



CHAPTER 1

WHEN THE MOON WEEPS BLOOD

"Myths are never made. They are born out of countless generations. They embody an instinct, a deep community feeling."

PARISH PRIEST FROM
HOSTAGE TO THE DEVIL BY MALACHI MARTIN

And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they [were] fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also [is] flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years. There were Nephilim in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of Ad'am, and they bare [children] to them, the same [became] mighty men which [were] of old, men of renown.

BOOK OF GENESIS 6:1-4

These cataclysmic events, initiated during the Antediluvian-Age, cumulated with the awful judgment of God, who unleashed the Great Deluge in the year 2348 B.C. They remain to this very day, some of the most hotly debated and highly controversial scriptures throughout the entire Biblical record.

And yet, they are paramount to identifying and comprehending the dark, unrelenting forces that strive to deceive, dominate and ultimately destroy us. The offspring (nephal) of fallen angels (devils) who strive to usurp the Divine identity and authority granted to mankind by seducing him into counter-covenant with ha satan.

We would do well to take diligent heed to the cryptic prophecy of Jesus Christ Himself, who stated about His Second Coming:

"And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man."

GOSPEL OF LUKE 17:26

NEAR THE SEA OF AZOV RECENT PAST

"At night...in the darkness..."

...they come.

"The low, hypnotic booms of the Drums of Doom declare their dreadful advance."

"Black Demons, whom have taken on physical form."

"Ancient abominations of the long forgotten Antediluvian-Age."

"Nightmares incarnate!"

"Stygian souls of the restless, roaming dead."

"Living abortions of astronomical size and immeasurable strength."

"Titans!
Nephilim!"

"The Fallen Ones.
The Lords of Hell."

"Invariably, he leads."

"First and Foremost!"

"The very earth herself shudders beneath him, quaking in utter terror and groaning with lamenting anguish under the oppressive weight of each thunderous step."



"He takes his rightful place above the swarming hordes of his lycanthropic legions--*the Position of Power.*

"The one who wails with such a frightful and ungodly howl so powerful, so potent, and so terrible that it virtually ruptures eardrums and bursts blood vessels.

"Matchless in Might!
Unrivaled in Power!
Uncontested in Authority!"

"Never defeated in battle!
Known throughout the
bygone ages as
The Unconquerable One!

"The Wolf-god!
Lord of the
Howling Dead!"

"Flanked by his Nephilim war-captains; Masters of Enchantment and dark forces of utter despair. Exceedingly fierce and dreadful beyond measure.

"All these are the beginning of sorrows.
For this be the Unveiling...*the Apocalypse.*
What must soon come to pass.

"The very air is damp with death."

Scented with bloodlust and unbridled fear.

"To astir the seething hunger of dark shamans who have embraced unholy gods."

"Men that have given heed to seducing spirits and the doctrines of devils."

"Neuri--man-eaters."

"And the Ariyel..."

"...Lion-like."

"Prowling and pursuing."

"Relentless!
"Inescapable!"

"Voracious eyes that burn with hellish hate..."

"...and hunt!"

"The jaws of death!"

"Slashing.
"Rending.
"Crushing.
Engulfing me!"

"Piercing through flesh and bone to set my soul ablaze with the apex of anguish. Infecting me with burning torment."

WHEN THE MOON
"Into this God awful madness I was born."
WEEPS BLOOD!

LONDON, ENGLAND NEAR FUTURE

Lunar light washes over me and my blood boils hot -- a river of liquid fire surging throughout my body...

...igniting the fury that dwells within. A woeful affliction hushed legends have labeled the Moon-Fever.

Scholars scoff at these notions of myth and lore. Ignorant imbeciles!

Never perceiving that myths are seldom made. That they embody a deeper intuition, the very essence of timeworn truth and keen insight.

The whispered wisdom of our ancient ancestors.



Rise up, O' Yahweh Elohim, and let thine enemies be scattered. Let them that hate Thee flee before Thee.

The hour tolls, for the time is at hand to wage warfare...





All is prepared and I am ready.



To execute *His* judgment...speedily.



Here!

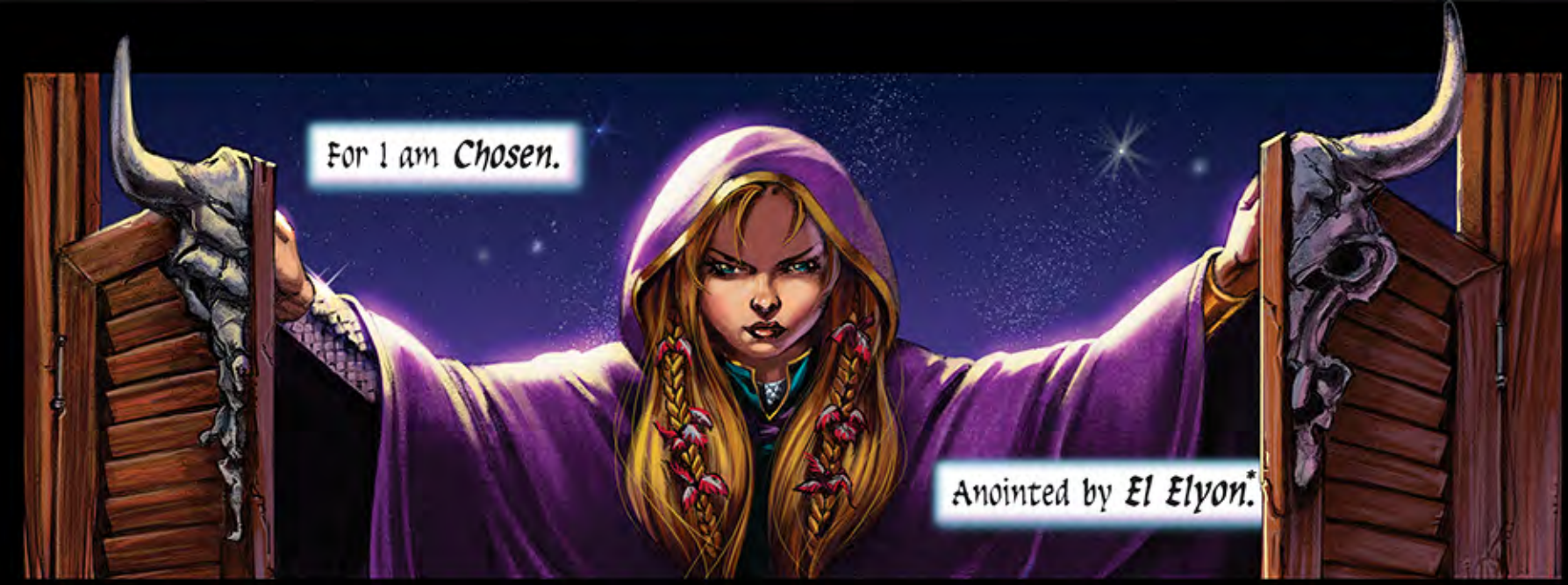


This den of serpents and scorpions...wild, wild west style.



Ignite. Camouflage.

...to engage the gates of hell!



For I am *Chosen*.

Anointed by *El Elyon**



His sleek, swift sword. Sashaying in the midst of mankind.



To seek out and root up. To hunt down!

And utterly vanquish the clandestine *Fallen Ones* who masquerade among this perverse and wicked generation.

For *true evil* rarely announces itself...

* EL ELYON IS HEBREW FOR THE MOST HIGH.

...save perhaps, in the exceptional case of this nine-foot plus, 600-pound mammoth of a man.

Big Daddy D!
The Duke of Dope.
The Sovereign of Smack.
The Maharajah of Morphine.
The Prince of the Poppy.
The King of Cocaine.
The undisputed
Super-Star of Sorcery.

More formally known as
Drake the Snake!
King Cobra of the world's
legal and illegal drug trade.

Acquiring his nickname for being
very quick to lose his volcanic temper,
and even faster on the draw.

One of the **Gibborim!**
Those who Genesis records as
the **Mighty Men of Old,**
Men of Renown.

The absolute epitome of a rude,
crude, lewd and very deadly dude,
possessed with a **bodacious appetite**
for brew, bimbos and an entire
mountain range of bloody money.
Sitting supreme as he...



...holds court with his arch drug lords; the secret syndicate of total drug domination over the whole world.

WELL NOW, LOOKIE HERE.

A STRANGER COME TO VISIT US AND CUTTING A VERY FINE FORM INDEED-E-DEED.

A GENTEEL MEDIEVAL DOVE, DRAKE BABY.



I see the drug trade is flourishing, Drake.

LIKE A FIELD OF FRESHLY PLANTED POPPIES.

TO WHAT, MAY I ASK, DO WE OWE THIS UNEXPECTED PLEASURE?

COME PERHAPS, TO BECOME ONE OF MY DEVOTED COWGIRLS?

Spare me your degrading innuendos. I prefer the Eagles.

THE EAGLES!

GIVE ME A BREAK, BABY DOLL! TAKE ONE GOOD LONG LOOK BEHIND ME.



THAT'S FIVE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS. COUNT 'EM... **FIVE!**

CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHAT THE EAGLES HAVE IN THEIR SUPER BOWL TROPHY CASE?

ANYONE?!



YAW, BOSS! NOTHING... BUTTA BUCKET OF FRIED CHICKEN!

HA HA HA

HA HA HA

I find your mocking mirth, reproachful.

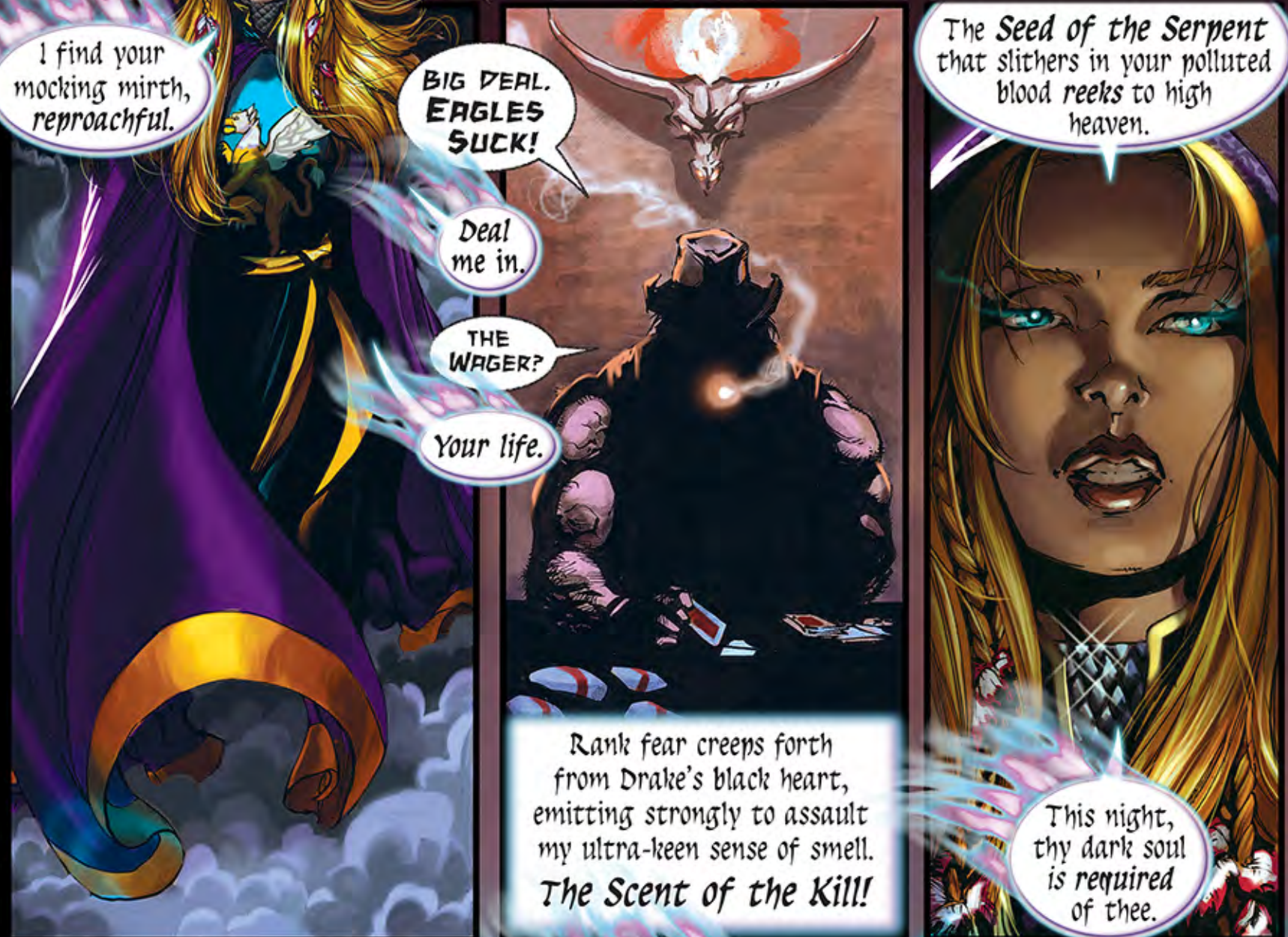
BIG DEAL. EAGLES SUCK!

Deal me in.

THE WAGER?

Your life.

The Seed of the Serpent that slithers in your polluted blood reeks to high heaven.



Rank fear creeps forth from Drake's black heart, emitting strongly to assault my ultra-keen sense of smell. **The Scent of the Kill!**

This night, thy dark soul is required of thee.

Time to know the Lord.



A nauseating, putrid stench warning me of imminent danger.



BOOM!

Dog-slow, Drake.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

Indignation.

I disdain firearms.



The utter lack of skill and courage they require for use is nothing short of deplorable.



KRAASH!

PATHETIC PEONS!



CAACCAH

DON'T JUST STAND AROUND WITH YOUR TONGUES WAGGING AND LET THIS LUNATICK ASSAULT ME?

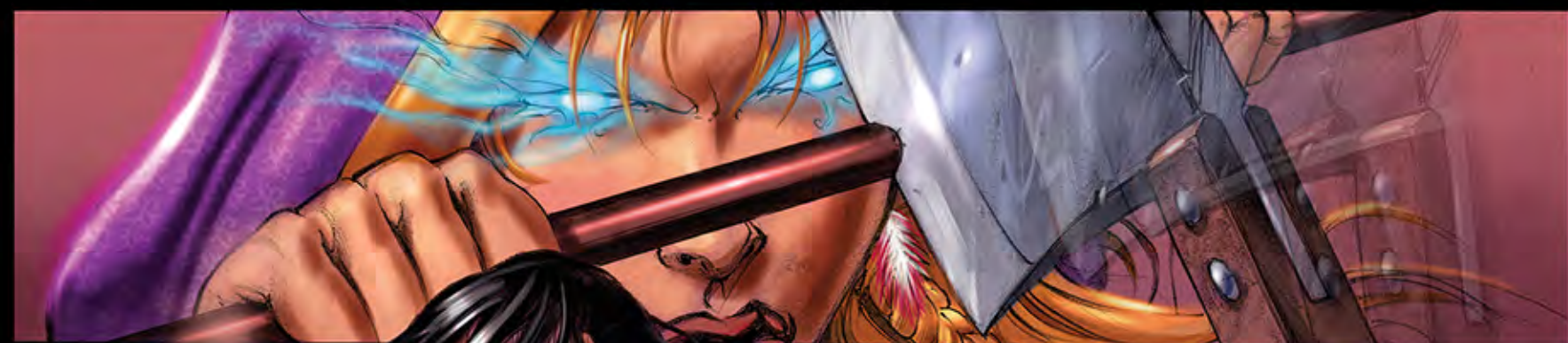
ATTACK!

Brute beasts...





LET'S SEE THIS DARING DAMSEL DODGE THESE!



BLAST YOUR BOUNCING BUTT TO PLUTO!

...wielding fire and thunder...

Drrraake!...



...forfeit!

ARGH!

SWOOSH

...the works of your hands are an evil offense before the Lord.

Therefore, I deem them...



...usurping the Divine authority over life and death. Man playing God. Most unwise in the extreme!

His expression is quite telling. For the very first time in his overtly wicked existence, Drake knows the dread of righteous reckoning, face-to-face.

You made the wine, Drake.

UNGHK
MY TURN NOW, WENCH!

Now, drink the dregs!

AWROO

YOU WILL DIE SCREAMING IN UNIMAGINABLE TORMENT! FROTHING IN YOUR OWN BOILING BLOOD!

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN YOUR TINY PATHETIC TOOTHPICK TO TAKE ME DOWN.

TIME TO TANGO!

WHIPASH

COME TO ME, MY LITTLE DOVE.

AND I WILL GIVE YOUR FLESH UNTO THE FOWLS OF THE AIR...

...AND TO THE WILD BEASTS.

Oh, I don't think so, you chauvinistic, brutish, utterly repulsive...

...Gorilla.

YEEA YAA!

CRASH

Degenerate Deviate!

What do you have to say for your sorry self now?

Vile Dog!

You dare to speak to me so?

Kill you... CRAZY SHAK!





RAUCK!

The Abyssos yawns wide for thee, Gibbor. Anxiously anticipating thy foul spirit.

FREEZE! POLICE!

This is the Undisputed King of the world's drug trade! Wanted in ten countries, at least!

LOWER YOUR WEAPON AND STEP AWAY, WOMAN!

Gross Violations!

Utter contempt for Law, order and the plain decency that you have sworn to uphold and protect!

Rapid Response units, armed with high-powered firearms. Something surely be amiss here.



LET DRAKE GO, OR DIE!

humph Men. Retrieve.

VAA-ROOON



LOOK OUT!

CRASH



Slay you later, Drake.

SLUMPHE



VOOON



RA-KAK

RA-KAK

RA-KAK

RA-KAK

RA-KAK

RA-KAK



YOU OK, BIG DADDY?

I THINK HIS JAW IS BUSTED.

SIR, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?

WHO WAS THAT LUNATICK?

NO IDEA...



"...BUT I'M SURE WE'LL FIND OUT."



I pass majestic *Arundel Castle* on my way home. The great Norman fortress built in southern England on the order of William the Conqueror, soon after his historic conquest of 1066 A.D.



This lovely and quaint medieval town of *Arundel* in West Sussex...



...where I have built my secluded and most private estate, far away from prying eyes, while providing me easy access to greater London.



OH, THERE YOU ARE.



DID YOU MISS ME, BABY BOO?



The twilight is delightfully tranquil until the dreaded Yareach Dam* creeps up on me like a slithering serpent in the dew laden grass.

Fingers of fire that dive down to awaken the slumbering lion within.



And the fury strikes without warning nor remorse...



OH, NO.

YESHUA, HELP ME!

But there is no answer from Heaven.

Only the ceaseless pounding of my heart...

...when the Moon Weeps Blood!

...like a sledgehammer cracking open my rib cage and the rolling ball of fire bursting asunder in my head.

* YAREACH DAM IS HEBREW FOR MOON OF BLOOD

** YESHUA IS HEBREW FOR JESUS



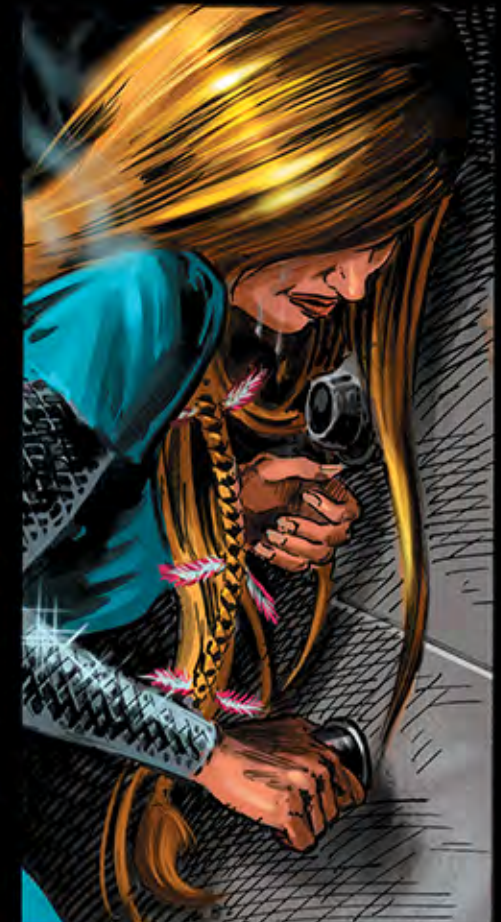
Tearing torment!
A feeding frenzy erupting within my bowels, ripping at me and setting my soul ablaze. As if being eaten alive from the inside out.



O' Lord, woe is me, when I can but howl Heavenward unto Thee like a anguished banshee, the lycanthropic lamentation of an Ariyel.

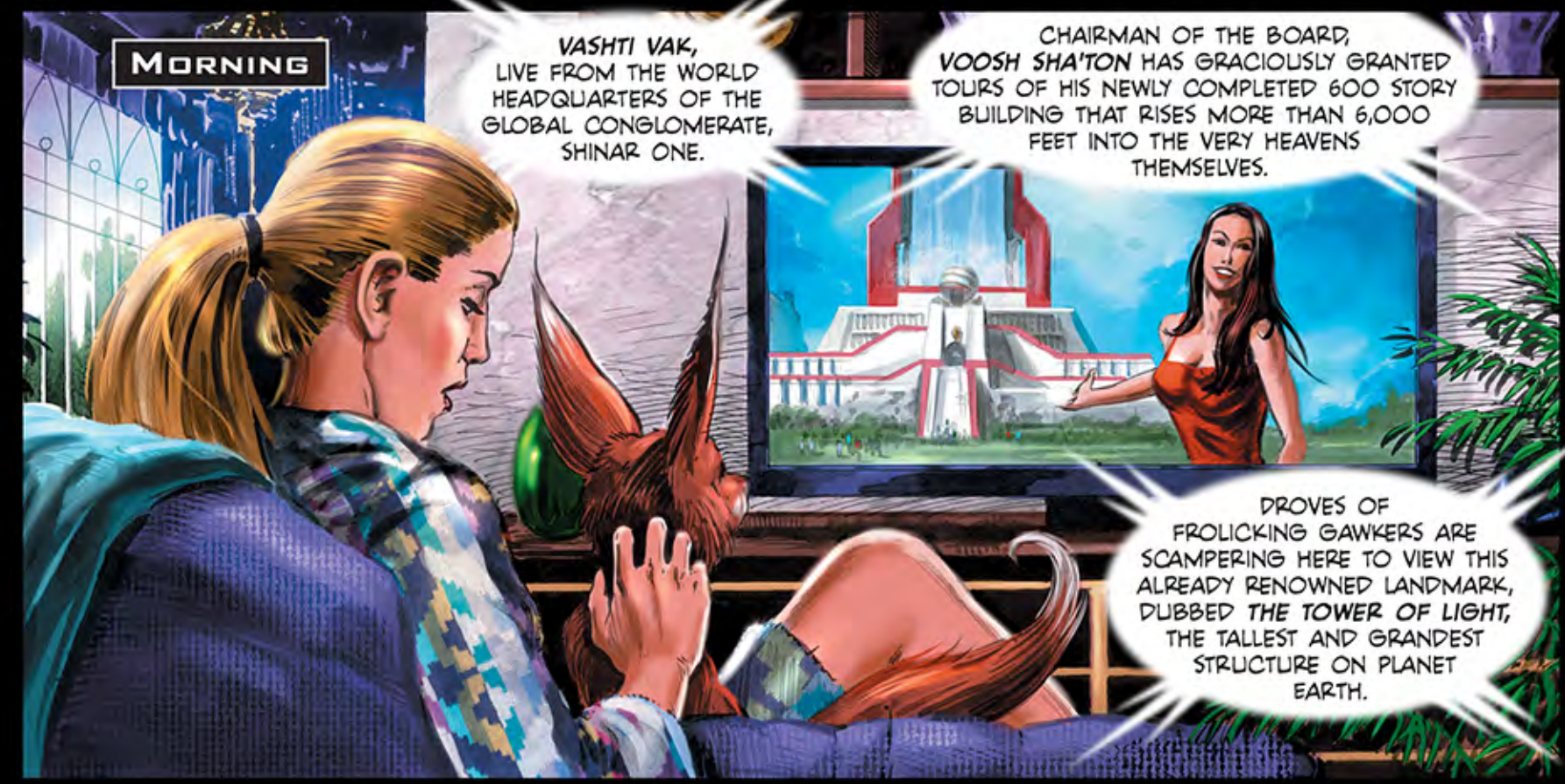


This is the cross that I must bear.



At last, in the inner sanctuary, cool Divine Light washes away the searing torture...

...embracing me with peaceful rest.



MORNING

VASHTI VAK, LIVE FROM THE WORLD HEADQUARTERS OF THE GLOBAL CONGLOMERATE, SHINAR ONE.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, VOOSH SHA'TON HAS GRACIOUSLY GRANTED TOURS OF HIS NEWLY COMPLETED 600 STORY BUILDING THAT RISES MORE THAN 6,000 FEET INTO THE VERY HEAVENS THEMSELVES.

DROVES OF FROlicking GAWKERS ARE SCAMPERING HERE TO VIEW THIS ALREADY RENOWNED LANDMARK, DUBBED THE TOWER OF LIGHT, THE TALLEST AND GRANDEST STRUCTURE ON PLANET EARTH.



JUST THE PRIVILEGED FEW WILL BE GRANTED PERMISSION TO TOUR DURING IT'S ONE WEEK ONLY OPEN HOUSE.

AND, WHAT DO YOU THINK, BABY BOO?



I KNOW. I KNOW. "WHO CARES..."

"...JUST MAKE SURE TO FILL UP MY BREAKFAST BOWL BEFORE YOU LEAVE FOR WORK."

LAMBETH, LONDON

GOOD LORD!

THIS MUST HAVE BEEN AN ENGINEERING NIGHTMARE.

LADY ALANY, THESE WALL AQUARIUMS ARE MAGNIFICENT FOR SURE.

BUT, IT IS THEIR INTEGRITY WHICH CONCERNS US MOSTLY. IF THEY WERE TO CRACK, OR BREAK OPEN.

BOB, YOU KNOW THAT EACH WALL IS SUPPORTED BY STEEL GIRDERS AND PLEXI-GLASS FOUR INCHES THICK.

AND THE BLUE JOHN PILLARS ARE AS STALWART AS SOLID MARBLE. THE LORDS OF LONDON UNDERWRITERS FRET WITHOUT MERIT.

FRETTING IS OUR BUSINESS, YOUNG LADY. PARTICULARLY WHEN IT COMES TO A 20 MILLION POUND INSURANCE POLICY.



I'VE SPENT A FORTUNE TO INSURE THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND SAFETY IN EVERY ASPECT OF THE AQUA-MARINE.

IT WOULD LITERALLY TAKE THE BIBLICAL BEHEMOTH TO MATERIALIZE OUT OF THE LONDON FOG TO DO ANY DAMAGE HERE.

STRANGER THINGS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO HAPPEN, YOUNG LADY.



OH, ALL RIGHT. THE FINAL POLICY PAPERS WILL BE PREPARED AND READY FOR YOU TO SIGN IN ONE WEEK.

SPLendid, BOB. JUST BRING THEM WITH YOU TO THE OPENING. WHAT DO YOU HAVE PLANNED FOR THE REST OF THE DAY?

MAGGIE AND I HAVE BEEN INVITED TO TAKE THE TOUR OF SHINAR ONE.

SAY, WE DO HAVE ONE EXTRA VIP PASS. DID YOU KNOW THAT VOOSH SHATON PAID LONDON 20 BILLION POUNDS FOR ST. JAMES PARK IN ORDER TO BUILD HIS WORLD HEADQUARTERS THERE?

INDEED, RIGHT IN THE VERY HEART OF WESTMINSTER. THE ONCE CELEBRATED PUBLIC PARK, FOR ALL TO ENJOY, NOW FENCED OFF AND IN THE HANDS OF THIS ENIGMATIC TYCOON.

YES, BUT PARLIAMENT DID DRAW THE LINE AT HIS OFFER FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

