



IT'S BRAL--
APPEARING FROM
NOWHERE!



HERE, GIRL -
SHRINK THIS ONE'S
HEAD FOR ME -

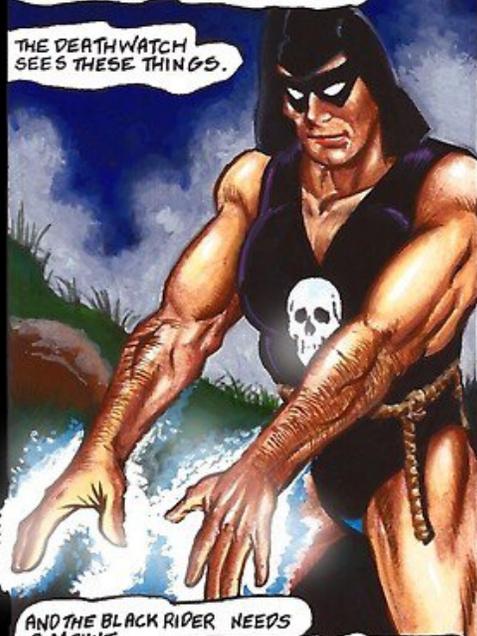
ONCE I CUT IT
FREE FROM ITS
BODY.

AND SO, BRAL, OF PICTPOM, OF THE FIRST MEN
DID THE BIDDING OF HIS VISION - AND WITH THE
POWER THUS GRANTED TO HIS THRALL,
KAAR-ON, DEAD KING OF ATLANTIS BADE HIM
TAKE THE SKULL OF THE FIRST SERPENT MAN HE
SHOULD SLAY, AND WEAR IT AS A TALISMAN -
THAT ALL HIS SUCCESSORS SHOULD WEAR IT
AS A SYMBOL, A BANNER FOR THE CAUSE OF
THE DEATHWATCH.



HE CAN FEEL THEM MOVING IN THE CITY. THE UNDERCURRENTS OF PSYCHIC SHADOWS CARRY THEIR PRESSING.

THE DEATHWATCH SEES THESE THINGS.



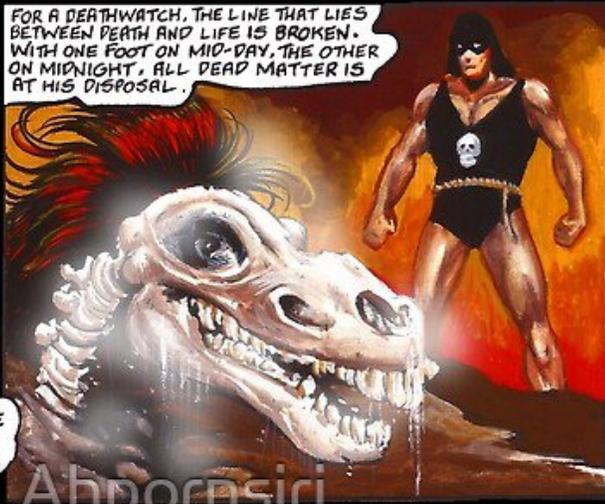
-WILL BE HIS!



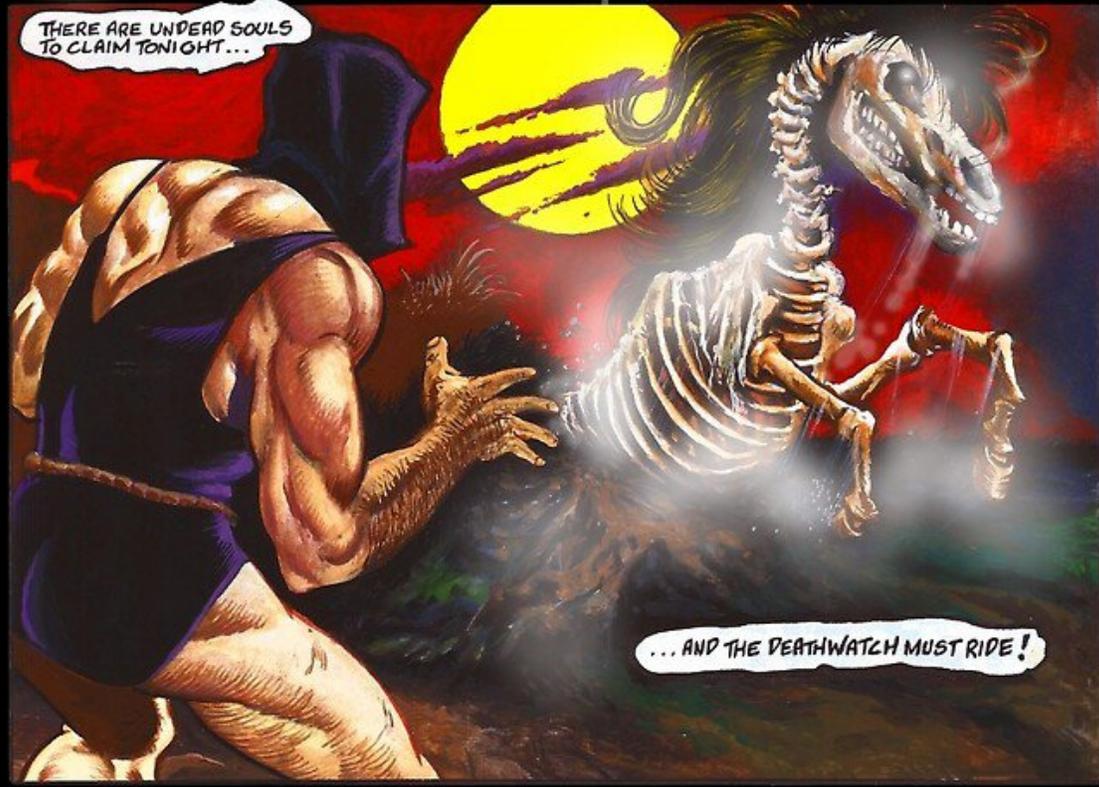
FOR A DEATHWATCH, THE LINE THAT LIES BETWEEN DEATH AND LIFE IS BROKEN. WITH ONE FOOT ON MID-DAY, THE OTHER ON MIDNIGHT. ALL DEAD MATTER IS AT HIS DISPOSAL.

AND THE BLACK RIDER NEEDS A MOUNT.

FOUR UNION OUTRIDERS LOST IN THE MARSHES AT THE WATER'S EDGE DURING THE CIVIL WAR LIE STILL ENTOMBED IN THE MIRE UNDER HIS FEET. AND ONE SKELETAL STEED...



THERE ARE UNDEAD SOULS TO CLAIM TONIGHT...



... AND THE DEATHWATCH MUST RIDE!



I AM THE ONLY DEATHWATCH...



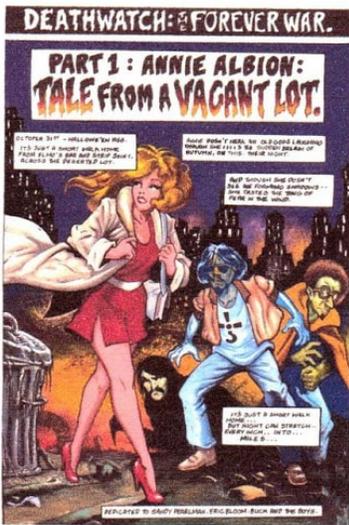
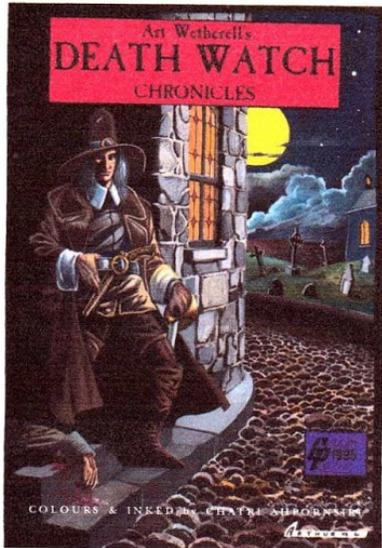
Chatrithipornsiri

Art Wetherell's

Death Watch

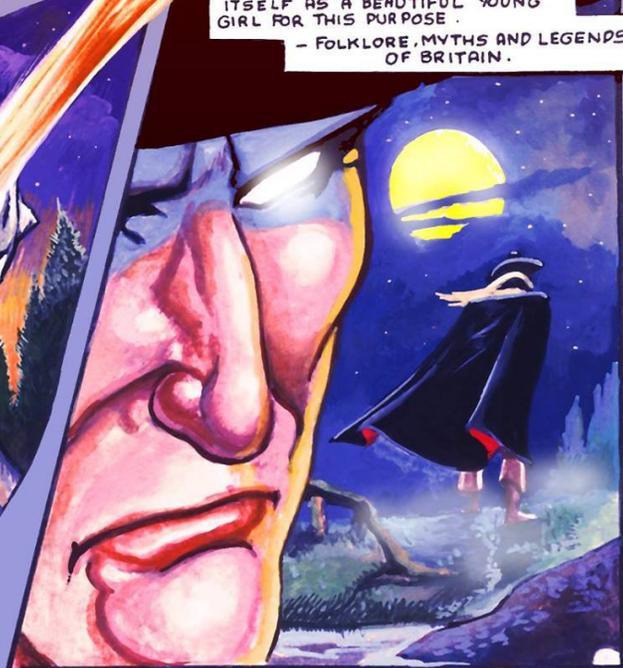
CHRONICLES

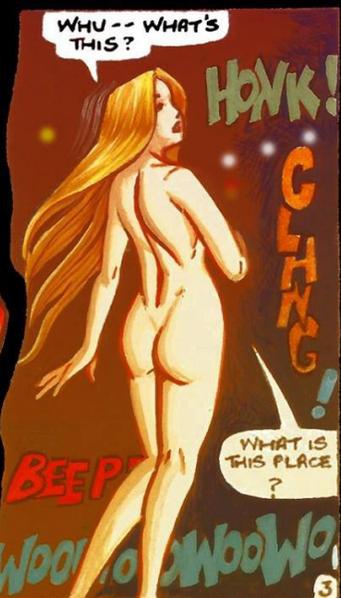




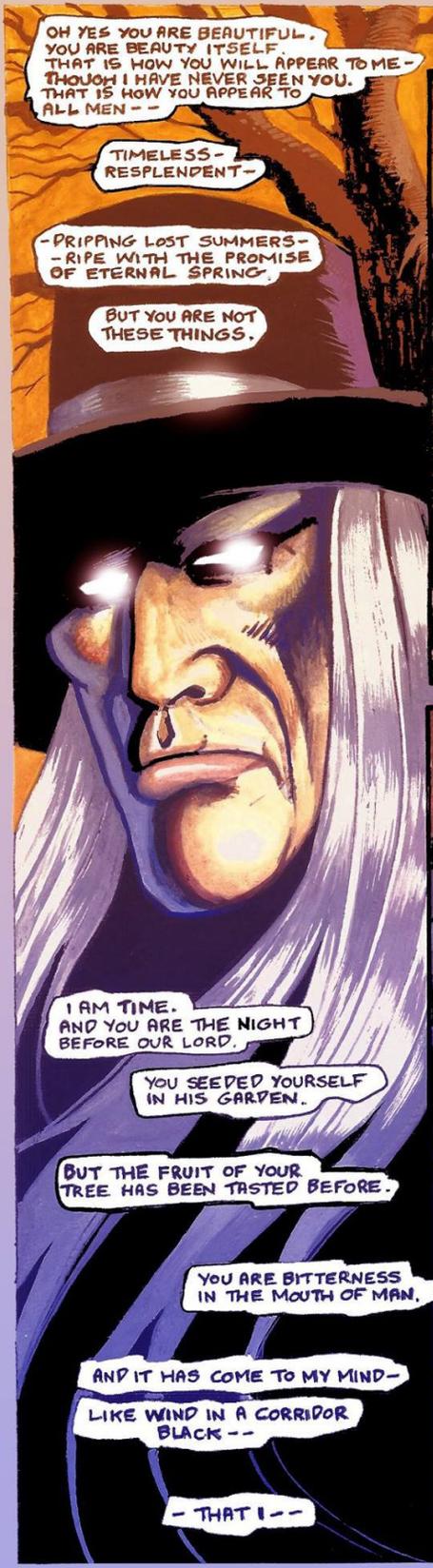


WILL O' THE WISP...
TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN MAKING
TRAVELLERS LOSE THEIR WAY..
AND WOULD SOMETIMES DISGUISE
ITSELF AS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
GIRL FOR THIS PURPOSE .
- FOLKLORE ,MYTHS AND LEGENDS
OF BRITAIN .





WILL O'THE WISP



OH YES YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL. YOU ARE BEAUTY ITSELF. THAT IS HOW YOU WILL APPEAR TO ME. THOUGH I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU. THAT IS HOW YOU APPEAR TO ALL MEN --

TIMELESS-
RESPLENDENT-

-PRIPPING LOST SUMMERS-
-RIPE WITH THE PROMISE
OF ETERNAL SPRING-

BUT YOU ARE NOT
THESE THINGS.

I AM TIME.
AND YOU ARE THE NIGHT
BEFORE OUR LORD.

YOU SEEDED YOURSELF
IN HIS GARDEN.

BUT THE FRUIT OF YOUR
TREE HAS BEEN TASTED BEFORE.

YOU ARE BITTERNESS
IN THE MOUTH OF MAN.

AND IT HAS COME TO MY MIND--
LIKE WIND IN A CORRIDOR
BLACK --

- THAT I --



-SHOULD KILL
YOU.



OH MAN--
HEAR ME --



I AM
LOST--

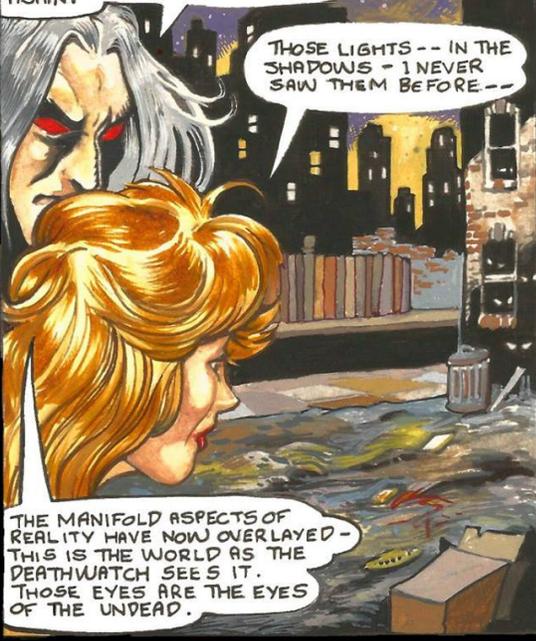
THE WORLD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THE WORLD-? EVEN THE STARS -- EVERYTHING'S LIKE A FLAT CUT-OUT FROM THE BACK OF A CORN-FLAKE PACKET!



DONT BE ALARMED-- YOU'RE SIMPLY PERCEIVING EVERYTHING EXTRA - DIMENSIONALLY. IT IS THE ONLY WAY A MIND THAT IS ACCUSTOMED TO EXISTING IN THREE DIMENSIONS CAN COMPREHEND THE FULL NOTION OF THE COSMOS.

THIS WAY IS THE WAY THE DEATHWATCH HAS TO SEE ...

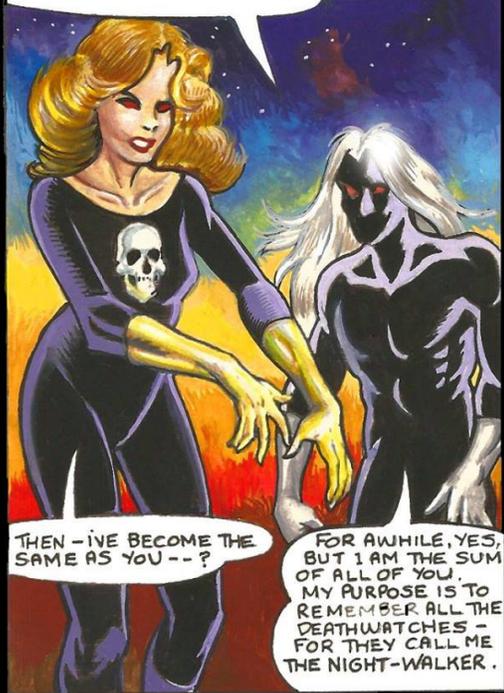
IN ORDER THAT HE CAN ASSIMILATE THE MANY DIMENSIONS AND THE INHABITANTS OF EACH. NOW - PUT ON THE COSTUME, AND EVERYTHING WILL APPEAR RIGHT AGAIN.



THOSE LIGHTS -- IN THE SHADOWS - I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE --

THE MANIFOLD ASPECTS OF REALITY HAVE NOW OVERLAYED - THIS IS THE WORLD AS THE DEATHWATCH SEES IT. THOSE EYES ARE THE EYES OF THE UNDEAD.

THOSE BEINGS, THOSE PROJECTIONS THAT ATTACKED YOU AND INFILTRATED YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS WHERE JUST ONE ASPECT OF THE DEATH-FORCE. IT APPEARS TO EACH OF US IN A DIFFERENT FORM, AND NOW RESIDES IN YOU - AS IT DOES IN ME.



THEN - I'VE BECOME THE SAME AS YOU -- ?

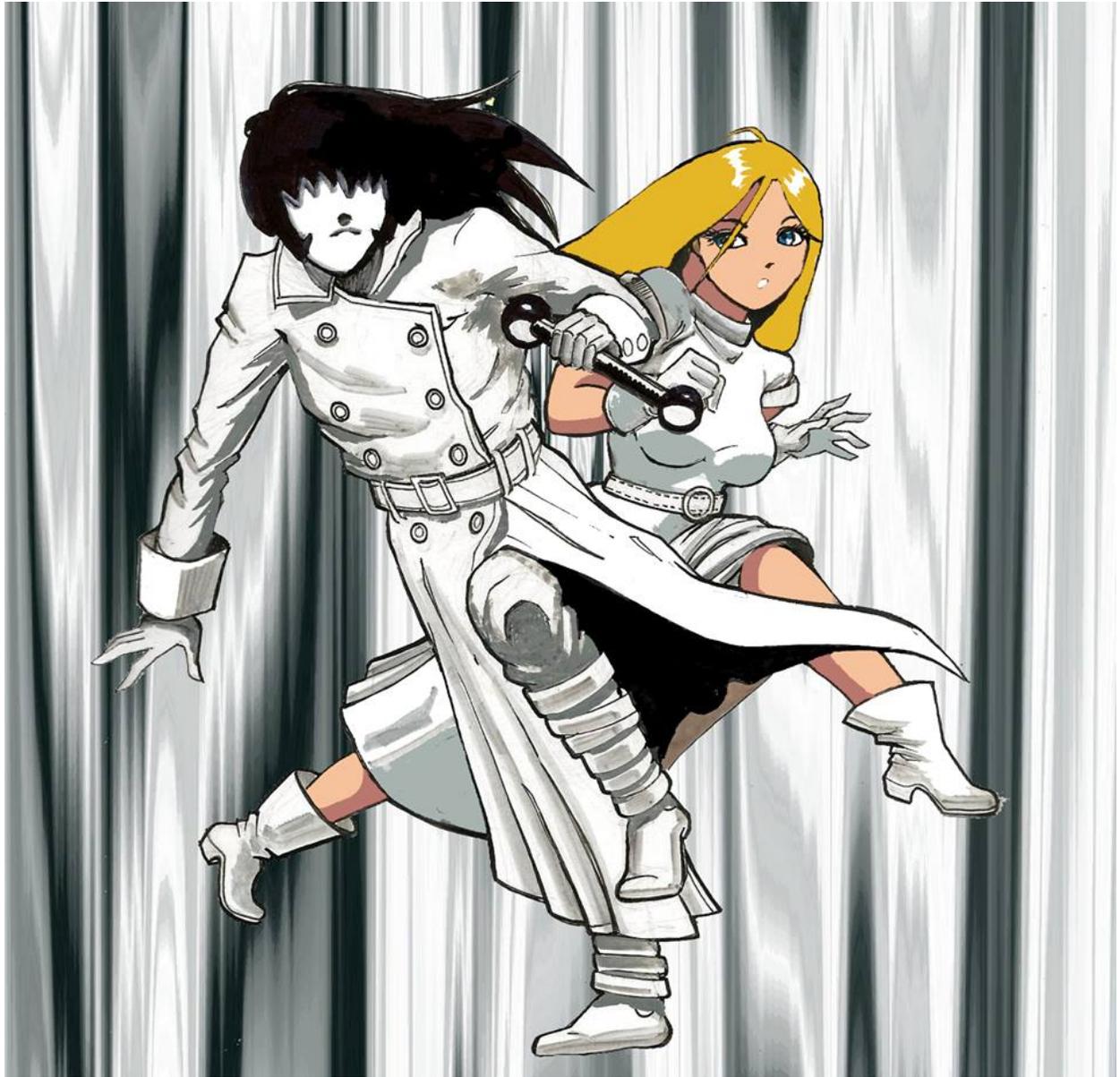
FOR AWHILE, YES, BUT I AM THE SUM OF ALL OF YOU. MY PURPOSE IS TO REMEMBER ALL THE DEATHWATCHES - FOR THEY CALL ME THE NIGHT-WALKER.

LET US GLIMPSE SOME OF THEIR LIVES, PAST AND FUTURE : THE DEATHWATCH OF 1529 AND HIS COUNTERPART OF 1971 ; ART STONE IN 1952 ; JESUS BERNARDE AND GREGORY FARRELL OUT OF THE SIXTIES INTO THE SEVENTIES ; AND LASTLY, FOR NOW, THE BEGINNINGS - THE TALE OF KAARON AND BRAL THE PICT IN THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRST DEATHWATCH ...



TO BEGIN ! ENGLAND 1529, AND THE MARSHES ARE ALIVE WITH SPRITES ...

END PART ONE.











CHATRI
ANPORN SIRI



