



ALIENSTM

CRUSADE



MICHAEL COOK
CHRISTIAN GORNY
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ALIENSTM CRUSADE

STORY
MICHAEL COOK

ART
CHRISTIAN GORNY

COLOURS
NICK ABADZIS

LETTERS
WOODROW PHOENIX

AS HUMANITY WORKS TOWARD ERADICATING THE ALIEN MENACE FROM THE RECENTLY RECLAIMED PLANET EARTH, A UNIT OF ELITE CORPORATE MERCENARIES IS SENT IN TO INVESTIGATE WHY AND HOW THE RETROGRADE AND TRIBALIZED ISLAND OF ENGLAND HAS MANAGED TO AVOID THE ALIEN INFESTATION ALL TOGETHER...AND FIND SOME DISTURBING ANSWERS.

WIN TICKETS TO ALIEN WAR!

ALIENS™

HOLY WAR!

*The searing start of
CRUSADE*

**ALIENS INVADE
LONDON!**

*Behind the
battlements at ALIEN
WAR*

**SPOTLIGHT ON
THE SULACO**

*Our Technical Readout
reveals all!*

PLUS
HORROR SHOW
TRIBES
ALIENS VS
PREDATOR II



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"Night-time over LONDON and it's not what it was."

"O.K., O.K., I KNOW. Everyone says that. About everywhere."

"About ANYWHERE."

OLLIE?

"But this was... how can I... like, I remember music here and feasts and stuff and... all together then. Singing and dancing and you'd wake up next morning with the fire still warm. (Like I would forget. This was really not long ago.)"

WHAT HE SAY?

"And now you know, it's all whispers and rumors and a summer of sleep. All the children locked away and the cupboards bare. We eat alone. Art says it's sun-spots and maybe he would know."

WHAT HE SAY, OLLIE?

CONNIE SAYS YOU SPOKE TO A WEST.

CONNIE'S GOT TOO MUCH MOUTH.

C'MON, YOU TOLD ME, NO SECRET.

S'COOL.. YOU KNOW, WE'RE ALL LOOKING FOR THE SIGN. MAYBE EVEN THE WESTS...

"But maybe, I don't know, Martha always reckoned on the codgers and that stuff..."

I DON'T KNOW. SOMETHING AND NOTHING. I MEAN, YEAH, I SPOKE TO HIM.

HE WAS... THIS WAS JUST OFF THE RING, RIGHT. WHERE THE LOOP CROSSES, HE WAS JUST WATCHING. SEEMED JUMPY.

WHAT HE KNOW, OLLIE?

SAYS IT'S MONSTERS.








"BLAST AT ZERO. APPROACHING KUWAIT CITY BEACON. THAT'S DROP MINUS TWENTY FIVE."

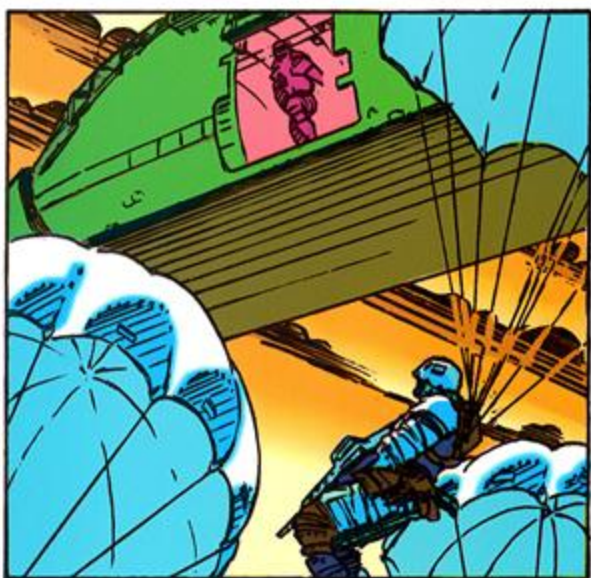


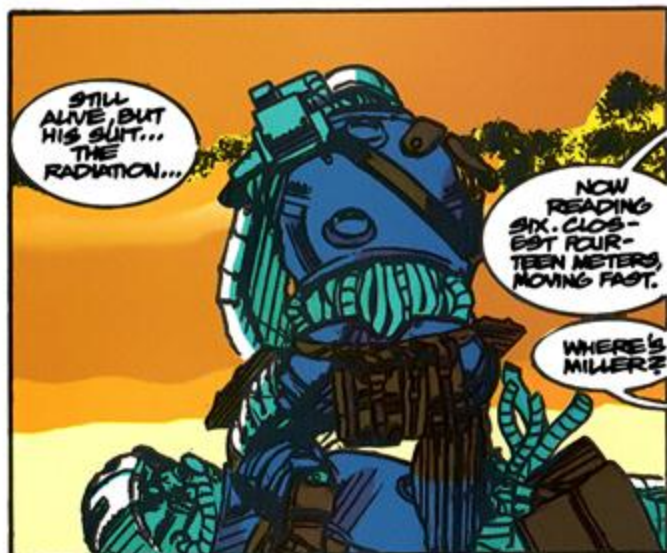
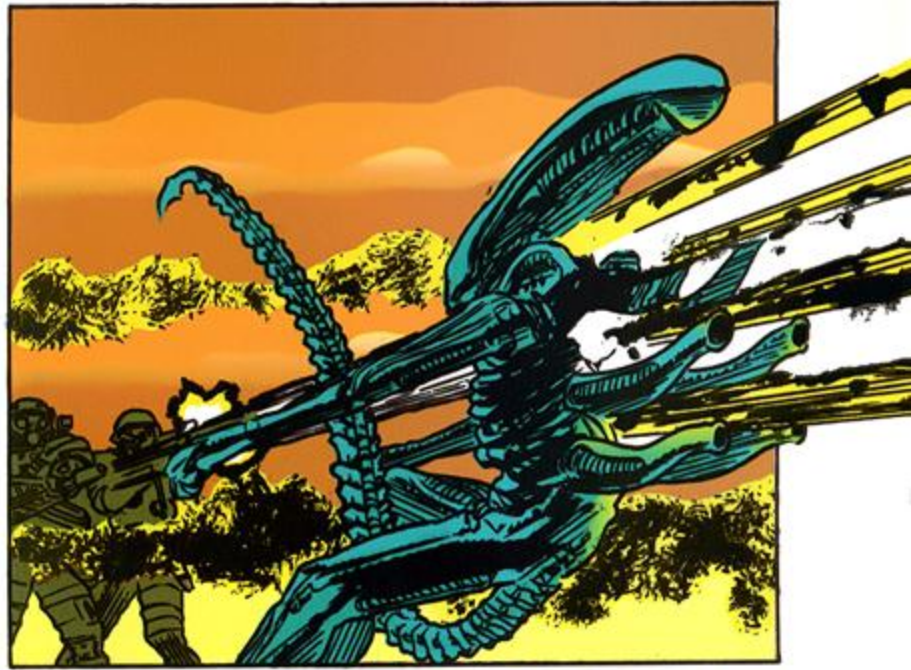
"BLAST AND FIVE. DROP MINUS TWENTY. READING LEVELS ONE HUNDRED PLUS. ONE ZERO ZERO."

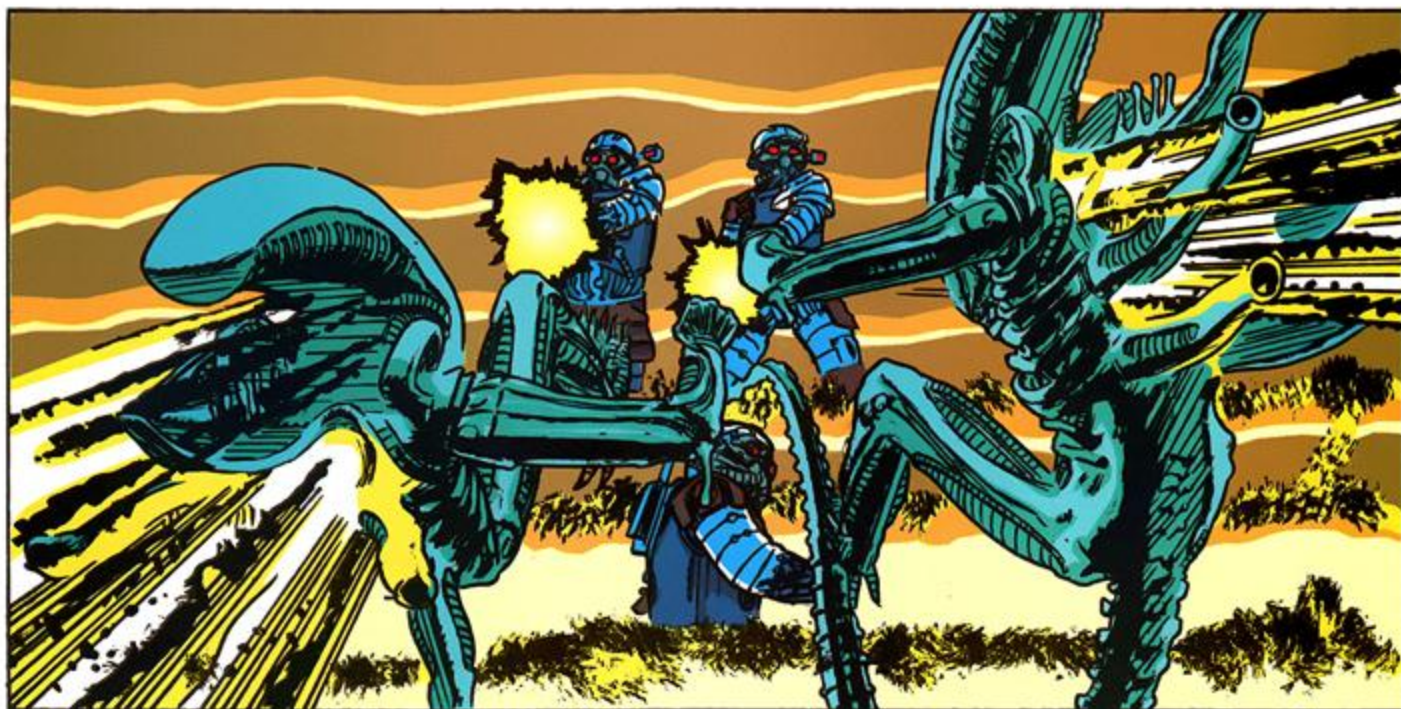
"BLAST PLUS FIFTEEN. STANDARD. LEVEL SEVENTY THREE. SEVEN THREE. COMPLETE."

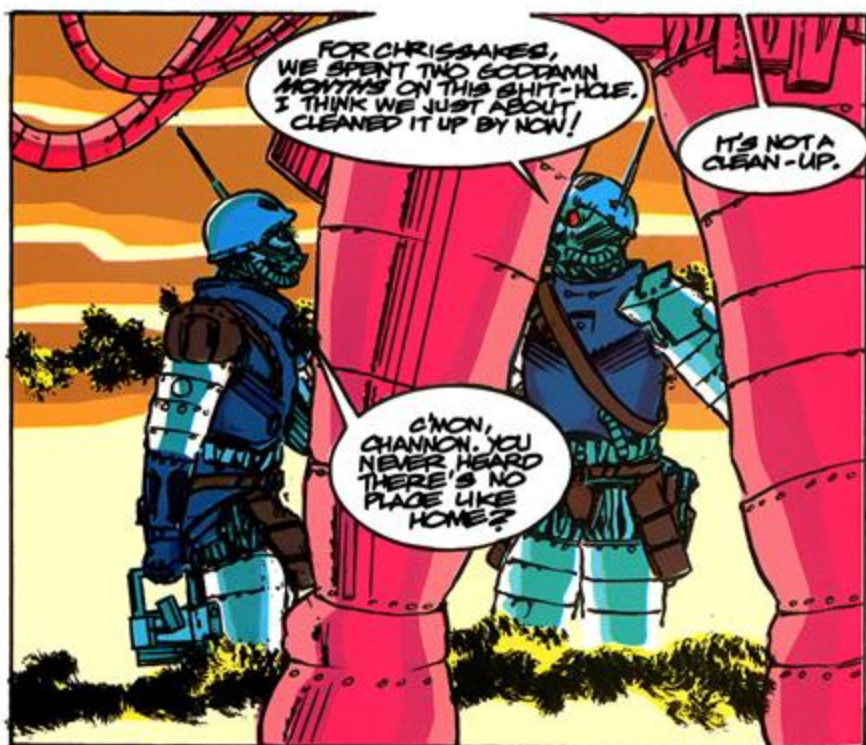


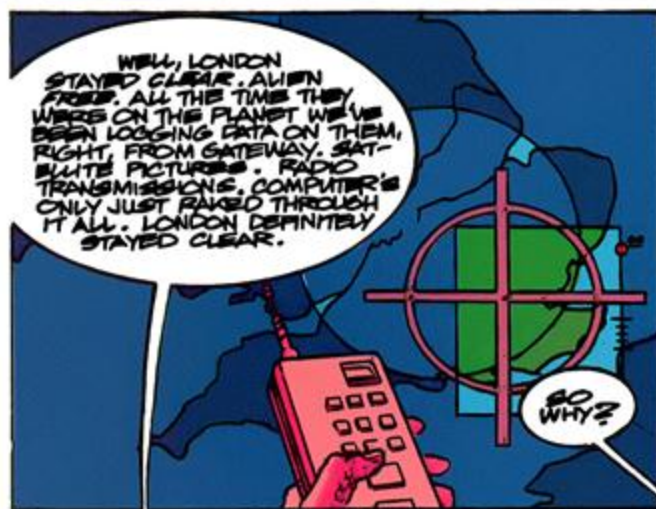
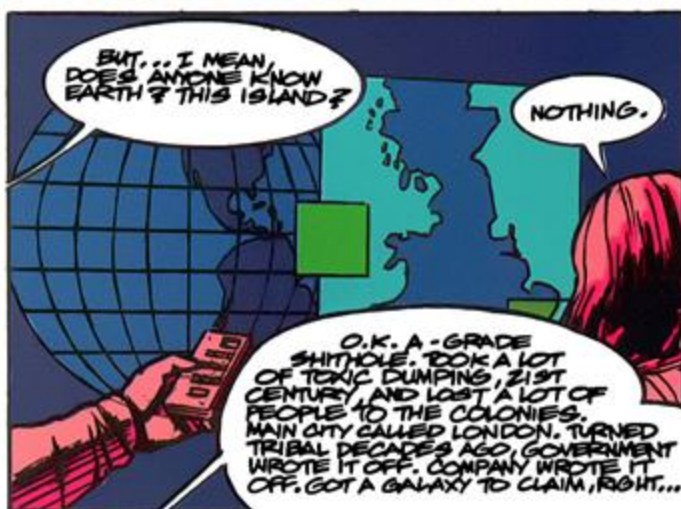
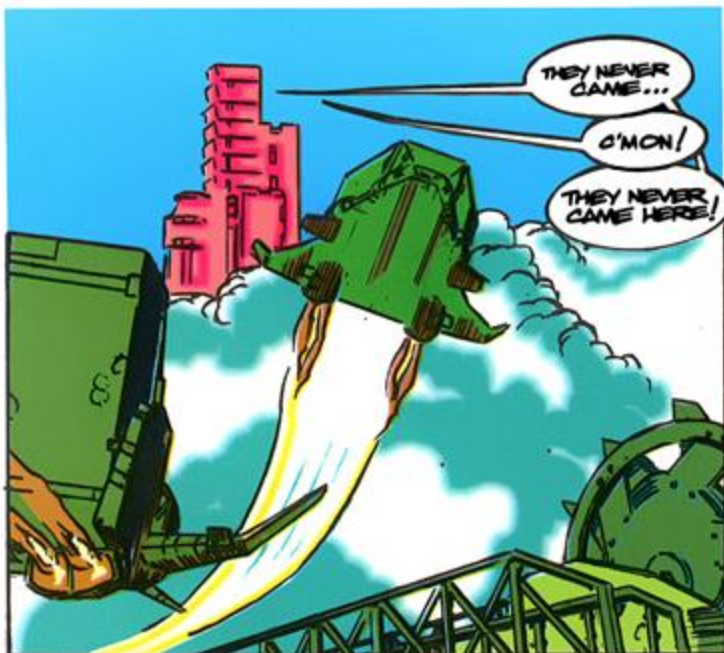
"DROP MINUS FOUR. I HAVE VISUAL AHEAD. READING SIXTY TWO. SIX TWO. VISUALS CHECK. BIG HIT. GREAT BIG BLOODY HIT."

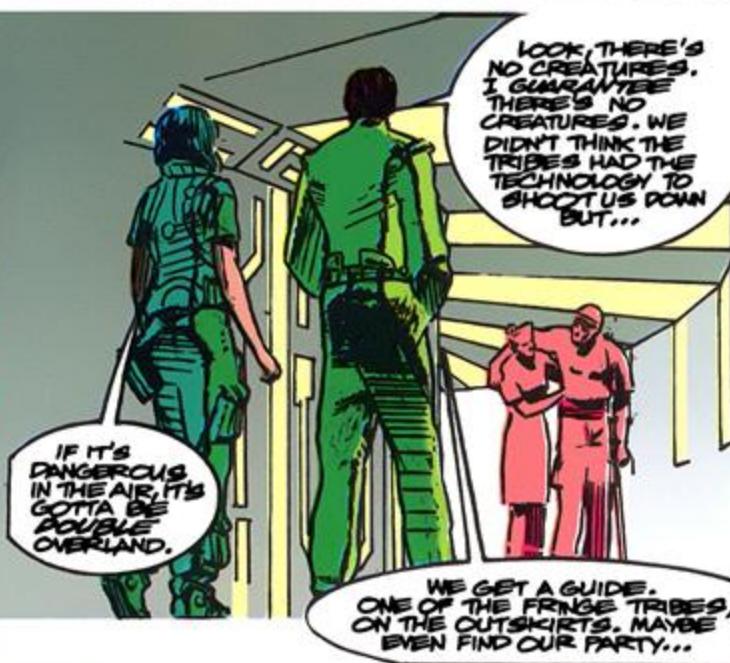
















"Warren's on watch, four kays out. Tracks them from the gap all down the riverside. We hear the word middle of the day and everyone's talking of monsters. Been months but we all know the drill.



"scuffles in the cover as we wait over the point. They're all itching for it: Danni and Ollie and Grey.

"Art sign's welcome shot. Caravan returns firing blind.



"Hot and bloody and Crissie gets hit. Sweaty and headaches but at least it's familiar. At least it's not monsters.

BASTIES!

HOSTILE.
O.K., HOLD
THEM THERE.



"We had months to lay defenses. We torch the supports and they're trapped like Badgermeat."



YOU
ASS-HOLE,
MILLER. WE
KEEP COOL,
HE SAID.

BASTARDS
SHOT ME
UP!

KELLAND,
COVER ME.
AND KEEP HOT-
SHOT HERE
AWAY FROM
THE GUNS.

NEXT: THE POWER AND THE GLORY



A L I E N STM C R U S A D E

PART TWO

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Earthwar! The very thought of it still brings fear and rage to the hearts of those pockets of humanity which survived the global Xenomorph infestation. Fear, rage and greed; the greed of Minecorp and its high-paid, hi-tech mercenaries who offer an Aliens clean-up service for the right price.

After nuking and mopping-up a swarm of bugs in the Middle-East, the triumphant hired guns return to base where they're given their next assignment. It appears that one city, on a small mining island off the west coast of Europe, had mysteriously warded off the Alien plague, and Minecorp is eager to find out why and if the answer could be turned to profit. Accordingly, a group of mercenaries sets off for this once proud capital of an empire that spanned the globe, but has now fallen on desperate times – London.

London, circa 22nd Century, is a tribal town operating on territorial imperatives. Members of one particular tribe insist that the reports from a rival caste (the Wests) of monsters stalking the city are true, but can offer no concrete proof.

Meanwhile, the mercenaries have arrived in London in an Armoured Personnel Carrier, which provides a very *real* threat to the low-tech locals who go on the offensive, stranding the vehicle on a motorway ledge... ■







WE
EATEN.
WE
TRADE.



OKAY, WE HAVE
FOOD. WE HAVE PLENTY
OF FOOD. MOST OF IT'S
DEHYDRATED, BUT
THERE'S SEED THERE
TOO. YOU KNOW
AGRICULTURE?

WE HAVE
LAND. WEATHER
AIN'T BEEN SO
GOOD.

THE
CLIMATE CHANGED
ARTIFICIALLY AS
A RESULT OF THE
WAR. WE THINK
EVERYTHING'S
BACK ON
TRACK.



AND
THEN WE
HAVE
WEAPONS.

YOUR
WEAPONS NOT
SO GOOD AGAINST
US TODAY.

WE HARDLY
USED THEM. WE
NEEDED HELP. IF WE'RE
GOING FURTHER INTO
THE CITY WE NEED
A GUIDE.



WE SEE
TOMORROW.
MAYBE.
MAYBE
NOT.

"Artie talks with
the outside woman.
Ollie gets skyed
on the puff-pipe.
Everyone's laugh-
ing and joking and
dancing like it's
all just how it
was.



"Full bellies and sweet dreams.
Old songs and old memories. But
she changed things. The outsider
changed everything.

"She tell us
there's Monsters."









"Martha said you got to believe in three things.



"You got to believe in the stones. You got to believe in the stars. And then you got to believe in anything else you feel like believing in.

LADY, I...



"I believed in Martha. Martha disappeared.

I...I HEAR WHAT YOU TALK TO ART.



"And now I don't know what to believe in.

I...I BE YOUR GUIDE. I SEEN THE OUTSIDE BEFORE AN' I KNOW STONES AND STARS AND I KNOW THE WAYS AS WELL AS ANYONE AND...



"I want to go look."



OKAY. FIVE A.M. SUN UP.





...THERE'S STILL MUCH TO BE DONE. I HAVE A PARTY WORKING DAY AND NIGHT, BUT IF THEY CAN'T ACCESS THE INSIDE OF THE STRUCTURE...

I UNDERSTAND YOUR PROBLEMS, BUT YOU MUST APPRECIATE THE POSITION. THE SANCTITY OF THE TOWER IS PARAMOUNT. IT IS A HOLY PLACE...



OF COURSE, ARCHBISHOP, OF COURSE. I ONLY REGRET THAT WORK PROGRESSES SO SLOWLY. I AM ORGANISING A FURTHER TEAM TO ASSIST...

I WISH THEM WELL. I HOPE TO SEE THE FABRIC AT LEAST INTACT WITHIN, SHALL WE SAY THREE DAYS? I TRUST THAT IS REASONABLE?

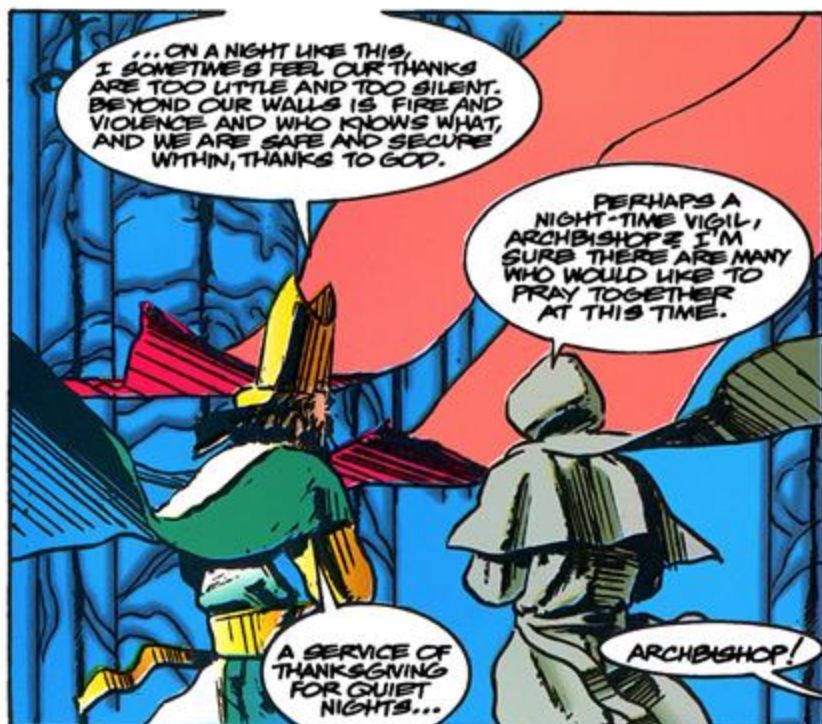
VERY GOOD, YOUR GRACE.

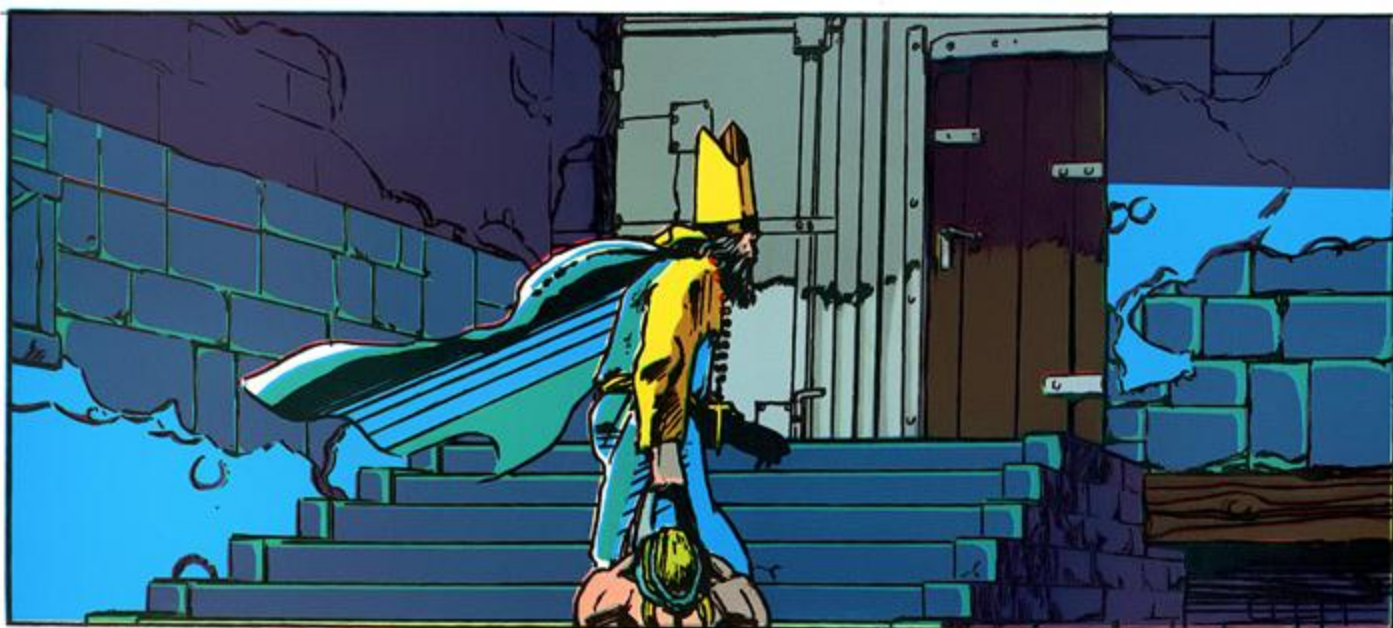
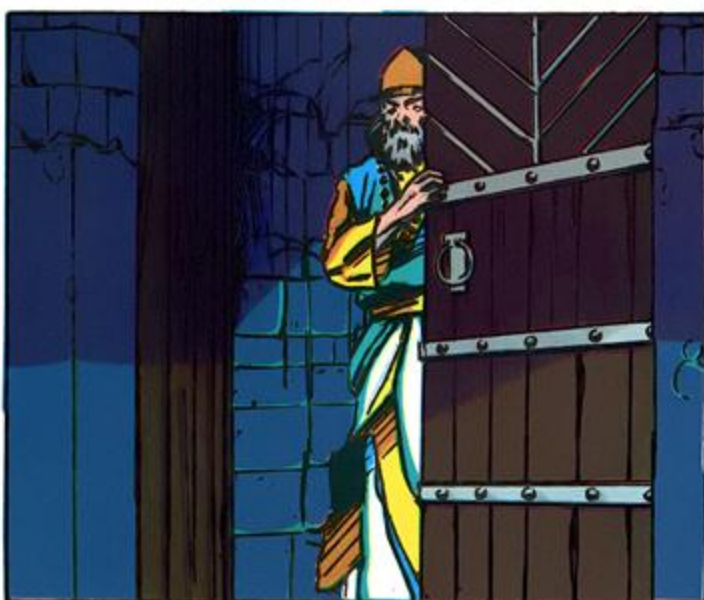
VERY WELL.



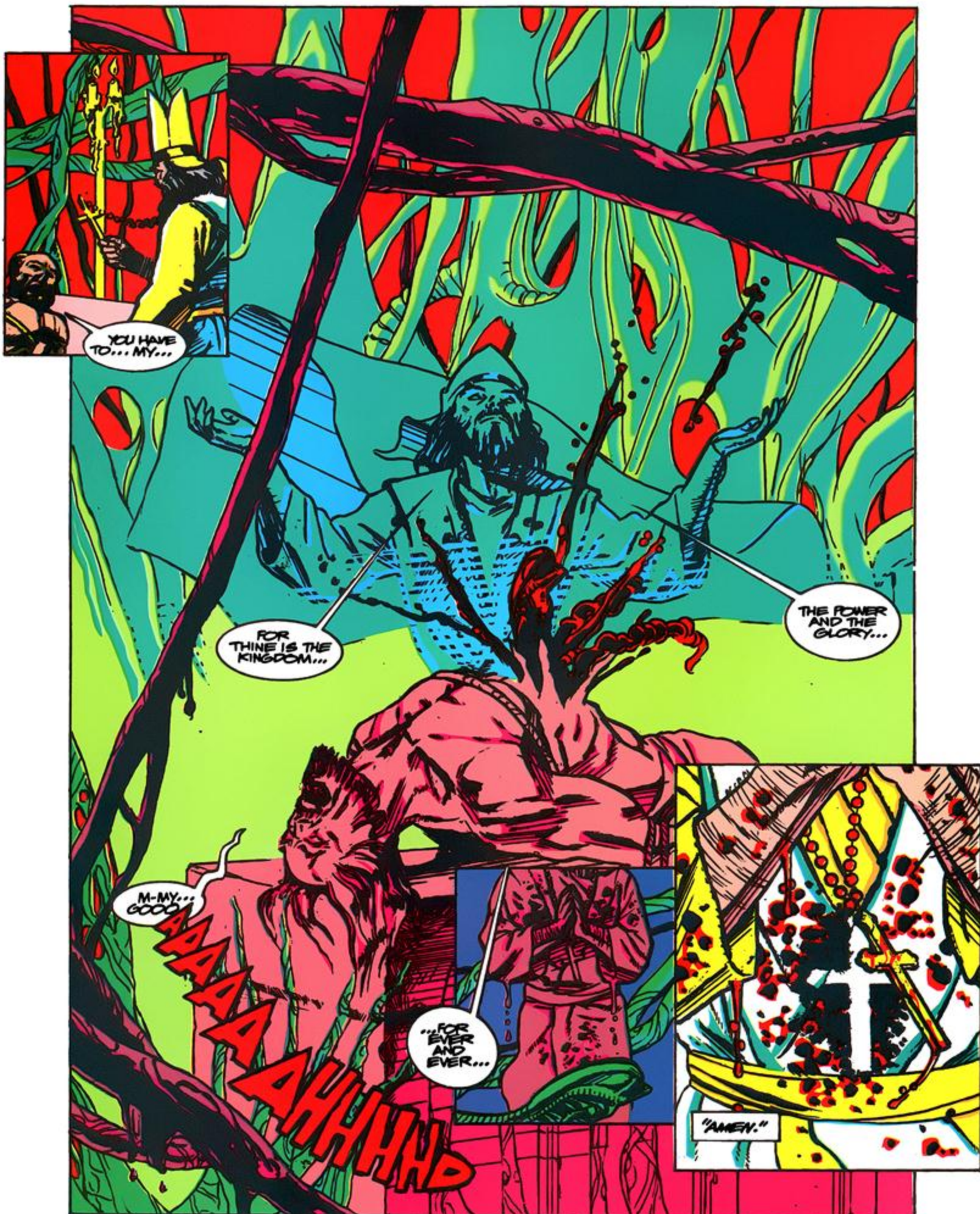
LORD, WE GIVE THANKS FOR YOUR GUIDANCE IN OUR COUNSEL. AMEN.

AMEN.









NEXT: CATHEDRAL OF DEATH!



ALIENSTM

CRUSADE

PART THREE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

In the aftermath of Earthwar, there's still some mopping up to do, and that's where **Minecorp's** hi-tech mercenaries come in to clean up after the global Xenomorph infestation.

Their next assignment takes them to a city on a small mining island off the west coast of Europe, which had mysteriously warded off any Alien plague. The city, known as **London**, has descended into tribal existence, operating on territorial imperatives. Seers from one particular tribe fear that monsters stalk the city, but till now there has been no proof.

However, their attention swiftly turns to very real threats in the form of the newly-arrived mercenaries whom they subdue, and from whom they learn what has befallen the rest of the world.

Come nightfall, a group of cloaked men abduct some villagers and transport them to an ominous cathedral in the centre of the city. En route, one of their party is attacked by a facehugger and the stricken individual is handed over to the church's archbishop, who drags him up to the cathedral's tower. There the doomed soul comes face to face with an Alien Queen, just as a chestbuster erupts from his sacrificial body... ■



"Four o'clock light finds me itching to go. Nearly ready and still sixty minutes to wait. I been awake most of the night.

"Guess it's half because of the noise. Revellings only stopped couple hours back. Art shouting them to stop like they're woolly-dogs caught sniffing round the stew pot.

"Artie makes me laugh.

"Laughed out loud in the middle of the night. Woke up Shanni. Sorry, Shanni, won't do it again.



"Like, sixty minutes and I'm leaving home. Only home I knew, and I might not come back. Not never come back.



"leaving the tribe for some chase through the city just as Martha went missing and the spaceheads come and tell us it's monsters. Sounds crazy when you say it straight.

BASTIES TAKEN FOUR!



ART! WHERE WE PUT THEM? WE KILL THEM OR WHAT?

"But I read it in the stones and I read it in the stars.

"And so I got to go.



"ollie got other ideas..."

ARTIE! YOU
GET OUT HERE! WE
GOT 'EM ALL TOGETHER.
WE TEACH 'EM.

IF YOU
TELL US FOR ONE
MINUTE WHAT WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
DONE...

SHUT
IT.



WE
SHUT NOTHING
WE DON'T WANT
SHUT.

ARTIE, WAKE
UP. YOU HEAR WHAT THESE
BASTIES DONE?



HELL, I
HEAR YER,
OLLIE. SHIT, THEY'D
HEAR YOU WAY 'CROSS
THE MUDBOWL. WHAT
YOU SAYING?

FOUR
MORE GONE.
YOU KNOW BOBBY'S
LITTLE BOY, ACE?
HE'S GONE. AND
GEENA. GEENA,
DEVON AND MAR-
CUS. THEY'S
ALL...

THEY
DISAPPEARED?

MINUTE THESE
COME WE LOSE
FOUR OF OUR
PEOPLE.

GET US
DRUNK, GET US
SLEEPING, THEY
TAKE THEM!

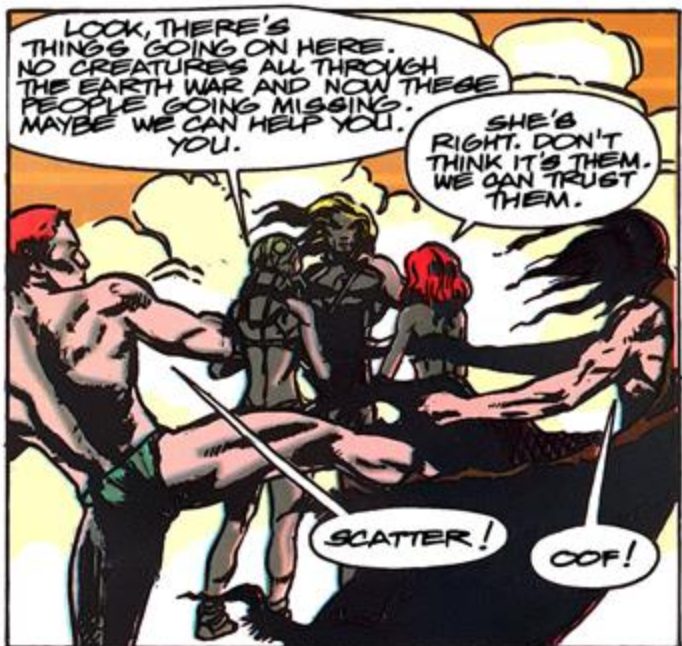


YOU HEAR
WHAT HE SAY.
WHERE'D YOU
TAKE THEM?

NOWHERE.
WE'VE TAKEN NO ONE.
HE SAID FOUR MORE
PEOPLE, RIGHT? THIS
HAS HAPPENED BEFORE?
C'MON, WE JUST GOT
HERE.

COINCIDENCE,
ARTIE.

FIRST
OUTSIDERS FOR
EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
BIG COINCIDENCE.

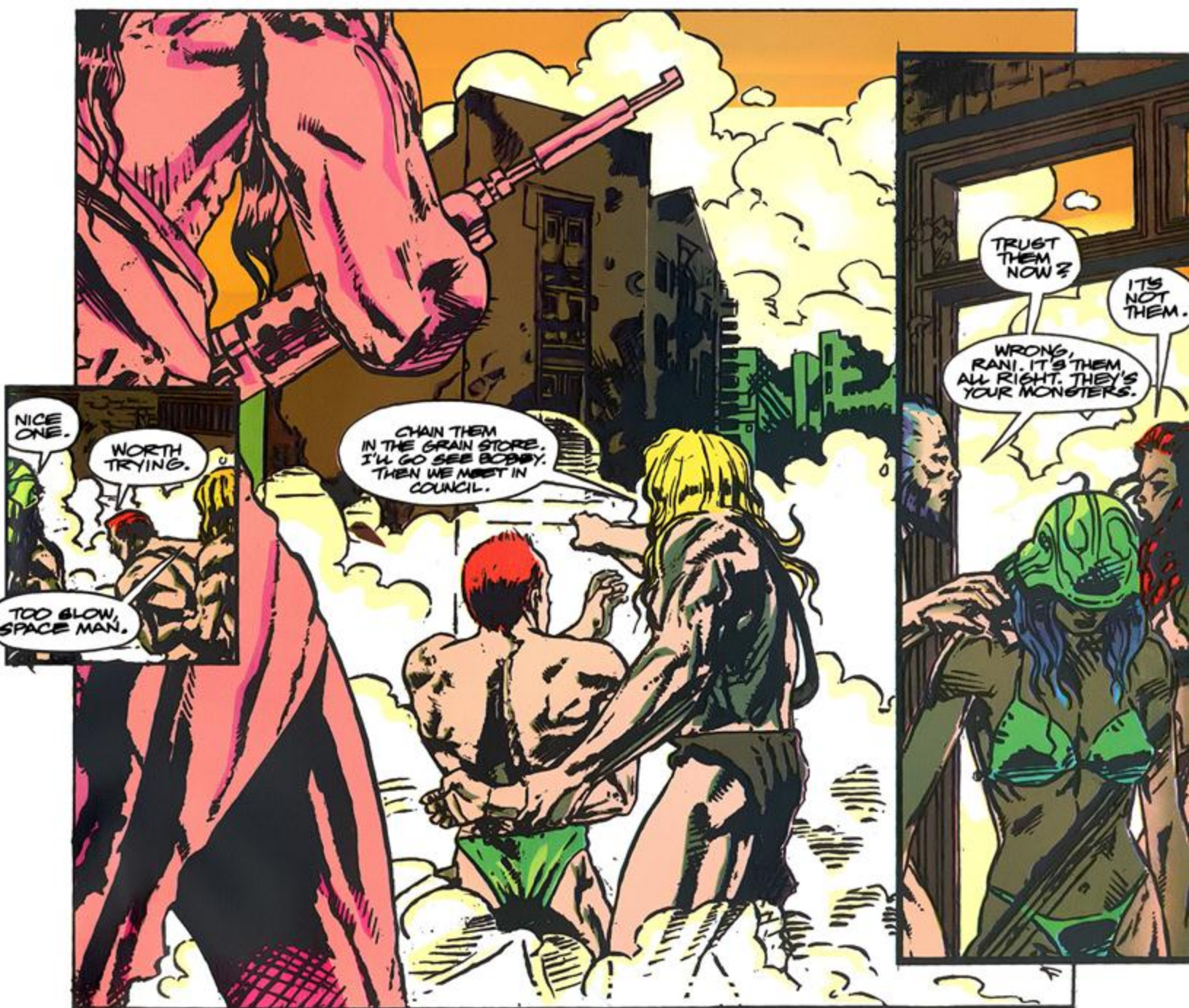


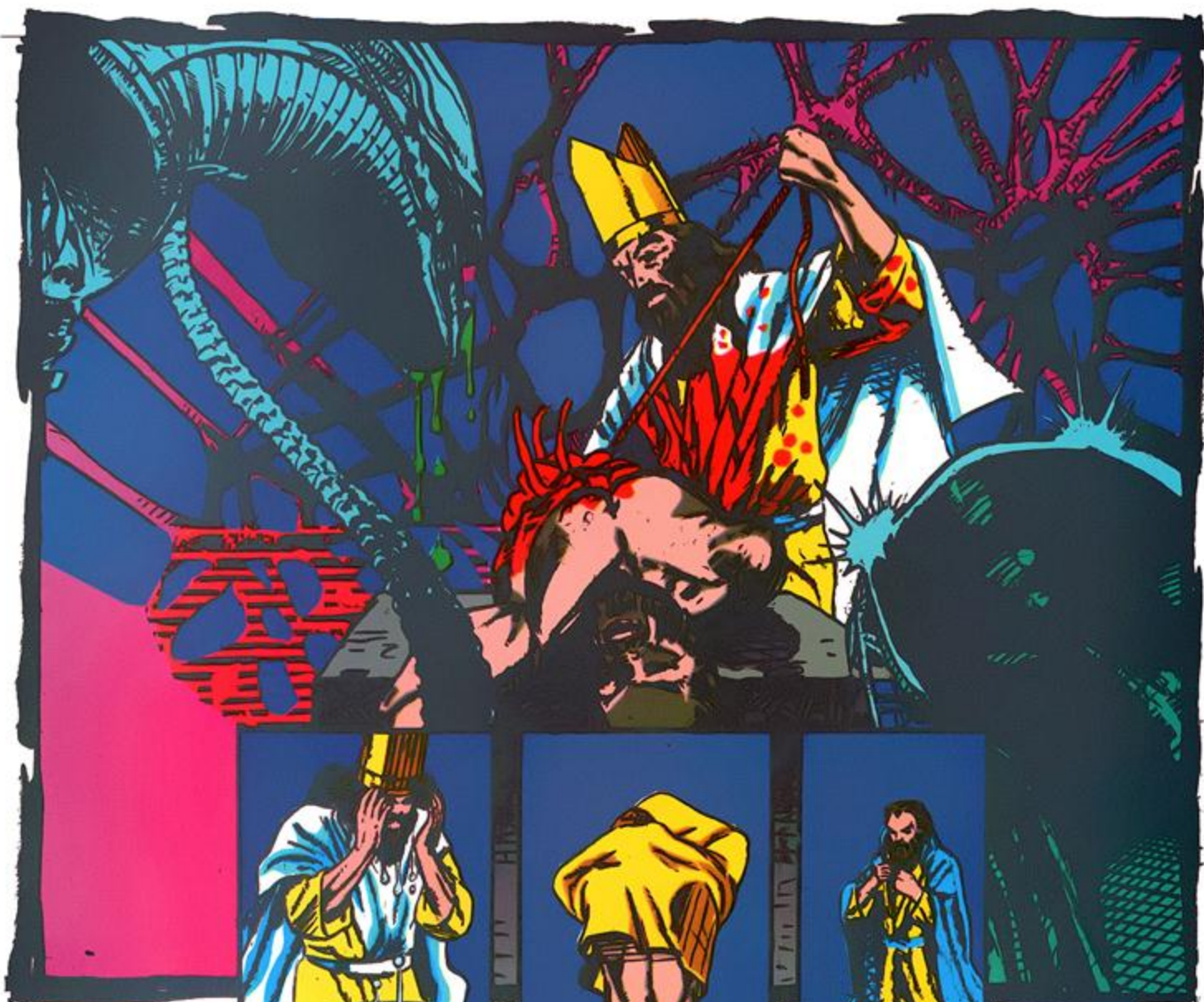
LOOK, THERE'S
THINGS GOING ON HERE.
NO CREATURES ALL THROUGH
THE EARTH WAR AND NOW THESE
PEOPLE GOING MISSING.
MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU.
YOU.

SHE'S
RIGHT. DON'T
THINK IT'S THEM.
WE CAN TRUST
THEM.

SCATTER!

COF!







WE FEARED AS MUCH. WE HEARD SCREAMING. GOD REST HIS SOUL.

IF YOU COULD DEAL WITH THE FORMALITIES, I HAVE OTHER MATTERS TO ATTEND TO. REASSURE HIS FAMILY. TELL THEM IT WAS QUICK.



THEN HOW DID HE DIE? WHAT EXACTLY DID IT DO TO HIM?

IT IS BETTER YOU DON'T KNOW.



WITH RESPECT, I CAN'T REASSURE THEM WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT HAPPENED.

JUST AN ACCIDENT, TELL THEM. A TRAGIC ACCIDENT.



ARCHBISHOP, THEY KNOW HOW HE ARRIVED HERE WITH THE CREATURE ON HIS FACE. THEY HAVE SEEN THE DAMAGE TO THE TOWER.

THE PEOPLE TALK OF DEMONS IN OUR MIDST.

I'VE HEARD BERESFORD BROUGHT OUTLANDERS HERE. CHILDREN, SNATCHED FROM THE OUTSIDE. I HEAR STRANGE STORIES OF ARCHBISHOP D'ARCY'S DEATH. THE PEOPLE NEED ANSWERS. I NEED ANSWERS.



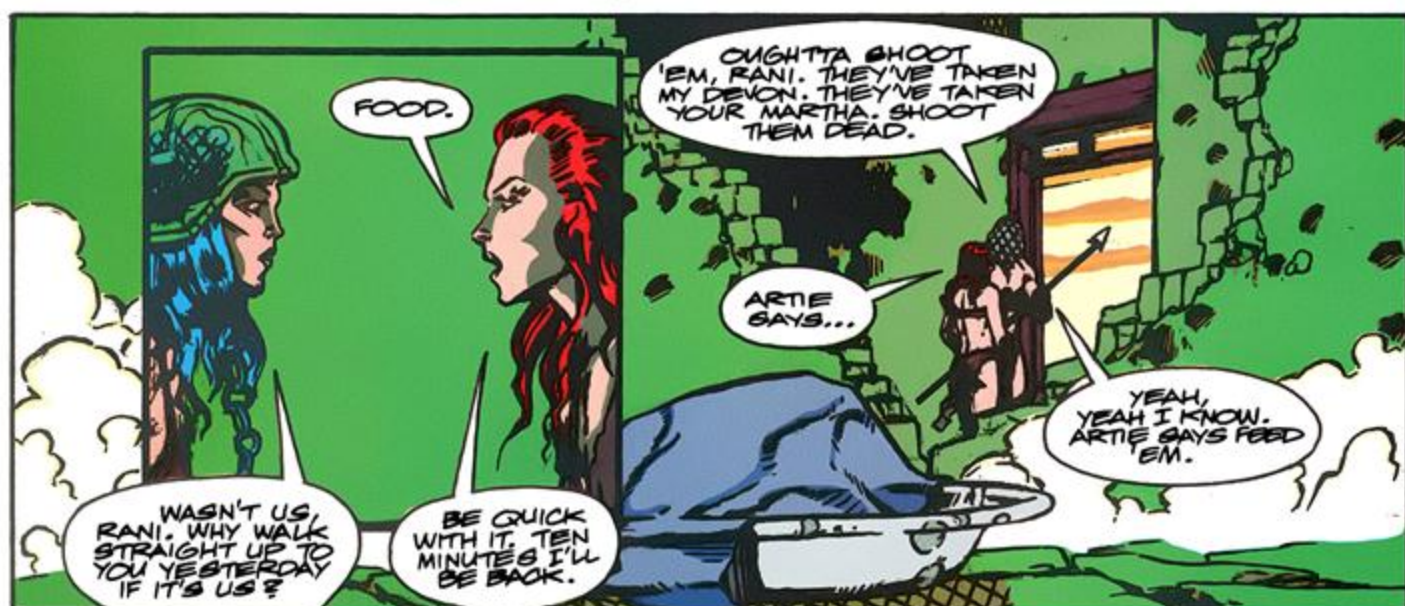
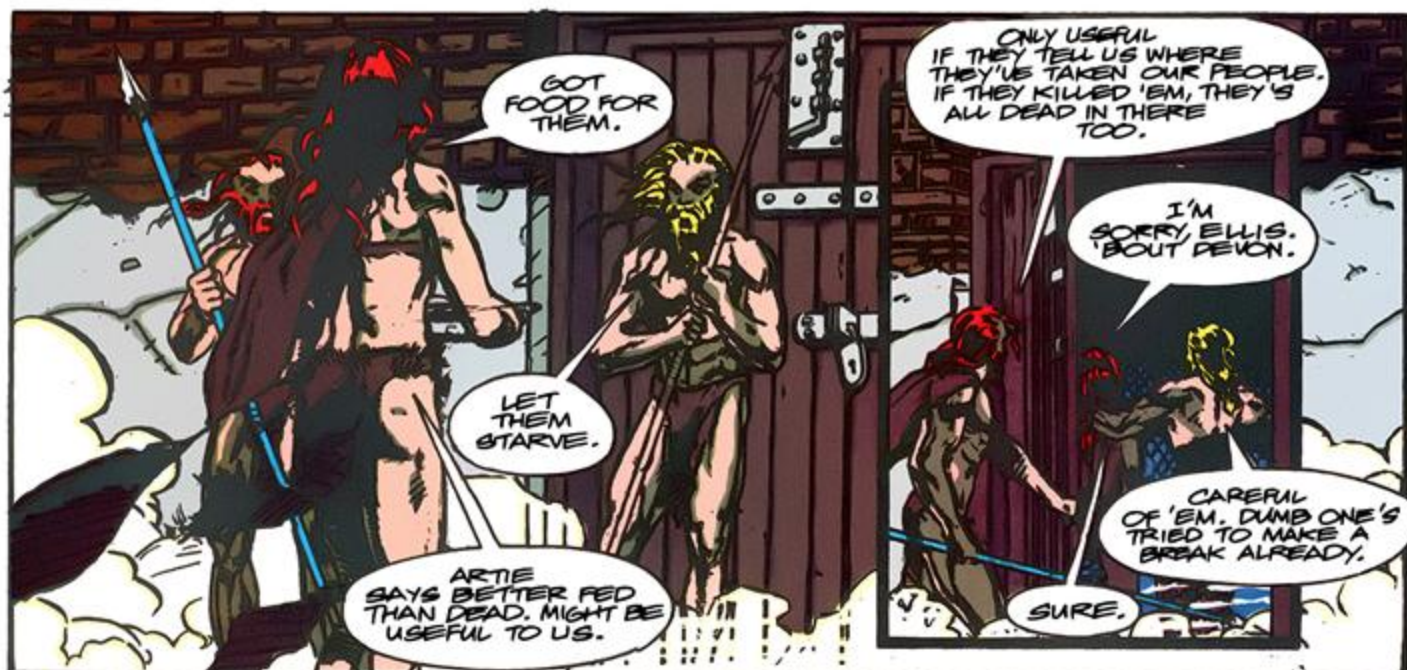
TELL THE PEOPLE THE ONLY DEMONS IN THE CATHEDRAL ARE DEMONS OF DOUBT AND SUSPICION.

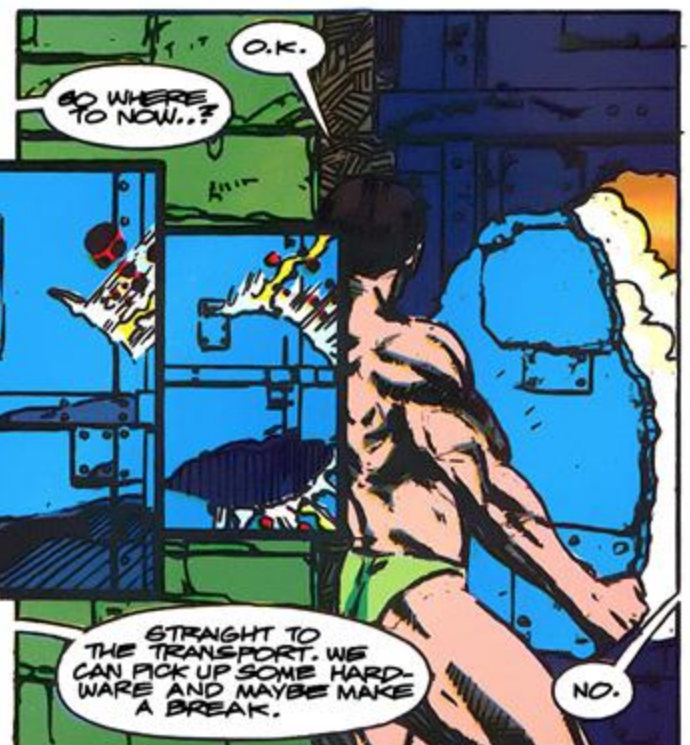
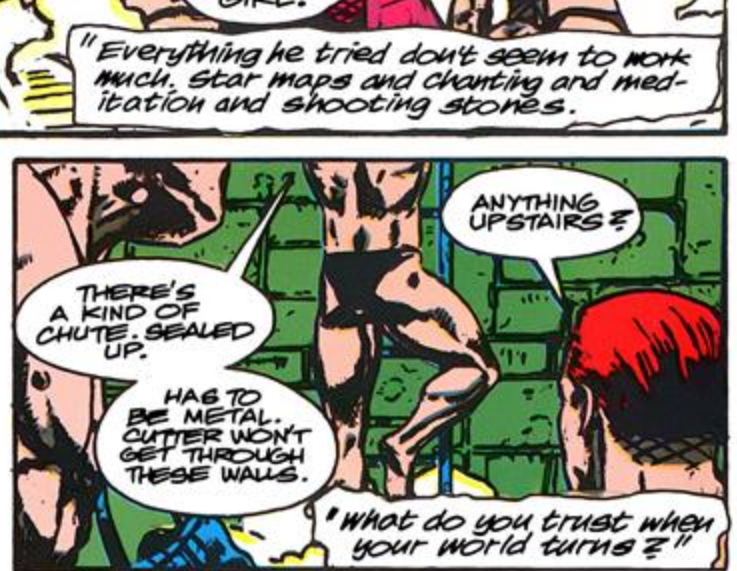
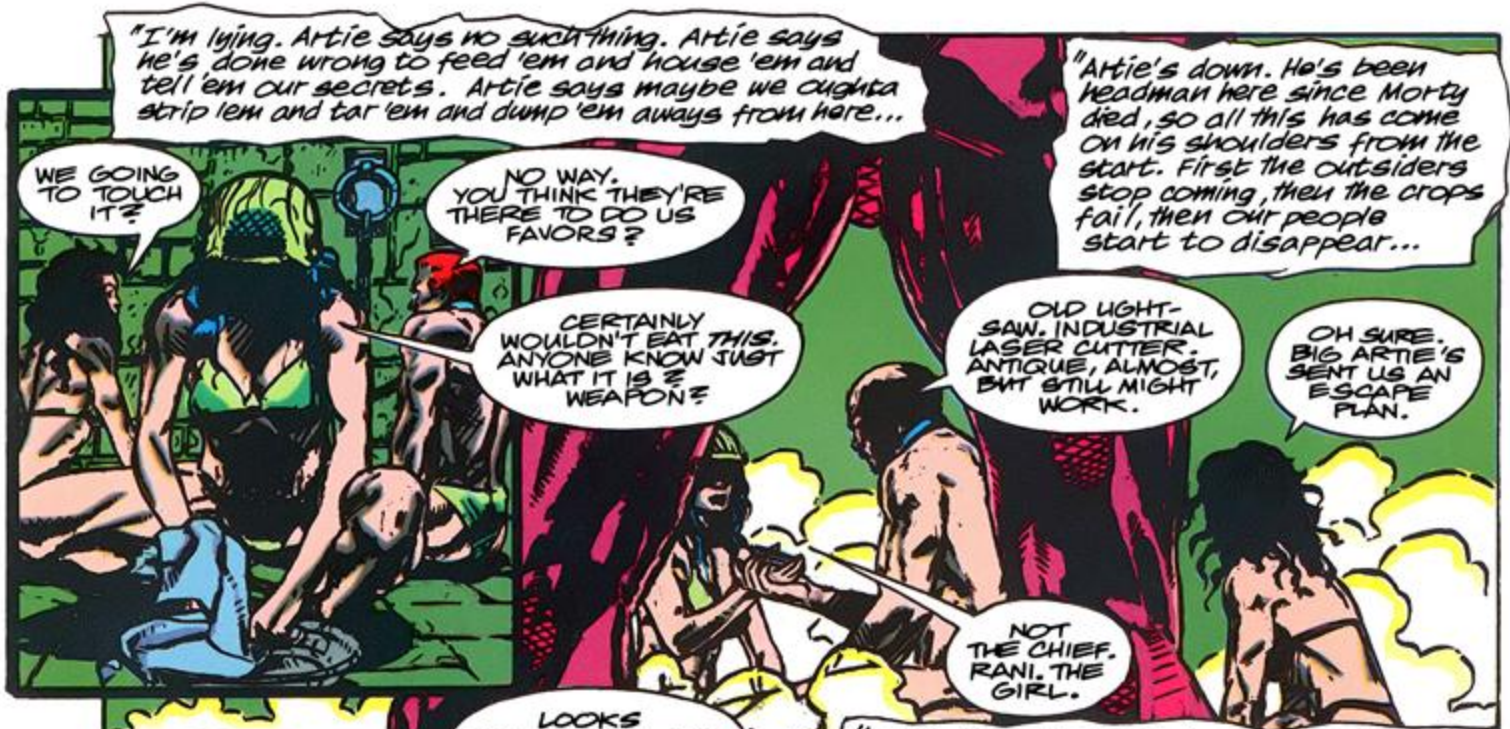
TAKE MY WORD, ARCHBISHOP, THAT WILL ASSURE NO-ONE.

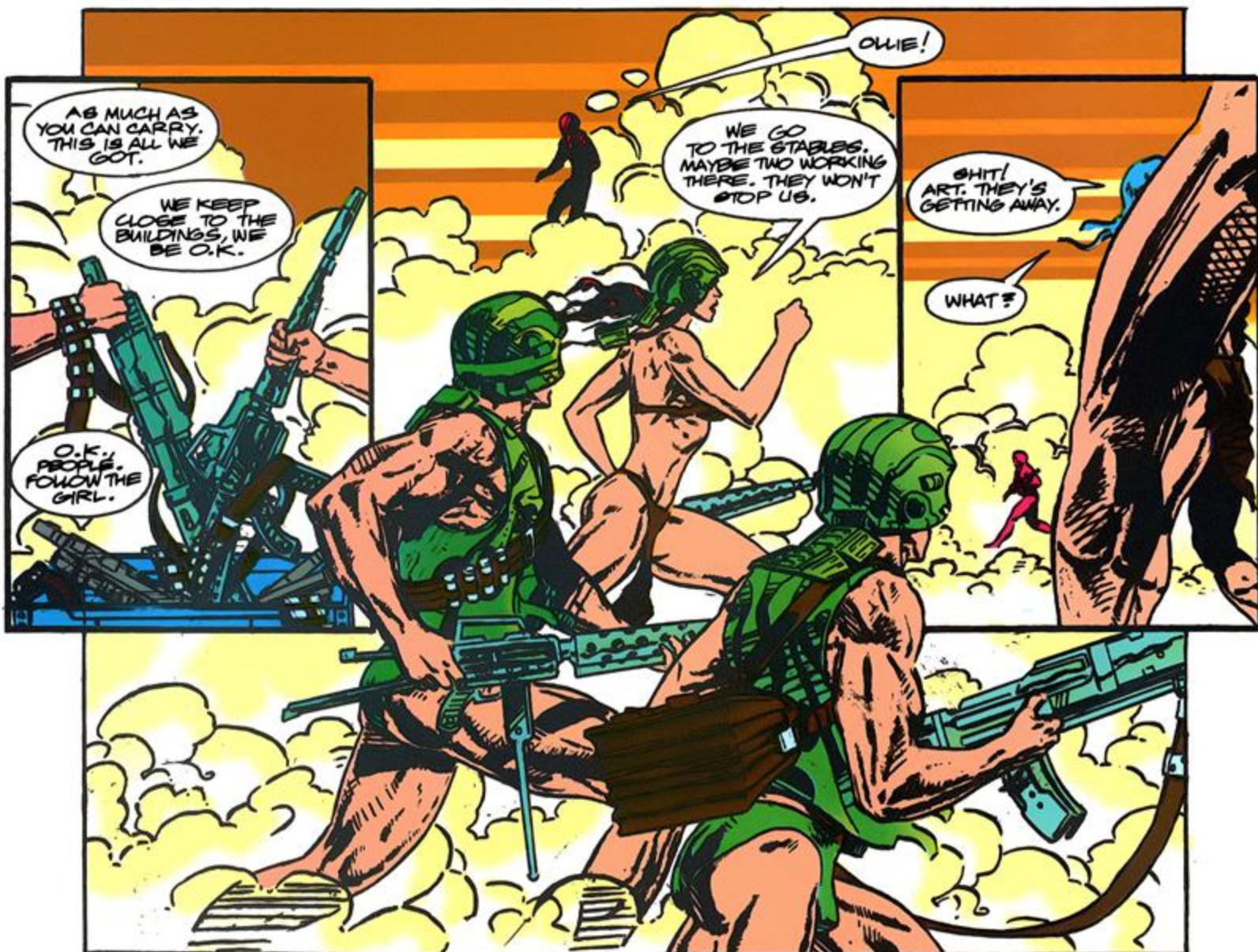
THEN IF YOU CANNOT BE ASSURED BY ME, YOU MUST PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE LORD. WE ALL MUST.

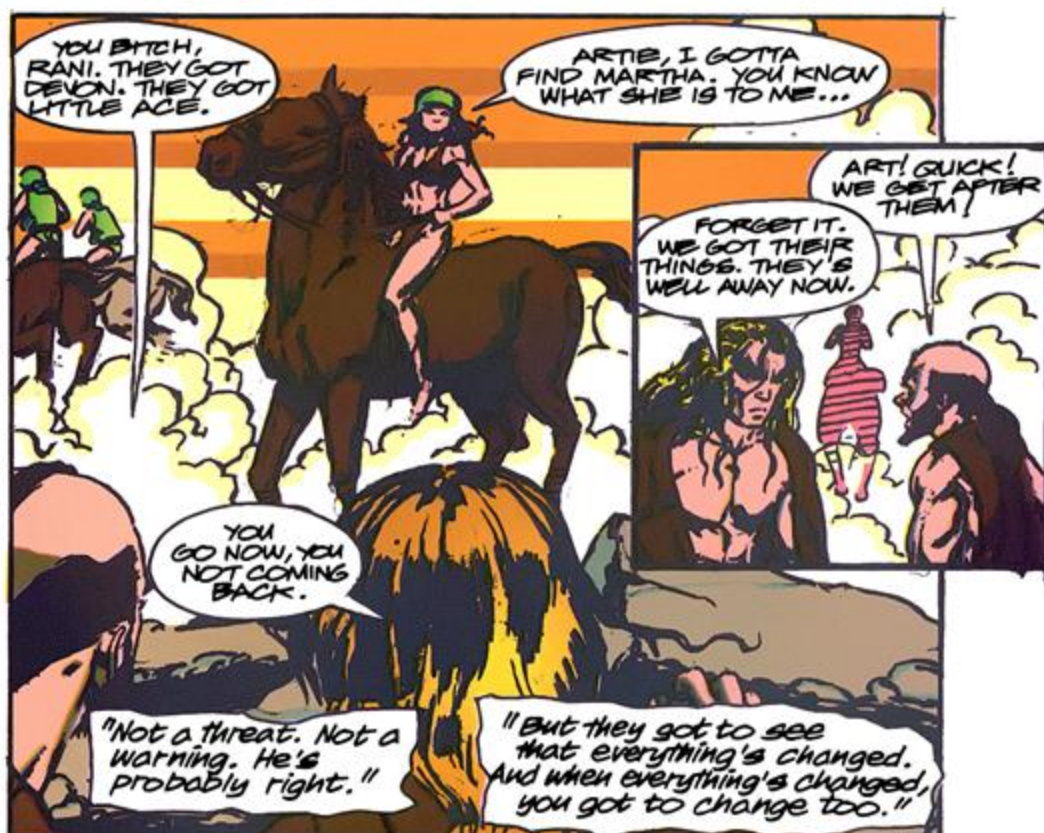


THAT WILL BE ALL.









NEXT: HERE BE MONSTERS!



ALIENS

CRUSADE

PART FOUR

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

In the aftermath of Earthwar, a team of Minecorp's hi-tech mercenaries have been assigned to investigate why the city of London was spared the global Alien infestation. Unfortunately, they didn't reckon on tangling with the highly territorial, low-tech locals who take the intruders prisoner.

Rani, a seer in this tribe, fears that monsters stalk the city, but till now there has been no proof. Though the revelations of the mercenaries about the global xenomorph infestation confirm her views, the others in the tribe, particularly the leader, **Artie**, remain unconvinced.

That night, some villagers are abducted and taken to a cathedral in the centre of the city and deposited with the **Archbishop**. The priest also takes charge of one of the kidnappers, who was attacked by an Alien facehugger. In the cloistered towers of the chapel, the stricken man awakes to the gruesome sight of an Alien Queen towering over him and a chestburster ripping through his sacrificial body.

Back at the village, the tribespeople accuse the outsiders of causing the disappearance of their fellow villagers, and place them in chains. Rani doesn't accept this and helps them escape, joining the "spacemen" in their mission to unlock the sinister secrets of the city, which may also help her find her missing soulmate, **Martha**... ■



WE GIVE THANKS FOR THIS NEW LIFE ON THIS NEW DAY AND ASK YOUR BLESSING ON SUZANNAH. MAY SHE LIVE HER LIFE IN HEALTH, IN HAPPINESS AND IN JESUS. AMEN.

WAAAAHHH!!

SSHHHH...



WE'RE SO GRATEFUL YOU COULD MANAGE THE SERVICE, ARCHBISHOP. WE THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU'D BE BUSY WITH OTHER MATTERS.

OTHER MATTERS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



THE MAN WHO DIED, ARCHBISHOP POSSESSED BY SCREAMING DEMONS.

COME, THAT IS FOOLISH TALK. THE MAN WAS STRUCK DOWN TRAGICALLY BY DISEASE. A TRAGIC DEATH, BUT A NATURAL DEATH.



MANY PEOPLE TALK OF DEMONS. MY HUSBAND HAS SEEN THEM...

NOT SEEN EXACTLY.

FOR THERE ARE NO DEMONS.

BUT I HAVE HEARD THEM.



I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE TOWER ALL WEEK AND THERE ARE NOISES THROUGH THE STONWORK. THERE ARE SCREAMS FROM THE SHADOWS.

YOUR WILD FIGHTS OF FANCY HELP NO-ONE. THE STONWORK IS BADLY DAMAGED. THE WIND WHISTLES THROUGH.

I HAVE HEARD SCREAMING.



YOU REALLY MUST NOT PERSIST WITH THIS SACRILEGE! ALL TALK OF HELL-CREATURES IS UNFOUNDED AND DANGEROUS AND THREATENS ARCHBISHOP D'ARCY'S LEGACY OF GOOD WORKS IN THE CATHEDRAL!



D'ARCY WOULD NEVER HAVE ALLOWED DEMONS INTO THIS PLACE.

HOW DARE YOU--

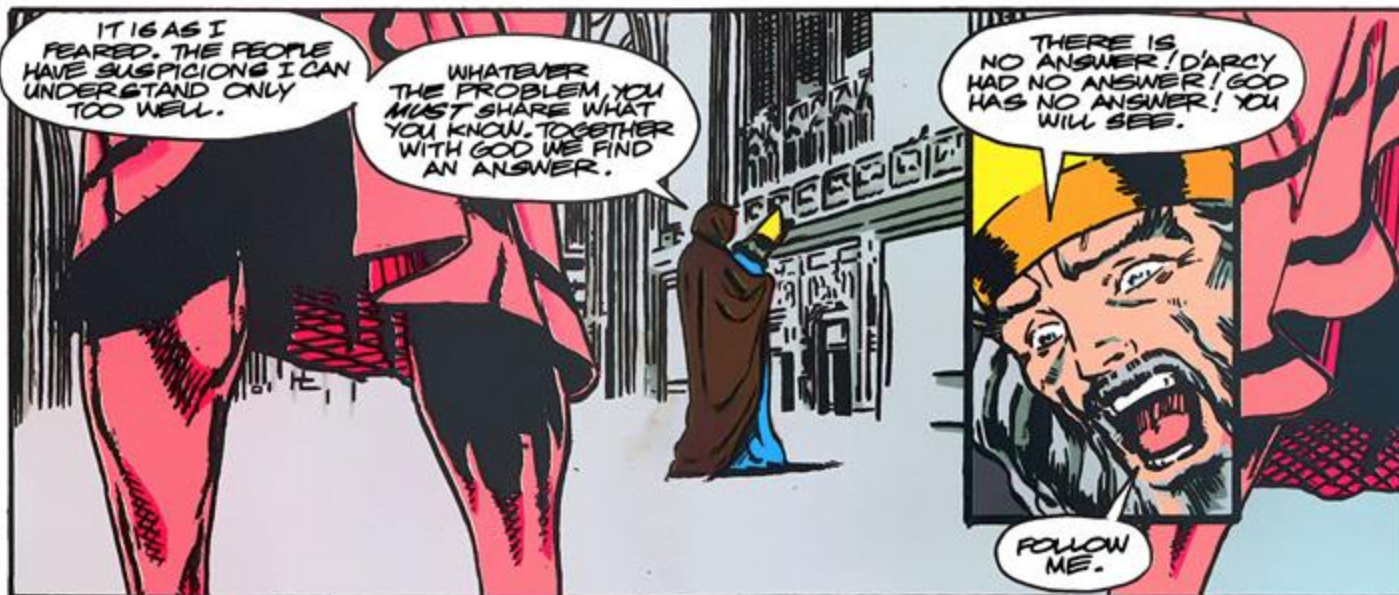
ARCHBISHOP. NO.



THIS IS NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE!



TAKE THE CHILD! GO!

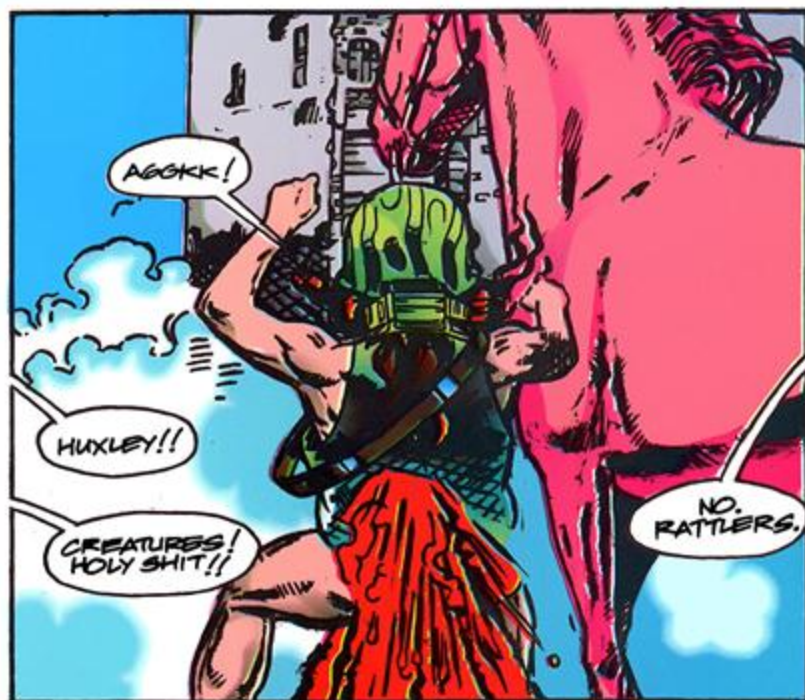


IT IS AS I FEARED. THE PEOPLE HAVE SUSPICIONS I CAN UNDERSTAND ONLY TOO WELL.

WHATEVER THE PROBLEM, YOU MUST SHARE WHAT YOU KNOW. TOGETHER WITH GOD WE FIND AN ANSWER.

THERE IS NO ANSWER! D'ARCY HAD NO ANSWER! GOD HAS NO ANSWER! YOU WILL SEE.

FOLLOW ME.







RANI!
ANYTHINS
YOU KNOW.

CAN'T SEE 'EM.
THEY'RE HIDDEN UP
THERE SOMEHOW.

TALK TO
US. DAMMIT,
TALK TO
US.



RANI, WE CAN'T
MOVE FROM HERE
UNLESS YOU TELL
US WHAT YOU
KNOW.

MAYBE
GRENADES
ALONG THE
BASE OF IT
COLLAPSE
THE
STRUCTURE.

WE
CAN TRY,
BUT IF
THERE'S
MORE OF
THEM
OVER THE
BACK...



LISTEN.
LIKE THIS.

HOW MANY
OF THEM ARE THERE
LIKELY TO BE & DO
THEY HAVE
GUNS &

I DUNNO. BUT
THIS IS HOW WE MOVE.
I BEEN DREAMING US
OUT OF HERE.



RATTLERS
IS LIVING OVER
TUNNELS, RIGHT.
INTERSECTIONS
AND CROSS-
WAYS.

DOWN!

MAYBE WE
CAN FIND THEM. DO
SOME CRYSTAL
DOWNSING.

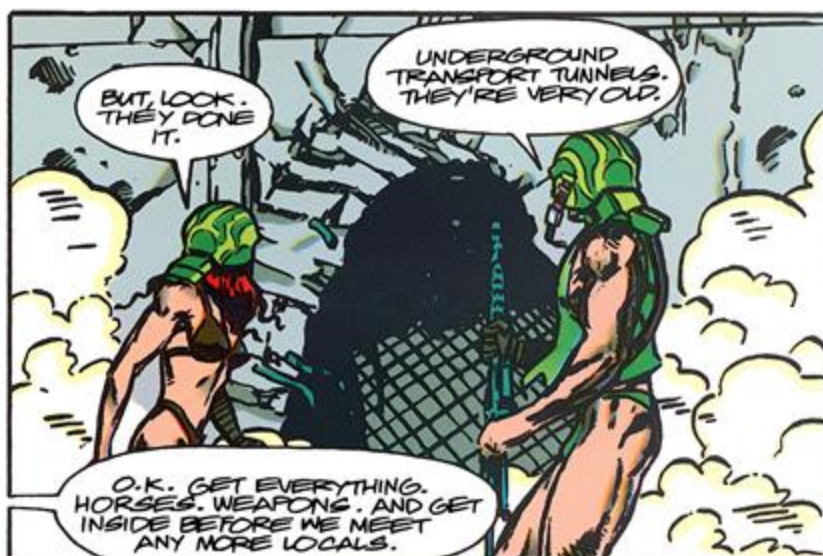
DOWN!!



BOOGA-
FRAGGING-
LOO!

AGG-HOLE, MILLER! THIS
AIN'T SOME TEENAGE
TURKEY SHOOT! YOU DON'T
RECKON YOU JUST INVITED
SOME MORE TRIBES TO
THE PARTY?











THE RIVER EGGS BRING MORE THAN DEATH. THEY BRING A TWISTED, BLOODY RESURRECTION.

THE SHE-DEMON WAS COCCOONED IN D'ARCY AND SHE BROKE FREE.



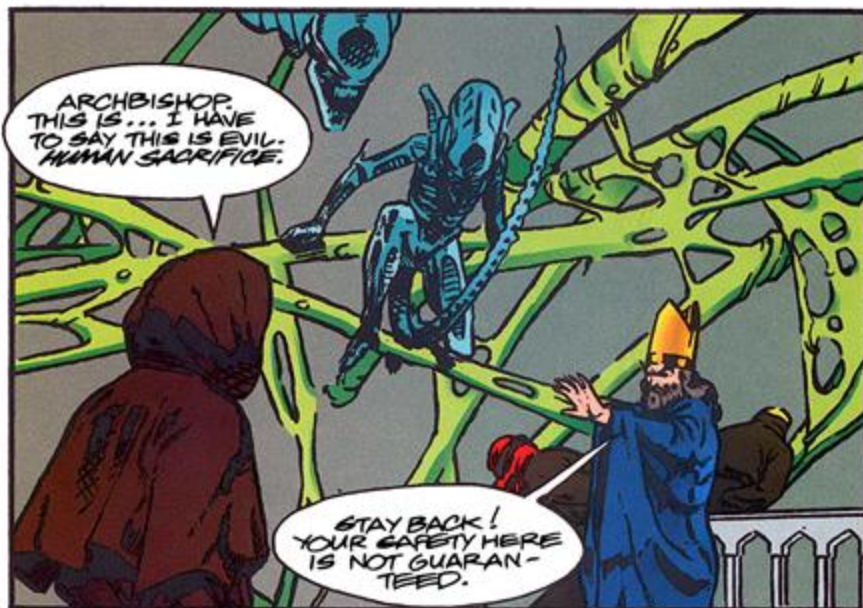
HER EGGS PLANT SEEDS IN THE BODIES OF MEN. FOR EVERY EGG, A HOST IS NEEDED.

THE...THE OUTLANDERS?

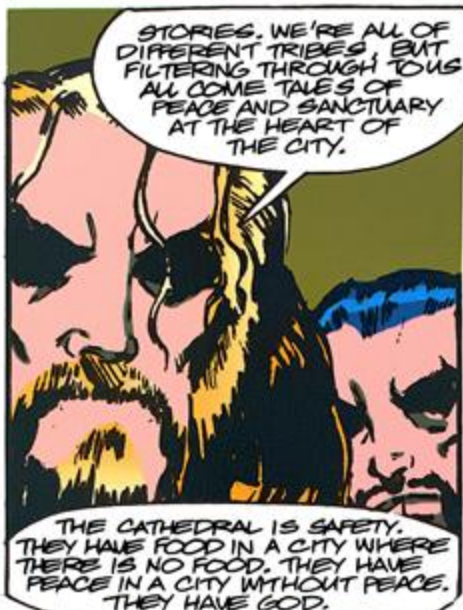


THE CATHEDRAL COULD NEVER AFFORD SUCH A LOSS. WE ARE GOD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE. WE ARE CHOSEN TO SURVIVE.











"They weren't lying, saying there's Monsters. Horse piss and blood stain and twisted rib and scorched floor all say there's Monsters.

"For a second -- less than a second, I guess, I'm kind of relieved. There's monsters. Channon's right. Stones are right. I'm right to trust them all.



OH SHIT.

NO...

C'MON MILLER...



"Then my tongue's made of breadcrust.

SHIT. SHIT. SHIT.



"Then I'm thinking... Channon says there's no monsters in the city. No monsters in London.

O.K., CALM IT. THEY'LL STILL BE WEAK AT THIS STAGE. TWO OF THEM. WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIND THEM.

SHIT.

ONLY TWO OF THEM.



"And then I see it."

THERE.





"Then I'm tasting blood. I bit my tongue."



NEXT: TUNNELS OF DEATH!



ALIENS™

CRUSADE

PART FIVE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Post-Earthwar, and a team of Minecorp's hi-tech mercenaries has been sent to investigate why the city of **London** was spared the global Alien infestation. Unfortunately, they run across a local, highly-territorial tribe who take them prisoner. One of the seers in this tribe, **Rani**, relates to her captives her fears that monsters do stalk the city, but there has been no proof, and the rest her tribespeople consider her deluded.

But there are very real dangers close at hand, as some villagers are abducted and taken to a cathedral, where they are left with the **Archbishop**, who harbours a bloody chamber of horrors within the temple's locked towers. The priest is nurturing an Alien Queen and her growing brood on human sacrifices, in the foolish belief that he can keep the evil contained within the cathedral's walls. But there have already been breaches from this holy sanctuary, and some of his congregation are becoming suspicious that this man of God is in league with the devil.

Back at the village, **Rani** helps the mercenaries escape and joins them, hoping they will help her find her missing soulmate, **Martha**. They flee on stolen horses and head for cover in the city's long disused transport tunnels. A surprise sniper attack eliminates Minecorp's **Huxley**, but the others finally find refuge in the tunnels. Or so they think.

When two chestbursters erupt from their horses, they know that their motion trackers might be picking up more than rats. Taking out one of the chestbursters, they follow the other one into a nest of his older, meaner cousins ... ■



GOT A
MOVEMENT.
NINE METERS.



HEAR
NOTHING.

WAIT...
NOT FROM
THERE!



RAPID
FIRE ON MY
COMMAND.

EASY.

KELLAND!



GETTING
PRETTY
JUMPY.

CREATURES
IN THE HORSES.



NO! HER
HORSES?

I
NEVER
KNEW.

YOU GAVE US
IMPREGNATED HORSES
AND YOU NEVER KNEW?

MILLER?

ONE
BASTARD LEFT.
HE'S AFTER IT.



MOVEMENT.
THIS COULD
BE HIM.

MILLER!

"Not Miller."

"Not spindle-
legs and nervous
scuttling neither.
This one's
fast and full-
grown. Fast
and strong."

"This one's not alone."

HIT ANYTHING
THAT MOVES! HIT
EVERYTHING
THAT MOVES!

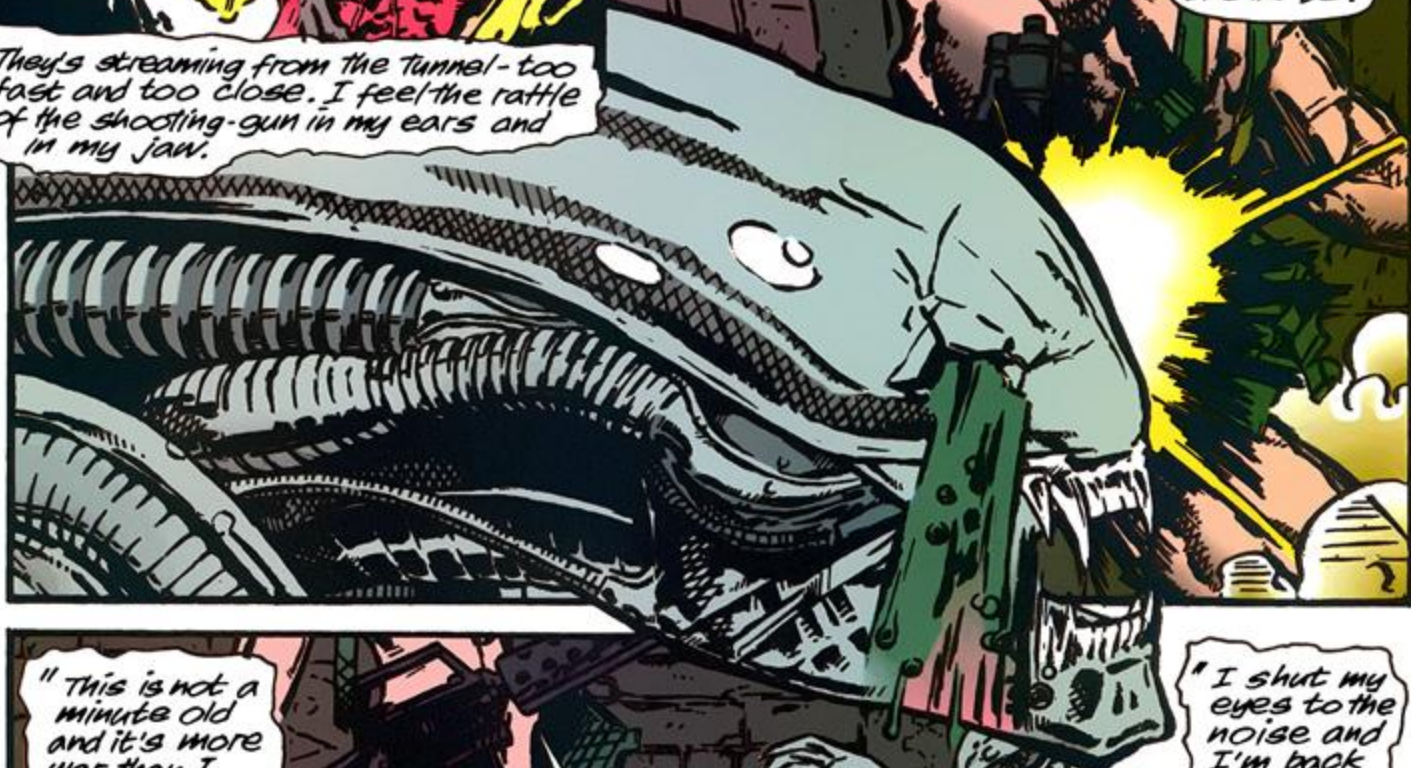




"They're streaming from the Tunnel - too fast and too close. I feel the rattle of the shooting-gun in my ears and in my jaw."

"In the village, we fought westies for fat-fish when a harvest failed. Three weeks skirmish and ambush and bruises and we called it the River Wars."

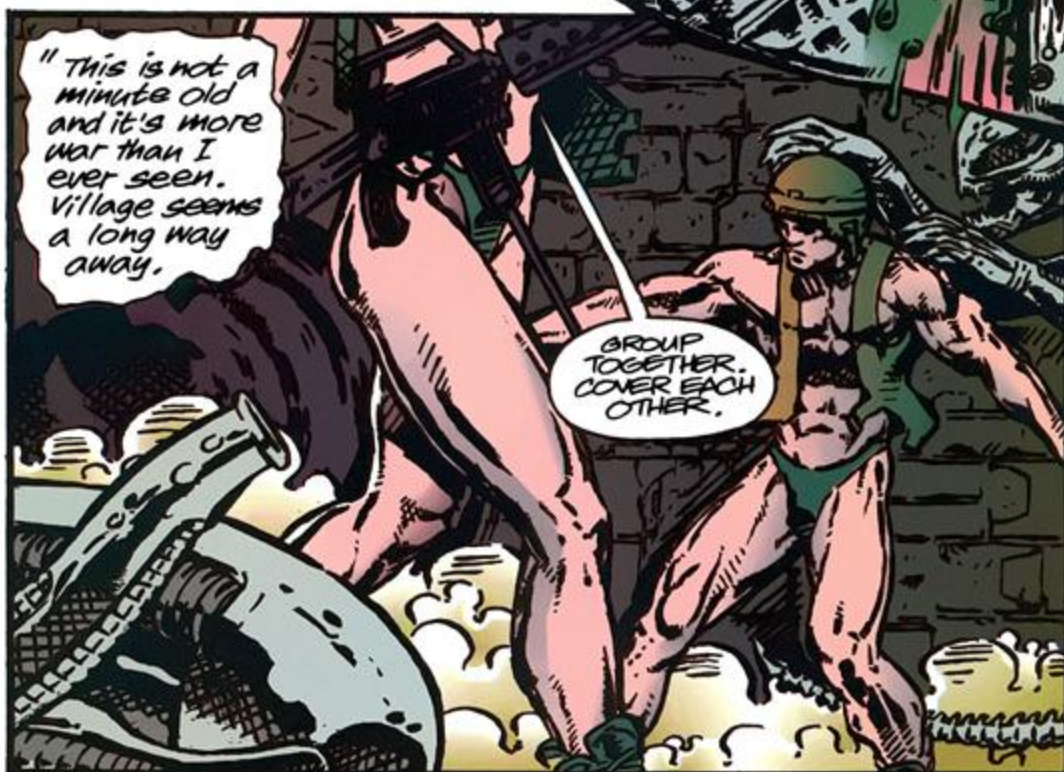
BASTARDS!



"This is not a minute old and it's more war than I ever seen. Village seems a long way away."

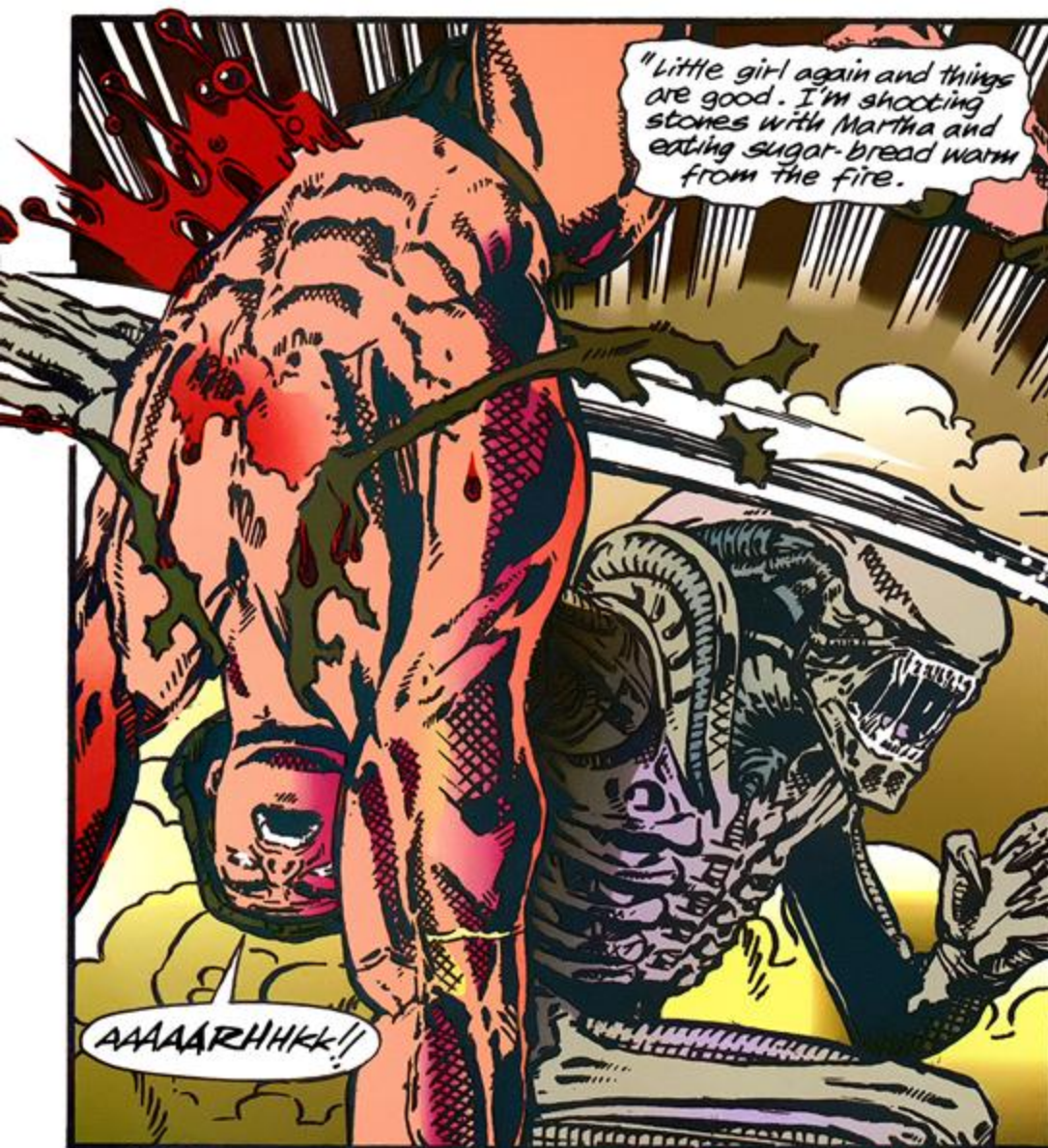
GROUP TOGETHER. COVER EACH OTHER.

"I shut my eyes to the noise and I'm back there."



AARRGH!







"So I run.
We run."



"Three of us left
and two can't
shoot straight."



"Armed and
willing but we
can't help
Channon."



"We owe her our lives..."

AND
YOU. DON'T
MOVE!

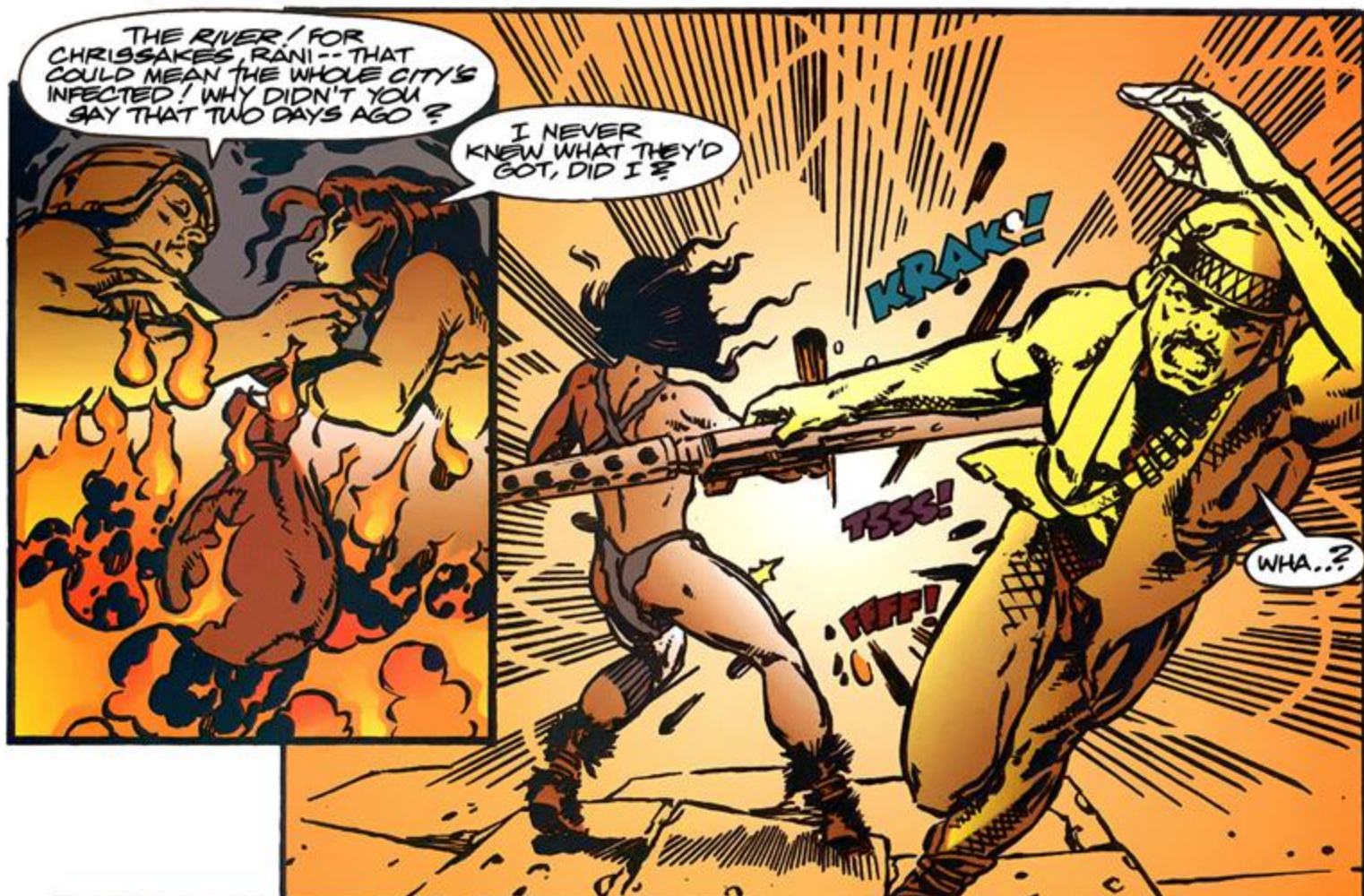


"But we don't get
to thank her."











JUST... MY WIFE'S HERE. SHOT DOWN OVER LONDON.

STONES DID.

YEAH, WIFE. FLASHING AMBER SIGNS BETROTHAL.

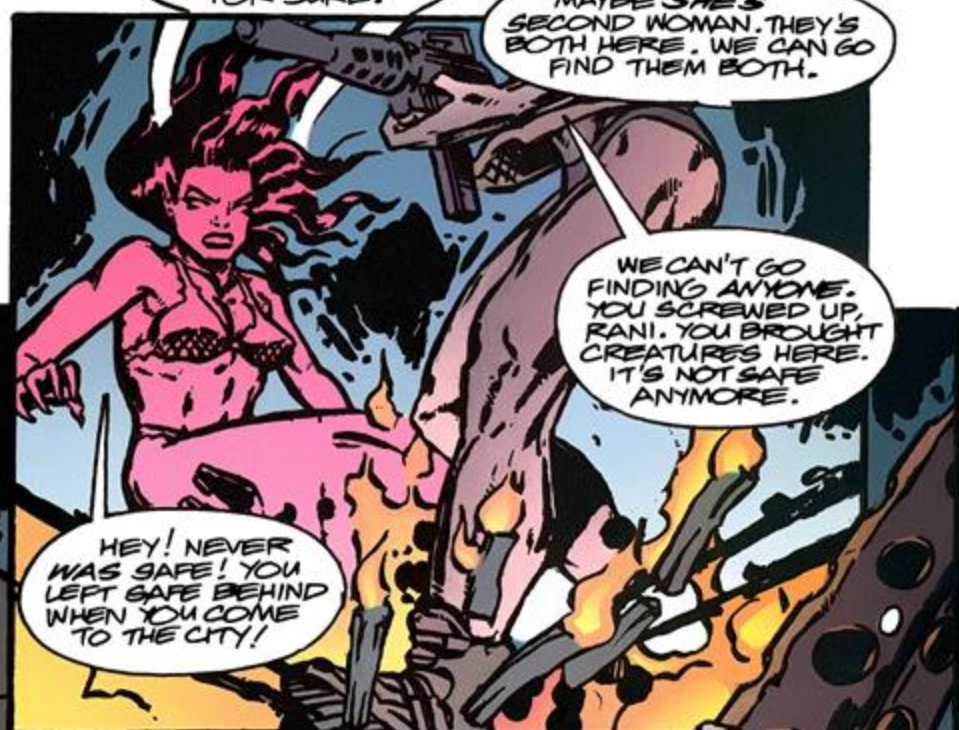


AH, BULLSHIT! YOU SAID TWO WOMEN. YOU'RE NOT EVEN CLOSE.

STONES AIN'T ALWAYS CLEAR. ONLY MARTHA'D KNOW FOR SURE.



SHE WAS MY TEACH-MOTHER. TELL ME EVERYTHING I KNOW. SHE WAS 'BOLT THE FIRST TO GO MISSING FROM THE VILLAGE.



MAYBE SHE'S SECOND WOMAN. THEY'S BOTH HERE. WE CAN GO FIND THEM BOTH.

WE CAN'T GO FINDING ANYONE. YOU SCREWED UP, RANI. YOU BROUGHT CREATURES HERE. IT'S NOT SAFE ANYMORE.

HEY! NEVER WAS SAFE! YOU LEFT SAFE BEHIND WHEN YOU CAME TO THE CITY!



WRONG! I BROUGHT IT WITH ME! I HAD AN ARMED ESCORT ON A SIXTY THOUSAND BONUS TO FIND MY WIFE. I HAD HEAVY WEAPONS. I HAD A MARINE STANDARD A.P.C.--

I HAD SOMETHING MORE TO RELY ON THAN A BAG OF FIREWORKS AND A HEAD FULL OF SUPERSTITION!



NEXT: DIVINE RETRIBUTION!



ALIENS™

CRUSADE

PART SIX

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Post-Earthwar, and a team of Minecorp's hi-tech mercenaries has been sent to investigate why the city of London was spared the global Alien infestation. No sooner do they arrive than they are taken prisoner by a local tribe. Rani, of the tribe's seers, relates to them her fears that monsters stalk the city.

The real horror resides in the heart of London, in a cathedral overseen by an Archbishop who harbours a terrifying secret within the temple's towers. The priest is nurturing an Alien Queen and her brood on human sacrifices, in the foolish belief that he can contain the evil. But there have already been breaches from this holy sanctuary.

Rani helps the mercenaries escape, joining them in the hope that they will help her find her missing soulmate, Martha. They flee on stolen horses and head for cover in the city's long-disused transport tunnels. A surprise sniper attack from a rival tribe takes out Minecorp's Huxley, while the others head into the tunnels only to see chestbursters erupt from their steeds.

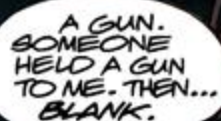
In the tunnels they are set upon by a horde of fully-grown aliens who wreak bloody havoc, separating Channon, the leader of the mercenaries, from Rani and the remaining minecorp rep, Foston. Once safely above ground, Rani tells Foston that she can sense two women nearby, one of whom could be Foston's wife, who went missing in an earlier recon mission over the area, and the other might be Martha. Meanwhile Channon comes face to face with a new, human threat... ■



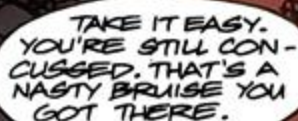
CAN YOU OPEN 'EM? CAN YOU OPEN YOUR EYES?



ATTAGIRL... O.K... YOU'RE O.K.



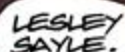
A GUN. SOMEONE HELD A GUN TO ME. THEN... BLANK.



TAKE IT EASY. YOU'RE STILL CONCUSSED. THAT'S A NASTY BRUISE YOU GOT THERE.



HURTS.



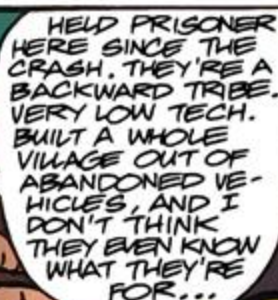
LESLEY SAYLE.



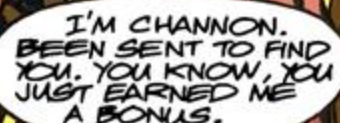
FROM THE SURVEY TEAM? FROM THE MINE-CORP SHIP?



SOLE SURVIVOR.



HELD PRISONER HERE SINCE THE CRASH. THEY'RE A BACKWARD TRIBE. VERY LOW TECH. BUILT A WHOLE VILLAGE OUT OF ABANDONED VEHICLES, AND I DON'T THINK THEY EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY'RE FOR...



I'M CHANNON. BEEN SENT TO FIND YOU. YOU KNOW, YOU JUST EARNED ME A BONUS.



KIND OF HARD TO SPEND IT ROUND HERE.



GOT THINGS TO TELL YOU. YOU KNOW THEY'RE IN LONDON, THE CREATURES?



CITY'S ALIEN-FREE.
WE WERE LOOKING FOR
A REASON WHY.

SURE. ME
TOO. BUT THEY'RE
HERE. LOST THE
BEST PART OF
MY TEAM TO
THEM.

THOUGHT
YOU WERE
TRYING TO
FIND ME.

GIRL'S GOTTA
MAKE A LIVING. BEEN
CHASING THE CREATURES
ACROSS THE PLANET. HAD
HOPED TO GET ENOUGH
TO RETIRE ON...



OKAY. IF THE CREATURES
ARE NEAR, WE OUGHT TO GET
THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
TRIBE LEFT ANYTHING
ON YOU WE CAN USE?

TOOK
MY GUN.

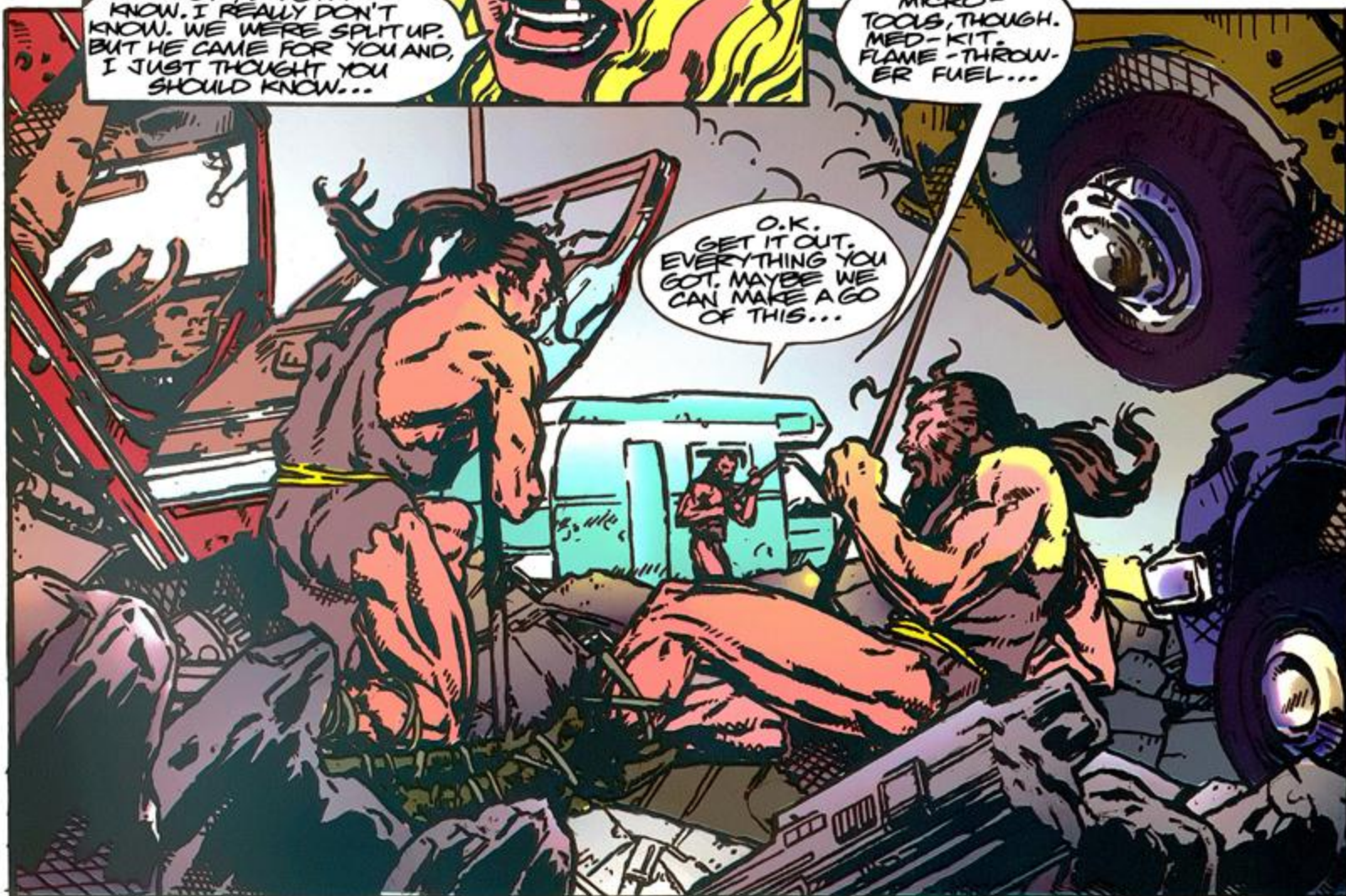
GOT
MICRO-
TOOLS, THOUGH.
MED-KIT.
FLAME-THROW-
ER FUEL...



'NOTHER THING.
ONE OF MY TEAM. MINE-
CORP REPRESENTATIVE...

JOHN?
IS HE
DEAD?

LOOK, I DON'T
KNOW. I REALLY DON'T
KNOW. WE WERE SPLIT UP.
BUT HE CAME FOR YOU AND,
I JUST THOUGHT YOU
SHOULD KNOW...



O.K.
GET IT OUT.
EVERYTHING YOU
GOT. MAYBE WE
CAN MAKE A GO
OF THIS...



... THE WORK
NEARS ITS END, I
UNDERSTAND.

YES, YOUR
GRACE. THE TOWER
WAS SEALED YESTER-
DAY AS YOU ARE AWARE.
THERE ARE STILL COS-
METIC ALTERATIONS TO
BE MADE TO THE STONE
WORK, BUT WE ANTICI-
PATE COMPLETION BY
NIGHTFALL.




THEN WE
SHOULD
CONGRATULATE
YOUR VOLUN-
TEERS, BISHOP.
I SHALL DRAFT
A MESSAGE OF
THANKS.

MANY THANKS,
YOUR GRACE.



AND I
TRUST THIS
WILL BRING AN
END TO THE RUM-
ORS AND GOSSIP
THAT HAVE FIELED
THE CATHEDRAL
IN RECENT
WEEKS.



THE DAMAGE TO THE
FABRIC OF THE BUILDING
IS SEALED. THE DAMAGE TO
THE INTEGRITY OF OUR
CHURCH MUST NOW BE
REPAIRED AS WELL.

I DO NOT THINK I NEED REPEAT THE WHISPERS AND ALLEGATIONS THAT HAVE ARISEN SINCE THE TRAGIC DEATH OF BERESFORD.



I ENTREAT YOU TO ALL DO EVERYTHING IN YOUR POWER TO ALAY THE PEOPLE'S FEARS.

NOW, IF THERE IS ANY OTHER BUSINESS...

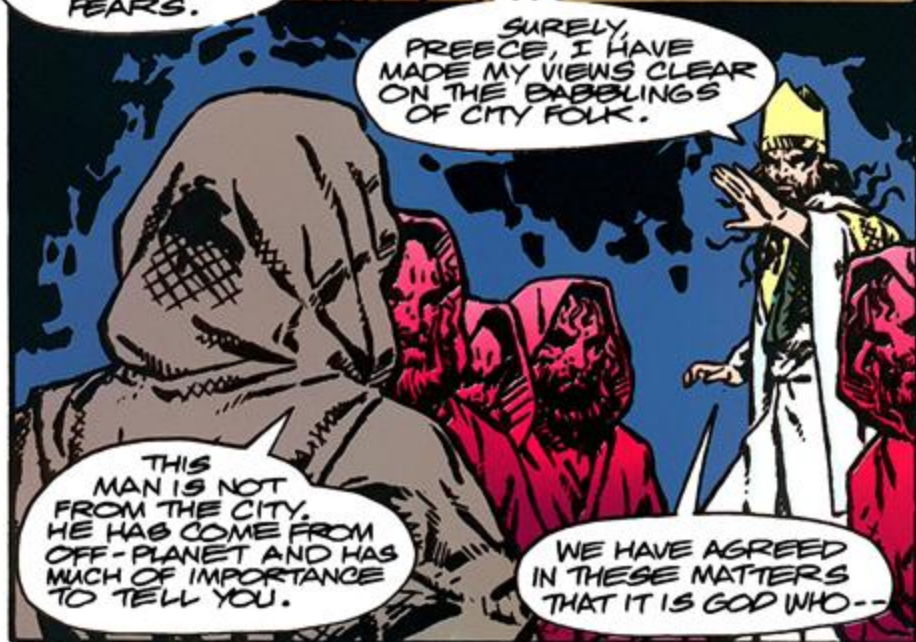
ARCHBISHOP MAHON! YOU MUST COME WITH ME, I BRING GRAVE NEWS FROM THE GATES. FROM OUTSIDERS.



SURELY, PREECE, I HAVE MADE MY VIEWS CLEAR ON THE BABBLINGS OF CITY FOLK.

THIS MAN IS NOT FROM THE CITY. HE HAS COME FROM OFF-PLANET AND HAS MUCH OF IMPORTANCE TO TELL YOU.

WE HAVE AGREED IN THESE MATTERS THAT IT IS GOD WHO--



WITH RESPECT, ARCHBISHOP - I HAVE AGREED TO NOTHING.



NOW WILL YOU COME TO HEAR HIS STORIES FOR YOURSELF, OR SHALL I REPEAT THEM HERE FOR ALL THE BISHOP-RY?



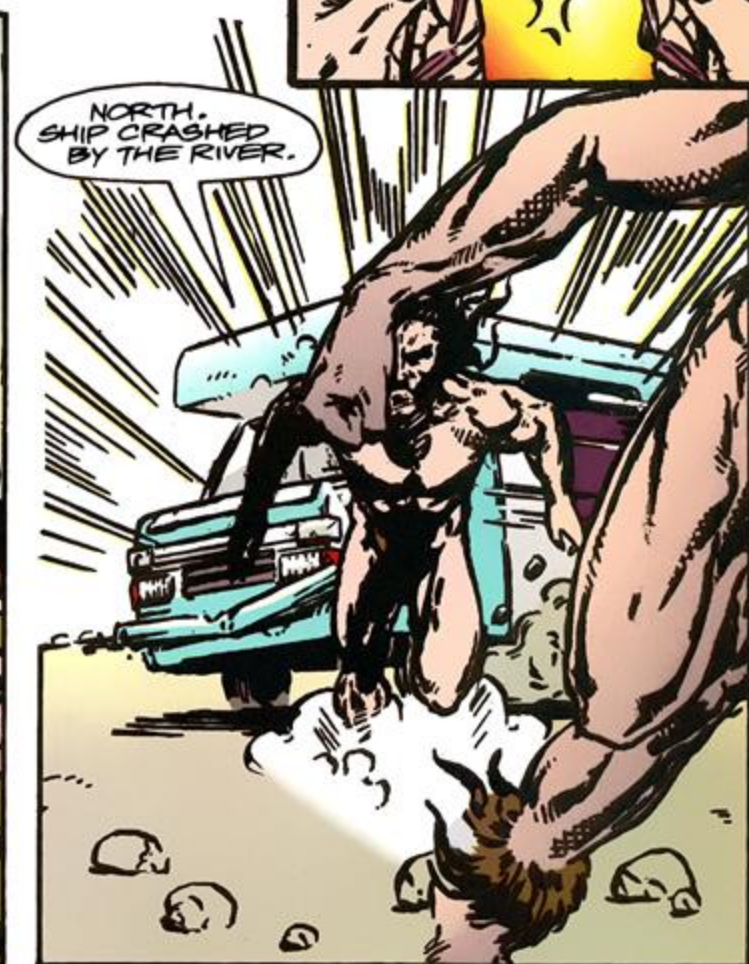
VERY WELL.

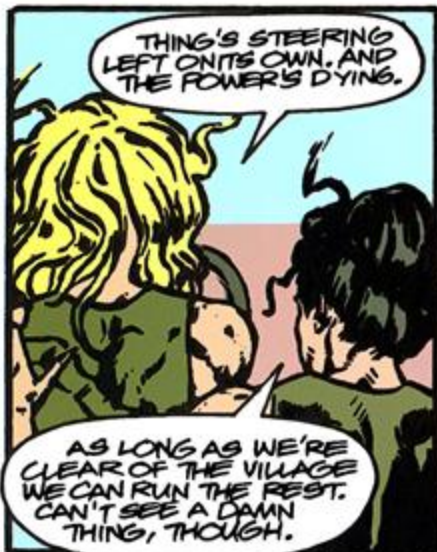




OKAY, ONE: THESE THINGS ARE NOISY. INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE, SO WE WON'T GET FAR UNDETECTED. TWO, THERE'S ONLY A DROP OF FUEL SO WE WON'T GET FAR, PERIOD.

LOOK, WE GOT SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE: THEY'RE NOT EXPECTING THIS TUB TO MOVE. ANYWAY, ALIENS GET US AND WE'RE DEAD MEAT. WE GO.









NEXT: FOR WHOM THE BELLS TOLL!



ALIENS

CRUSADE

PART SEVEN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Post-Earthwar, and a team of **Minecorp's** hi-tech mercenaries has been sent to investigate why the city of **London** was spared the global Alien infestation. What they find is a whole heap of trouble, as they are taken prisoner by a local tribe. Upon escape, with the help of **Rani**, a seer from the tribe, the mercenaries stumble across a nest of aliens in the city's long-abandoned underground tunnels. The xenomorphs decimate the group, forcing the survivors to split up. **Rani** and **Foston** narrowly elude the aliens, while **Channon**, the team leader, emerges from the tunnels only to be set upon by another tribe.

That the group had encountered fully grown aliens, meant that the creatures had breached the security of the city's cathedral, where they had been nurtured (alongside their queen) by **Archbishop Mahon**, in a foolish attempt to contain their evil within the church. But some of Mahon's congregation are becoming suspicious that this man of God is in league with the devil. And, to make matters worse, one of the bishops announces the arrival of an off-worlder, **Foston**, who has a very curious tale to tell.

Meanwhile, **Channon**, upon regaining consciousness, is greeted by **Lesley Sayle**, **Foston's** wife and a member of an earlier **Minecorp** survey which went missing in action. **Channon** appraises **Sayle** of the aliens' presence and, with her help, breaks out of the camp, retrieves some weapons from the crashed but operable **Minecorp** dropship, and takes a deadly boat ride down the **Thames** and out to sea...■

NO.

THIS MUST ALL SOUND VERY STRANGE, BUT YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME.

I PUT MY TRUST IN THE LORD. WE WILL NEVER ABANDON THE CATHEDRAL.

THESE ARE BIO-MECHANICAL CREATURES OF IMMENSE STRENGTH AND UNKNOWN NUMBER. IF THEY ARE LOOSE IN THE CITY YOU WILL HAVE NO CATHEDRAL. YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

ON THE CONTRARY. OUR CHOICE IS CLEAR. WE HAVE CHOSEN THE WAY OF GOD.

WE CHOOSE TO PUT OUR FAITH IN HIM AND WE ARE BLESSED WITH HIS PROTECTION.

HOWEVER STRONG, YOUR FAITH CAN BE NO DEFENSE. WHOLE CONTINENTS HAD SUCCEMBED TO THE CREATURES BEFORE WE TURNED THE TIDE. THE WHOLE PLANET.

AND YET, IN ALL THE WORLD, OUR CATHEDRAL REMAINS SACROSANCT. I SEE OUR FAITH HAS BEEN REWARDED.

BUT ARCHBISHOP, PLEASE LISTEN TO HIS COUNSEL. THE OUTSIDER HAS BEEN WITNESS TO THE CREATURE'S EVIL.

THERE IS NO PROTECTION.

WE ARE PROTECTED.

NO, ARCHBISHOP! WE ARE VIOLATED. BERESFORD AND D'ARCY ARE DEAD THE CITY PEOPLE BROUGHT HERE, ALL DEAD.

CAN'T YOU SEE THIS MAN SPEAKS THE TRUTH?



I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR ACTIONS. YOU SHOUT FOR YOU ARE DEAFENED BY THE VOICE OF FEAR. YOU MUST LISTEN INSTEAD TO THE WORD OF GOD.



THEN THE BISHOP HERE
WILL ESCORT YOU TO THE
GATES OF THE CATHEDRAL.
I SHALL PRAY FOR YOUR
SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH
THE CITY.

BISHOP?

U...

WATER!
HE WILL NEED
FRESH WATER
AND CLEAN
DRESSINGS!

DEAR
LORD...

"We walked at sun-up from the
tunnels to the Cathedral, keeping
ears open wide for sniper fire or
tribe chants, an' all I heard was
the mist damping the church
bells and morning song from the
towers.

"We splashed the final yards over muddy
cobblestones, hurt my knuckles hammering
on the big oak gates and their rusty old
hinges cracked shut as they let us in.

"Then hot splash of clean wash
water. Hot fat sizzling in
breakfast pan. They welcomed
us with laughin' an' prayin' an'
I heard every whisper."



"The headman's wrong. It ain't fear that does the shouting. Fear's quiet."



"I heard no cries from flesh scissored straight by Alien claws."



"No screams from bones wrenched clean by devil-tongues dirty with sticky spit."

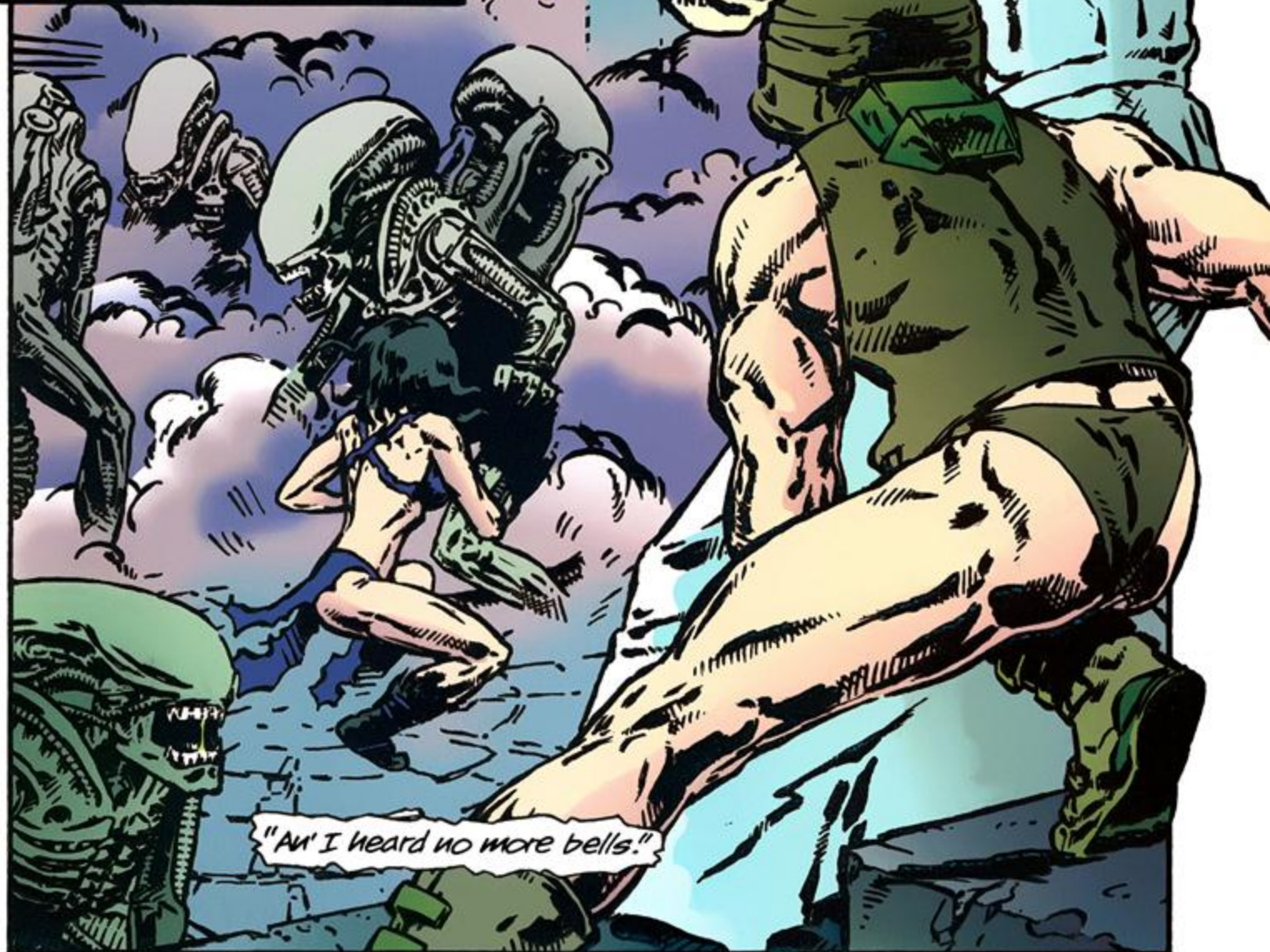


"I heard nothing as hot blood spattered dull and heavy on ancient needle point, and hard and bright on cold stone floor."





"The voice of fear is the voice of silence. Outside, I heard no more songs of sanctuary."



"Am I heard no more bells."

NEXT: SINS OF THE FATHER!



CRUSADE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Post-Earthwar, and a team of Minecorp's hi-tech mercenaries has been sent to investigate why London was spared the global Alien infestation. In fact, there *are* aliens in the city which, until now, have been largely confined to the local cathedral. Here, alongside their queen, they have been nurtured by Archbishop Mahon in a foolish attempt to contain their evil within the church. But some xenomorphs have breached this sanctuary.

Upon arrival in London, the mercenaries are taken prisoner by a local tribe. However, they manage to escape with the help of the tribe's seer, Rani, only to stumble across a nest of aliens in the city's abandoned subway. Their numbers decimated, the human survivors split up. Channon, the Minecorp team leader, emerges from the tunnels only to be taken prisoner by another tribe, where she meets Lesley Sayle, the wife of one of her team, Foston, and a member of an earlier Minecorp survey which went missing in action. With Sayle's help, they break out of the camp and take a boat ride down the Thames and to apparent freedom.

Meanwhile, Foston and Rani have arrived at the cathedral, where they inform Mahon that his plan has failed and that there are aliens roaming the city. Mahon refuses to concede that they have anything to fear as long as they trust in God and appease the aliens in their keeping. A pity the well-fed aliens don't see it that way, as they chase the archbishop and his guests from the cathedral and into the arms of their brood waiting outside... ■



PART EIGHT

Story by
Michael Cook

Art by
Christian Gorny

Colours by
Nick Abadzis

Lettering by
Woodrow Phoenix



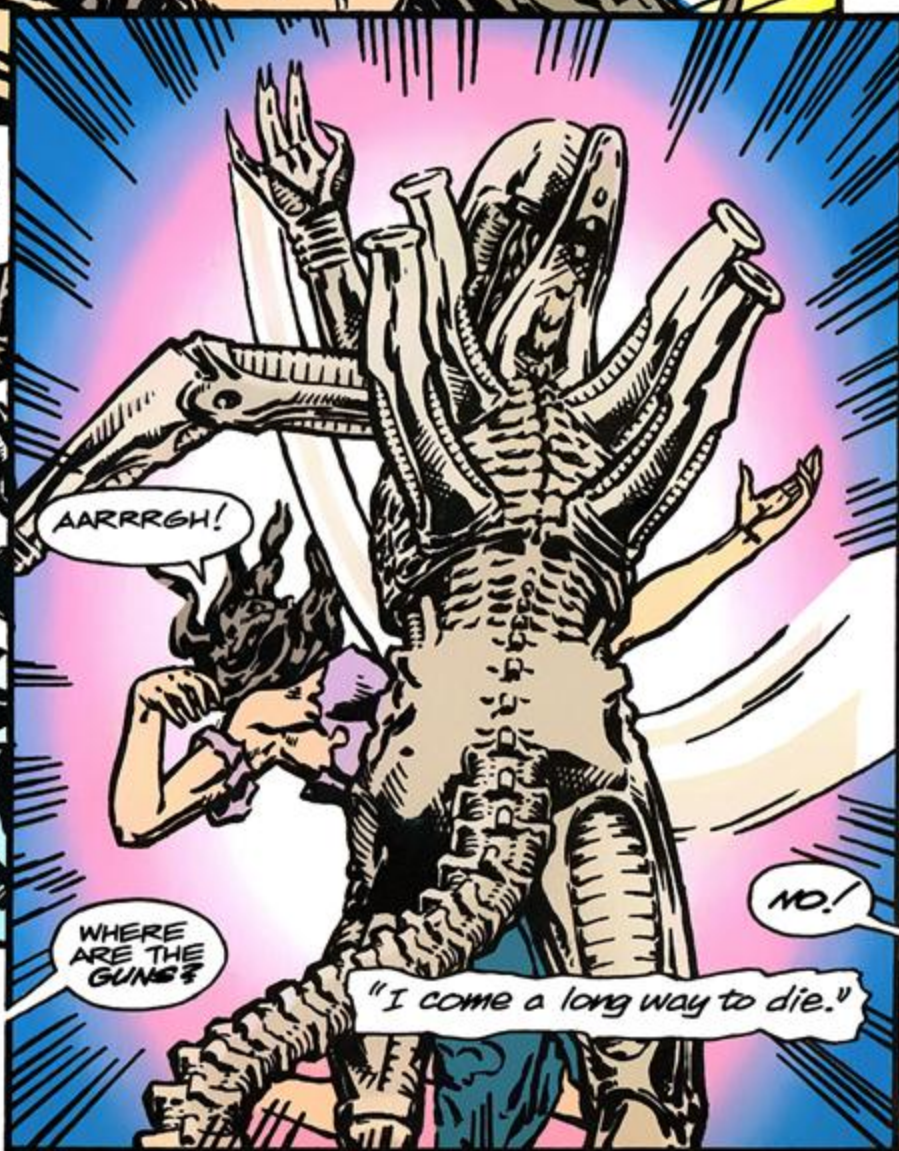
OUR GUNS!

WE HAD GUNS WITH US WHEN WE ENTERED THE CATHEDRAL. WHERE ARE THEY?



WE - WE REALLY HAVE NO NEED OF WEAPONS HERE. THIS MUST ALWAYS REMAIN A PLACE OF... A PLACE OF PEACE.

ARCHBISHOP! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE. DEMONS EVERYWHERE!



AARRRGH!

WHERE ARE THE GUNS?

NO!

"I come a long way to die."

"Long way from the village to be huddled and shaking and flat to the wall. We are unarmed and overwhelmed and seconds from the end."

NO GUNS. NOW IS A TIME FOR QUIET PRAYER AND INNER STRENGTH.

"spaceman pulls us close, out of instinct I guess. He knows it can't help. Stripped of his space toys, he's lost..."

"I shut my eyes. I dream of home. Of certain sure comforts I left behind..."

FATHER PROTECT US...

"...and we are spared."

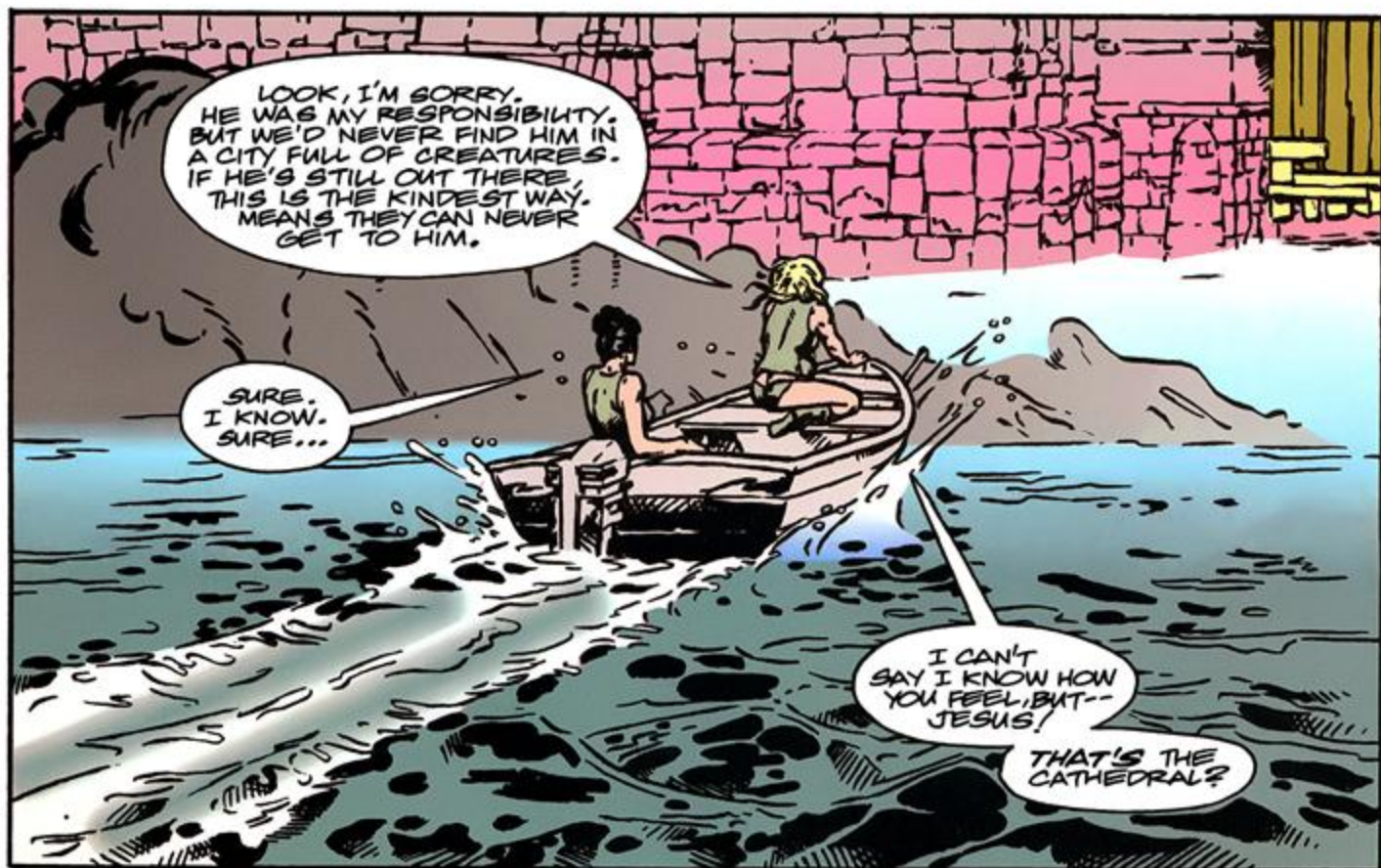
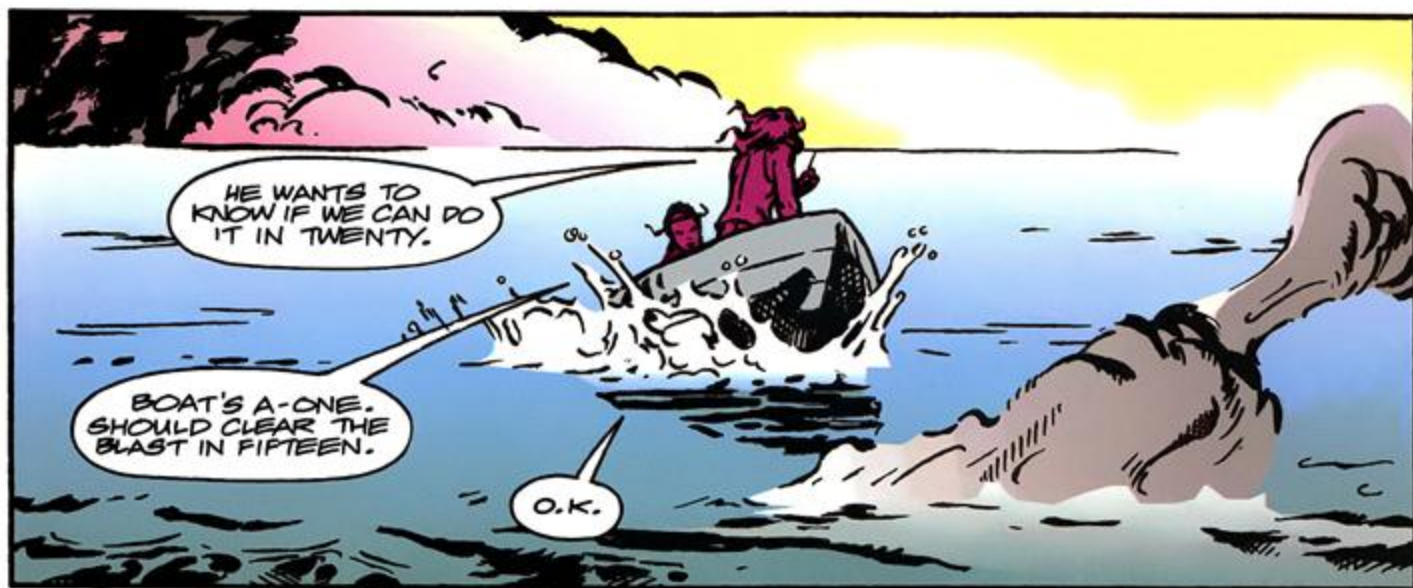
IT'S CRAZY. YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT UNARMED! TAKE US TO OUR WEAPONS!

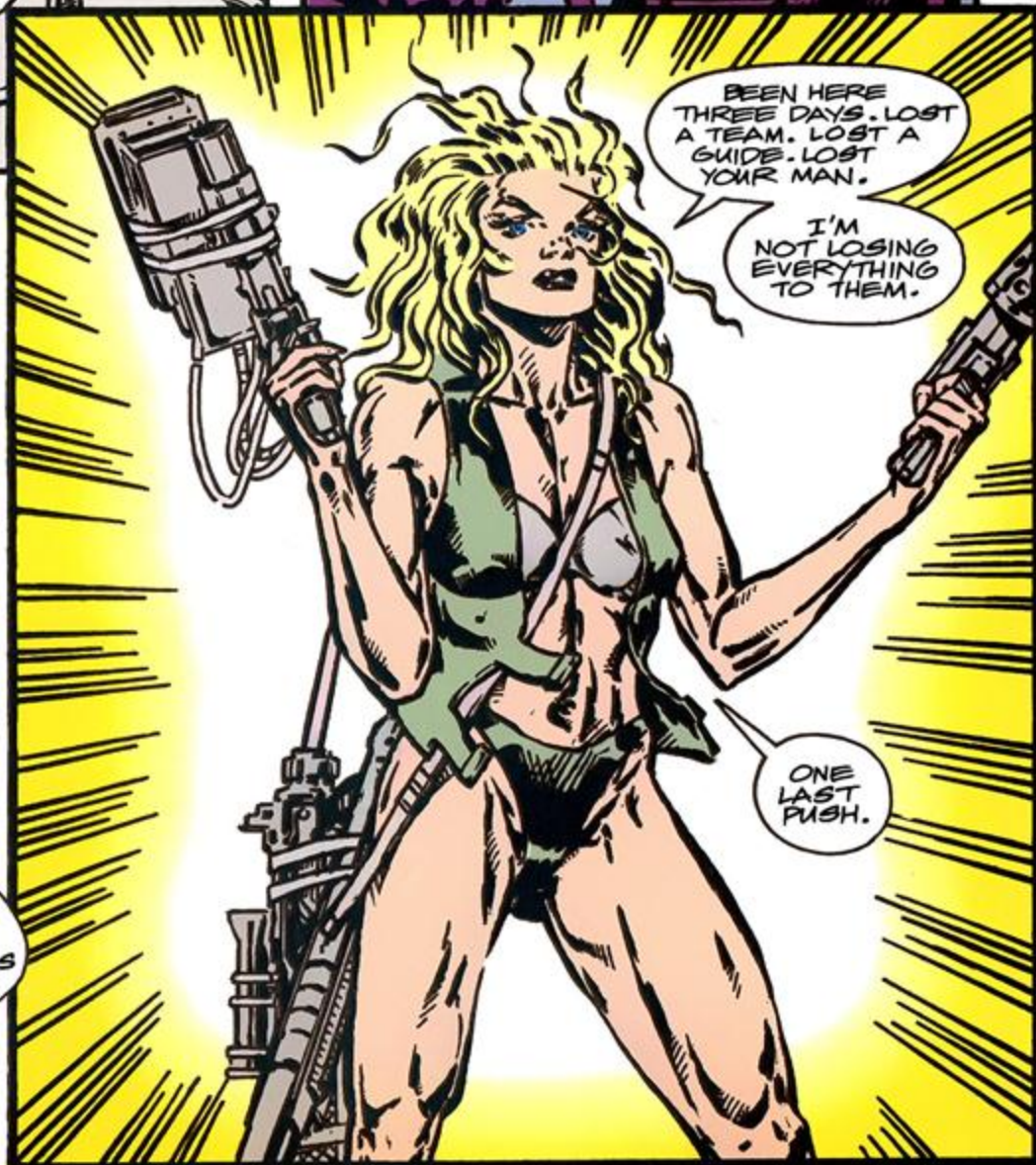
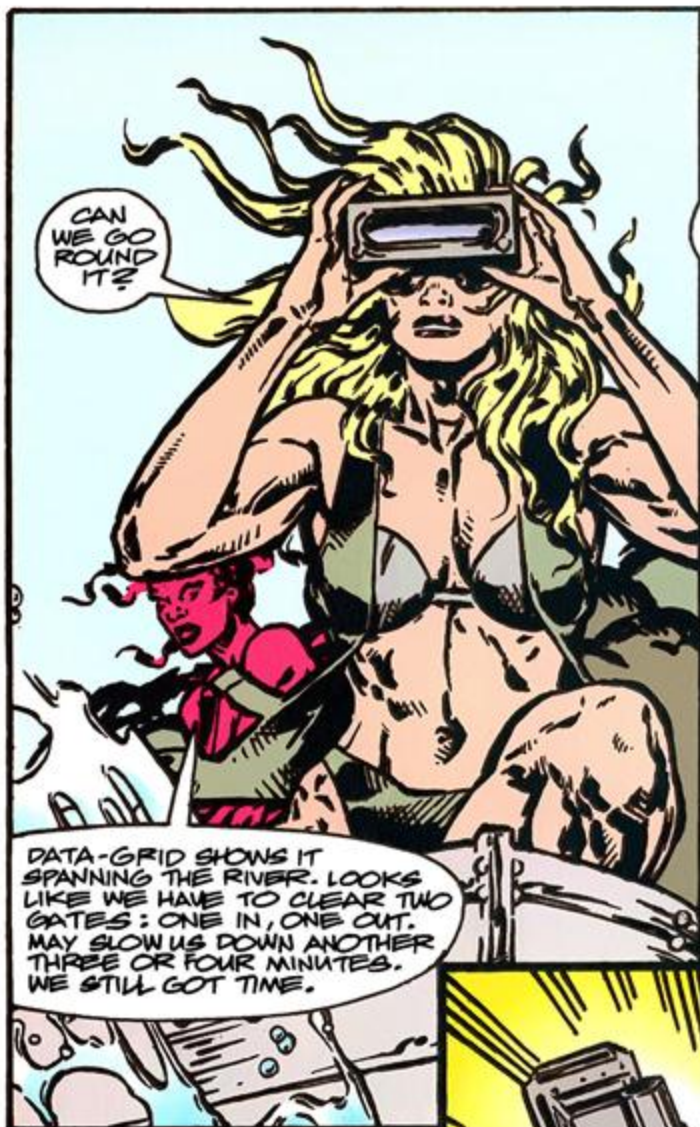
WAIT! THEY'RE LEAVING HIM ALONE.

HOW...?

THEY HAVE NEVER HARMED ME. UNTIL THE DAMAGE TO THE TOWER, THEY WERE EVEN UNDER CONTROL. IT MAY NOT BE TOO LATE TO SUBDUCE THEM WITH PRAYER.









YOUR WEAPONS.
EVERYTHING BROUGHT
TO THE CATHEDRAL
IS STORED HERE.

IT IS NOT OF
THEIR DOING.

NOT
CONNECT-
ED?

THE CREATURES
HAVE REACHED HERE
ALREADY? ALL THIS
DAMAGE?

ONE OF YOUR SPACE VEHICLES
DESTROYED THE SANCTITY OF THE
CATHEDRAL AS IT CAME TO THE
GROUND. THIS WING SUFFERED
MINOR DAMAGE.

OUR SURVEY SHIP WAS
SHOT DOWN OVER LON-
DON EIGHT, NINE DAYS
AGO. IT COULD HAVE
FALLEN HERE.

AN
AIRCRAFT
LANDED
HERE? HOW
LONG AGO?

THEN YOU ARE
THE CAUSE OF THIS?

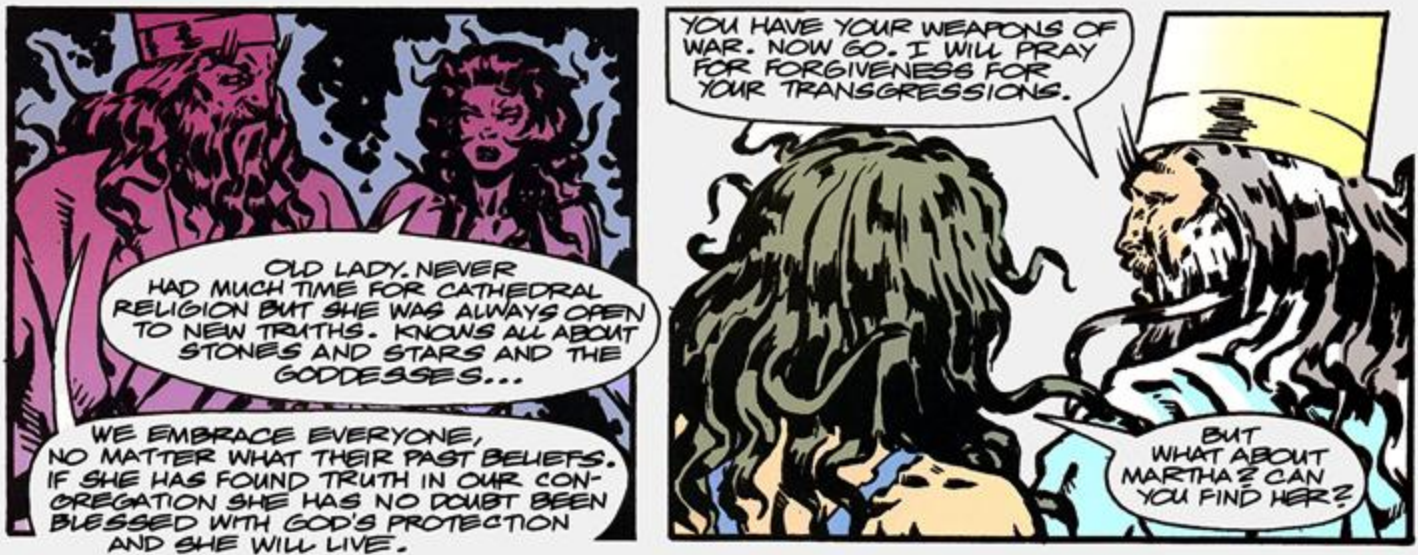
NO, THE SHIP WAS SHOT
DOWN. THE REAL DAMAGE
WAS TO OUR CREW.

IT IS YOUR INTERFERENCE
THAT HAS CAUSED THIS
CARNAGE. YOU STAND
REVEALED AS THE CAT-
ALYST TO THIS
TRAGEDY.

NOTHING CAME TO LAND. SOME
SAW IT SAIL ONWARDS ACROSS
THE... WHAT DO YOU KNOW
OF THIS?

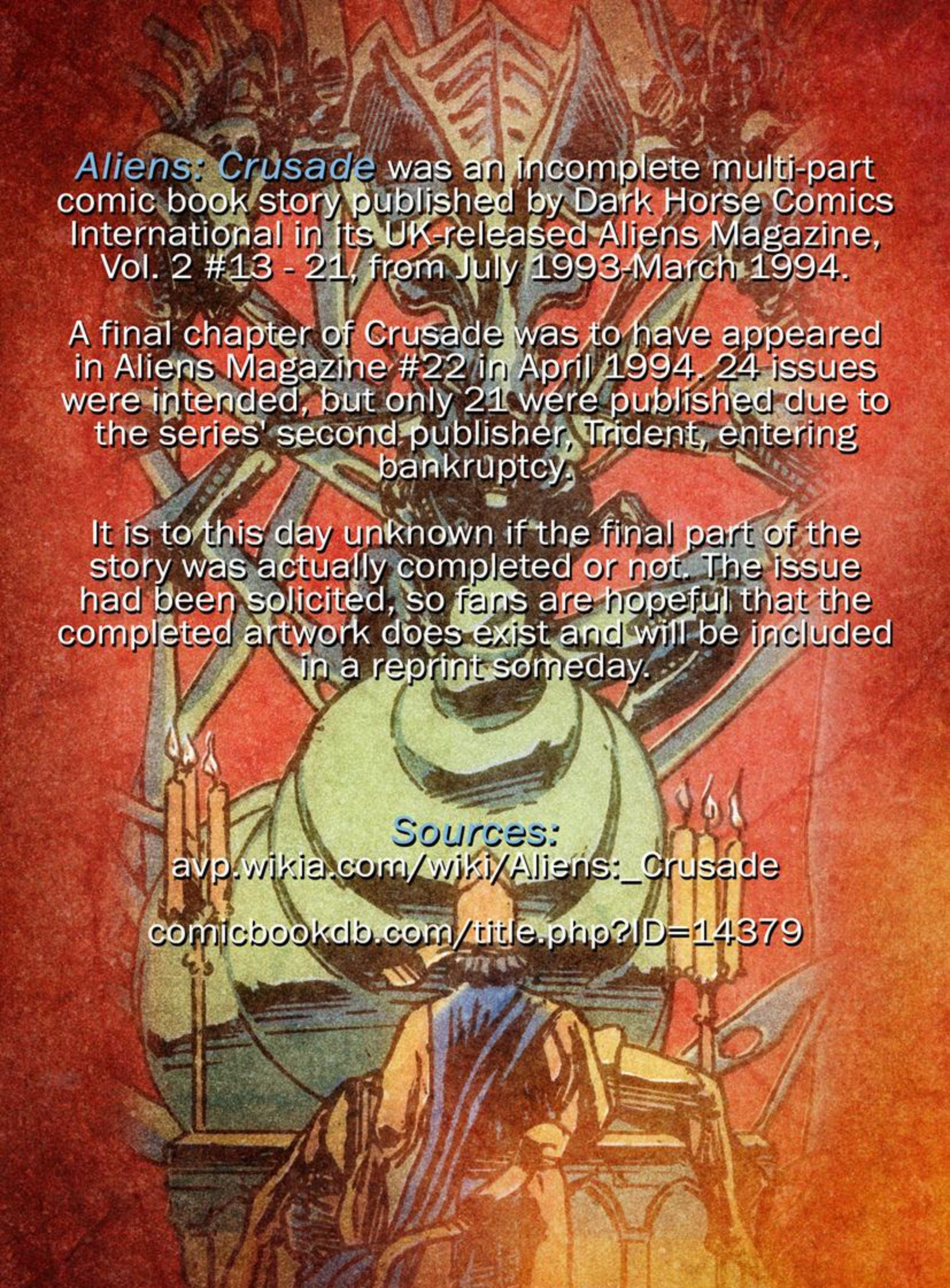
THE DAMAGE
WAS TO THE DELICATE
EQUILIBRIUM OF THIS
CITY. EGGS SPILLED
INTO THE RIVER FROM
THE CAVITY IN THE
CREATURES' TOWER.

"she's here."





NEXT: THE FATE OF MARTHA



Aliens: Crusade was an incomplete multi-part comic book story published by Dark Horse Comics International in its UK-released Aliens Magazine, Vol. 2 #13 - 21, from July 1993-March 1994.

A final chapter of Crusade was to have appeared in Aliens Magazine #22 in April 1994. 24 issues were intended, but only 21 were published due to the series' second publisher, Trident, entering bankruptcy.

It is to this day unknown if the final part of the story was actually completed or not. The issue had been solicited, so fans are hopeful that the completed artwork does exist and will be included in a reprint someday.

Sources:

avp.wikia.com/wiki/Aliens:_Crusade

comicbookdb.com/title.php?ID=14379