

GILLEN ROSSIGNOL STOKELY BONVILLAIN COWLES

Image  
ISSUE 2

# THE Ludocrats

2. HEROIC ACTS OF VISCERA DIVING AND GIGANTIPEDE STIMULATION.





ONCE UPON  
A TIME...

*there was a*  
WEDDING *where*  
a STEAM-JUDGE  
*met a* LARGE MAN  
*with an* AXE.

*The* STEAM-JUDGE  
*was* ARRESTED *by*  
BORING PEOPLE.

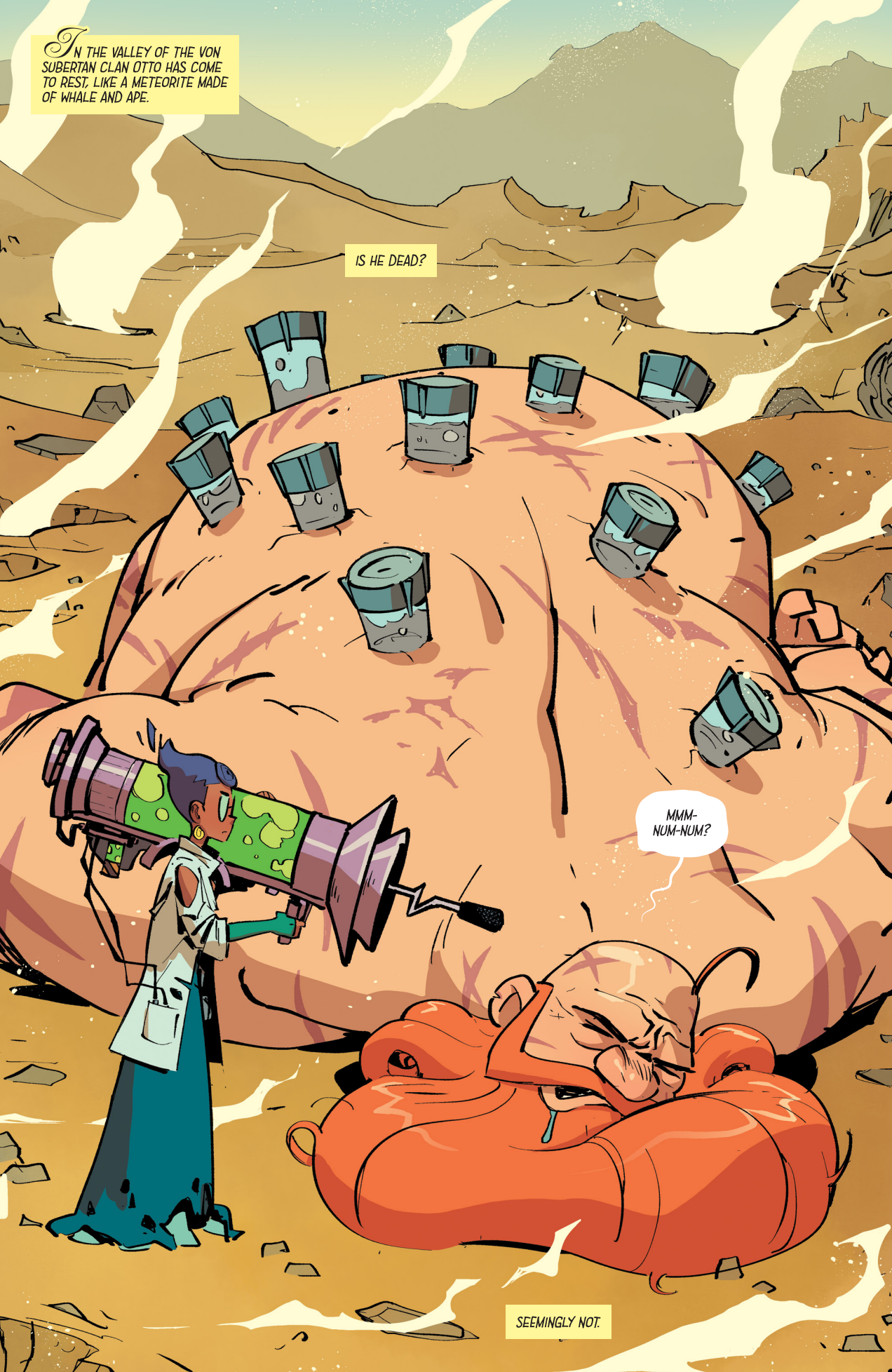
*The* LARGE MAN  
*with an* AXE  
*was* MIFFED.

*I*N THE VALLEY OF THE VON SUBERTAN CLAN OTTO HAS COME TO REST, LIKE A METEORITE MADE OF WHALE AND APE.

IS HE DEAD?

MMM-  
NUM-NUM?

SEEMINGLY NOT.





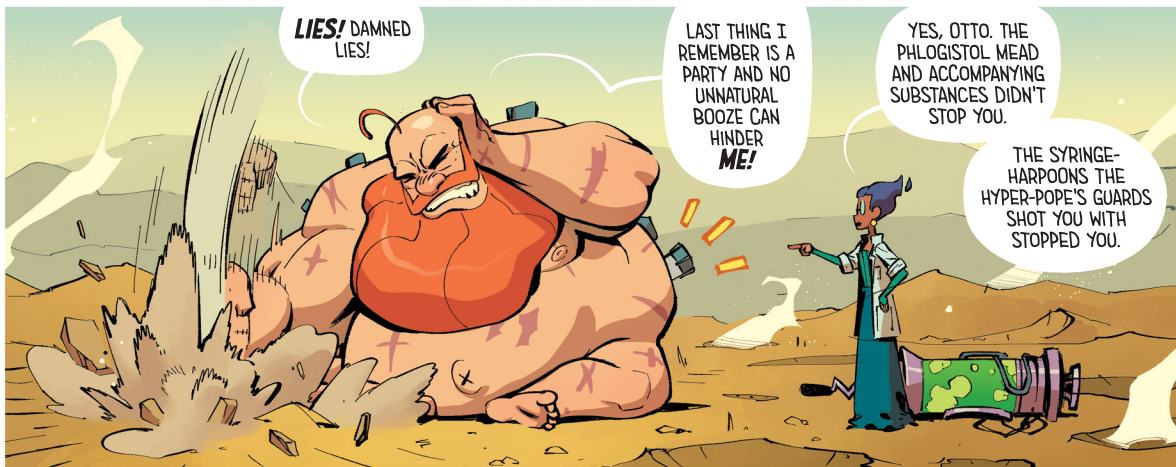
OH GOOD. YOU'RE FINALLY AWAKE.

HMMGH. BUT... HOW DID I COME TO BE ASLEEP?



CHEMICALS, OTTO.

A GRAND ARRAY OF CHEMICALS.



LIES! DAMNED LIES!

LAST THING I REMEMBER IS A PARTY AND NO UNNATURAL BOOZE CAN HINDER ME!

YES, OTTO. THE PHLOGISTOL MEAD AND ACCOMPANYING SUBSTANCES DIDN'T STOP YOU.

THE SYRINGE-HARPOONS THE HYPER-POPE'S GUARDS SHOT YOU WITH STOPPED YOU.



I... OH, IT'S FOGGY.

WHAT IS THIS?

AND...WHAT'S THAT THING YOU'RE DRAGGING AROUND? AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME? OH! I THINK I KNOW THAT ONE...



FRIENDPERSON. YOU ARE NOW CALLED FRIENDPERSON. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, FRIENDPERSON?

HADES! I'M PROFESSOR HADES AND YOU ARE IN A STATE.

THAT IS ONE OF THE GUARD'S HARPOONS AND THIS IS THE SONIC CANNON I WAS HOPING TO AWAKEN YOU WITH.



OH, THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW.

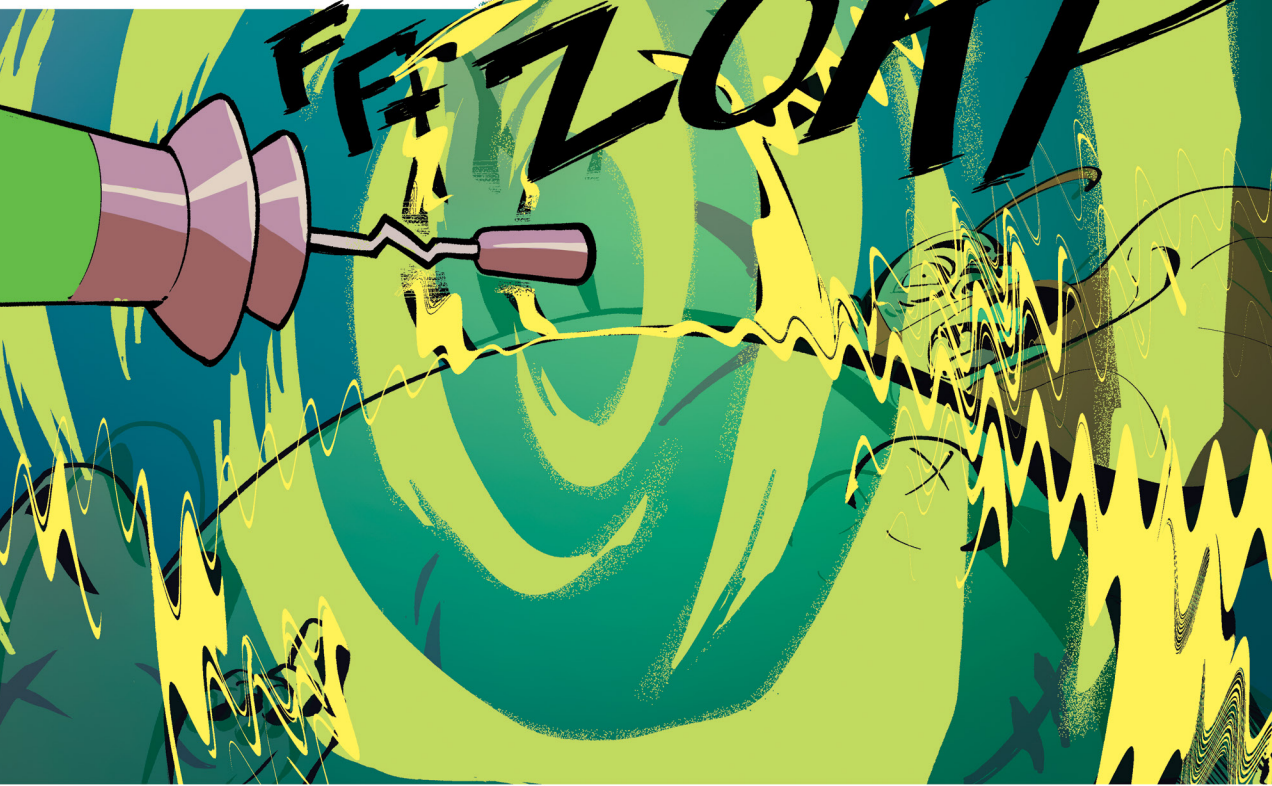
SO...WHERE DID THIS OTHER LITTLE THING COME FROM?

THE  
**GUARDS,**  
OTTO. THE  
GUARDS!  
THIS IS  
USELESS.

I THINK  
IT'S TIME FOR  
A FORTIFYING  
BLAST OF THE  
CANNON.

WELL, YOU'RE  
THE DOCTOR, PROFESSOR  
FRIENDPERSON.

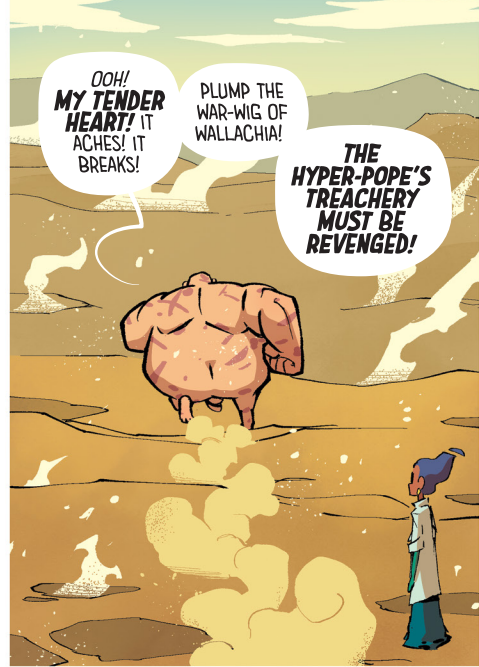
AND YOU  
**DID** BRING IT ALL THE  
WAY OUT HERE. WOULD BE  
A DAMNED SHAME TO NOT  
GIVE IT A--





MY DARLING GRATTY! MY SOULMATE!

**ARRESTED!**



OOH! MY TENDER HEART! IT ACHES! IT BREAKS!

PLUMP THE WAR-WIG OF WALLACHIA!

**THE HYPER-POPE'S TREACHERY MUST BE REVENGED!**



*SOME TIME LATER.*



YOUR WAR-WIG, SIRE.



HMM. NO. MAYBE IT'S A TRIFLE HOT FOR THE OL' WAR-WIG.

WELL, BETTER GET THIS THING STARTED, EH, HADES?



WE ARE GATHERED HERE TO REVENGE TREACHERY, TREMENDOUS! SO: SECRECY, PROFESSIONALISM, THAT SORT OF THING.

MAY I INTRODUCE OUR MASTERMIND, PROFESSOR HADES ZERO-K.

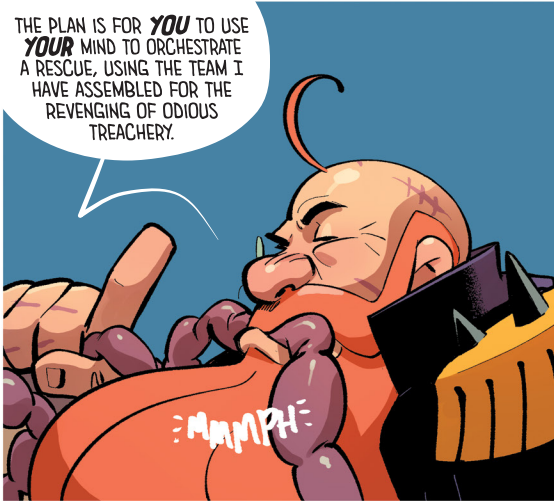
...MASTERMIND?

"EVERYONE" THIS WAY.



YES! THE MASTERMIND TO EXECUTE THE PLAN FOR THE TEAM I HAVE ASSEMBLED TO RESCUE THE UNJUSTLY INCARCERATED MAIDEN!

DETAILS, OTTO, YOU MUST SUPPLY A MIND AS COMPLEX AS MINE WITH DETAILS! WHAT IS YOUR ACTUAL PLAN?



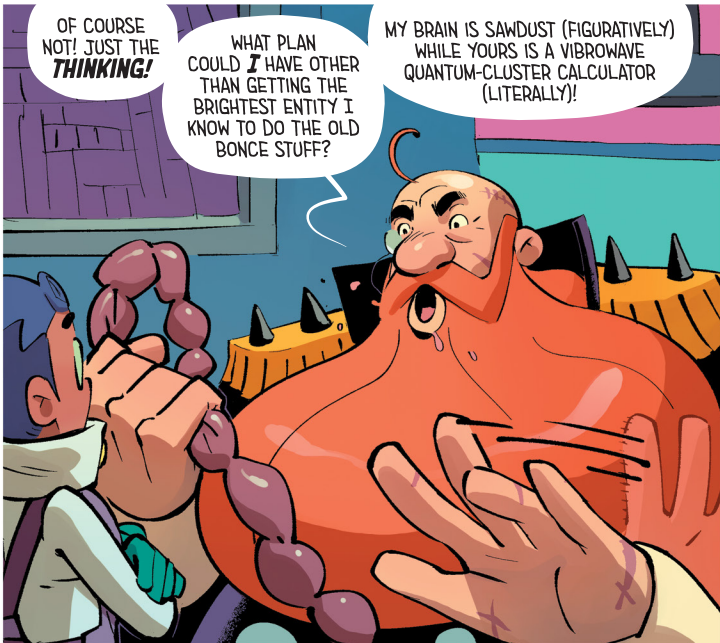
THE PLAN IS FOR **YOU** TO USE **YOUR** MIND TO ORCHESTRATE A RESCUE, USING THE TEAM I HAVE ASSEMBLED FOR THE REVENGING OF OBIOUS TREACHERY.

MMPH



THE ENTIRETY OF YOUR PLAN IS FOR **ME** TO DO ALL THE WORK?

SWRP



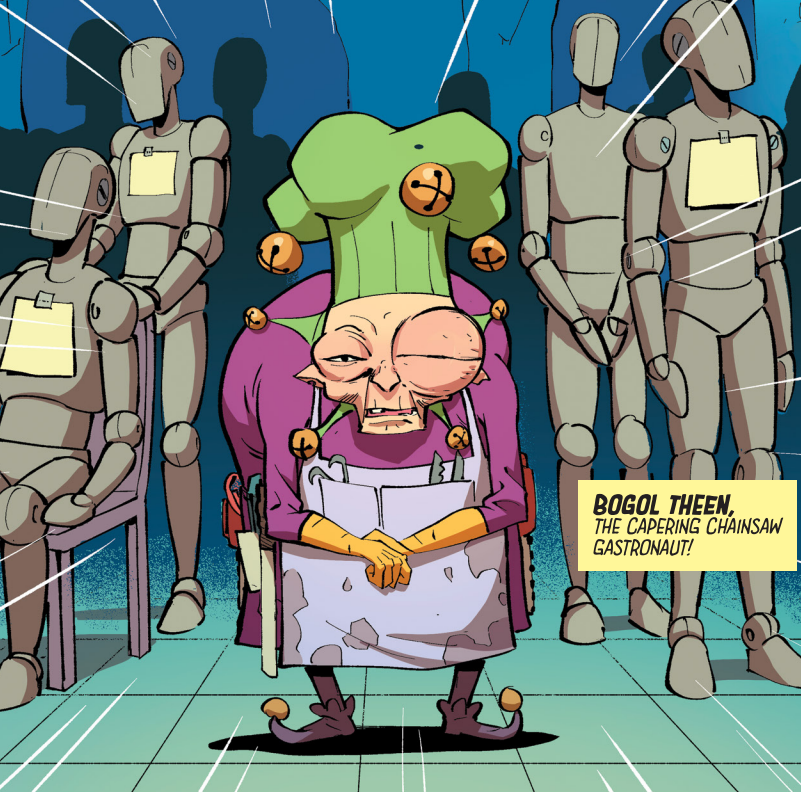
OF COURSE NOT! JUST THE **THINKING!**

WHAT PLAN COULD **I** HAVE OTHER THAN GETTING THE BRIGHTEST ENTITY I KNOW TO DO THE OLD BONCE STUFF?

MY BRAIN IS SAWDUST (FIGURATIVELY) WHILE YOURS IS A VIBROWAVE QUANTUM-CLUSTER CALCULATOR (LITERALLY)!



OH, OTTO. VERY WELL. LET'S SEE WHO I HAVE TO WORK WITH...



**BOGOL THEN,**  
THE CAPERING CHAINSAW  
GASTRONAUT!



IS THIS IT?

*ZZZZZZ*

**VOLDIGAN THE PERFDIOUS,** BETRAYER OF THE SWINE MEN, TRAITOR OF THE MARCHES AND TRUSTLESS QUISLING OF THE OUTLAND BACKSTABBER GUILDS.

SORRY WE'RE LATE.

**ELAINA TRIPTYCH,**  
CELEBRITY SURGEON.

I WAS PROBABLY UPSET OVER GRATTY'S ARREST.

THAT'S A CREDIBLE EXCUSE, YES?



*ZOP*



IT CERTAINLY IS, ELAINA! OUR HEARTS POUND IN GRIEF AS ONE!

PLUS, I HAVE SECURED A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA. LET IT NOT BE SAID THAT A VON SUBERTAN FEAST IS UNDERSUPPLIED WITH **MEAT.**



**SHOGGOD MUIR!  
THE COLLAPSED  
SIRE OF SUBERTAN!**



OH,  
**OTTO.**

**YES!** THOUGHT  
A FEW OF THE KIDS  
COULD HELP OUT. THEY'RE  
ALWAYS UP FOR  
AN OUTING.



VERY WELL.  
NOW...DO YOU HAVE  
SOME MANNER OF TECHNICAL  
SCHEMATIC OF THE GOOD  
STEAM-JUDGE LADY  
GRATTINIA'S PRISON?

AH,  
YES. BATS!  
BATS! TO ME,  
MY BATS!



THE GIGANTIPEDIC  
SPERMATAZOIC  
LEPIDOPTERAPEDE  
*(a.k.a. The Cloud  
Caterpillar)*

Where my dearest  
Gratty is most  
unjustly imprisoned.  
*(Also: it's eating  
most of Prussia,  
but Damnnations  
to the Prussians!)*

LO! BEHOLD!  
THE PRISON OF  
MY LOVE!

HMM. INFILTRATING AN INVINCIBLE INVERTEBRATE; THE MOST ONEROUS OF TASKS. IN THE LARVAL STATE, BEFORE IT BECOMES A TRANQUIL CASTLE LEPIDOPTERA, IT WILL BE QUITE THE CHALLENGE...

ARE YOU SURE YOUR AFFECTIONS FOR THIS LADY ARE SO RESOLUTE?

ABSOLUTELY! I DESIRE HER FROM THE TIP OF HER NOSE TO THE FRAME OF HER ENORMOUSLY REINFORCED PELVIS.

AND YOU MUST RESCUE HER SO WE CAN PLOUGH OUR TROUGH WITH ONE ANOTHER.



YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS, OTTO. THIS IS NO MERE GEOTHERMIC GIGANTIPEDE.

THIS IS A GIGANTIPEDIC SPERMATAZOIC LEPIDOPTERAPEDE.

IT...OH, I HAVEN'T THE TIME.



BUT I DO! TURN TO DOCTOR X-POSITION'S GUIDE TO THE OMNI-OMNIVORE, WHERE WE WILL TALK YOU THROUGH THE WONDER OF SKY CATERPILLARS IN PAINFULLY EXCRUCIATING AND OVER-LITERAL DETAILS!



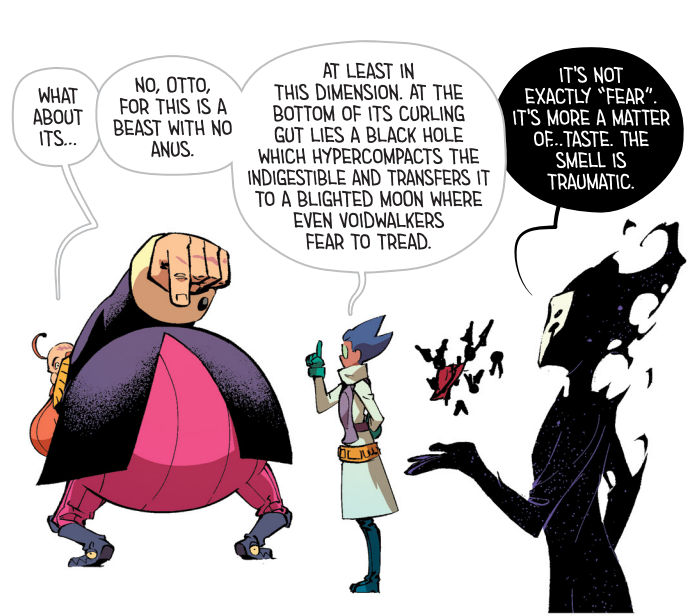


THE PROBLEM? IN THIS LARVAL STAGE, ALL IT DOES IS EAT.

THEY WILL NEVER CEASE UNTIL THE BEAST IS SATIATED. AND WORSE!

(WELL, EAT AND BOMBARD THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH GIRTHSIDES OF SPERMADRONES TO SCARE AWAY ITS SEXUAL COMPETITORS.)

THOSE JAWS ARE THE **ONLY** ENTRANCE INTO THE BEAST'S INTERIOR!



WHAT ABOUT ITS...

NO, OTTO, FOR THIS IS A BEAST WITH NO ANUS.

AT LEAST IN THIS DIMENSION. AT THE BOTTOM OF ITS CURLING GUT LIES A BLACK HOLE WHICH HYPERCOMPACTS THE INDIGESTIBLE AND TRANSFERS IT TO A BLIGHTED MOON WHERE EVEN VOIDWALKERS FEAR TO TREAD.

IT'S NOT EXACTLY "FEAR". IT'S MORE A MATTER OF... TASTE. THE SMELL IS TRAUMATIC.



I CAN'T GO THERE. PLUS THE BLACK HOLE IN THE BUTTHOLE ALSO DISTORTS TIME AND SPACE. WITHOUT A HOMING BEACON INSIDE, I CAN'T EVEN GET **MYSELF** IN...

NEITHER ANALY, ORALLY NOR URETHRALLY MAY WE SAFELY ENTER THIS BEAST.



URETHRALLY?

ALAS, ITS MULTI-COCKED CANNONS SEAL WHEN NOT EJACULATING WAR-SPERM.



HMM. BEAT THE BALLY HELL OUT OF IT?

I COULD GIVE IT THE OLD ONE-TWO.

NO, OTTO.

THIS IS AN ONEROUS TASK. ONEROUS, TWOEROUS, THREEEROUS, EVEN.

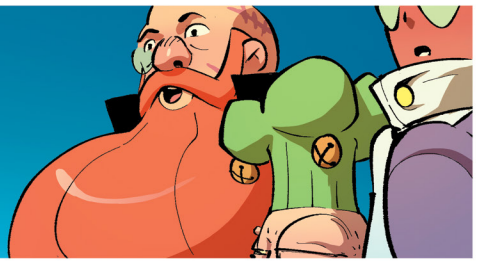


WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE INSIDE THE BEAST THE STEAM-JUDGE IS BEING KEPT!

SHE'S INSIDE ONE OF THE BEAST'S PRISON EGGS. HOLLOWED OUT INTO QUARTERS, THEN THE SHELL HARDENED BY AN INDUCED FERTILISATION.

THE BEAST'S NATURAL INTERNAL FAUNA HAS BEEN SUPPLEMENTED BY A PLATOON OF THE UNDEAD HYPER-PAPAL GRENADIERS, THE ONLY INFANTRY WHO CAN BE EASILY MOVED INSIDE.

THEY'RE DOUBED WITH PHEROMONIC FLUIDS TO APPROACH SAFELY, THEN ARE CONSUMED BY THE CREATURE AND RISE AGAIN IN ITS BELLY. THEY PATROL FOR SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE THE ANTIBODIES OF THE CREATURE DISSOLVE THEM, THEN THEY'RE REPLACED.



I'VE DETAILED THEIR WEAPONRY LOAD-OUTS AND PATROLS IN THESE SCROLLS FOR EASY REFERENCE, HADES.

HOW DID YOU COME BY THIS INFORMATION, VOLDIGAN?

I, UH, LUCKY GUESSES?

SOUNDS FINE TO ME! WHO WOULD DOUBT VOLDIGAN THE PERFIDIOUS IN SUCH A MATTER?

WHO INDEED?



VERY WELL, I HAVE A PLAN.

THIS IS WHAT WE SHALL DO, FIRST...



"...A DISGUISE FOR BOGOL THEEN, ASSORTED CRANIAL CONTENTS, TIME FOR THE GOOD COOK TO DO GOOD COOKING AND ONE OF MY SONIC PROJECTORS. AND THEN..."

**BRAIN PIES!  
BRAIN PIES!  
CEREBELLUM  
LIGHTLY  
FRIED!**



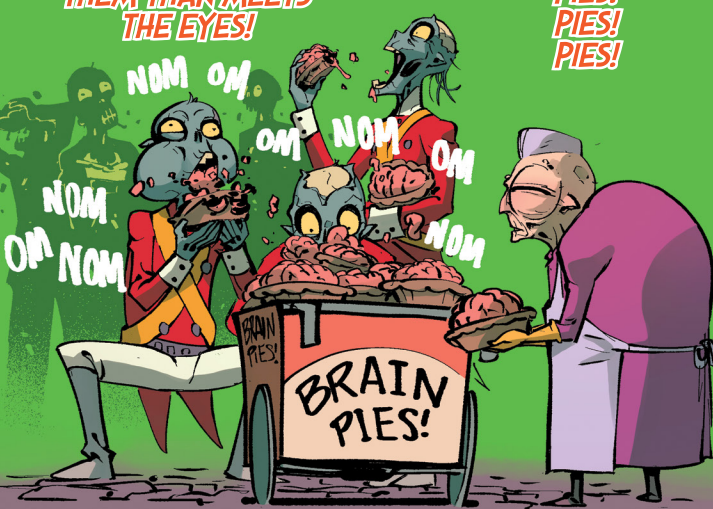
**BRAIN PIES!  
BRAIN PIES!  
MONOLITHIC  
GIGANTISIZE!**

**BRAIN PIES!  
BRAIN PIES!  
DIALECTIC  
ELECTROPHOTOSIZE!**



**BRAIN PIES!  
BRAIN PIES! MORE TO  
THEM THAN MEETS  
THE EYES!**

**PIES!  
PIES!  
PIES!**



AH--SO  
WHEN THE GUARDS  
ARE THOROUGHLY SATED  
WITH A GASTRONOMIC BARRAGE  
IN PASTRY SHELLS, WE ASSAULT  
THE BEAST AND RESCUE  
GRATTY!

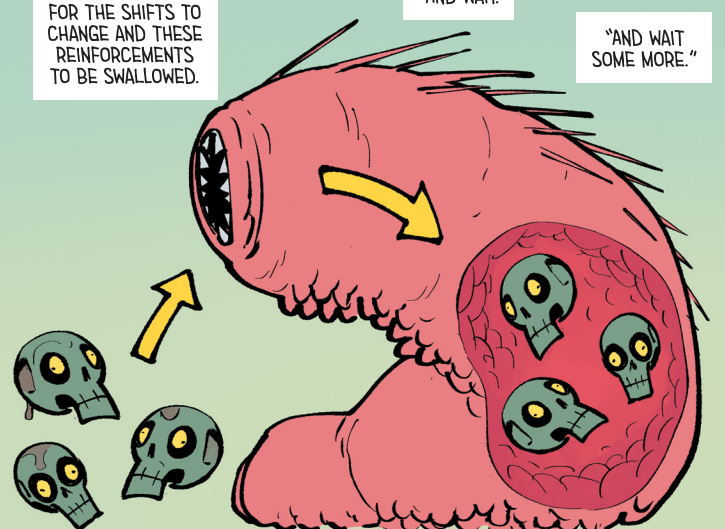
NO,  
REMEMBER, OTTO--  
THE LEPIDOPTERAPEDE  
JAWS, EVER-  
MAWING!



"WE SIMPLY WAIT  
FOR THE SHIFTS TO  
CHANGE AND THESE  
REINFORCEMENTS  
TO BE SWALLOWED.

"AND WAIT.

"AND WAIT  
SOME MORE."

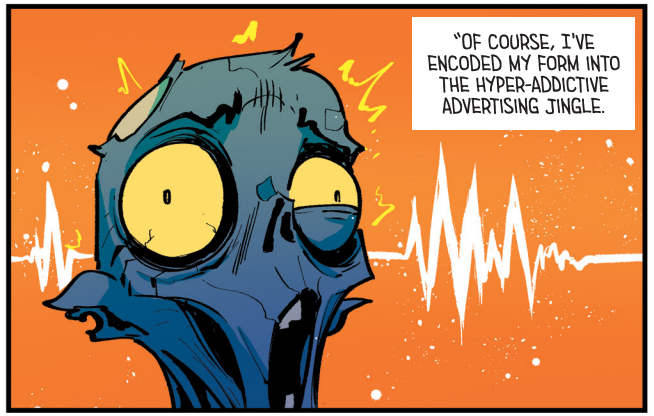


**BORED OF  
WAITING!**

WE'RE NOT  
DOING IT, OTTO.  
YOU CAN'T BE  
BORED YET.

ANYWAY,  
EVENTUALLY A  
GUARD WILL RECALL  
OUR CATCHY  
DITTY...





"OF COURSE, I'VE ENCODED MY FORM INTO THE HYPER-ADDICTIVE ADVERTISING JINGLE.



"I'LL EMERGE, SOMEWHAT MESSILY, I SUSPECT, FROM THE ZOMBIE'S AURAL CANAL."



"DUE TO THE BLACK HOLE INTERFERENCE VOLDIGAN CAN'T OPEN A DOOR BUT, WITH MYSELF AS A BEACON, HE COULD PUNCTURE A SMALL ENTRANCEWAY."

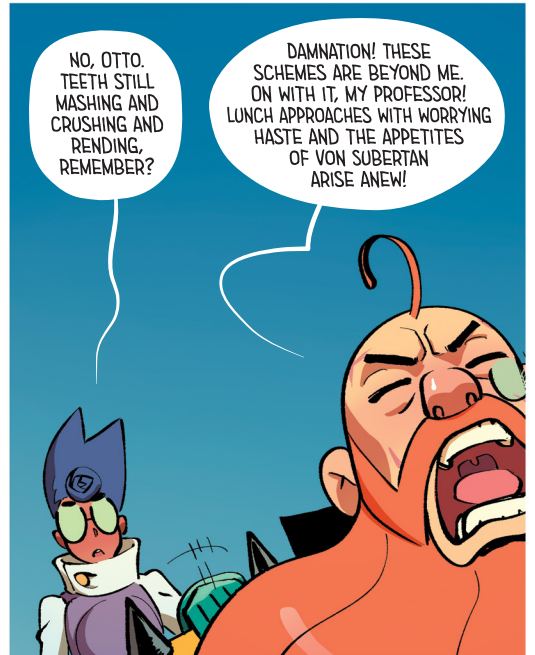
NO MORE THAN A DIMENSIONAL CATFLAP, BUT ENOUGH TO GAIN PASSAGE GIVEN THE EXTRAORDINARY FLEXIBILITY OF MY VOIDWALKER CARAPACE.



I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING AS PHYSICALLY FLEXIBLE AS I AM ETHICALLY.

NOW THAT TWO OF OUR PARTY ARE SECRETED AWAY INSIDE THE BEAST, WE'LL TURN TO THE NEXT STEP..

**WHERE THE REST OF US STORM THE CREATURE'S MOUTH AND RESCUE GRATTY!**



NO, OTTO. TEETH STILL MASHING AND CRUSHING AND RENDING, REMEMBER?

DAMNATION! THESE SCHEMES ARE BEYOND ME. ON WITH IT, MY PROFESSOR! LUNCH APPROACHES WITH WORRYING HASTE AND THE APPETITES OF VON SUBERTAN ARISE ANEW!

"VERY WELL. FROM HERE WE MOVE SECRETLY, AVOIDING PATROLS.

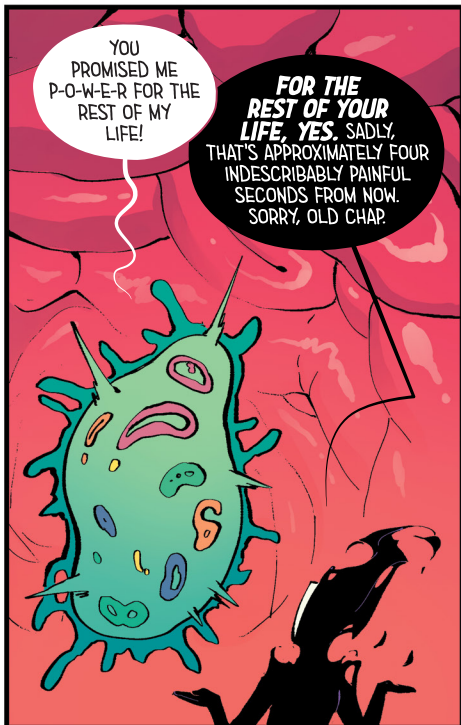
"OR MURDERING THEM, I SUPPOSE.

"WHAT WE NEED IS VOLDIGAN TO FIND A SENTIENT PROTOZOIC GUT-INHABITANT AND HAVE A LITTLE TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

"WHILE I KEEP WATCH, VOLDIGAN SHOWS THE FLEDGLING CREATURE VISIONS OF WEALTH, POWER, ETCETERA, ETCETERA... AND IT CAN HAVE THEM FOR THE REST OF ITS LIFE.

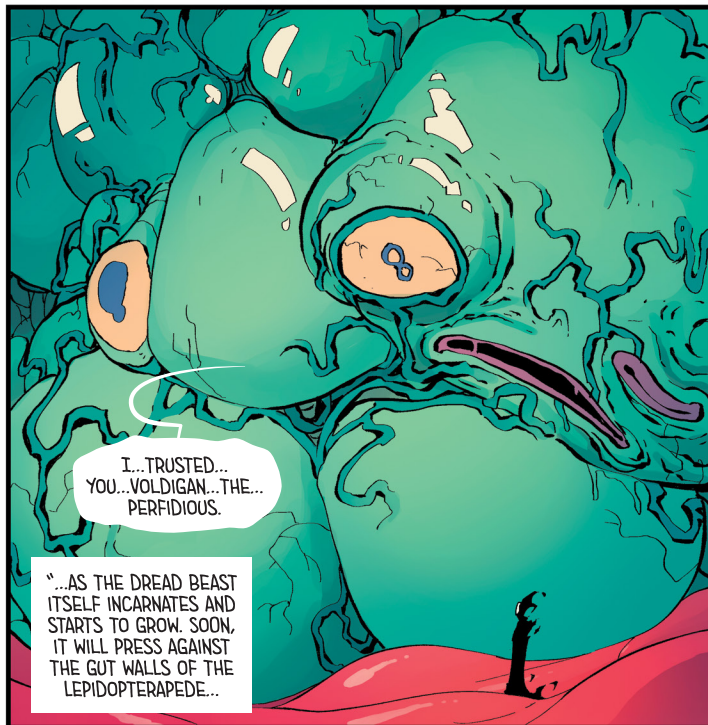
YES, YES, A MILLION TIMES, YES!

"ONCE CONVINCED TO SELL ITS SOUL TO SHOGGOD MUIR, WE STEP BACK..."



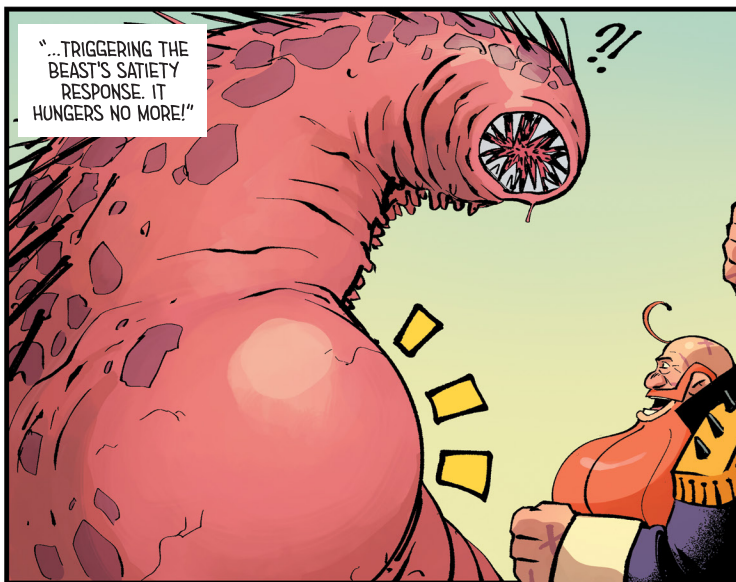
YOU PROMISED ME P-O-W-E-R FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

**FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, YES. SADLY, THAT'S APPROXIMATELY FOUR INDESCRIBABLY PAINFUL SECONDS FROM NOW. SORRY, OLD CHAP.**



I...TRUSTED... YOU...VOLDIGAN...THE... PERFDIOUS.

"...AS THE DREAD BEAST ITSELF INCARNATES AND STARTS TO GROW. SOON, IT WILL PRESS AGAINST THE GUT WALLS OF THE LEPIDOPTERAPEDE..."



"...TRIGGERING THE BEAST'S SATIETY RESPONSE. IT HUNGERS NO MORE!"

AND THEN!

YES, OTTO. AND THEN!



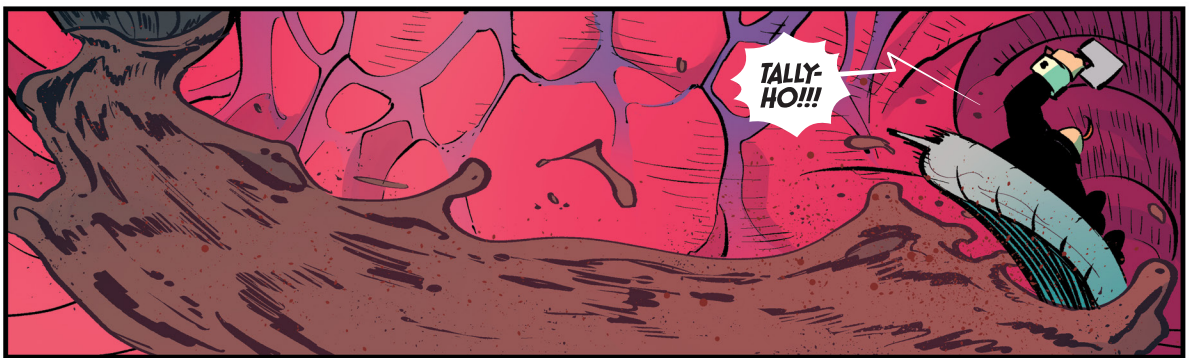
CHHARRRRGEEEEE!



"WHEN INSIDE THE STOMACH, WE'LL HEAD TOWARDS THE LOWER SPHINCTER..."

WHERE NOW, HADES, DAMMIT, WHERE NOW?

THE LOWER SPHINCTER! PLEASE, OTTO, TRY AND REMEMBER THE BRIEFING. IT GETS COMPLICATED FROM NOW ON.



"HERE, SWIFTLY DESCENDING THE GUT, FIGHTING OFF PARASITES AD NAUSEUM..."

**THE LUDOCRACY MUST PREVAIL!**

"...UNTIL WE REACH THE POINT CLOSEST TO THE SEXUAL ORGANS."

AS IDENTIFIED BY OUR RENOWNED SURGEON, YES?

NO, I'M STAYING HERE, REMEMBER? THIS IS NOT MY KIND OF THING AT ALL.

IN FACT, BY OUR GOOD BOGOL, WHO-- I THINK YOU'LL ALL RECALL-- ONCE PREPARED A LEPIDOPTERAPEDE FOR A PARTICULARLY GRAND BANQUET.

SO HE IS ENTIRELY *AU FAIT* WITH THE LAYOUT OF ITS VITALS.

LIGHTLY SAUTÉED. WHO EVER SAUTÉED HEAVILY? IT'S NOT EVEN A THING.

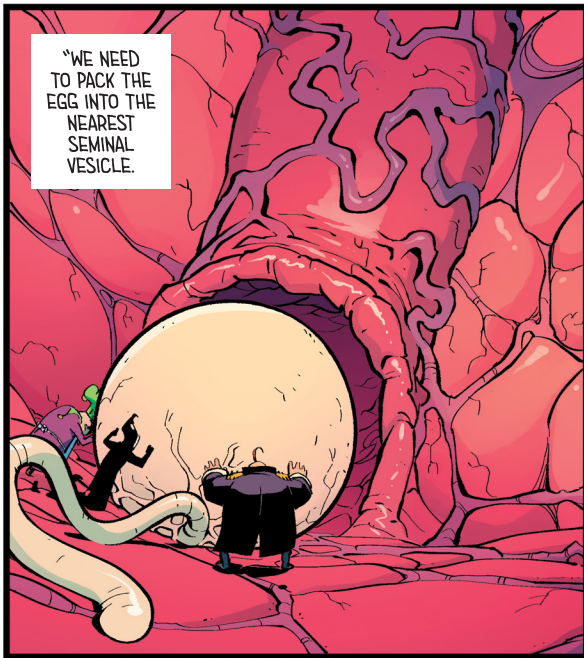
"A QUICK INCISION, AND WE'LL CLOSE IN ON THE ORGANS OF GENERATION. WE'LL FACE SOME MANNER OF FINAL GUARD..."

**PHAGOCYTIC ATTACK FAUNA!**

"YES, SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

"WHILE HOLDING THEM BACK, WE'LL SECURE THE EGG CONTAINING GRATTY..."

"...AND THEN, WE MUST MAKE OUR ESCAPE..."



"WE NEED TO PACK THE EGG INTO THE NEAREST SEMINAL VESICLE."



"THEN, FOLLOWING BOGOL'S BUTCHER WISDOM, WE NAVIGATE THE WARPED TOPOGRAPHY OF THE BEAST'S SEX PARTS TO ITS PROSTATE."

"WHERE I'LL PLANT MY PREPARED CHARGE."



"FINALLY, WE RETREAT TO THE VESICLE, CLIMB UPON THE EGG AND WAIT THE FEW TENSE SECONDS FOR THE DETONATION..."



"A SMALL, UNIMPORTANT PART OF MY BODY LEFT BEHIND TO DISSOLVE TO PURE VIBRATIONS..."

"CAREFULLY CALCULATED TO BE PLEASING TO THE LEPIDOPTERAPEDIC TASTES."

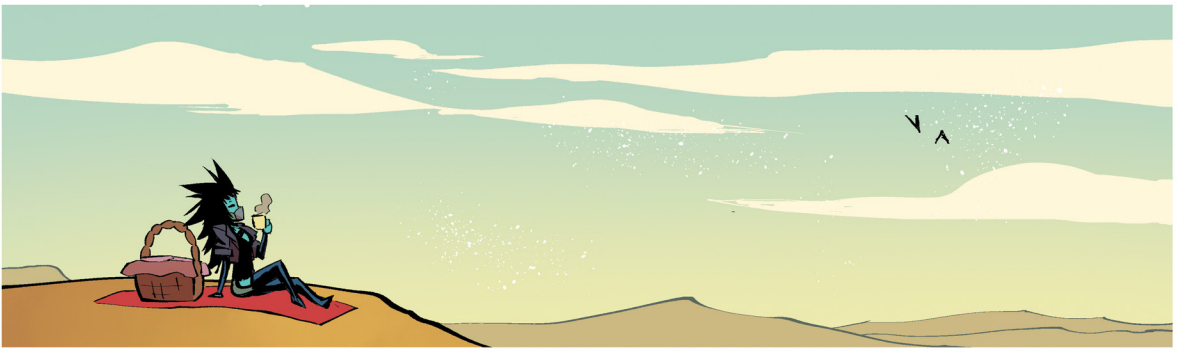
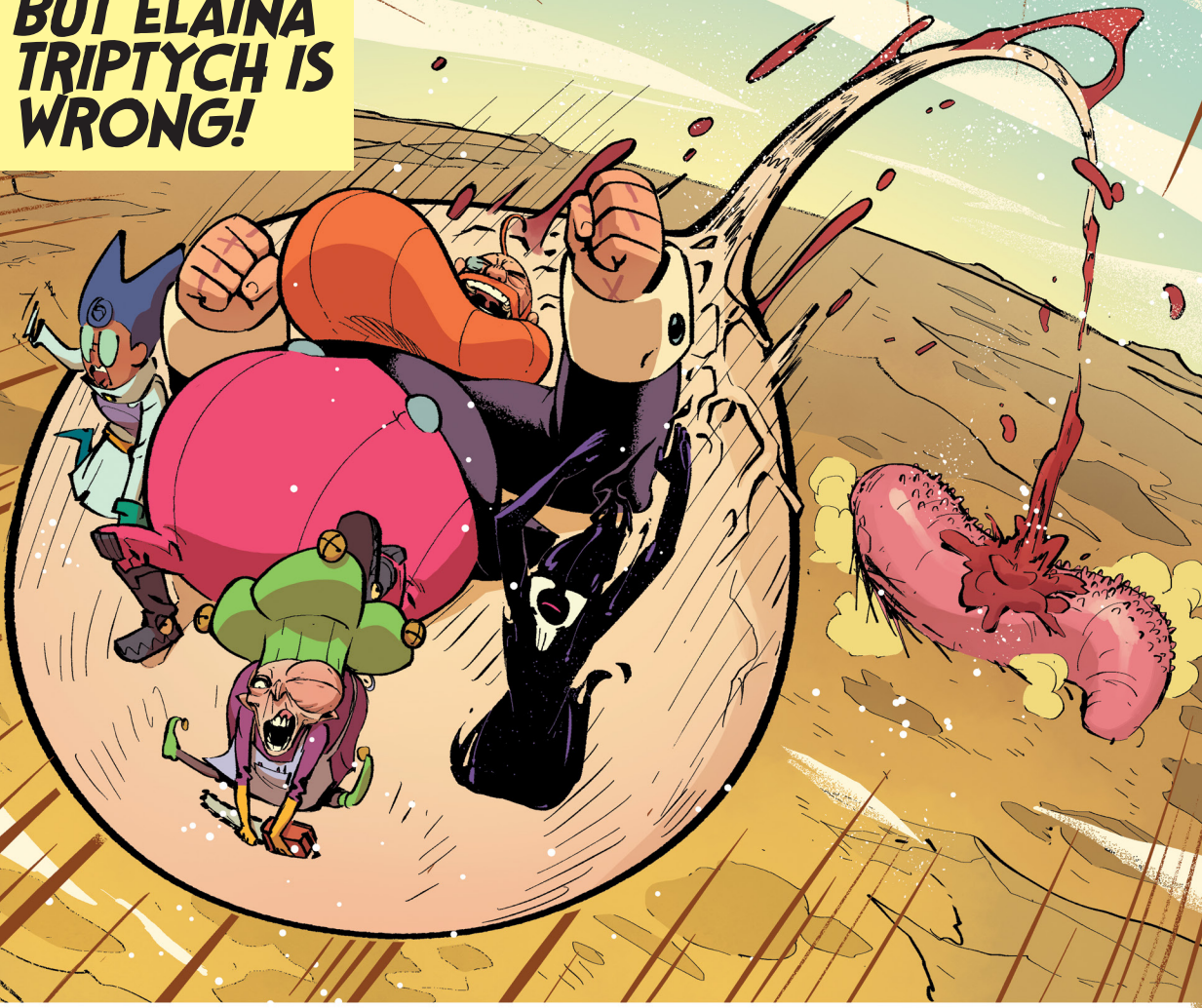


AND, WITH NOTHING WORSER THAN A LIGHT COATING OF THE SEMEN OF A DEATH-DEALING CATERPILLAR, WE GRACEFULLY MAKE OUR ESCAPE!"

THAT'S A STUPID PLAN.

IT'LL NEVER WORK.

**BUT ELAINA  
TRIPTYCH IS  
WRONG!**



OH, GRATTY, SO CLOSE, SO CLOSE. I CAN ALMOST SMELL HER SWEET SULPHURIC VENTINGS!

WHAT NOW, HADES. HOW DO WE WREST MY BEAUTEOUS SOON-TO-BE BRIDE FROM HER OVOID PERIL?

WELL, ABSTRACTLY, IT'S INDESTRUCTIBLE, OTTO. BUT IS A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT GOING TO KEEP AN IMPASSIONED VON SUBERTAN FROM THE PROMISE OF GRATEFUL GRATTY'S COITAL PLEASURES?



COME, GRATTY, MY SWEET, MY LOVE, MY RAPTURE!

WE ESCAPE BY SPACE-BALLOON TO FREEDOM, FEASTS AND FECUNDITY.

ESCAPE, OTTO? WHY WOULD I WANT TO ESCAPE?



BECAUSE YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



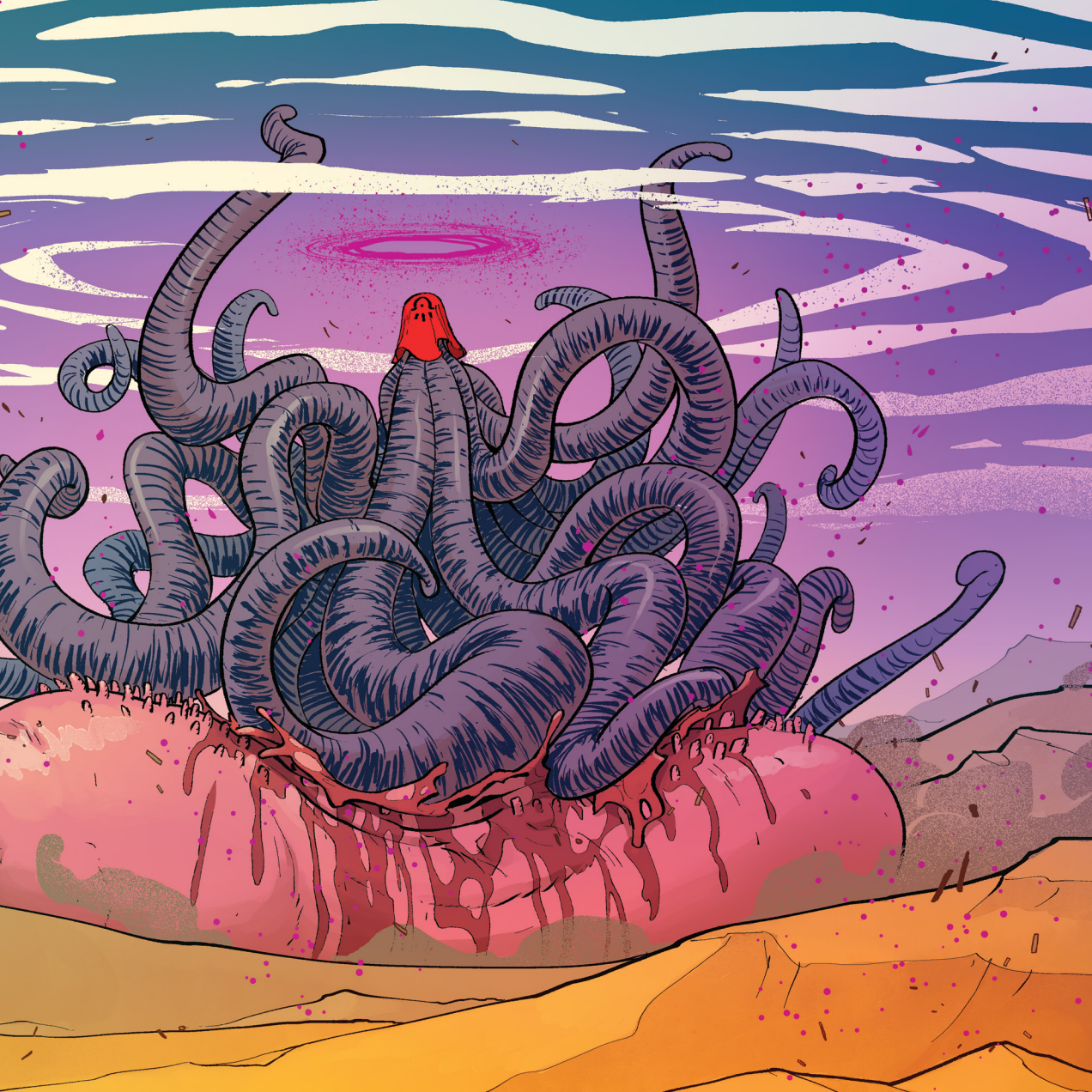
YES, **HOUSE ARREST.**

IN MY HOME.





**OH, MY LOVELY  
GIGANTYPEDE!**



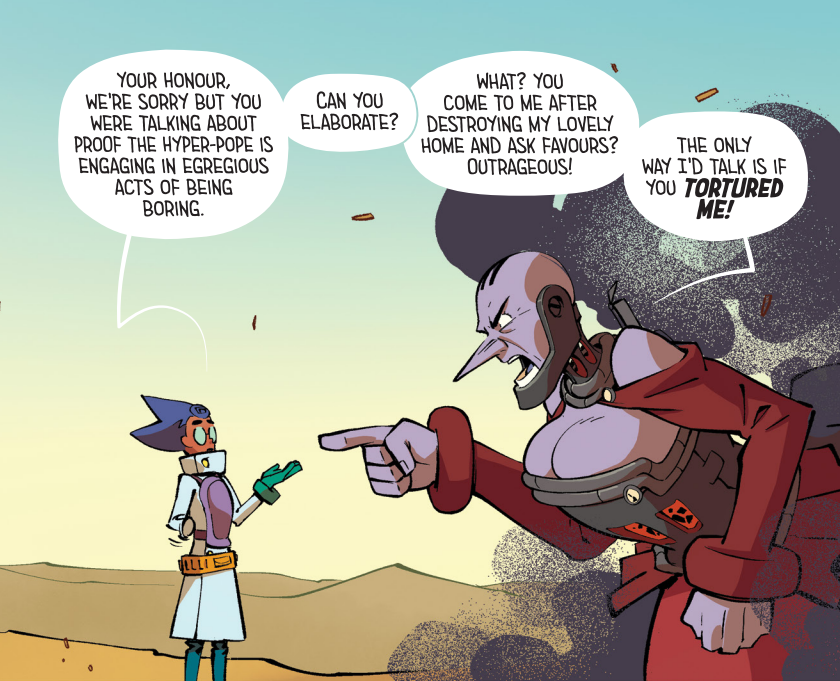
HADES, WE PROBABLY SHOULD GO. GRATTY IS A TRIFLE UPSET.

NO, OTTO!

IT'S LOOKING UNLIKELY THERE'LL BE ANY COUPLING.

MISSING LUDOCRATS! HYPER-PAPAL SCHEMES! THE RISE OF THE BORING! WE NEED **ANSWERS.**





YOUR HONOUR, WE'RE SORRY BUT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT PROOF THE HYPER-POPE IS ENGAGING IN EGREGIOUS ACTS OF BEING BORING.

CAN YOU ELABORATE?

WHAT? YOU COME TO ME AFTER DESTROYING MY LOVELY HOME AND ASK FAVOURS? OUTRAGEOUS!

THE ONLY WAY I'D TALK IS IF YOU **TORTURED ME!**



THEN THERE IS NO HOPE. TORTURE IS AN ETHICAL LINE I WILL NOT CROSS.

WE WILL HAVE TO CONTINUE WITHOUT YOUR AI—



I SAID **TORTURE ME!**

NOW, **THIS** IS A MISSION I CAN HELP WITH.

STEP BACK! A HIGHLY CONSENSUAL INTERROGATION WILL FOLLOW!



# The Ludocrats

was brought to you by



## KIERON GILLEN

*LITERARY DISASTER*

THE WORDSTORM CLASSIFIED "KIERON" CRASHED INTO THE LITERARY SOUTH COAST IN THE MID-90S AS A CLASS 2 PRETENTOSPHERE AND HAS GOT WORSE.

## JIM ROSSIGNOL

*A FURTHER LITERARY DISASTER*

THE GOOD SENTENCE-SHIP JIM SET SAIL FROM DOVER AND STRUCK AN ICEBERG, THEN KNIFED IT AND BECAME A CHAOTIC-EVIL LIFE SENTENCE SHIP.

## JEFF STOKELY

*INCARNATOR OF IMAGES*

HE DRAWS A LINE. THEN HE DRAWS ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER. AND THEN HE MAYBE RUBS ONE OUT? EVENTUALLY, IT'S ART. IT'S AMAZING.

## TAMRA BONVILLAIN

*CHROMATIC SAINT*

WHILE BEST KNOWN FOR HER MIRACLES IN BLUE AND GREEN SHE IS ALSO HONOURED BY THE ACHROMATIC COLOURS IN BOTH SONG AND VERSE.

## CLAYTON COWLES

*L.E.T.T.E.R. SUPREMO*

THE FOUNDER OF THE LEAGUE OF ENCYCLOPEDIA TITANIC TYPEFACE ENTERER ROGUES IS AVAILABLE FOR ALL TASKS OF LETTERING AND/OR ROGUERY.

## FERNANDO ARGÜELLO

*DELINEATOR OF AREAS*

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WILD COLOUR BE KEPT TO ITS SPECIFIC RESERVES. AS AN ESTEEMED FLATTER, ARGÜELLO PATROLS THE BORDERS, EYES EVER-WATCHFUL.

## CHRISSY WILLIAMS

*HER FAULT*

THE DEATH OF STARS. THE WEEPING OF THE WHALE. THIS COMIC. SHE COULD HAVE STOPPED IT. SHE CHOSE NOT TO. SHE LAUGHS.

## SERGIO SERRANO

*GENERAL AESTHETIC*

WHEN THE UGLINESS OF EXISTENCE GROWS TOO MUCH, DOCTOR SERRANO DEPLOYS THE AESTHETIC TO SOOTHE THE FEVERED AND FERMENTED BROW.

## VIOLENT TREVOR

*VIOLENCE & TREVORING*

VIOLENT FOLLOWED THE FAMILY TRADE OF VIOLENCE BEFORE DISCOVERING AN EQUAL PASSION FOR TREVOR. AN INSPIRATION. YOU CAN BE BOTH.



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### THE LUDOCRATS #2. JUNE 2020

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*The*  
**VON**  
**SUBERTAN**  
*Family Tree*

**HORST VON SUBERTAN**

*Grand sire of the Von Subertans,  
Keeper of The Hybrid of The Great Pit*

**LOXMIKANA THIPSE**

*Died loading a shark into her howitzer at the  
siege of Monkton Egregia*

**CLEMENT  
HAPENSBAGGER-FRITH**

*Famed for his collection  
of surprising bones*

**COLONEL EMILIA  
SAXON-WARSTEIN**

*Wrestled and defeated The  
Unhappy Centipede Of Fate*

*The*  
**MYSTERIOUS FIGURE**  
*in the TOWER*

*Billowing gown, looked great  
on cover of gothic novels*

**RADIKALIEN  
NORTWICH  
VON SUBERTAN**

*Cannibal time-traveller who  
died of surprise to spite his mother*

**HYPER-REGENT  
WARSTEIN KRALSTEIN  
HAPENSBAGGER-FRITH**

*Went on to marry  
a handsome axe,  
no other children*

**PARDIUS HAEMOGLANDULUM  
VON SUBERTAN, ELDRITCH  
HYPER-POPE and SUPREME  
HIGH LUDOCRAT**

*Good old Pardy!*



**BARON OTTO  
VON SUBERTAN**

*Current patriarch of  
House Von Subertan*

**The NAMELESS  
BEING** *from*  
**BEYOND the VEIL**

**LADY JENNIFER  
HARDTONGUE-  
WASSELINE**

**COMET-TAMER  
SKYLIAN-PECK**

**DORIS SMITH**

**SHOGGOD MUIR,  
*the* UNBEAST**

**FIRE SUMMONER  
GARCIA**

*The* **ETTER-BEAST  
of LOATHIAN**

**JANE**

**GARY**

**SIMON**

**PSYGORTH  
HYPERIUS REX**

*The* **SCAMPERING  
FINGER-TOE**

**QUESTING ALFRED**

**IAN REVENGER**

**WIZARD THOMPSON**

**TRUNK**

**HOBAN FORMIDABLE**

**TOCKNOT GWAIN**

**ELASTICUS POPTROPE**

**NO-KID OSSIUS**

**CATFRIEND LORINA**

**KNIFE BUCKLAND**

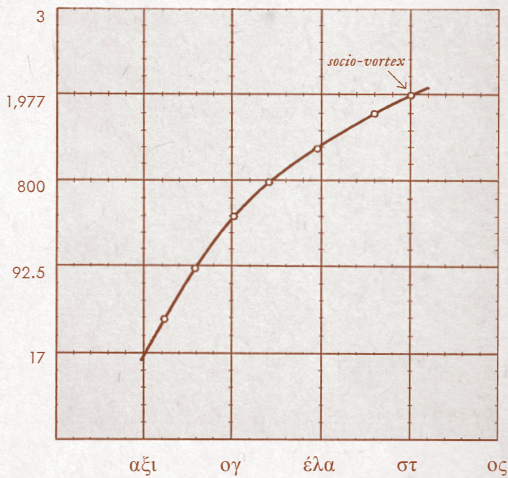
**KLEPTORINA PINCH**

# On the Life Cycle of GIGANTIPEDIC SPERMATAZOIC LEPIDOPTERAPEDE

(aka *The Cloud Caterpillar*, aka *The Butterfly Palaces of Westphalia*)

UNSURPRISINGLY, it falls to me, Dr Douglas X-Position, the voice of explanation in this tome of unreason, to explain the origin and life cycle of the Gigantipedic Spermatazoic Lepidopterapede, and its place in Ludocratic society.

It is important to understand that at one point in Ludocratic history, before palaces and hovels had been conceived of, everyone lived inside animals. Peasants would climb inside cows, or ride along in a giant land-snail, and the rich and tremendous would live inside the cavernous nose-chambers of the Ponder-Sloths, as they wandered through the primitive forests of the early Ludocene.



AESTHETIC DENSITY (x) vs METAPHOR DELIMITING (y)

All this changed, however, during the great trend plague of Justinius. A brain virus radically altered aesthetic tastes across the globe, giving nearly 70% of the population of Eurasia strong opinions on interior design (96% in the Antipodes) and so it was that new homes had to be invented.

As is so often the case in the significant tides of history, another factor combined to bring the modern Gigantipedic Spermatazoic Lepidopterapede into the picture: the discovery of the stealth continent of Jungba. Jungba, a mobile landmass that had been cleverly moving out of the way of explorers for centuries, got its undercarriage caught on a bony undersea mass, created by Ludocrats who wanted coral balloon ports. Thus trapped, Jungba was soon entered by a new wave of botanists, balloonists and zoologists, who did their best to discover and cross-breed the unimagined species that dwelt there.

It was Leon Cusp, notable invertebrate remodeler, who found the original creature that was to become the Gigantipedic Spermatazoic Lepidopterapede: a prehistoric mega-Nymphalidae, which hunted and sucked the juices from the flower-headed people of Lurpo (sadly now extinct). Immediately understanding the potential for genetic renovation in the beast, Cusp bred and cross-bred and manipulated to create a creature to lay habitable eggs in the haunted moss at Lupid Tor (now lived in by many in the Ludocratic tradesman classes), eggs which grew into the larval stage we are all so familiar with (used as both administrative spaces and residential structures for all tiers of Ludocrats) and then finally, with luck, metamorphosed into the butterfly stage. The coveted flying palaces dominate the property listings among non-terrestrial real estate vendors.

It perhaps goes without saying that the most interesting aspect of the gigantipedes generally is their ability to defecate trans-dimensionally. It is into the research on this uncanny science that I will dedicate part of my next book, entitled *Philosophical Evacuations*.



## Dr Douglas X-Position, PHD QED

Trained in Expository Sciences at the Institute of Verbose Description in Klovehammer, Douglas has long (long) expanded upon the work of his mentor, Eleanor Lucidation. Douglas' world tour in 1065e produced some of his finest work, and has been collected in an important textbook, later editions of which shipped as a manual on how to explain snow to Eskimos.

EXCERPTS from

The PERSONAL CYCLOPEDIA of LUDOCRACY,  
by PARDIUS HAEMOGLANDULUM,  
ELDRITCH HYPER-POPE and SUPREME HIGH LUDOCRAT

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*On The Melodic  
Weapons of  
The Zero-K*

“...HENCE THE DYNASTY of the Zero-K has long been an important ally for the Von Subertan clan. Their control of vast beds of

fossilised melody is a powerful resource on its own, but it is the inventiveness of the Zero-K mind that is most formidable and admirable. Their capacity to retool musical frequencies as sub-quantum abrogation systems has created a range of weaponry that not only has no obvious countermeasure, but is also compulsively danceable. It is also, I find most reassuring, our only defence against the atonal dimensions which would invade our own and feed upon music, devouring it from the inside, were we ever to allow them. (Hades' mixtapes based on your subconscious desires can be quite the ride, too.)”

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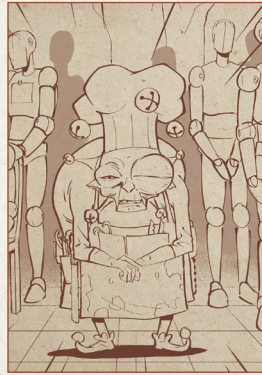


*On The Creature Shoggod Muir*

“...YET MY BROTHER'S largest and most impressive progeny is the creature Shoggod Muir, a being of abominated space-time whose powers have yet to be accurately

mapped. While I have repeatedly instructed Otto to keep the creature contained with rotating teams of trans-Albanian Electrocutionists (they're more resilient to cosmic horror than cheaper American Electrocutionists) he insists on letting the beast roam, causing astonishing mayhem whenever it gets loose. I have to say, as someone who doesn't have kids, I find the commitment of the parenting kind to reproduction rather daunting, but I am thankful to Otto for providing me with so many chaotic nephews and nieces. The world would be a less ludicrous place without them.”

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*On The Sublime  
Order of The  
Gastronauts*

“...AND SO IT WAS on the third phase of the feast that we realised, myself and the ghost of my predecessor, Hyper-Pope Delany, that the

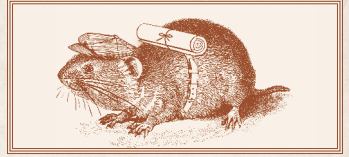
secret frontier of food was inside the living organisms from which food is normally expected. So it was that we created the order of Gastronauts: ambitious chefs who would wade inside prospective meals to find the freshest and most alarming foods for us to consume. I have forgotten why we expected them to dress as little jester people, but there is no way for me to regret that decision. Our bravest explorers of meat also being very funny to look at has become a cornerstone of Ludocratic sustenance.”

\* \* \* \* \*

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To send letters to LUDOCRATS  
please attach your words  
to the back of a friendly vole  
and instruct them to head to  
OTTO'S CASTLE, LUDOVERSE.

## LETTERS from LUDOCRATS



### ASTRAL STATIC

My Dearest Zero-K,  
Having returned through my private portal from the un-worlds forum and seminar series at Haertoplex, I have found that your nightly transmissions of aetheric melody and astral static have been discontinued. In fact, several of your telepathic channels are now broadcasting some sort of warning matrix instead of the usual informal mixes? Is something wrong?

Yours,  
Planeswalker Kent, Battle Architect Of The Anchorites

Yes.

Yours,  
Professor Hades Zero-K.

### HELLISH HELL

Beloved Otto,  
To cut a long story short, damn you to hell. To extend the story somewhat, I have become aware via a sequential picture narrative that you held a wedding at your abode, and it appears a lovely time was had by all, except the murdered. However, I could not help but to note my entire lack of presence. Why was I not invited? You know it's not a wedding without me. To return to the original short story, damn you to hell. I don't even care which hell. It can be an inferior, hellish hell for all I care.

Yours faithfully,  
Seven Snakes In A Trenchcoat

Snakes!

Thank you so, so much for your correspondence – it's been too long! Unfortunately his excellency Baron Von Subertan is unavailable for comment due to unforeseen and frankly horrific events. However as his acting press officer I am able to say that while snakes are essential to all Ludocratic matrimonial events, in this instance you, specifically, were overlooked due to a clerical error. The cleric in question has been pushed through a sieve, all the better to be eaten at a later date.

Sincerely,  
An Ape with the Head  
of a Prehistoric Bird

### UNFOLDING THE FLESH

Greetings Ludocrats,  
I, Perchod Nebuchadnezzar, Meta-Thoth of the Hezzarine, recently discovered your dimension via the Unhappenings Personal Ads on the astral matrix listings, and I am looking for a committed pen pal. My interests are: telekinetically unfolding the flesh of my screaming enemies, dragging the unknowable prisoners of Azazel from the abyss, and photography. Please write back if interested.

Sincerely,  
"Perchy" N

Hello Perchy!

Oh, what timing! I am in need of a committed pen pal, ironically due to having had my last pennish-pal committed. I am now the warden of The Lord of Inkpocalypse's estates, most notably his famous armada of nib-jets. Everyone

knows, the pen is mightier than the sword. Swords are just bits of metal while pens soar through the air and drop toxic ink on all who would oppose them. It is a most stirring sight. Unfortunately, I have failed in my duty to safeguard the fleet, having traded them for some magic beans which I ate on some magic toast. Still – I tried. Anyway, I'd be delighted to continue this correspondence. My interests include absolute loyalty and not stabbing people in the back.

Yours,  
"Voidy" the Perfidious,  
Grand Frequency Shifter,  
Traitor at etcetera, etcetera

### A GODLESS SKY

To whom it doth concerneth,  
I am informed by knowledgeable parties that a Gigantipede will feature prominently in your pictorial narrative. I do sincerely hope that it does not have its belly distended to bursting point and an enormous hellbeast emerge to howl darkly at a godless sky.

Yours,  
Saint Trillia the Unforbidden,  
Gigantipede Protection League

Dearest Trillia,

My lawyer has told me to not respond to this mail as I will likely incriminate myself if I admit to being involved in the explosive death of a gigantipede, so I'm going to do that.

Yours,  
Otto Von Subertan



### LUDOCRATS #3

*( July 15th, 2020 )*

After two issues of nonsense, the team  
decide to do an issue about serious  
emotions like plaintiveness and ennui.

We lie. It's more nonsense.

**THESE ARE VEXATIOUS, KNOTTY TIMES** to be a Ludocrat. The simmering juices of history are combining with a sinister marinade of conspiracy to create a flavour of trepidatious incident and uncertain intent. Those fine figures which leap, ape-like, through these pages – the abdominus Baron Otto Von Subertan, his refulgent friend and ally Professor Hades Zero-K, the lucid razor-being of Elaina Triptych, the intranspicuous Voldigan, and the goblinoid gastronaut, Gaston – each and all are imperiled within a plot they cannot hope to unfold... Or can they? No. Maybe...

Well.

Probably not.

Nevertheless their efforts to do so amount to a grand spectaculum: an event of accelerated happenings which will be remembered as the pure extract of history coagulating noisily in the ululating larynx of destiny. Peer in incredulity as The Ludocrats mount a grisly rescue mission into the guts of a living prison the size

of a mountain. Marvel as they meet the spawn of the Von Subertan loins, and the para-cosmic darkness that dwells therein. Quake in abject indignation as the tale of these complicated quiddities of the Ludocracy carve a euphemistic glyph into the heaving flank of anticipated narrative.

If you are here, then you are already part of what is happening to all competing realities: the Ludocratic mandate and its delivery unto the universe. I wish I could write more, but the demands of a society beyond comprehension demands my attention. So let me say this, reader: police zombies, meta-melodic parasitism, bats, hangovers, death, and

the cathedral-innards of a behemoth which has no end to its bowel in this dimension are all featured herein. We believe – and that’s me using the royal ‘we’, because a Hyper-Pope is a sort of king, you know – that you will find it edifying. Oh yes, we know why you’re here. But we won’t tell anyone. Devour! •

“YOU ARE  
ALREADY  
PART OF  
WHAT IS  
HAPPENING  
TO ALL  
COMPETING  
REALITIES”

*From the desk of*  
*His EXCELLENCY PARDIUS HAEMOGLANDULUM,*  
GRAND and VEXATIOUS LUDOCRAT,  
REGENT WARP-CZAR *of the WEST,*  
*and SEVENTY-NINTH*  
ELDRITCH  
HYPER-  
POPE

