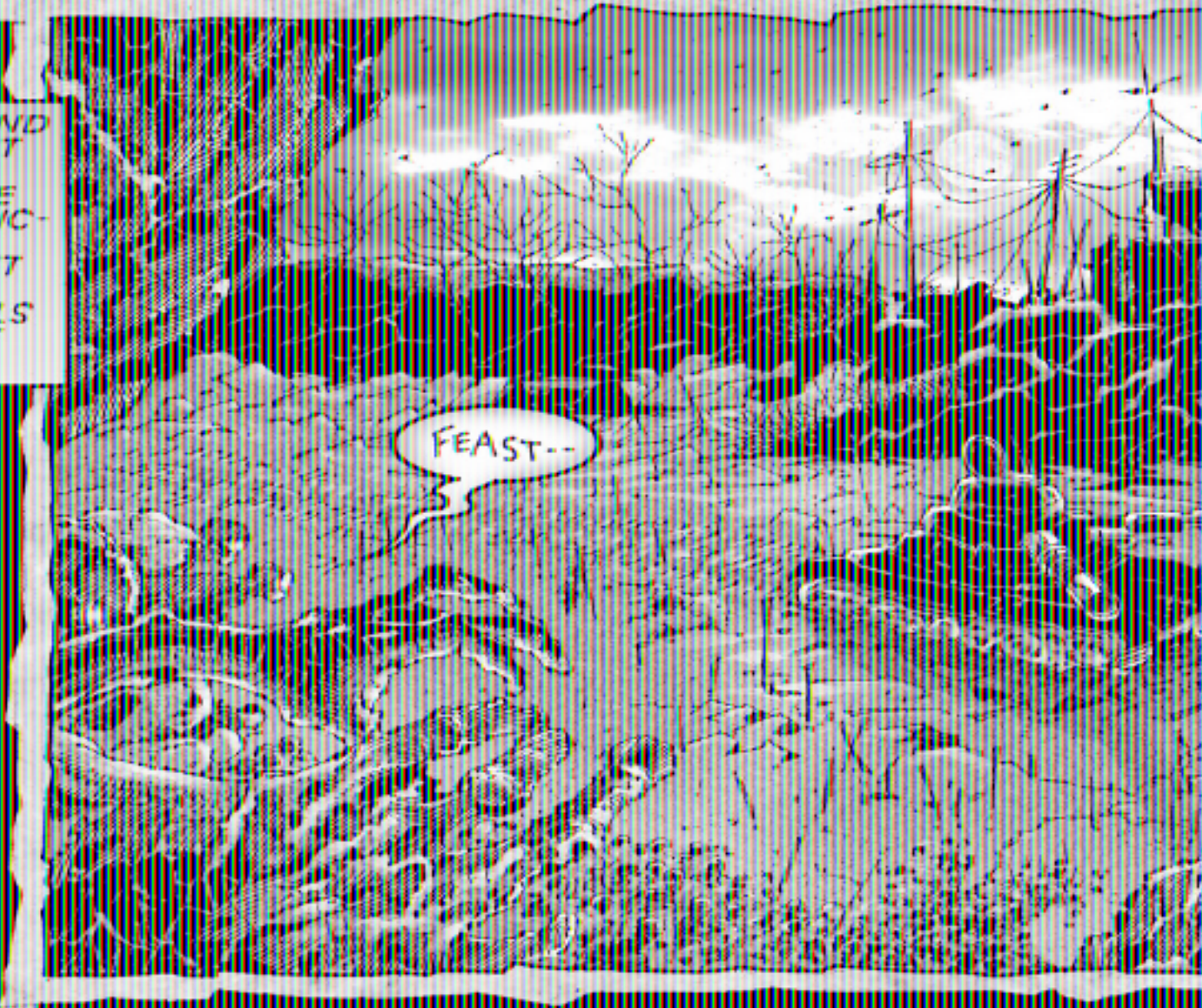


ANGRY,
JAGGED,
HUNGRY FOR
MARROW.
THE NAVKIES.



THEY DESCEND
WITH RODENT
SWIFTNESS
TOWARD THE
DISTANT SANCTUARY.
THE SWEET SCENT
OF HUMAN
GRISTLE FILLS
DEAD GREY
NOSTRILS.

FEAST--



DEATH. BLOOD.
LAUGHTER ON
THE WINDS.

HE FEELS
TREMEND
CATING. IT
CO

WHO'S
NEXT?!

THEN
HE SEES
THEM.

MOMMY,
I'M
SCARED...

Love it,
sniff it,
taste it.
Oh sooooo
good.

ARE WE
HAVING FUN
YET? I SURE
AM! BRING IT
ON!

DON'T HURT
MY CHILDREN, I
BEG YOU!

HE'S GONNA
KILL US, MOMMY--
MAKE US INTO
NIGHTMARES--

LLANSO SHUDDERS, REMEMBERS ANOTHER TIME, WHEN A SCARED WOMAN PROTECTED HER TWO SMALL CHILDREN FROM A MONSTER.


USED HER BRUISED FLESH TO SHIELD HER SON DANNY--

...
DA
MA

PLEASE,
GIVE US A
MOMENT.


AFTER THE MONSTER'S DEATH, THE DRONECOPS CAME FOR HIM. DANNY LLANSO, AGE TEN, SHACKLED, CONVICTED, BRANDED FOR LIFE.






I'LL NEVER
GIVE UP ON
YOU, DANNY.
YOU HAD NO
CHOICE.

TIME'S UP.
INTO THE
SHUTTLE,
MAGGOT.




PROMISE
ME, DANNY,
THAT YOU WON'T
GIVE UP ON
YOURSELF.
NOT EVER.




DON'T GIVE
UP, OKAY?
PROMISE!



DANNY



I
PROMISE.



FLASHES OF
MEMORY LIKE
SHARDS OF
GLASS BLASTED
THROUGH
TENDER FLESH.

SPAWN SCREAMS
FROM A PLACE OF
NAKED ANGUISH. THE
PLACE WHERE HIS SOUL
CROUCHES IN A FLAMING
SEA OF DAMNATION.
DARK AND LIGHT, GOOD
AND EVIL, IN A TIRELESS
KNIFE-FIGHT FOR HIS
VERY ESSENCE.

Yes--
remember
your
promise,
Danny.

But not
to your
sister.

Not to
Madrid.

But to
the Archon
of the Twelfth
Level. Your
Lord and
Master.

Your butcher,
your baker, your
candlestick maker--
Phlegethonyarre.

STOP!

MORE
DEATH
COMES.

THE NIGHT-
MARES
LOOSE A
BLINDING
'LECTRO
BLURST.

HE
AG
OF
EN
VA
OF

STEP ASIDE
GENERAL.

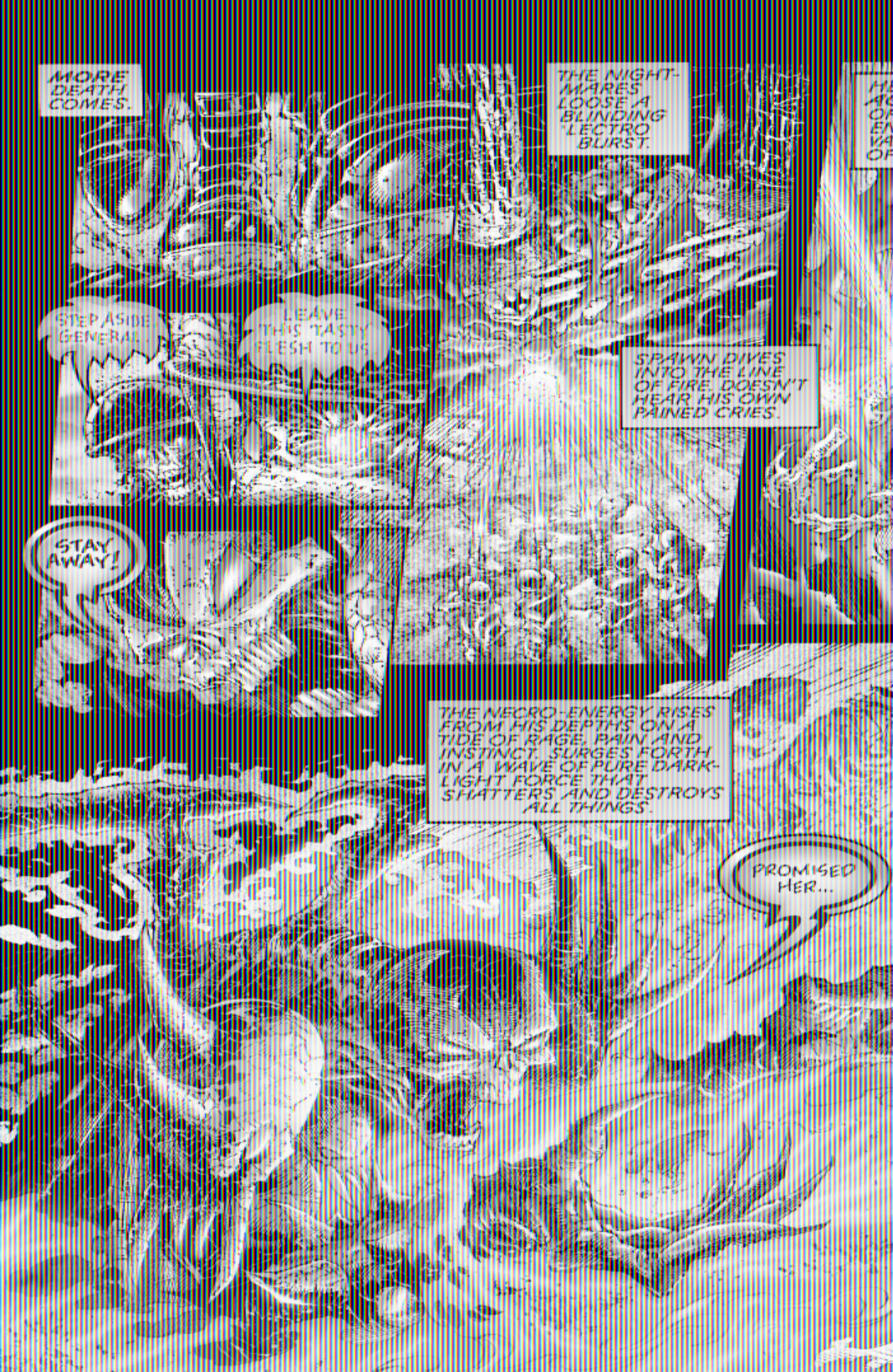
LEAVE
THIS TASTY
FLESH TO US


SPAWN DIVES
INTO THE LINE
OF FIRE. DOESN'T
HEAR HIS OWN
PAINED CRIES.

STAY
AWAY!

THE NECRO-ENERGY RISES
FROM HIS DEPTHS ON A
TIDE OF RAGE, PAIN AND
INSTINCT. SURGES FORTH
IN A WAVE OF PURE DARK-
LIGHT FORCE THAT
SHATTERS AND DESTROYS
ALL THINGS.

PROMISED
HER...






Good
boy,
Danny!

Use
that
power.
Abuse
that
power.

DANIEL LLANSO FEELS A
PIECE OF HIS SOUL
DARKEN, ROT, AND FALL
AWAY. GONE FOREVER.
EVIL HAS COLLECTED ITS
TOLL.

YOU SON
OF A BITCH!
GODDAMMIT,
WHAT'VE YOU
MADE
ME?!

SPAWN RIPS AWAY HIS
SKULL-SHROUD. HE NEEDS
TO SEE WHAT HE'S BECOME.
FOR ONCE IN HIS MISERY-
CHOKED LIFE, LLANSO NEEDS
THE COLD, HARD TRUTH.



LLANSO STARES AT THE REFLECTION OF HIS GODLESS VISAGE, AND NOW UNDERSTANDS WHY THE DEMON LORD LAUGHS: THE JOKE IS ON HIM. FOR ETERNITY AND A DAY.

A LEGACY OF PAIN STRETCHING BACK GENERATIONS CULMINATES WITH YOU, DANIEL.

THE FIRES OF THE APOCALYPSE BURNED INTO YOUR BONE. SEARED INTO THE BLACKEST RECESSES OF YOUR GRIMY, DISREPUTABLE SOUL.

YOU DID THIS TO ME, YOU LYING PUKE-FACED BASTARD!

NOT ME, DANNY-BOY.

YOU!

AND KNOW THIS, O' SON OF MY FLESH-- THE MORE YOU USE YOUR POWER, THE MORE YOU BECOME THE SOLDIER OF DARKNESS YOU ARE MEANT TO BE.

YOUR SOUL BECOMES PITCH.

AND YOU MUST USE YOUR POWER, DANIEL. YOU MUST. THERE IS NO AVOIDING IT.

HE WANTS TO WEEP,
TO SURRENDER. THE
WALLS ARE FALLING
ALL AROUND HIM. SO
EASY TO GIVE UP, TO
GIVE IN. BUT THE
SOLDIERS GIVE HIM NO
TIME TO WALLOW.

DEMON
DOWN!
POUR
IT ON!

BACK INTO
YOUR
MASTER'S
ASS,
HELLBOY!

SPAWN TRIES
TO STAY CLEAR OF
HUMANS. BUT
FIRE CATCHES
HIM. HE
BLASTS HIM
THE RU

THE DEAD LAUGH
DEAFENING AG

STAY
BACK IF
YOU LIKE
BREATHING!

What're
you waiting
for? Kill
them!

You're so
weak. So pathetic.
All this power and
you do nothing.
You deserve to
be trod upon.

SHUT
UP.

S
L
S
V
C

YOU
DON'T
HEAR VERY
GOOD--

--DO
YOU?!

MAYBE
YOU'LL LISTEN
BETTER AFTER
YOU HEAR ME
SNAP A FEW
OF YOUR
RIBS.

IT WOULD BE SO EASY.
HE FEELS THE SOLDIER'S
HATRED. WANTS TO
GIVE IT BACK A
HUNDREDFOLD.

HE'S BEEN SPIT
ENTIRE LIFE BY
SOLDIERS, MEN
UNIFORMS. NOW
POWER TO MAKE
FOR THE PAIN, THE
THE HUMILIATION
COMES DOWN TO


KRAA!

HE MAKES
HIS
DECISION.


I'VE GOT
YOUR
ORDERS,
BOYS!

IN THE MIDDLE OF
DEATH-DEALING,
SUDDENLY ACCEPTS
HE IS: A CRIMINAL
KILLER. DAMNED
TRAINED BY PRISON
THE STREET. THE
OF THE WORST


BU
GR
ON
HE
NEE
THE




IN THE AFTERMATH, THE DEMON LOCUSTS
COME. PREY UPON THE CHARRED AND
SHATTERED REMNANTS OF THE DEAD.



FLY INTO EMPTY
EYE SOCKETS,
RIB CAGES AND
BONE JOINTS.



ABADDON CROSSES THE
BLOOD-SOAKED KILLING
FIELDS. HIS SAVAGE TEN-
DRILLS DRAG AND FEAST
ON THE STEAMING ENTRAILS
OF THE MORTALLY WOUNDED.



WHAT'S THE
MEANING
OF THIS,
BROTHER?

IT ISN'T
RIGHT.
THEY'RE
FLESH AND
BLOOD!

BLOOD?
FLESH? DON'T
MAKE ME LAUGH,
SPAWN. DON'T
MAKE ME
SICK.

WHAT IS RIGHT?
WHAT IS FAIR? *NOTHING*
ON THIS PUTRID, SELF-
SERVING BALL OF WRETCHED
FECES. NO. THE LAST WILL
HAS BEEN WRITTEN, THE
DEATH WARRANT SERVED.
MANKIND REAPS WHAT
HAS BEEN SOWN.
*INHERITANCE, WITH
INTEREST.*


IT'S
LATE
ARMAG

AND WITH THAT, NEW NIGHTMARES RISE FROM THE KILLING FIELDS. THE BODIES OF THE SLAUGHTERED NOW THE SERVANTS OF DARKNESS, INFECTED BY THE DEMON LOCUSTS. FAITHFUL SOLDIERS READY TO CONTINUE WAGING HELL'S WAR ON EARTH.

ABADDON'S LAUGHTER ECHOES OFF THE BONES OF THE FRESHLY RISEN.

THE ANTI-POPE HAS ALREADY SENT THEIR PUNISHMENT.





THE
END HAS
BEGUN.

SPAWN
RACES
THROUGH
THE RUINS IN
ICY PANIC,
CHASED BY
ABADDON'S
LAUGHTER.

SPAWN
IS ON HIS
WAY, LORD.
THE *FIRST*
TEST HAS
BEGUN.

EXCELLENT.
THIS WILL SET
THE PACE FOR
HIS DESTINY.

ONCE LLANSO
HAS KILLED HIS
SISTER AND HER
VILE ISSUE, THE
REAL GAME
CAN BEGIN.

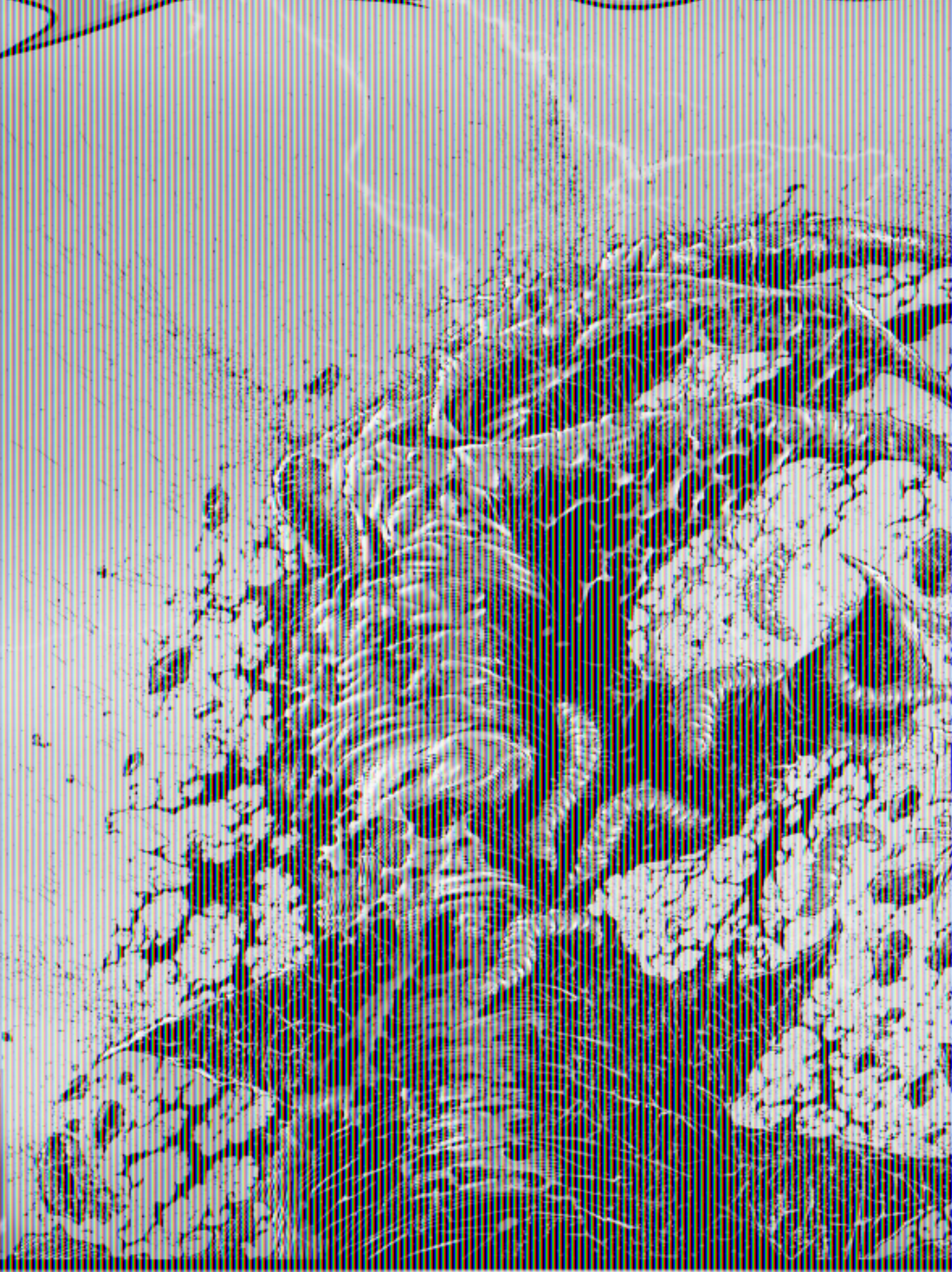
PHLEGEY
HISSES WITH
AMUSEMENT,
SALIVATES
PLUS ACROSS
SOUL-TARTAR
AND ABSCESS
WITH AN

No. 4

CURSE OF THE

SERPENT

DIGITAL
EDITION



CURSE OF THE SPAWN

TODD McFARLANE &
IMAGE COMICS™ PRESENTS

"DAMNATION" WE

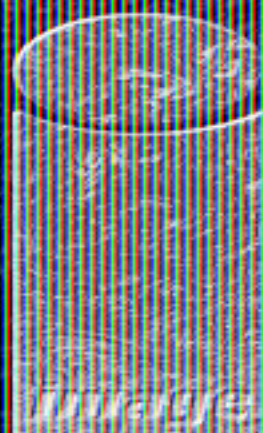


ALAN M
DWAYNE

DANN
COPY EDITOR
TOM OBZEC

DEDICATED TO:
BETH BROEKER

TODD B
BOY
A SPECIAL
JOHN



Summary: Curse of The Spawn #3

Spawn is attacked from all sides and in his over his present state of being a warrior from humans while his cloak whispers encouragement sister Madrid, and his mom torment him. Matthew reach a human enclave where they spiritual leader, Motemeure, who orders them by Abel and Dorro who have finally reached Daniel Lianso's reaction to his Hellish situation with Phlegethonyarre about Spawns continued

IT PURSUES HIM NOW WITH A DIRE RELENTLESSNESS. LIKE AN ENDLESS DIRGE IN THE DARK, WEBBED CORRIDORS OF HIS SHATTERED MIND. GUILT, ANGER, PAIN, HOPELESSNESS. A FEAR THAT THOSE HE CARES FOR WILL LIVE AND DIE IN AGONY ONCE MORE.

BECAUSE OF HIM.

SO DANIEL LLANSO RUNS. DRIVEN BEYOND LIFE, BEYOND DEATH, AND FAR BEYOND ANY HOPE OF UNDERSTANDING. MERELY DRIVEN BY A PRIMAL NEED NOT TO LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

NO MORE... NOT THIS TIME...


NOTHING STANDS IN HIS WAY.

LLANSO RIPS AND SHREDS A PATH OF BLOOD AND VISCERA THROUGH ENDLESS THROGS OF SCREELING NIGHTMARES.

BLOOD IS NOTHING. BONES ARE NOTHING. DEATH IS NOTHING. HE IS A MACHINE.

YOU CAN'T SAVE THEM, DANIEL. YOUR SISTER AND HER BASTARD SON ARE LOST. ACCEPT IT.

HA HA HA HA



THE DAEMON SLAMS DOWN THROUGH
CLOUDS OF ASH, SOOT AND ACID. STRIKES
THE EARTH WITH THE FORCE OF A
BRIMSTONE METEOR.

THE
DEAD
EARTH
GIVES
WAY.

BUT HERE
ANCIENT
WAITS BE
BLOOD A
OF LIVES
THROUGH
SHATTER
INTO A F
FORGOTT

AND THE FALL
IS LIKE LLANSO
REMEMBERS
FROM THE
MOMENT OF
HIS DEATH.

DOWN HELL'S GULLET
INTO THE SEARING BRINE
OF A PUSTULE-LADEN
DIGESTIVE SWAMP.
THE PLACE WHERE
DAMNATION STRIPS
AWAY THE NUTRIENTS
OF THE SOUL.

THE DAEMON, FANGS, TEETH,
AND CLAWS COATED WITH
THE BLOOD AND MARROW OF
A THOUSAND RECENT KILLS,
THRASHES AND TEARS AT
SPAWN FROM ALL SIDES.

PUNISHMENT FOR
HIS TREACHERY.


VOICES OF CONDEM-
NATION RISE AND
FALL FROM HIS
CLOAK. HIS OWN
NECROFLESH FIGHTS
TO DRAIN HIS RESOLVE.

SPAWN STRUGGLES
AGAINST FAST-
GROWING TENDRILS
OF INNER WEAKNESS.
REFUSES TO BE
DRAWN DEEPER INTO
THE QUICKSAND
DARKNESS OF HIS
BURIED TORMENT.


THE SPINNER-C
AGAINST DAEM
OF SPAWN'S DA
WOULD FINISH
EASE -- BUT AT
DRAWING LLAM
PHLEGETHONY

SO HE
TAKES
ANOTHER
TACK.


THE ANCIENT
SHATTER A
SPAWN AND
SARY DOWN
OF SPIRALLI
GROUND TU
PUTRID TOR
BLOOD-WAT
CORPSE-BRI
TEARS OF H
SHED AND C
FORC



LLANSO WHIRLS BELOW THE SURFACE. BODY BATTERED AGAINST CORRODED STEEL AND ROTTED BRICK.



FLUSHED INTO A CENTRAL JUNCTION WHERE RATS BEAR WITNESS TO THESE NEW ARRIVALS.




HANG ON...

HE FEELS IT COMING. THE SECOND DEATH.

ONE CHANCE. WITHOUT HOPE. THE MANTRA OF HIS LIFE.

A
S
I
S
B

TH
IS
DE



RATS, THE CHILDREN
OF A HORSEMAN
CALLED PESTILENCE,
SCATTER INTO THE
FALLEN ROCKS.

FEAST ON THE DOWNED
HELLBEAST SO THEY
THEMSELVES CAN ASCEND
TO DAEMONHOOD. THE
FOOD CHAIN OF EVIL IS
EVOLUTIONARY.

LLANSO REMEMBERS BEING
THE RAT, SINKING FANGS OF
ENVY INTO THE SOCIAL CARRION.
AND HE REMEMBERS BEING
WHAT THE RATS HUNGRILY,
GREEDILY FEED UPON UNDER
COVER OF NIGHT.

BUT NOW THE MACHINE
HAS NO TIME FOR THE
COLD SEDUCTION OF
DARK MEMORIES.

SPAWN RETURNS TO THE
PATH, DRIVEN, ONE GOAL.
ONE SPARK OF LIGHT AT
THE END OF A DIM, FETID,
BONE-CHOKED TUNNEL
CALLED LIFE AND DEATH.

HE FORGETS
HIS PAIN,
HIS INNER
ANGUISH, HIS
PREDESTINED
DAMNATION,
AND MOVES ON.

Too late,
Daddy
boy...

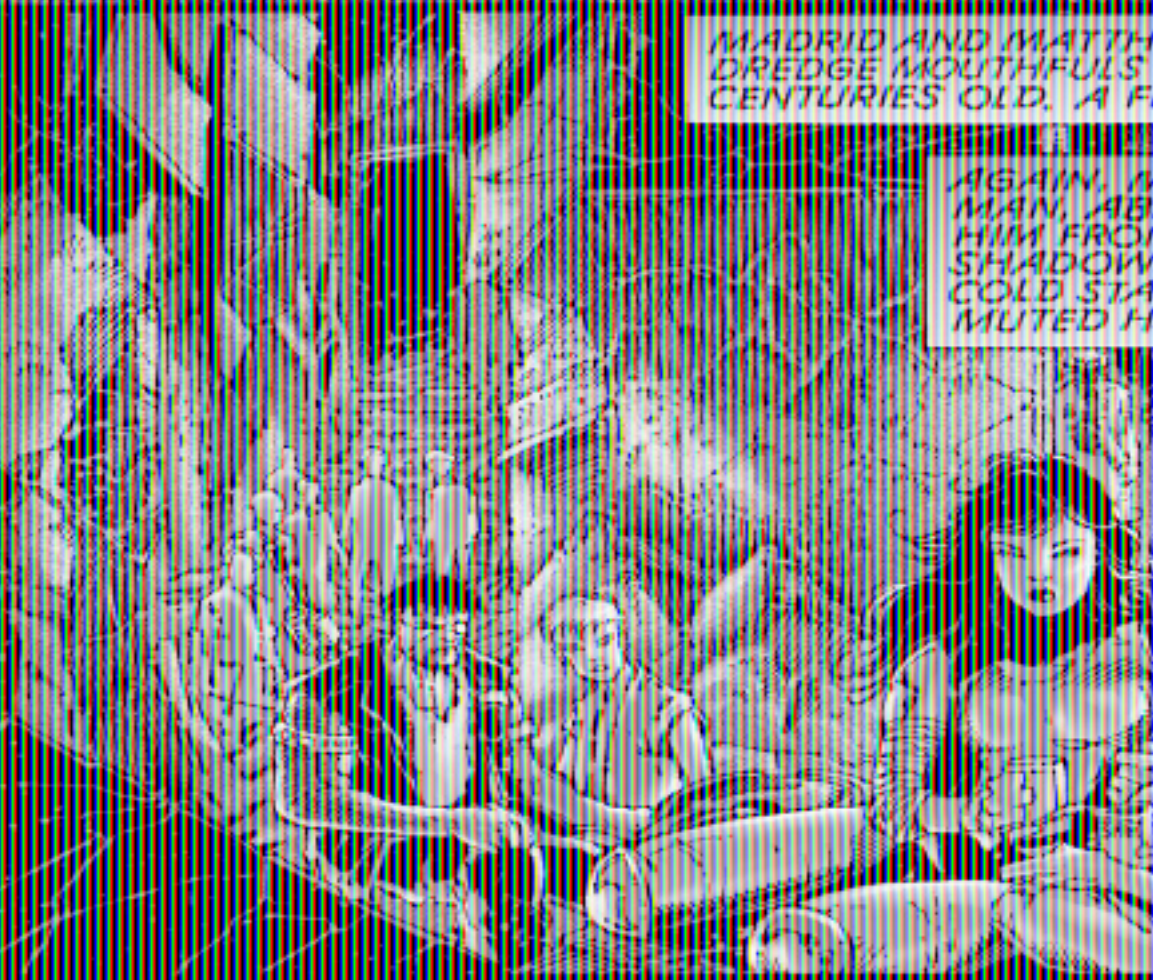
Too
late...

WIND.
THE
STENCH
OF
DEATH.



MADRID AND MATTH
DREDGE MOUTHFULS
CENTURIES OLD. A F

AGAIN, M
MAN, AB
HIM FROM
SHADOW
COLD STA
MUTED H



THEN
GONE.

WHAT
IS IT?

NOTHING...

WHAT'CHU THINK?

HELL
SHOULD I
KNOW?



YOU HEARD
MORTEMEURE.
SOMETHING'S NOT
RIGHT ABOUT
THAT KID.

WHATEVER.
ANYWAY, HIS
MAMA AIN'T
HALF BAD.

HEY, wk,
YOU GUYS
NOTICE
ANYTHING
WEIRD
ABOUT ABEL
LATELY?



TA
D
S
U
H

GUNFIRE.
SCREAMS.
HOPELESS-
NESS.

THE NAVKIES.

SOLDIERS WATCH AS THEY
ARE RENT FROM SOCKET
WHOLE DOWN RAVENOUS
OF BEING CONSUMED. CHILD
TO WATCH YOUR OWN INT
SLATHERED UP LIKE SO MU



NO
PEACE...

SCREAMS
ARE NOT
ENOUGH.

GET TO THE
AUDITORIUM.
I'LL FIND
YOU.

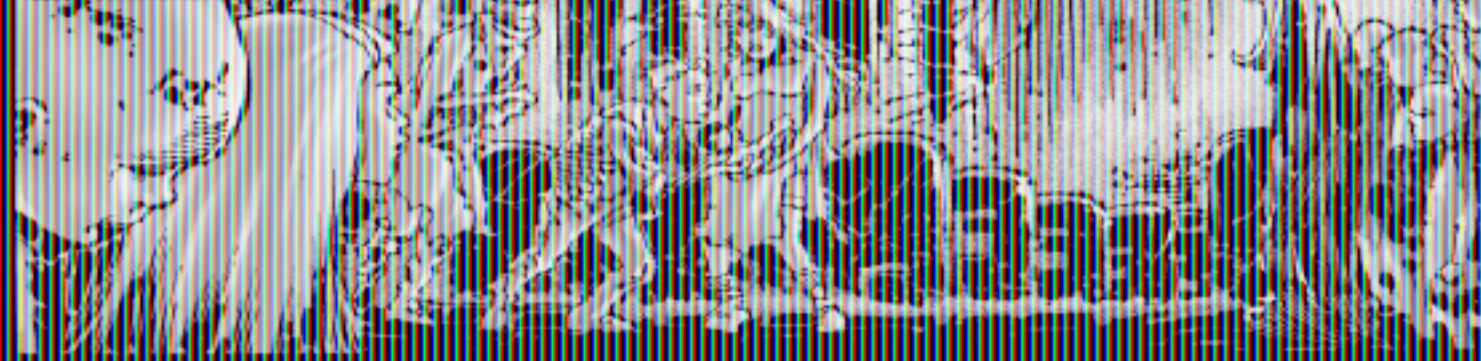
MOM!

HELL
ARE
THESE
FREAKIN'
THINGS?

DO
MA
NOT O
GODDA
IS DEAD
EVIL.
DO

MADRID F
HER SOUL
DEATH H
COME HO

MATT HANDS A FRIGHTENED INFANT
GIRL TO HER MOTHER. FEAR IS A
SICKNESS IN THIS PLACE. THE AUDITOR-
IUM HAS THE COLD FEEL OF A TOMB.



YOU
BROUGHT
THEM HERE,
BOY! YOU
BROUGHT
THIS VILE
SCOURGE
UPON
US!



MATT FEELS
SUSPICIOUS,
TERROR-
FILLED EYES
TURN AGAINST
HIM. HE FINDS
THE LONELY
COMFORT OF
SHADOW.



DOESNT
UNTIL IT
SHOULDE



MATTHEW,
SWEET
MATTHEW.
TIME FOR YOUR
BAPTISM.



ABEL,
HEY--
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?



TEXAS

MY
EYES...

MY
EYES!

OoooooGod!



A TIDAL WAVE OF EVIL, SURGING,
KEENING, RETCHING UP THEIR VILE
STENCH OF DEATH AND BONES AS
THEY DISTEND AND TWIST ALONG
LIMBS AND TORSOS WITH EACH
FRESH KILL. FEEDING. EVER FEEDING.

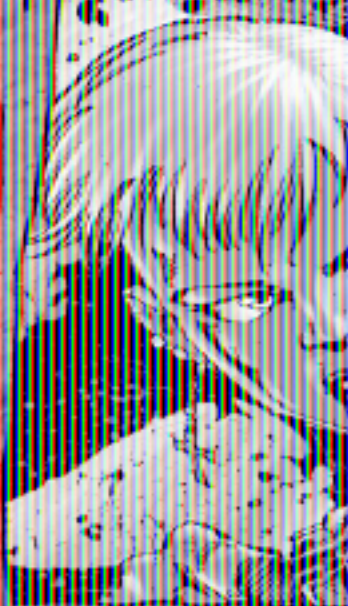
MADRID SE
AND BONE
NAVY CA

FUTILE COMBAT.
WEAPONS EMPTIED.
AND STILL THEY
COME. GHASTLY.
HUGE. RELENTLESS.

NO
DAMN
GOOD!
THEY'RE
COMING
FRONT AND
BACK!

SIV!

MOVE,
THERE'S
TOO
MANY!



MADRI
THRO
STRE
AND
WITH
DOWN
SKULL

BUT THIS
TIME
DEATH HAS
FINALLY
RUN HER
DOWN.

MADR
NOT FO
BUT FO
SHE SH
PROTEC

YOU
WANT DEATH?!
YOU WANT
VENGEANCE?!
COME ON, KIDDIES!
LET'S YOU AND ME
GET BLOODY!

THE NAVKIES ATTACK
EN MASSE. A PHALANX OF ROT
DISMEMBERMEN
WITH ONE PURPOSE
TO REND HIM, TO
PUNISH HIS
TREACHERY.

So
sad.

Is this how
it ends, Danny
boy? With a
scream and a
whimper?

This is your
world, remember?
You made it in your
image. It's a reflection
of your heart, your mind,
your very soul!

YOU
WANNA
DANCE?!
FINE BY ME.
BUT IT'S MY
WAY. MY
RULES!

RULE
NUMBER
ONE: MY
POWER SERVES
ME-- NOT
YOU!

SCREAMING, VIVISECTED
NAVKIES SUDDENLY BROIL
AND MIST DOWN TO
SPLINTERED BONE. THE
TORTURED AND IMPRISONED
SOULS OF MURDERED
CHILDREN ARE RELEASED
INTO THE ECOSPHERE.

Remember

Dad

THE HELL
IS THAT--?

IT'S
DOWN,
MAN.
KILL
IT!

NO. IT
SAVED ME
BEFORE.

MADRID DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND, BUT
SHE FEELS A WISP OF
CONNECTION TO THIS
HEINOUS CREATURE.
SENSES THE DEPTH OF
ITS STRUGGLE AND
ITS PAIN.

KILL
EVERYTHING--
BONES,
BLOOD-- NO!
GOD... WANT
TO--

HELP...

ABEL'S
TURNED,
TOOK MY EYES...
TOOK THE
BOY...

Oh GOD--
MATTHEW!

SPAWN BATTLES FRESH LAYERS OF RAW INNER BLACKNESS. HIS SOUL IS TAR. THE NEED TO FEED SHRIEKING DEATH BECKONS LIKE A LOVER. BUT HE FIGHTS, STRUGGLING HARD. TURNS IT ON ITSELF. LETS IT GIVE HIM STRENGTH.

I'LL BRING HIM BACK.

THEY WANT HELL ON EARTH. GOOD. 'CAUSE IT'S COMING.

WAIT--

HELP ME-- FOR GODSAKE--

YOU, YOUR BOY, THAT CREATURE, CAN FIND YOUR OWN ROAD TO HELL. YOU'LL GET NO HELP FROM US.

NOW GO!!

MADRID FROM COLD FACE

MADRID STEERS THE APC WITH SIV AND FLECHETTE RIDING ITS FLANKS.

THEY FOLLOW SPAWN'S DARK TRAIL ACROSS THE SCORCHED DEADLANDS.

SPAWN BATTLES AGAINST
A DEEP CHURNING CAULD
OF INNER ANGER. A DARK
TIDE OF SEDUCTIVE DAMNA
THAT CRIES OUT TO BE SATE
WITH RENT FLESH AND
POWDERED BONE.

The TOWER.
A CANCEROUS
TUMOR-SPIKE
SPEWED FORTH
FROM HELL'S
ACIDIC DEPTHS.
FORMED FROM
THE BONES AND
FLESH OF
INNOCENT DEAD.
DENUDED SKULLS,
MORTARED INTO
THE TOWER'S
FOUNDATION,
STILL SCREAM
WITH HELPLESS,
TORTURED
SOULS ETERNAL-
LY TRAPPED
BEHIND EMPTY
SOCKETS.

HE DOESN'T SEE
THE EYES, OR THE
SCYTHE, BEFORE
THE SLASH AND
BURN OF JAGGED
AGONY.

THERE,
BOY.

YOUR
PLACE
TO BE
BAPTIZED...
AND
REBORN.

YOU
SLAUGHTERED
MY CHILDREN,
BASTARD!

THEY WEREN'T
YOURS TO KILL!
THEY WERE MINE!
I WOULD'VE FREED
THEM TO A LIFE OF
SERVITUDE TO
THE ANTI-
POPE.

BUT
YOU!

YOU!

BUNE HURLS A
SWARM OF
NANO-TECHMITES
AT SPAWN.


BUN
STR
THE
EAR
WITH
SCY
SEN
A D
THRE
UND
GRO

THE MINI-MECHS DIG IN WITH
BUZZSAW EFFICIENCY, STRIP-
PING AWAY LAYER UPON LAYER
OF FLESH. UNMINDFUL OF THE
PAIN THEY BRING IN
BURNING WAVES.

THE DEAD
ANSWER
HIS CALL.
SENDINGS
RISE.
MURDEROUS
GHOSTS
MADE FROM
HUMAN
BONES.

COME ONE,
COME ALL!
NIECES,
NEPHEWS—
AUNTS,
UNCLES,
COUSINS!

Give up,
give in, your
soul is pitch.
Accept it!



ACCEPT
IT?! I'M
STARTING TO
ENJOY IT!

SPAWN HEAVES THE FIERY
SENDINGS INTO BUNE.

A MISTAKE
THAT FUELS
A GROWING
ENGINE OF
RAGE AND
RETRIBUTION.

SPAWN UNLEASHES
THE SCYTHER'S BLACK
POWER UPON ITS
OWNER. HIDEOUSLY
MELTS PSEUDO-
FLESH FROM
POLYSTEEL BONES.

BUNE'S SCREAMS
ARE UNENDING.

SPAWN HEAD
TOWARD THE
DISTANT TOWER
A BLOOD-HUN
JUGGERNAUT.

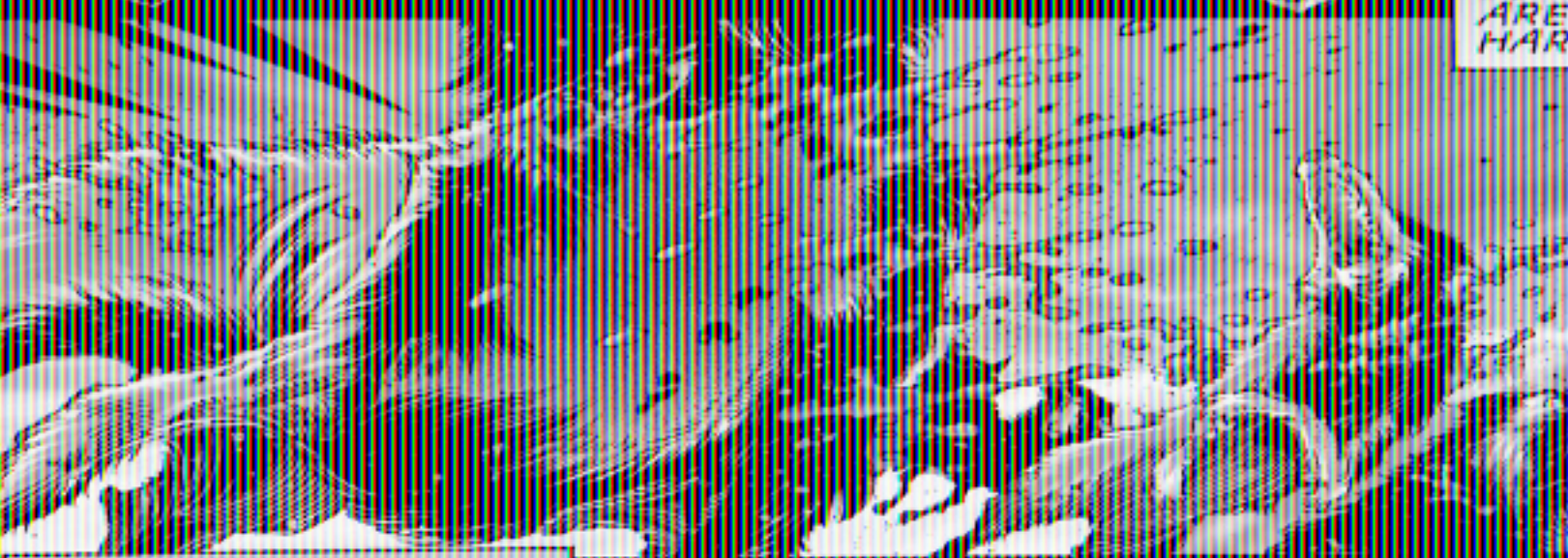
MADRID STEERS THE APC THROUGH HORDES OF NIGHTMARES. SIV AND FLECHETTE BLASTS APART DOZENS OF ARMED DEAD. APC TREADS CRUSH SKULLS AND BONES SPILLING BILIOUS NECROPLASM AND DARKLIGHT INTO THE FETID SOIL.



HOW YOU DOIN', SIV?

NEV BETT

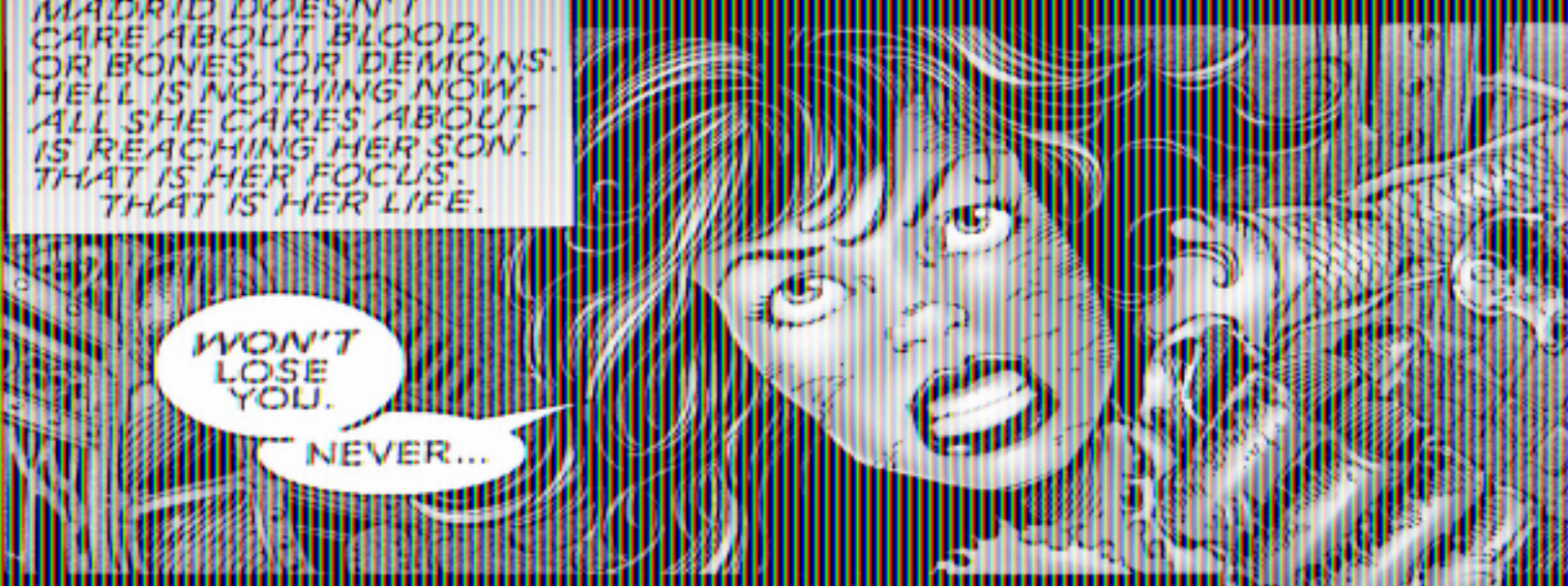
DEM ARE HAR

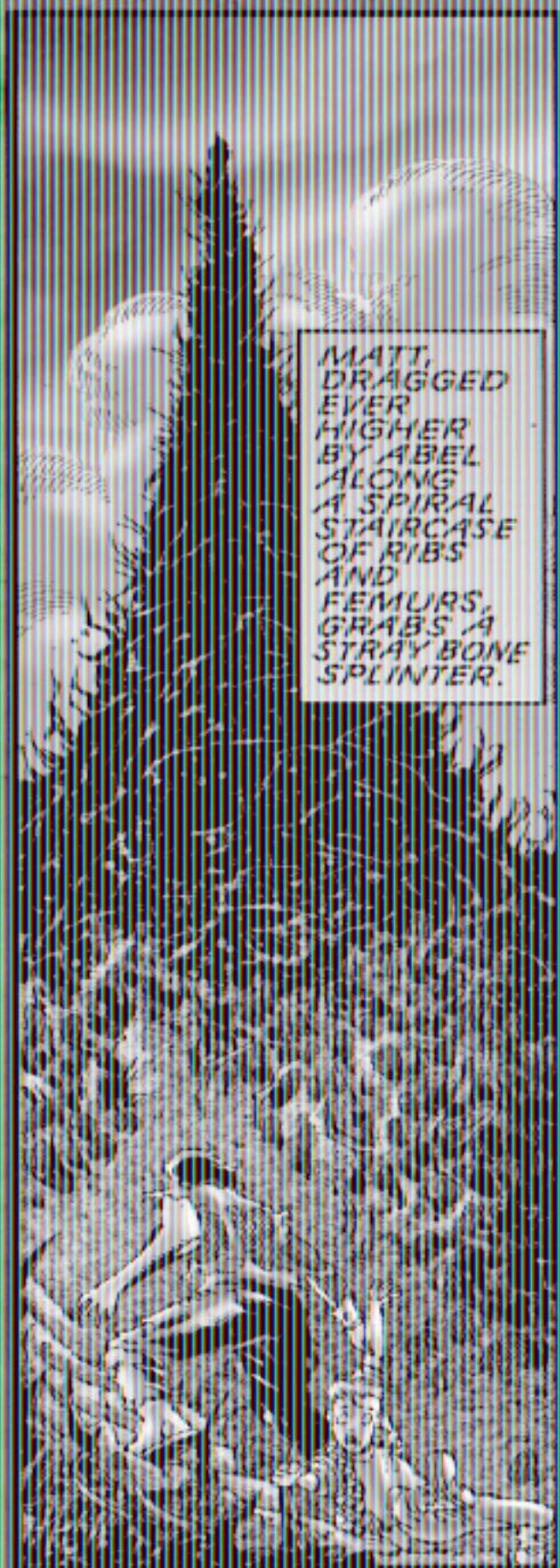


MADRID DOESN'T CARE ABOUT BLOOD, OR BONES, OR DEMONS. HELL IS NOTHING NOW. ALL SHE CARES ABOUT IS REACHING HER SON. THAT IS HER FOCUS. THAT IS HER LIFE.

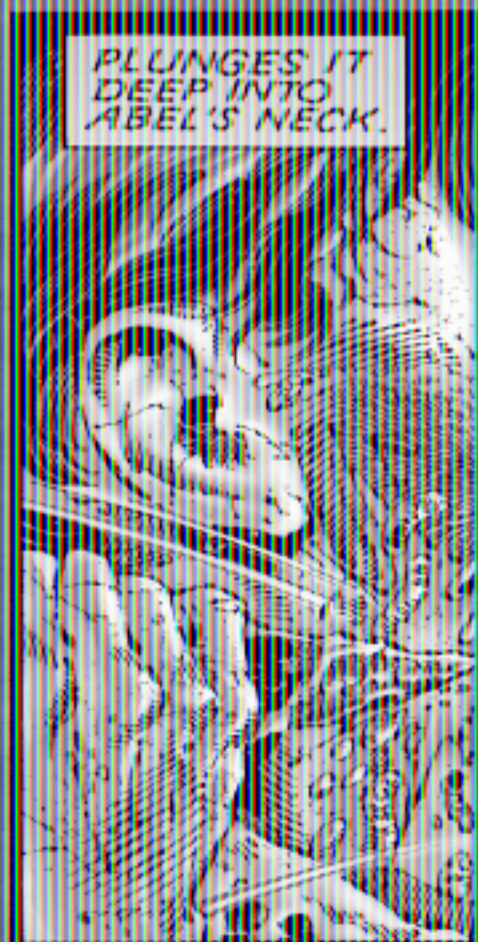
WON'T LOSE YOU.

NEVER...





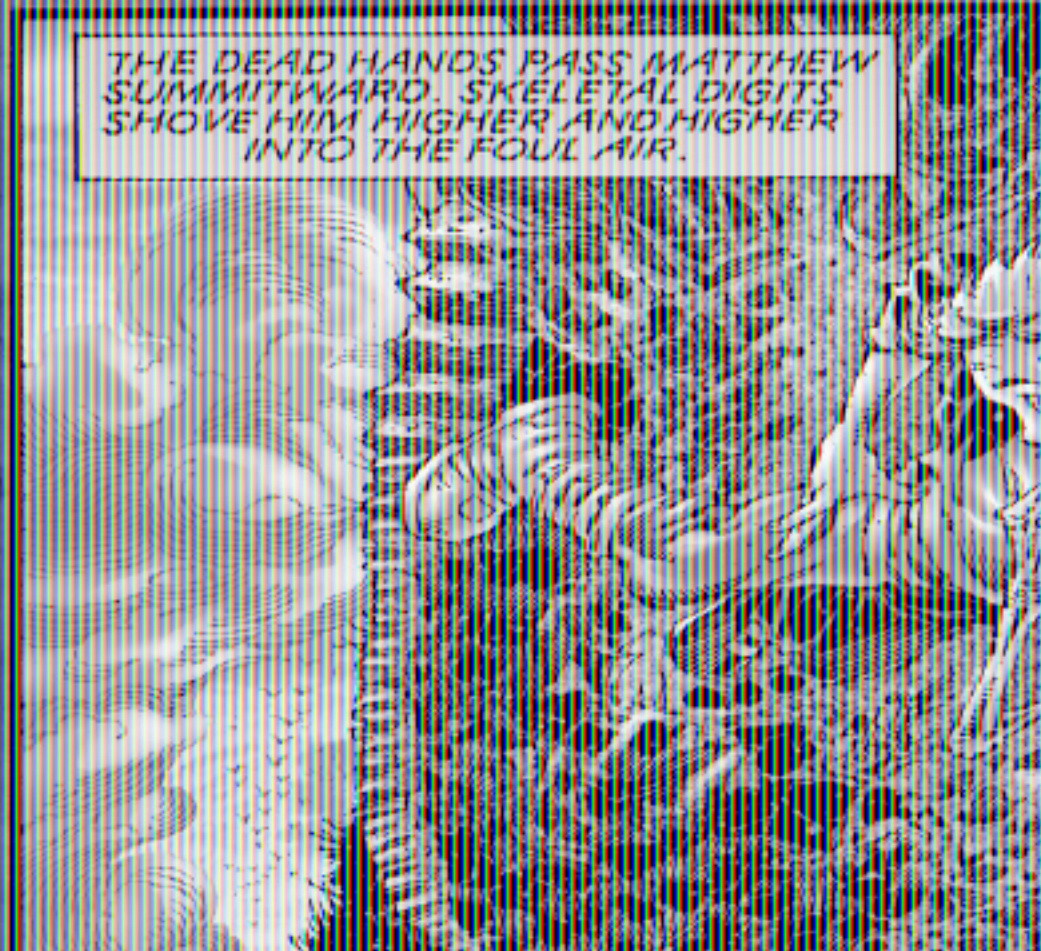
MATT,
DRAGGED
EVER
HIGHER
BY ABEL
ALONG
A SPIRAL
STAIRCASE
OF RIBS
AND
FEMURS,
GRABS A
STRAY BONE
SPLINTER.



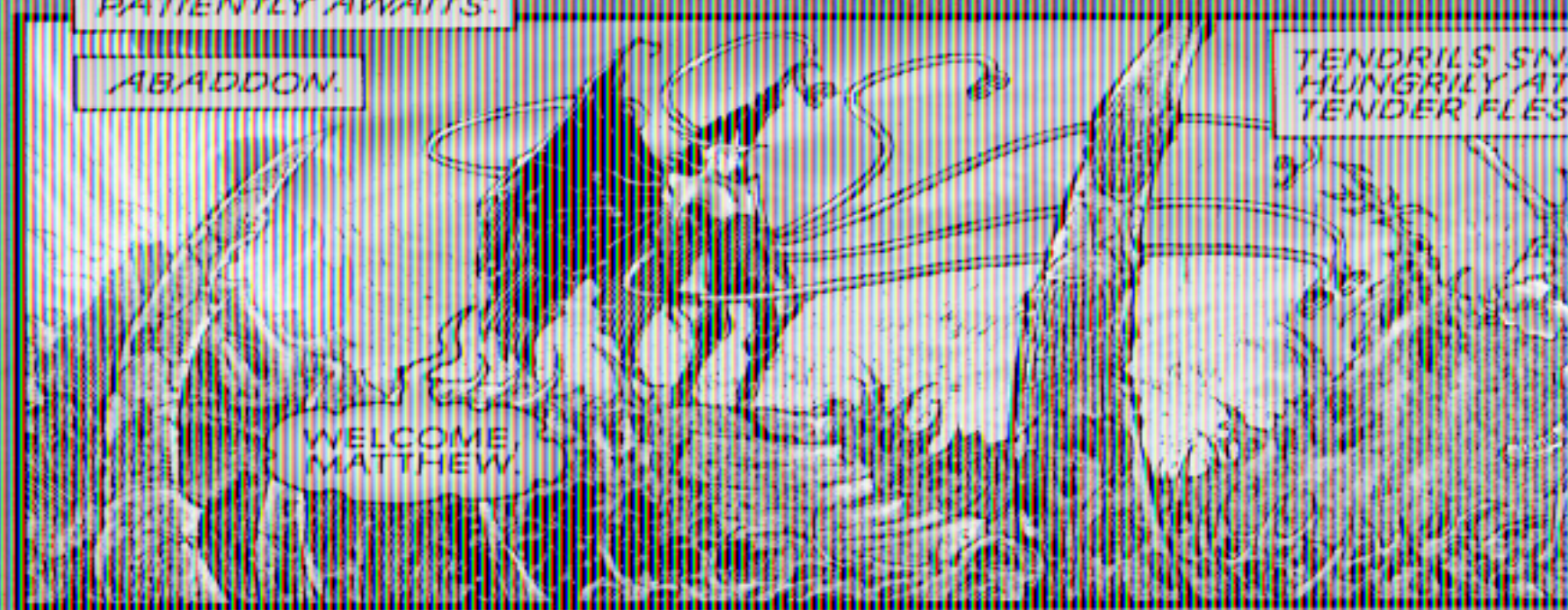
PLUNGES IT
DEEP INTO
ABEL'S NECK.



ABEL HURLS
MATT ASIDE AS HE
CLAMPS A HAND
OVER A GAPING
WOUND SPEWING
TICKS, LICE AND
DARKLIGHT LIKE
ARTERIAL SPRAY.



THE DEAD HANDS PASS MATTHEW
SUMMITWARD. SKELETAL DIGITS
SHOVE HIM HIGHER AND HIGHER
INTO THE FOUL AIR.



TO THE ONE WHO
PATIENTLY AWAITS.

ABADDON.

TENDRILS SNI
HUNGRILY AT
TENDER FLES

WELCOME,
MATTHEW.

SPAWN, RAW, SEEPING NECROPLASM FROM SCREAMING WOUNDS THAT REFUSE TO HEAL, CLIMBS THE TOWER WITH A DIRE RECKLESSNESS.

YOU WANT TO SAVE THIS WAYWARD URCHIN, DEAR BROTHER?

KILL HIM.

TAKE HIS LIFE NOW AND HIS SOUL WILL GO TO HEAVEN. BAPTISM WILL DAMN HIM FOR ALL ETERNITY.

NOT THE BOY!

HELL OR HEAVEN, SPAWN. TIC-TOK, TIC-TOK. WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

DON'T DO THIS-- I-I KNOW YOU--

NONE OF THAT MATTERS NOW, MATT. JUST THINK ABOUT WHERE YOU'D MOST LIKE TO BE. THINK HARD. CLOSE YOUR EYES.

NO... PLEASE...

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TELEPORTS
MATT TO
THAT PLACE
IN HIS
THOUGHTS.
THAT PLACE
HE'D MOST
LIKE TO BE.

WOOO!
TRAITOROUS
BASTARD!

SHRED
HIM!
REND
HIM!!

TENDRILS ATTACK
VISE-WRAPPING AND
TEARING APART WITH
RAZOR EASE. DE
THUNDERST

SPAWN SCREAMS THROUGH NEW
AGONY AS HE WRENCHES ABADDON'S
TENDRILS FROM THEIR SOCKETS. SEES
A TRIO OF FRESH WRITHING STALKS
SPROUT INSTANTLY FROM EACH
BLOODY STUMP.

SPAWN WATCHES AS
ABADDON EXPANDS TO
THREE TIMES HIS PREVIOUS
SIZE. A RAGING PAINMAKER.
SPAWN KNOWS WHAT'S
COMING. HIS LIFE HAS
BEEN A SYMPHONY OF
TATTERED FLESH AND
BROKEN BONES.

COME
ON, UGLY.
SHOW ME
WHAT
YOU'VE
GOT.

AND FOR HUMANITY,
AN ENDLESS
FEAST
OF DIRE
ENGLISH.

AND
YOU'RE
GONNA
WATCH,
DANNY.

FRONT ROW
CENTER WHILE
YOUR FAMILY, YOUR
BLOOD, SCREAMS AS
EACH CELL IN THEIR VILE
DEADLESS CADAVERS
TURNS ROT-BLACK,
DIGESTED IN HELL'S
GASTRIC JUICES.

NEVER!

HA HA HA HA HA
YOU HAVE
NO CHOICE

ANGER IS
A WEAPON.
HATRED IS
A WEAPON.
PAIN IS
A WEAPON.

EVIL IS A WEAPON.

BATTERED, BRO
WOUND FROM H
LLANSO USES TH
WANING STRENG
DIG HIS TALONS
FESTERING ARCH
OF THE SOVEREIG
LESS PIT, THE DE
CHIEF OF THE DE
ABADDON.

YO
MY
THA
AS

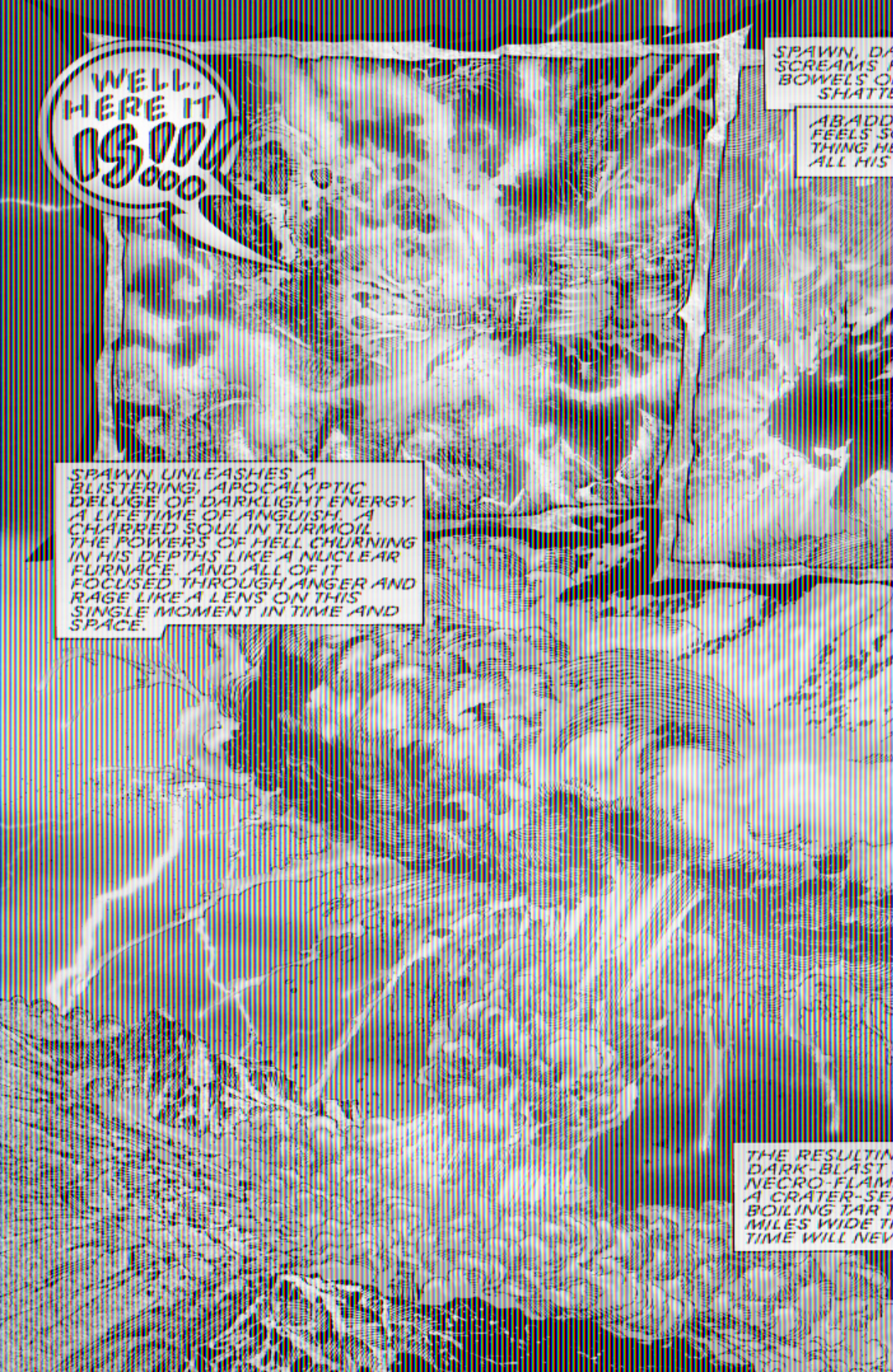
WELL,
HERE IT
IS!!!

SPAWN, DA
SCREAMS
BOWELS O
SHATTE

ABADD
FEELS S
THING HE
ALL HIS

SPAWN UNLEASHES A
BLISTERING, APOCALYPTIC
DELUGE OF DARKLIGHT ENERGY.
A LIFETIME OF ANGLISH. A
CHARRED SOUL IN TURMOIL.
THE POWERS OF HELL CHURNING
IN HIS DEPTHS LIKE A NUCLEAR
FURNACE. AND ALL OF IT
FOCUSED THROUGH ANGER AND
RAGE LIKE A LENS ON THIS
SINGLE MOMENT IN TIME AND
SPACE.

THE RESULTIN
DARK-BLAST
NECRO-FLAM
A CRATER-SEA
BOILING TAR T
MILES WIDE T
TIME WILL NEV



SIV, FLECHETTE AND MADRID STARE INTO THE MISTS OF AFTERMATH.

MATT...

THOUGHT BECOMES FLESH AS MATT REATOMIZES OUT OF NETHERSPACE.

HE'S WHERE HE MOST WANTED TO BE. WITH HIS MOTHER.

WHOA, WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

MADRID, MATT, SIV AND FLECHETTE STAND TOGETHER IN SILENT WITNESS TO THE POST-BLAST SUNRISE. A QUIET SENSE OF VICTORY IN THE AIR. THE FIRST - BUT HOPEFULLY NOT THE LAST.

