



# ELLIUM

MOSER · KRIZAN





KINSHASA, DEMOCRATIC  
REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO

NOVEMBER 14, 2041

IN 2036, THIERRY NGALA  
WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT  
OF THE DRC BY THE  
SLIMMEST OF MARGINS.

HIS FIVE-YEAR  
TERM WAS MARRIED  
BY INCOMPETENCE  
AND ALLEGATIONS  
OF CORRUPTION.

HIS REELECTION IN JUNE,  
2041—AGAIN BY AN INCREDIBLY  
SLIM MARGIN—DREW CLAIMS  
OF ELECTION FRAUD AND VOTER  
MANIPULATION.

IN AUGUST, 2041, IN AN ATTEMPT TO  
BOLSTER HIS SAGGING POPULARITY,  
PRESIDENT NGALA NATIONALIZED THE  
DRC'S LUCRATIVE DIAMOND MINING  
INDUSTRY—

—ABSORBING A NUMBER OF  
PRIVATELY OWNED ENTER-  
PRISES INTO THE STATE-  
OWNED MINING COMPANY,  
GECAMINES.

THE MOVE DID  
LITTLE TO HELP HIS  
POPULARITY.





"A DAWN  
TO DUSK CURFEW  
HAS BEEN PUT INTO  
EFFECT—"





—AFTER A PROTEST TURNED VIOLENT RESULTED IN THE DEATHS OF 6 PEOPLE.

EARLIER TODAY WE SPOKE WITH OPPOSITION LEADER DANIEL KISHWE...



LAST NIGHT'S VIOLENCE IS SIMPLY MORE EVIDENCE OF PRESIDENT NGALA'S FAILURE IN HIS CAPACITY AS THE LEADER OF THIS NATION.



IT IS MY INTENTION TO PUSH FOR A REFERENDUM CALLING FOR THE PRESIDENT TO BE REMOVED FROM OFF—

HNH. YES, WELL, ENOUGH OF THAT.



NOW, AS I WAS SAYING...

GENERAL, AS YOU MAY KNOW, ELLIUM WAS BROUGHT IN MANY YEARS AGO TO HELP WITH THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR FINANCIAL SYSTEM—

—AND, IF I MAY SAY SO, HAS DONE AN ADMIRABLE JOB.



MR. BRODECKER INFORMS ME THAT THEY ALSO HAVE SOME EXPERIENCE WITH THE TYPE OF SECURITY ISSUES THAT HAVE PRESENTED THEMSELVES OF LATE.



THAT'S CORRECT, AND WE'D BE GLAD TO COORDINATE WITH YOUR OFFICERS. MR. STREETER HERE IS—

SO I'M TO TAKE ORDERS FROM FOREIGN MERCENARIES, THEN?









"WHAT WE'RE FACING HERE  
ARE SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS  
IN SOCIETY INTENT ON  
BRINGING THIS  
GOVERNMENT DOWN."



"THERE'S A NUMBER OF  
DIFFERENT PLACES WHERE  
THERE ARE ACTIVITIES  
WHERE THESE ELEMENTS  
ARE OUT THERE."

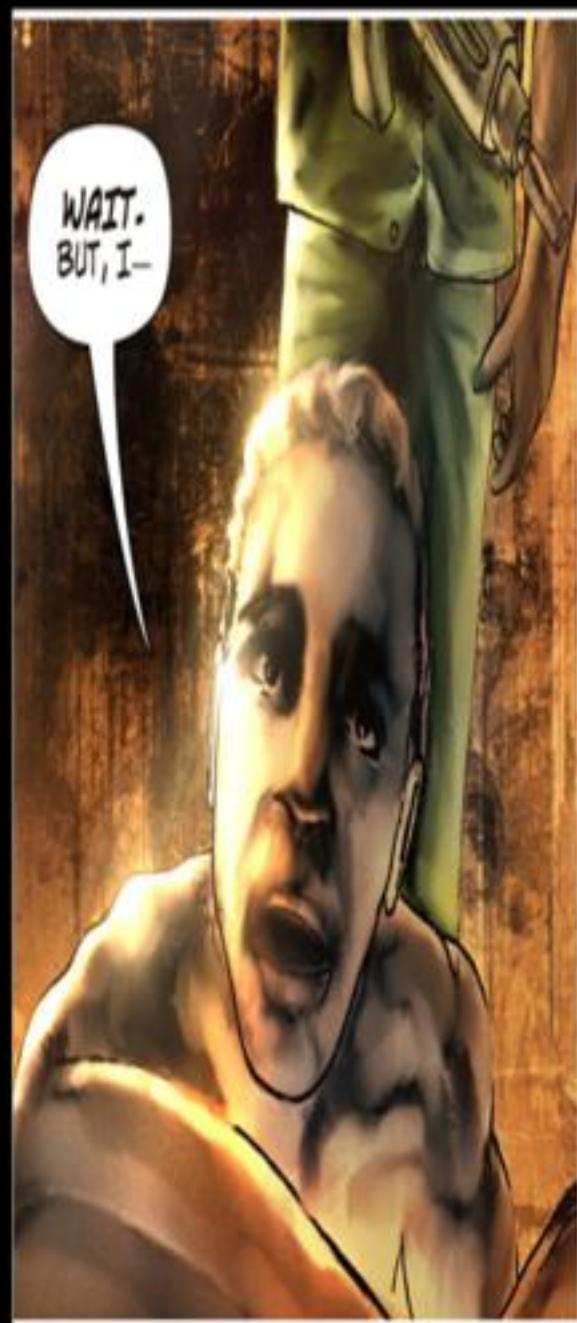


"WE NEED TO  
COUNTER THEM. TO  
ATTACK THEM AND  
DISRUPT THEIR  
NETWORKS."



"A CONFLICT OF THIS  
SORT WILL REQUIRE  
UNCONVENTIONAL AND  
INDIRECT APPROACHES."

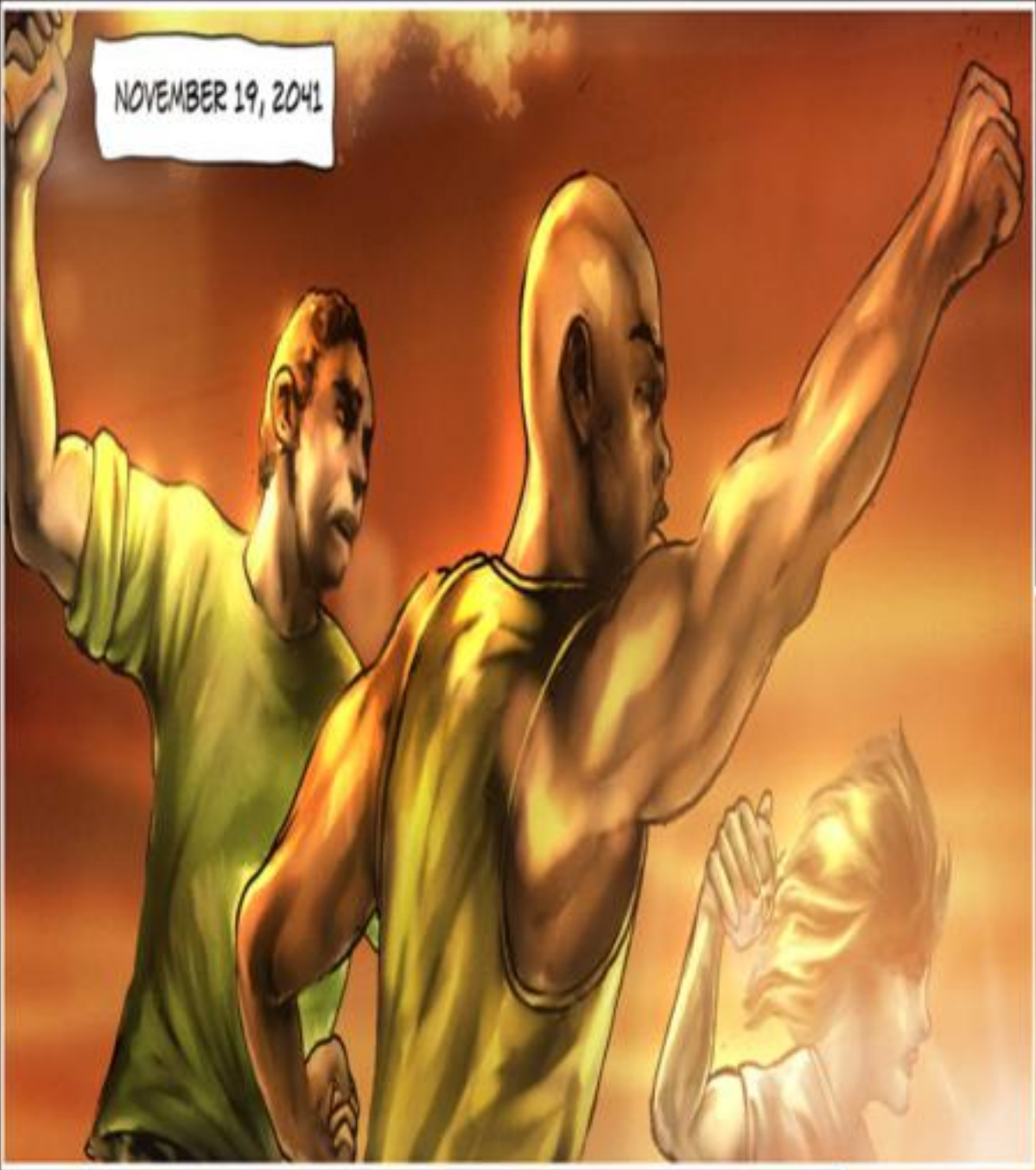
















DISSUADE THEM FROM  
HOSTILE ACTION?



THIS IS  
DISSUADING  
THEM?

MR. PRESIDENT,  
THEY'RE COMING THIS  
WAY. WE SHOULD GET  
YOU SOMEPLACE  
SAFER.

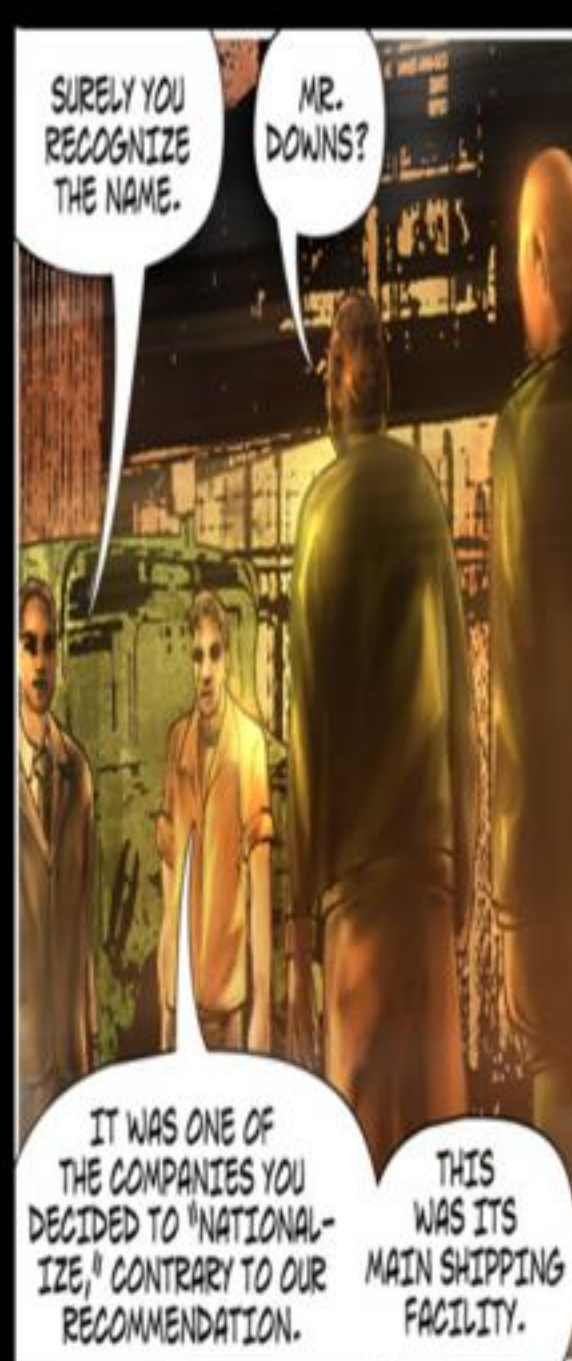
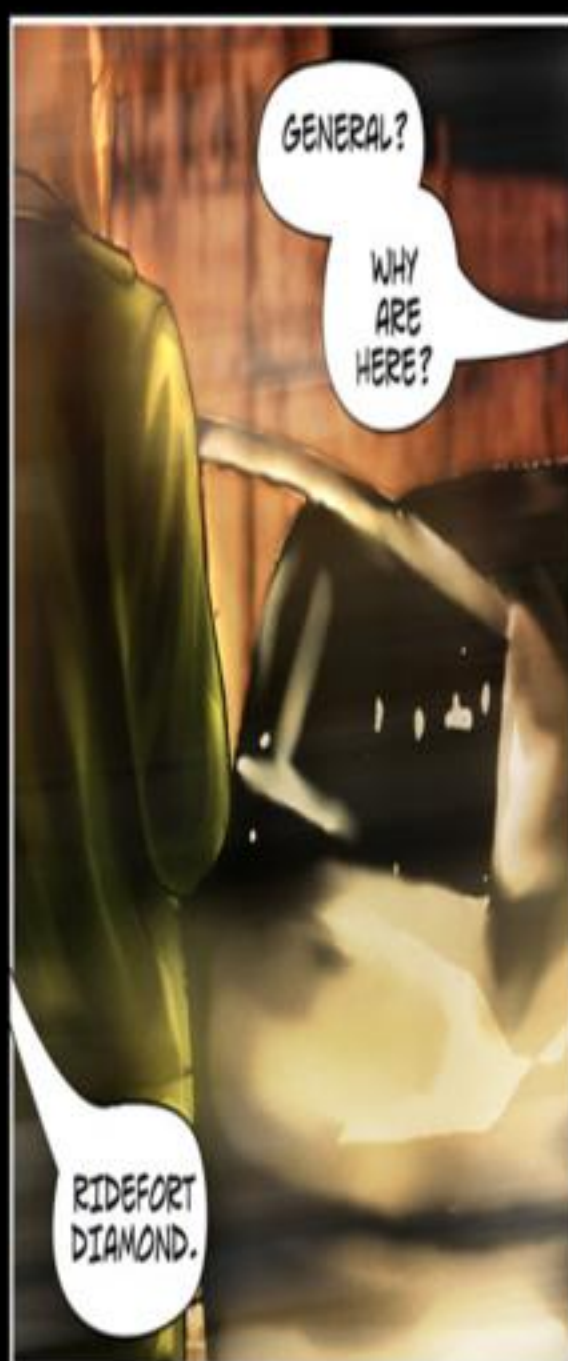


WAIT, MY  
FAMILY...

DON'T  
WORRY. THEY'RE  
BEING TAKEN  
CARE OF.











WHAT ARE  
YOU...?

MY GOD.  
DANIEL?

BUT...  
WHAT—WHAT  
IS THIS?



EMBOLDENED  
BY THE POPULAR  
UPRISING, INSURGENTS  
LOYAL TO OPPOSITION  
LEADER KISHWE KID-  
NAPPED YOU FROM YOUR  
HOME AND BROUGHT  
YOU HERE.





GENERAL  
BUNDAWE ATTEMPTED  
TO FREE YOU, KILLING ALL  
OF THE HOSTAGE TAKERS  
IN THE PROCESS, MR.  
KISHWE INCLUDED.



UNFORTUNATELY, BY  
THE TIME HE ARRIVED, YOUR  
ABDUCTORS HAD ALREADY  
ASSASSINATED YOU.



A MILITARY  
GOVERNMENT  
HEADED BY  
GENERAL  
BUNDAWE IS  
INSTALLED IN  
ORDER TO QUELL  
THE UPRISING  
AND RESTORE  
ORDER—



—A MILITARY GOVERNMENT  
THAT IS MUCH MORE OPEN TO  
FOREIGN INVESTMENT.

PLEASE...

MR.  
STREETER, IF  
YOU WOULD.

BLAM!

END.





BACK  
AGAIN,  
EH?

WHAT  
CAN I GET  
YOU?



YOU,  
UH, HAVEN'T  
SEEN?

YOUR  
LITTLE LADY  
FRIEND?

NOPE.  
'FRID NOT.  
SORRY.



HE DREAMT OF HER  
AGAIN LAST NIGHT.

WHAT?

OH, YEAH.  
YEAH, SURE.



OH.

YOU  
WANT A  
DRINK?





A DARK AND DISTURBINGLY  
EROTIC DREAM THAT LEFT HIM  
WIDE AWAKE, FRIGHTENED  
AND SHIVERING.



HE LAY THERE FOR SEVERAL  
HOURS, HAUNTED BY THE DREAM,  
FEAR SLOWLY RECEDING AND  
GIVING WAY TO AROUSAL.



HE ROLLED OVER, CLUTCHED HIS  
WIFE, AND PULLED HER TOWARD  
HIM, ROUSING HER FROM SLEEP.



ANNOYED, SHE SLAPPED  
AWAY HIS PROBING HANDS  
AND TOLD HIM TO STOP.

ANGERED BY HER  
REFUSAL HE FORCED  
HIMSELF ON HER.





HI,  
CHARLIE.



I CAN  
LEAVE IF  
YOU WANT  
ME TO.

NO.  
I- I MEAN, NO.  
I JUST-

I'VE  
MISSED YOU,  
CHARLIE.



THE ACT DID NOTHING  
TO SATISFY HIS NEED.



JESUS.  
YOU  
SCARED  
ME.

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
IN HERE?

I CAME  
TO SEE YOU,  
OF COURSE.

YEAH,  
BUT...

IN THE  
BATHROOM?







HE WOKE IN A STRANGE MOTEL ROOM, ALONE, FEELING MORE TIRED THAN BEFORE HE FELL ASLEEP.

HE HAD A MOMENT OF PANIC WHEN HE COULDN'T REMEMBER HIS OWN NAME.

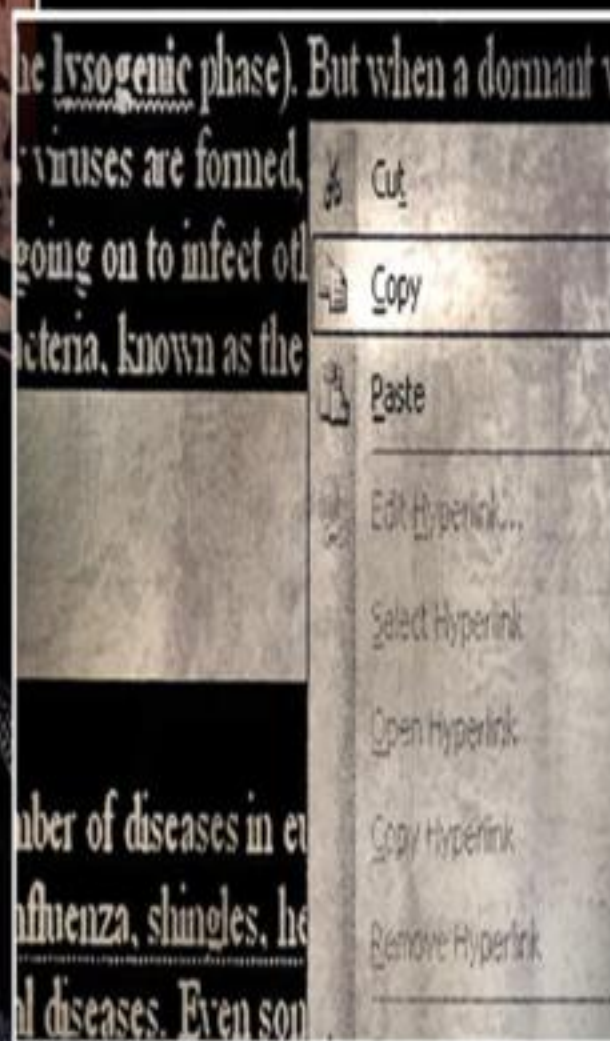


MEMORY RETURNED AND WITH IT THE FLEETING MEMORY OF THE NIGHT BEFORE, VAGUE IMAGES AND SENSATIONS THAT TEASED AND TANTALIZED.

A FEELING OF BEING OUT OF CONTROL, HELPLESS, AS ARMS LIKE TENTACLES ENFOLDED HIM, PULLED HIM IN, TOOK ALL OF HIM DEEP INSIDE UNTIL THERE WAS ALMOST NOTHING LEFT.

UPON WAKING HE FELT WORN AND EMPTY, THAT FEELING OF NEED SOMEHOW EVEN STRONGER THAN BEFORE.









OH.  
DR. ABRAMSON.

WHAT ARE  
YOU...?



WHAT  
THE HELL'S  
GOING ON  
HERE?

NOTHING.  
I, UM, YOU KNOW.  
I WAS JUST-



NOTHING.  
REALLY?

WELL, HOW  
'BOUT WE CALL  
SECURITY.

MAYBE  
GET THE  
POLICE DOWN  
HERE.

SEE  
WHAT THEY  
THINK.









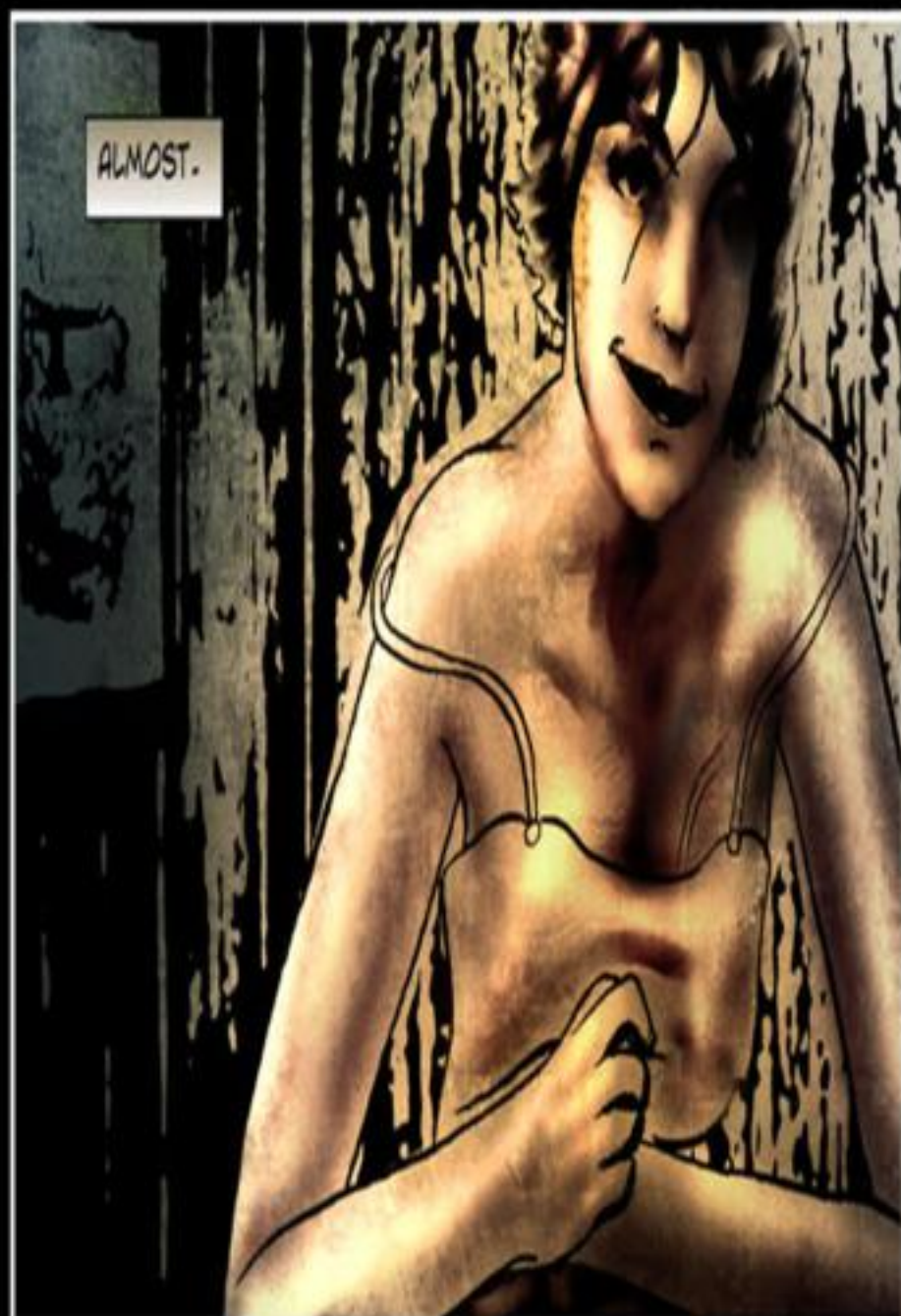
















*Some things are better left undead...*