

Image  
ISSUE 1

GILLEN

ROSSIGNOL

STOKELY

BONVILLAIN

COWLES

# THE Ludocrats

I. THE FINE AND LUDICROUS INSTITUTION OF MATRIMONY. ALSO, MURDER.





WE TRIED *to*  
IMAGINE *a*  
BETTER WORLD.



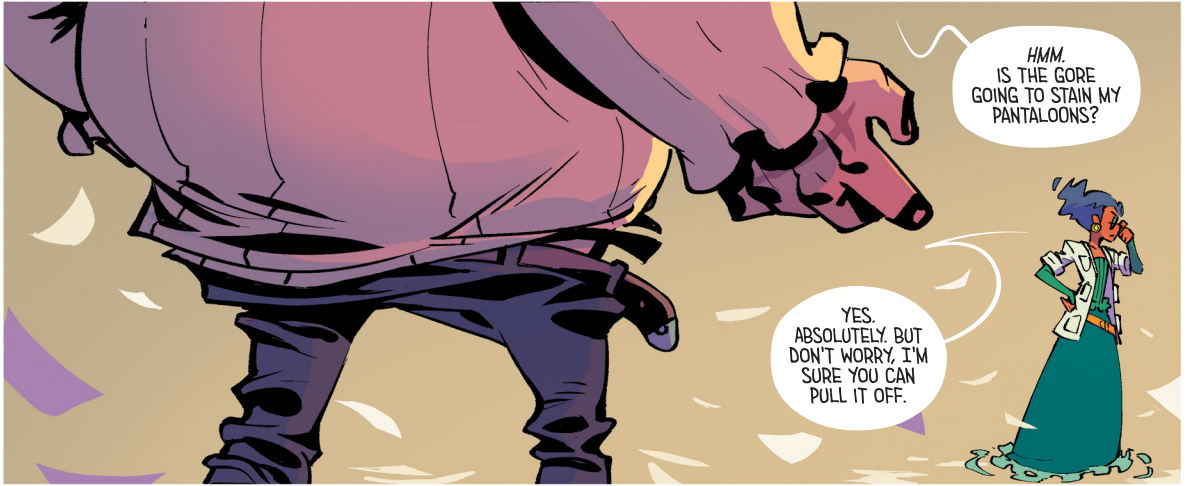
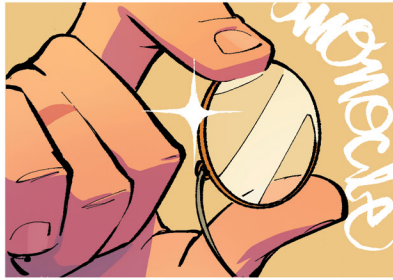
WE FAILED.

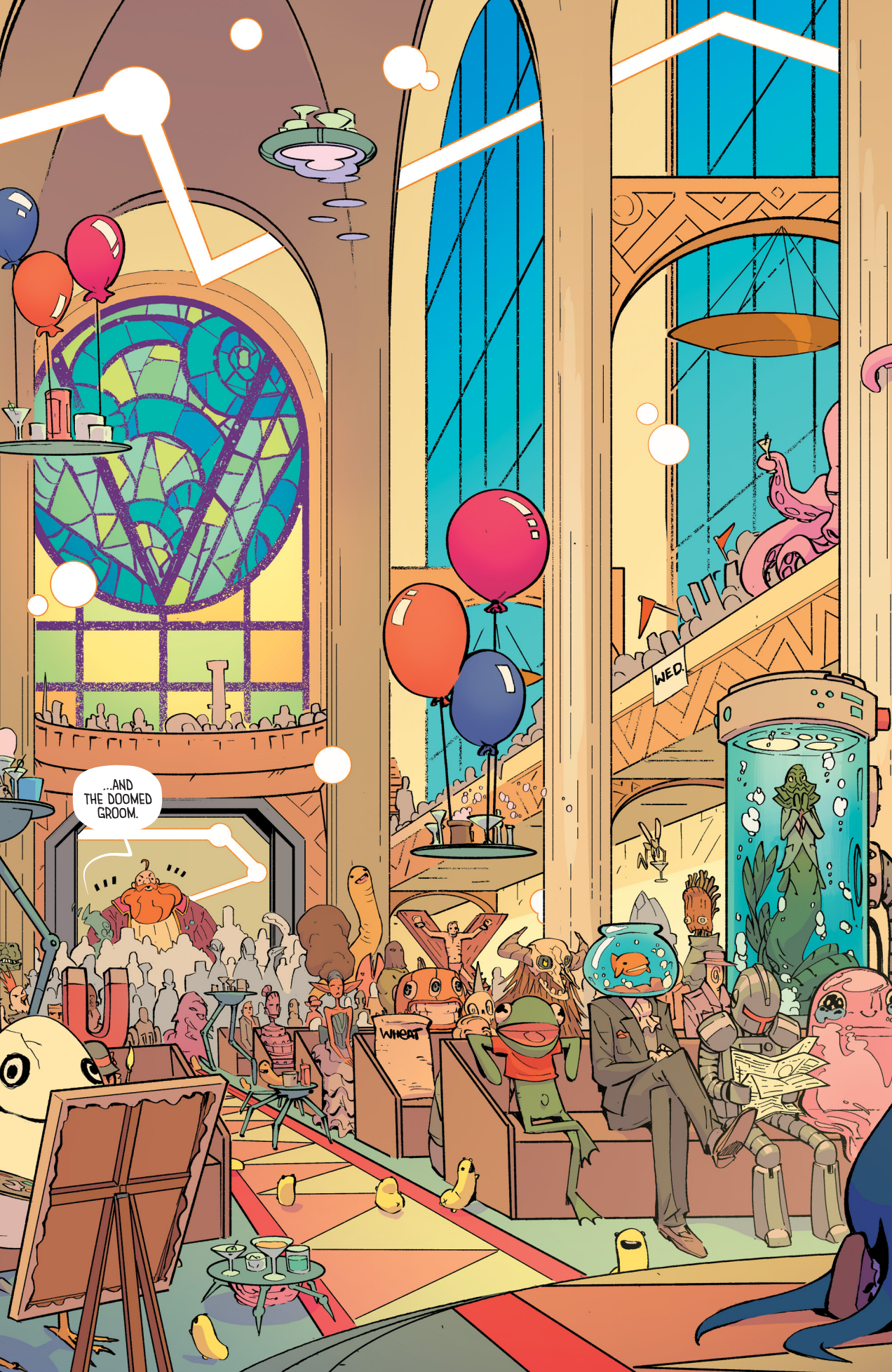
*Instead,*  
WE DID THIS.



OH,  
HELLO. IT'S  
YOU.







...AND THE DOOMED GROOM.

WED.

WHEAT



PLEASE!  
I CAN BE  
LUDICROUS!

THESE TITLES  
HAVE BEEN IN MY  
FAMILY FOR A HUNDRED  
GENERATIONS! WE'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN  
ABSURD!



YOU'RE NOT ABSURD! YOUR SADISM HAS BECOME KNOWN TO US ALL!

CRUELTY TO COWS IS BAD ENOUGH, BUT **UNIMAGINATIVE** CRUELTY TO COWS! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE THE FIG LEAF OF BRILLIANCE TO COWER BEHIND!

THAT IS WHY WE'VE CONSPIRED TO WED YOU TO THE LOVELY ELAINA, SO YOUR ASSETS CAN BE BETTER APPLIED TO MAKE THIS A BETTER WORLD! A BETTER WORLD NOT LEAST BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE IN IT!



ELAINA. CAN THIS BE SO?

SHUSH. STOP THIS TIRESOME DELAYING.

YOUR LANDS, NOW. CHOP! CHOP!



YES, I THINK IT'S BEST TO BE QUIET NOW. YOU'RE MAKING A SCENE.

YOU'RE MY BEST MAN! SURELY VOLDIGAN THE PERFIDIOUS WILL NOT ABANDON ME IN MY HOUR OF PERIL?



OF COURSE NOT. I ABANDONED YOU WELL BEFORE YOUR HOUR OF PERIL.

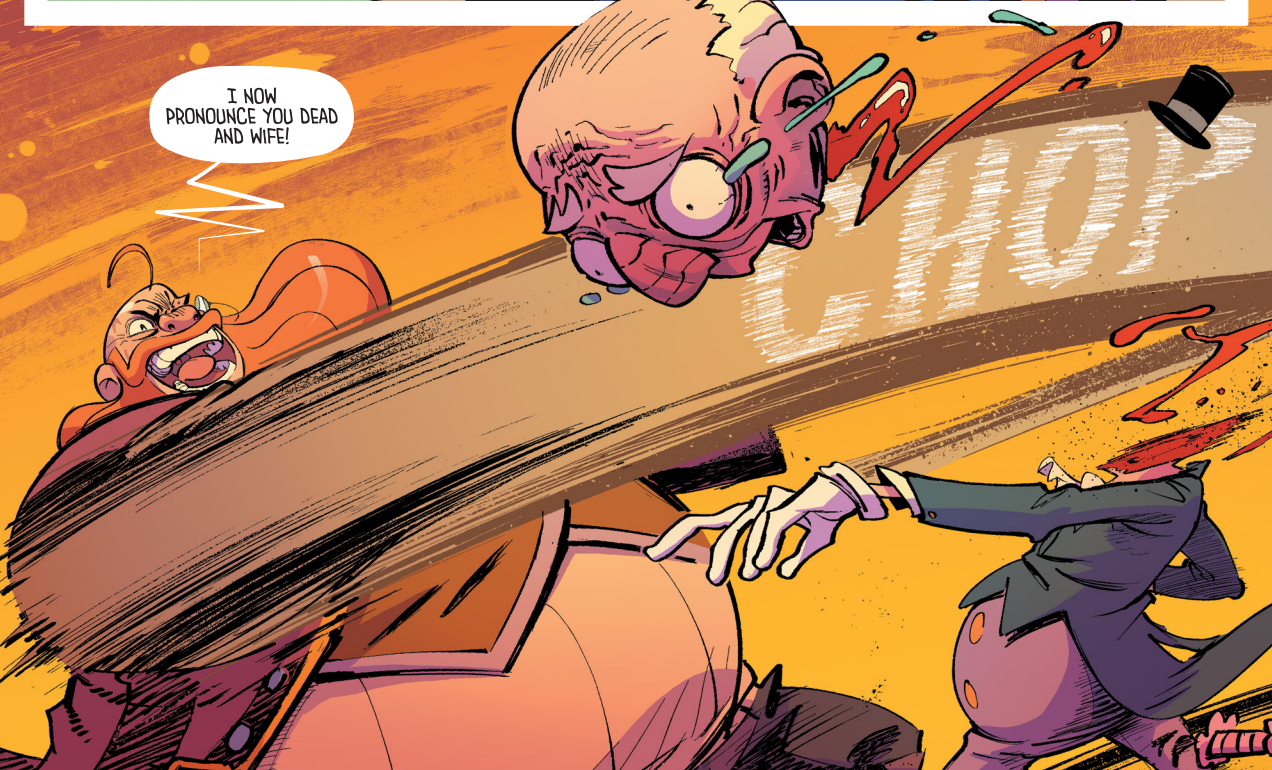
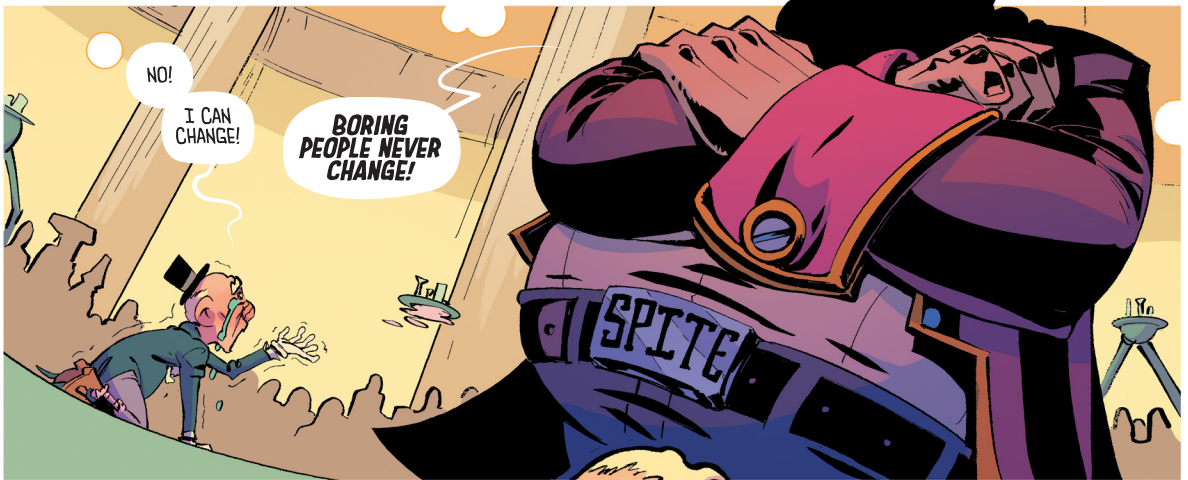
I LIKE TO AVOID THE RUSH. A CROWDED BACKSTABBING IS SO... UGH.



PLEASE, LET ME TRY AGAIN! ONE FINAL ATTEMPT TO BE LUDICROUS!

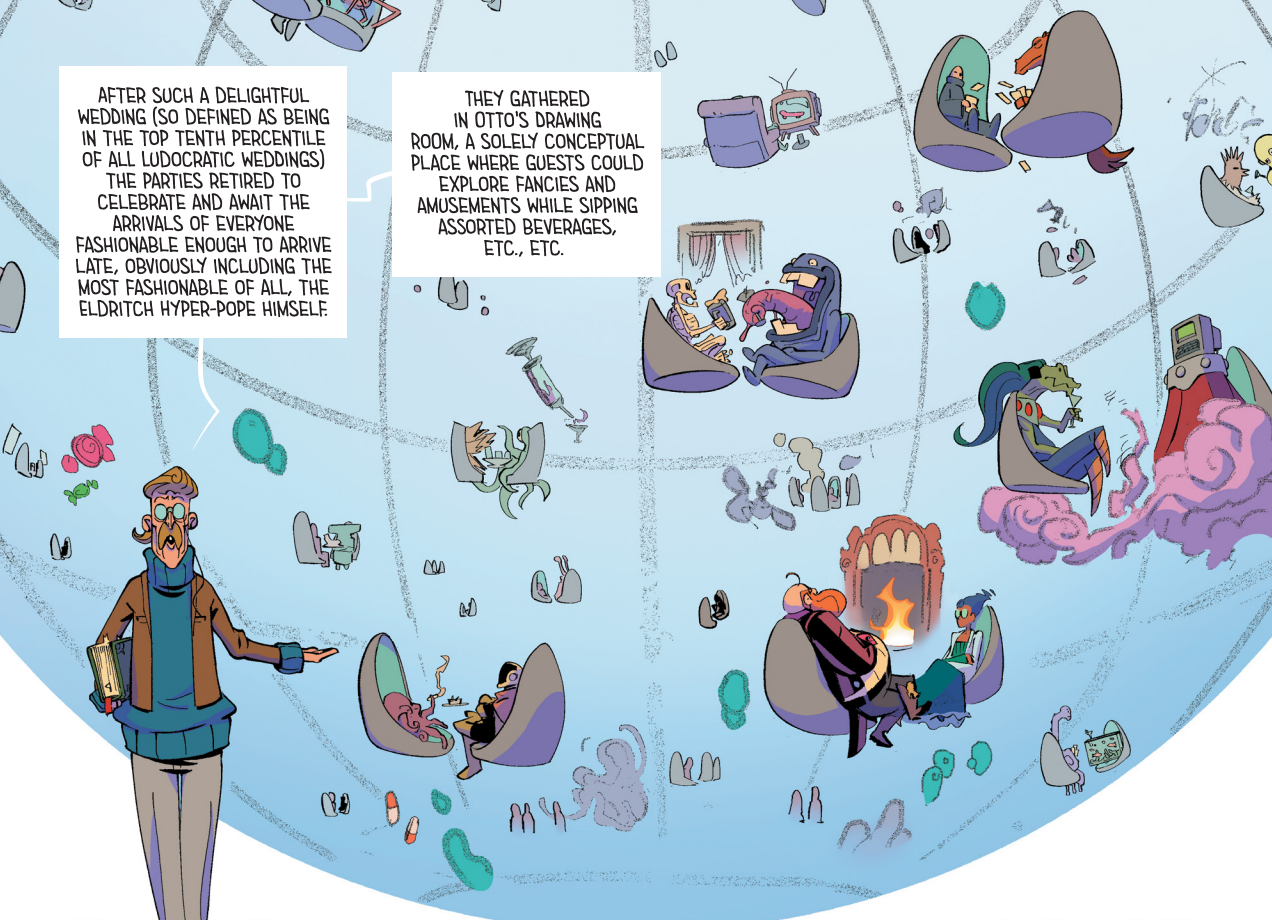
PTTH. LUDICROUS? YOU CAN BARELY BE ZANY.





AFTER SUCH A DELIGHTFUL WEDDING (SO DEFINED AS BEING IN THE TOP TENTH PERCENTILE OF ALL LUDOCRATIC WEDDINGS) THE PARTIES RETIRED TO CELEBRATE AND AWAIT THE ARRIVALS OF EVERYONE FASHIONABLE ENOUGH TO ARRIVE LATE, OBVIOUSLY INCLUDING THE MOST FASHIONABLE OF ALL, THE ELDRITCH HYPER-POPE HIMSELF.

THEY GATHERED IN OTTO'S DRAWING ROOM, A SOLELY CONCEPTUAL PLACE WHERE GUESTS COULD EXPLORE FANCIES AND AMUSEMENTS WHILE SIPPING ASSORTED BEVERAGES, ETC., ETC.



OH GOD, IT'S THAT DOCTOR X-POSITION FELLOW, HADES.



OBSERVED, THE GOOD DOCTOR X-POSITION TRIED TO IGNORE THE HURTFUL REMARKS OF THE FAMOUSLY BUFFOONISH OTTO.

HIDE, HADES! HE'S PERILOUSLY BORING.



X-POSITION THOUGHT IT BEST TO DEPART, SO LEFT THE DRAWING ROOM SHAMEFACED.

OH GOOD. HE'S GONE.

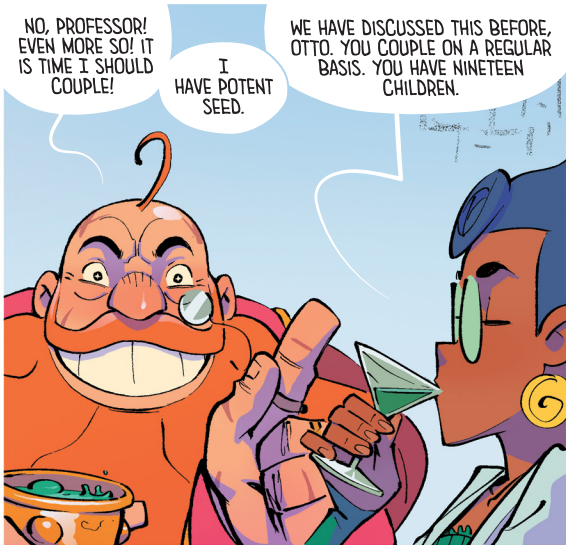




AH, HADES. OTTO VON SUBERTAN HUNGERS FOR MORE THAN MEAT...

THE SPECTRE OF HETERONORMATIVITY HAUNTS MY GONADS. WEDDINGS ALWAYS AROUSES MY BASER FUNCTIONS...

ER, OTTO... I'VE DONE THE EXPERIMENTS. EVEN DIM SUNLIGHT AROUSES YOUR BASER FUNCTIONS.



NO, PROFESSOR! EVEN MORE SO! IT IS TIME I SHOULD COUPLE!

I HAVE POTENT SEED.

WE HAVE DISCUSSED THIS BEFORE, OTTO. YOU COUPLE ON A REGULAR BASIS. YOU HAVE NINETEEN CHILDREN.



PRACTISE IS ALL. WHEN I **TRULY** SIRE IT WILL BE THE AUTHENTIC SPAWN OF SUBERTAN.

I JUST NEED TO FIND THE RIGHT CONSORT TO JOIN ME ON THIS GLORIOUS BREEDING ADVENTURE!



NO SINGLE CREATURE *COULD* SATE YOUR APPETITES.

A MADAME VON SUBERTAN WOULD HAVE TO BE TEN FEET TALL, WITH A MIND DEVOTED TO THE DARKER ARTS OF THE FLESH AND A STEELY PNEUMATIC PELVIS.



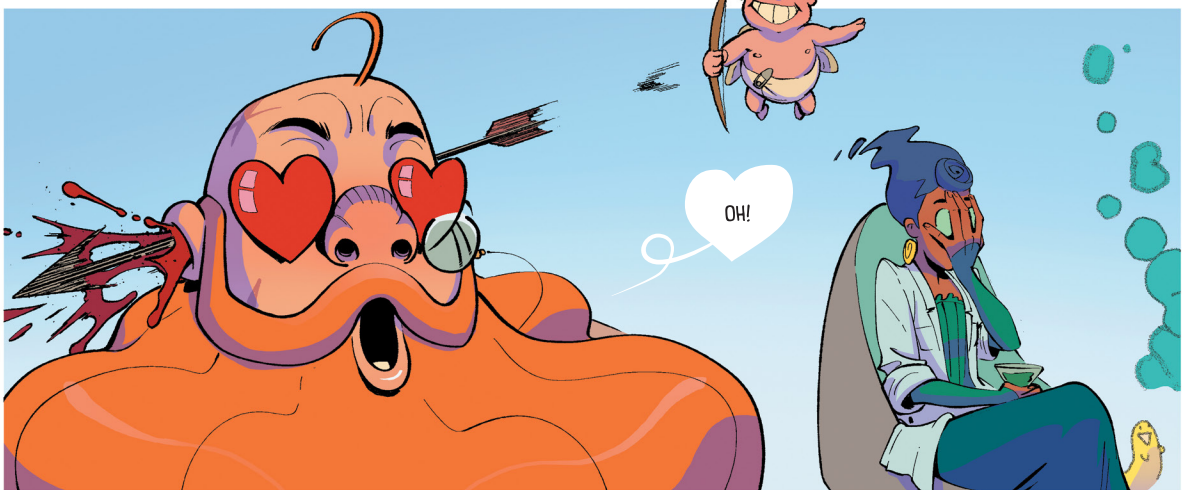
FACE THE FACTS, OTTO.

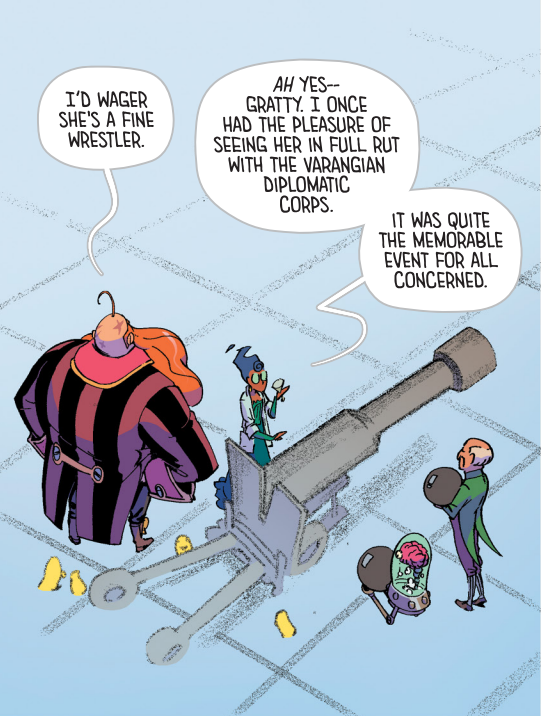
YOU ARE AN INELIGIBLE BACHELOR WHO--

MY LUDOCRATS! PLEASE BE UPSTANDING...

...FOR GRATINIA  
GAVELSTEIN, HIGH  
STEAM-JUDGE OF NEW  
PRUSSIA AND HEIR TO  
THE GRAND THRONE  
OF WAX!

BRASSY  
LEVIATHAN OF THE LAW  
COURTS AND COURTING  
QUEEN OF THE WAR BOUDOIR!  
DISCOVERER OF FOUR NEW  
SPECIES OF ORGASM IN THE  
STEAMY RAINFORESTS  
OF MONACO!





I'D WAGER SHE'S A FINE WRESTLER.

AH YES-- GRATTY, I ONCE HAD THE PLEASURE OF SEEING HER IN FULL RUT WITH THE VARANGIAN DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

IT WAS QUITE THE MEMORABLE EVENT FOR ALL CONCERNED.



THEN AN INTRODUCTION, HADES! I WOULD MAKE MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE STEAM-JUDGE OF NEW PRUSSIA **IMMEDIATELY.**

THIS WEDDING IS ABOUT MORE THAN THE FLOW OF SEED, OTTO.

WE REQUIRE AN AUDIENCE WITH THE HYPER-POPE. THERE ARE MATTERS TO DISCUSS. HE'S BEEN ACTING... STRANGE.



OF COURSE HE'S BEEN ACTING STRANGE. HE'S A LUDOCRAT.

...ACTUALLY, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, THE HYPER-POPE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT NOT TURNING UP.

WHAT? WHEN DID HE SAY THAT? WHAT COULD BE MORE IMPORTANT?

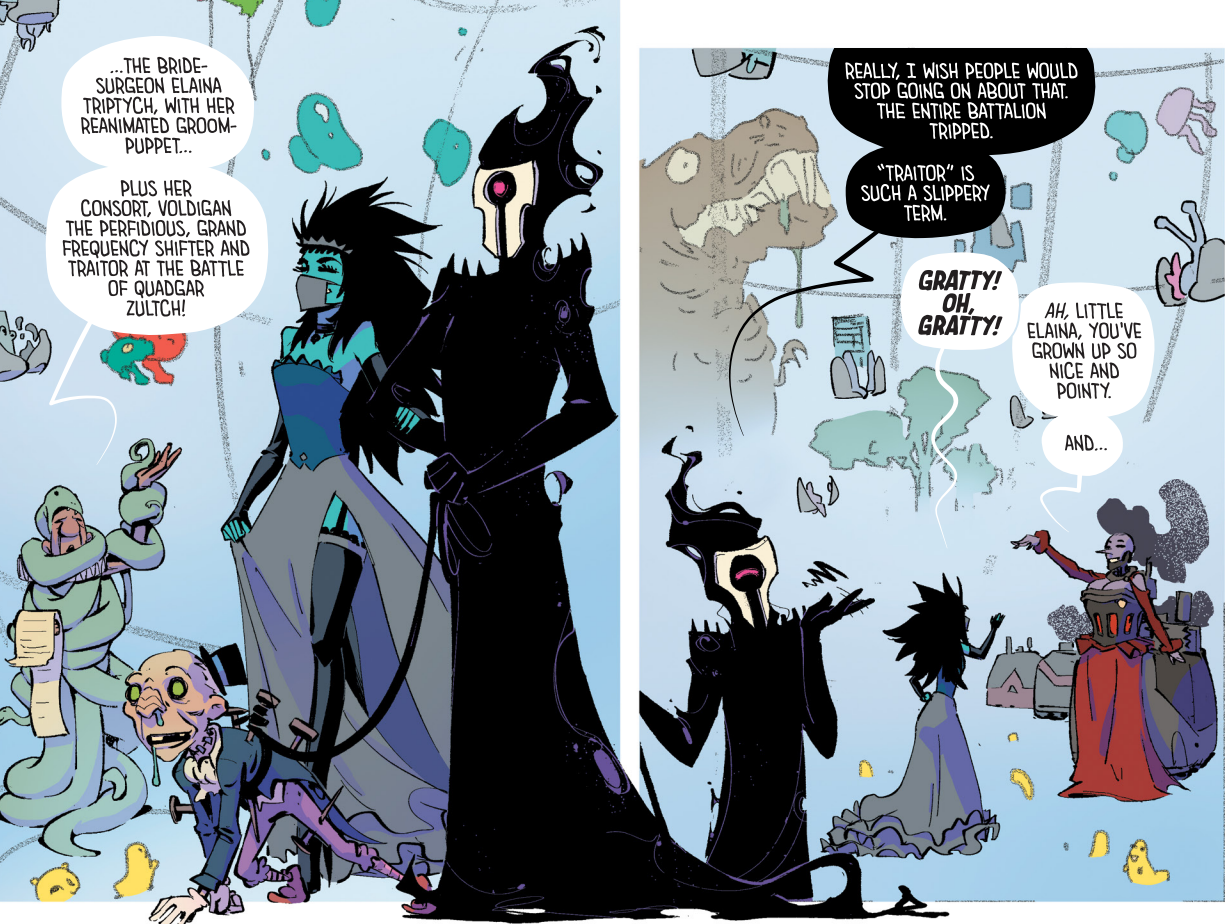


I FORGET.



IT'S ALL THE SNAKE VENOM I KEEP SMOKING. FILTHY DELICIOUS, BUT A DEVIL ON THE HIGHER BRAIN FUNCTIONS.

PLEASE BE UPSTANDING FOR...



...THE BRIDE-SURGEON ELAINA TRIPTYCH, WITH HER REANIMATED GROOM-PUPPET...

PLUS HER CONSORT, VOLDIGAN THE PERFDIOUS, GRAND FREQUENCY SHIFTER AND TRAITOR AT THE BATTLE OF QUADGAR ZULTCH!

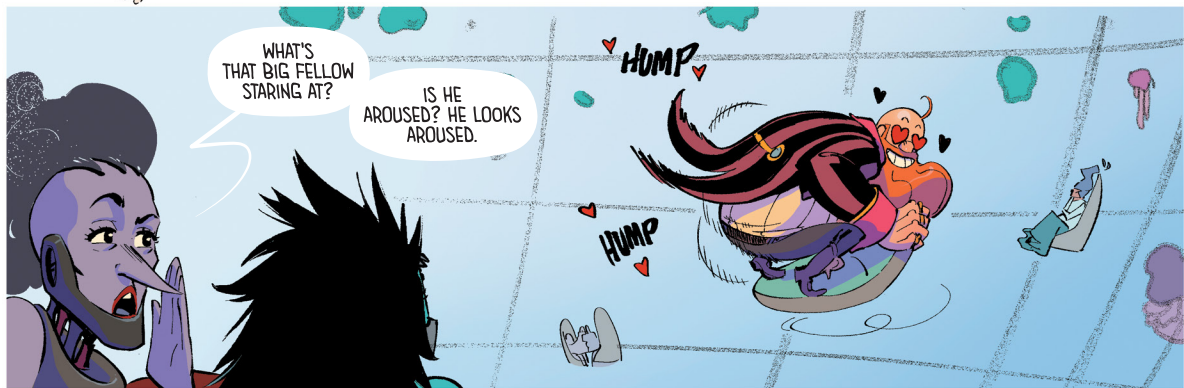
REALLY, I WISH PEOPLE WOULD STOP GOING ON ABOUT THAT. THE ENTIRE BATTALION TRIPPED.

"TRAITOR" IS SUCH A SLIPPERY TERM.

GRATTY! OH, GRATTY!

AH, LITTLE ELAINA, YOU'VE GROWN UP SO NICE AND POINTY.

AND...



WHAT'S THAT BIG FELLOW STARING AT?

IS HE AROUSED? HE LOOKS AROUSED.

HUMP

HUMP



AH, OTTO. AND THAT LOOK... I SUSPECT THE "L" WORD IS ON HIS MIND.

WELL, MY LABIA ARE STEEL-CLAD.



I'M SURE HE'LL BE MOST RELIEVED TO HEAR THAT.

I'LL BROACH THE MATTER WITH PROFESSOR HADES.

ASSORTED UNGENTLEFOLK! PLEASE GIVE YOUR MOST LUDOCRATIC WELCOME FOR...



...CASANOVA QUINN, DISGUISED AS A SEXY DINOSAUR, TRYING TO STEAL SOMETHING AS HE'S A FAMED INTERDIMENSIONAL THIEF AND THAT IS SIMPLY WHAT HE DOES.

APPEARING HERE COURTESY OF THE "CASANOVA" PERIODICAL OF IMAGE COMICS FAME!



SHIT.



OH GOD, IT'S A CROSSOVER.

LET ME DEAL WITH IT, HADES.



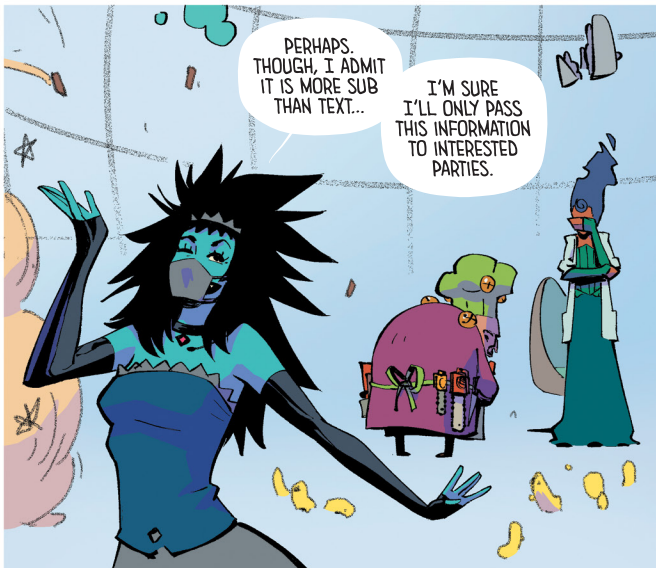
OH, HADES! HADES!




MY GOOD FRIEND BOGOL THEEN, THE CHAINSAW GASTRONAUT, AND MYSELF WERE TALKING, AND WE ENDED UP HAVING A WAGER WE HOPED YOU COULD SETTLE...

RIIIIGHT.

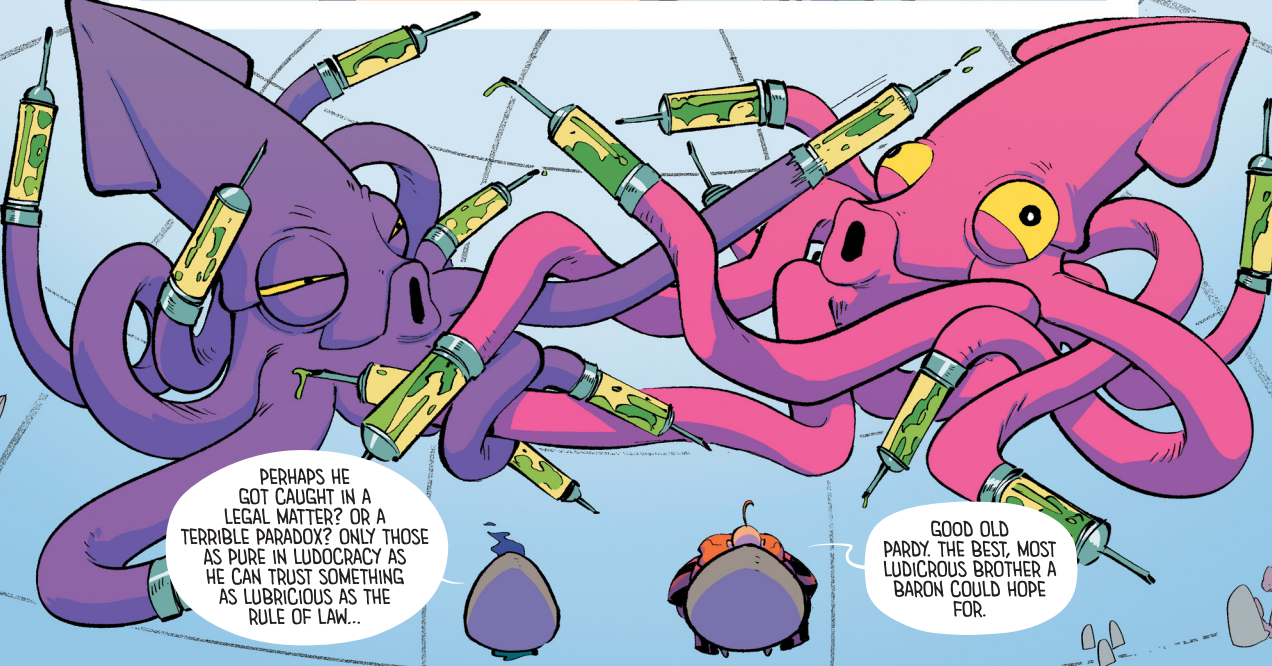
WE WEREN'T.






DID I? HAH!  
I CAN'T SEE WHY  
HE WOULDN'T COME.  
NO HYPER-POPE SHOULD BE  
LATE TO SUCH A GRAND PARTY  
AS THIS. THE PEOPLE NEED  
TO BE INSPIRED TO  
LUDICROUSNESS!

IT'S NOT  
THAT FAR FROM  
THE CITADEL COURTS,  
EVEN IF HE'S COMING  
BY XENOPHILE'S  
TORTOISE.



PERHAPS HE  
GOT CAUGHT IN A  
LEGAL MATTER? OR A  
TERRIBLE PARADOX? ONLY THOSE  
AS PURE IN LUDOCRACY AS  
HE CAN TRUST SOMETHING  
AS LUBRICIOUS AS THE  
RULE OF LAW...


GOOD OLD  
PARDY. THE BEST, MOST  
LUDICROUS BROTHER A  
BARON COULD HOPE FOR.



WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM THE HALLS OF  
ACCELERATION NOW, OTTO. PARDIUS WAS  
NEVER ERRATIC. HIS VISION WAS  
CONSTANT, UNWAVERING.

HE'S THE MAN  
WHO DELVED INTO AND  
CONQUERED THE BLOODY  
OBSCENITARIUM!


AND HE  
WAS A FINE BOOZER!  
HAHA.



YOU KNOW  
HE PARDONED THE  
HERETICAL PARIAH  
OF AVERAGES?

PERHAPS ONCE.  
NOW I WORRY. HE SEEMS  
SCARCELY CONCERNED THAT  
MANY OF OUR FELLOW LUDOCRATS  
HAVE GONE MISSING. AND WHEN  
HE **DOES** CHOOSE TO ACT...  
I SHIVER, OTTO, I  
SHIVER...

ALL THE  
MORE LUDICROUS!  
I BET HE DID IT  
FOR JAPES.



OH, OTTO. EVERY DEMI-  
QUAVER OF MY BODY  
TREMBLES. I FEAR...

LUDOCRATS!  
PLEASE BE  
UPSTANDING  
FOR...



"HIS EXCELLENCY PARDIUS HAEMOGLANDULUM VON SUBERTAN, THE GRAND AND VEXATIOUS LUDOCRAT, REGENT WARP-CZAR OF THE WEST, AND SEVENTY-NINTH ELDRITCH HYPER-POPE..."



"WILL NOT... BE IN ATTENDANCE."

"PLEASE FORMULATE EXCUSE."

WNUD



BLAST IT, PARDIUS!

NOT COMING TO THE WEDDING? UNDERSTANDABLE. NOT COMING TO **THE PARTY?**

THIS **STINKS** LIKE INFERIOR OFFAL. HE'S **SABOTAGED** THE WHOLE THING!

HE DIDN'T EVEN NOT-COME IN AN INTERESTING WAY! THE BIGGEST INSULT OF ALL!



I TOLD YOU, OTTO. BEHOLD! THE INSIDIOUS CREEP OF THE BORING...

OH, HADES. HADES. HADES!

NO! HE IS **NOT BORING!** HE CANNOT BE! THE SEDIMENT IN MY CORE SCREAMS IN RAGE AT THE VERY IDEA!



YOU ARE SHIELDED FROM THE WORST TALK. I'VE HEARD COLLEAGUES-- LUDOCRATS OF NOTE--TALKING... **SENSE.**

**ENOUGH! I KNOW THE SORT!**

SMASH!



WE MUST FIGHT THEM! WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MULTI-COLOURED SLUGS FIRING PISTOLS OF DANK POISON INTO THE WASPS AND Pincer Moths THAT WOULD SWOOP DOWN AND DISLodge US!

Pincer Moths. You're right. These people are **JUST** like larval-stage Pincer Moths.



BUT! THESE PEOPLE ARE **NOT MY BROTHER.**

HE IS THE GREATEST OF LUDOCRATS. I WILL HEAR YOUR ICHOROUS SLANDER NO MORE...

YOU DO NOT KNOW THE HOUR, OTTO!

AHEM.



ER... SORRY. OUR EMOTIONS WERE INFLAMED.

THEY WERE. I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR, BECAUSE I WAS EAVESDROPPING.

I FEAR THE LITTLE ONE IS CORRECT.



THIS IS THE LAST YEAR OF PARDIUS' REIGN. HE **SHOULD** BE MOVING TO HIS ULTIMATE STATEMENT AS THE ELDRITCH HYPER-POPE.

BUT INSTEAD I HAVE LEARNED MUCH THAT DISTURBS EVERY WRONG-THINKING MIND...

I THINK IT IS TIME FOR ALL THOSE OF LUDICROUS CONSCIENCE TO ACT.



ALSO, ARE YOU INTERESTED IN COUPLING? I AM ENORMOUSLY INTERESTED IN COUPLING.

WHY YES! I'M ACTUALLY FAMOUSLY INTERESTED IN—

LUDOCRATIC UNGENTLEFOLK!



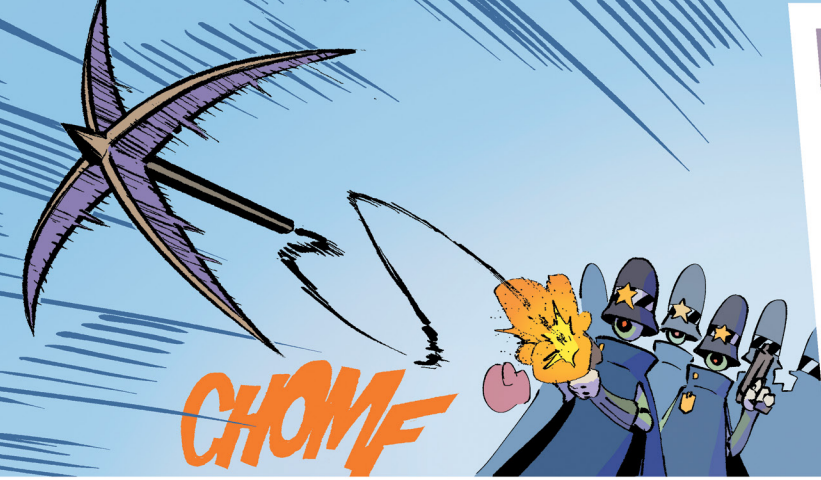
PLEASE REMAIN COMPLIANT FOR THE HYPER-POPE'S GUARDS WHO ARE HERE TO ARREST THE STEAMJUDGE FOR HER ACTS OF GROSS AND IMPROPER BEING BORING.

**NAY!**



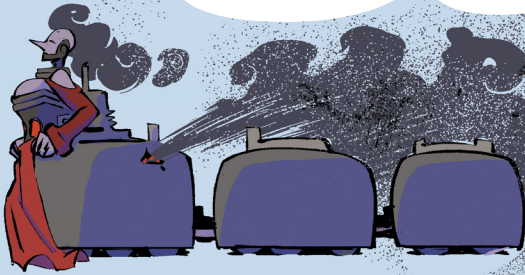
I HAVE DONE NOTHING WRONG! AT LEAST, NOTHING THAT IS NOT ENTIRELY LUDICROUS!

IF YOU'RE EXPECTING ME TO GO QUIETLY, YOU'LL BE SORELY MISTAKEN...



SEE! I'M NOT GOING QUIETLY!  
I'M GOING HISSILY! THEY'VE  
PIERCED MY STEAM VAT!

STAY CLEAR! THESE  
ARE **NOT** WATER  
VAPOURS.



THIS IS  
AGAINST THE LUDOCRATIC  
MANDATE!

THE  
STEAM-JUDGE IS  
NOT BORING!

SHE HAS  
**STEEL-PLATED  
LABIA!**



HERESY IN  
MY HOUSE! TO  
WAR!

YOU  
WILL NOT  
TAKE...

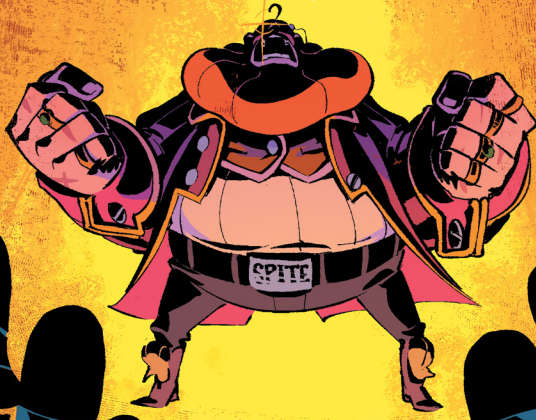


WHAT  
WAS HER NAME  
AGAIN?

"GRATTY."

**GRATTY!  
UNFORGETTABLE  
GRATTY!**

MY ETERNAL  
LOVE! LEAVE  
HER BE!



BRING ME THE  
PROFANICANNON!

ROUSE  
THE PELVIC  
WEAPONRY!



NO TIME!  
ACT SWIFTLY! ACT  
VIOLENTLY!

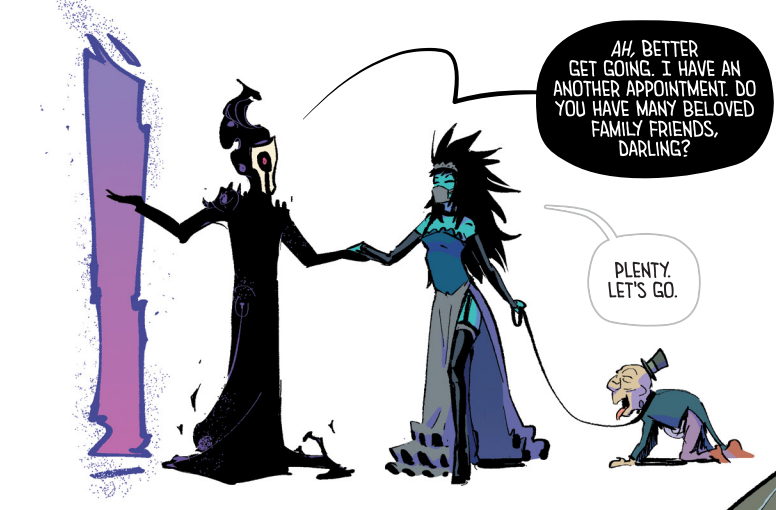


VERY WELL.

BUT I  
WON'T ENJOY  
IT.

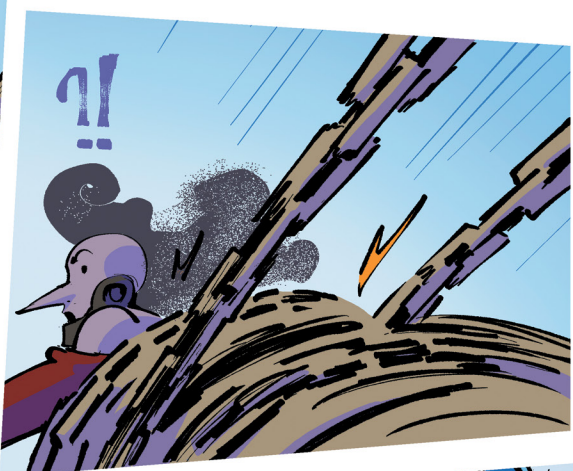
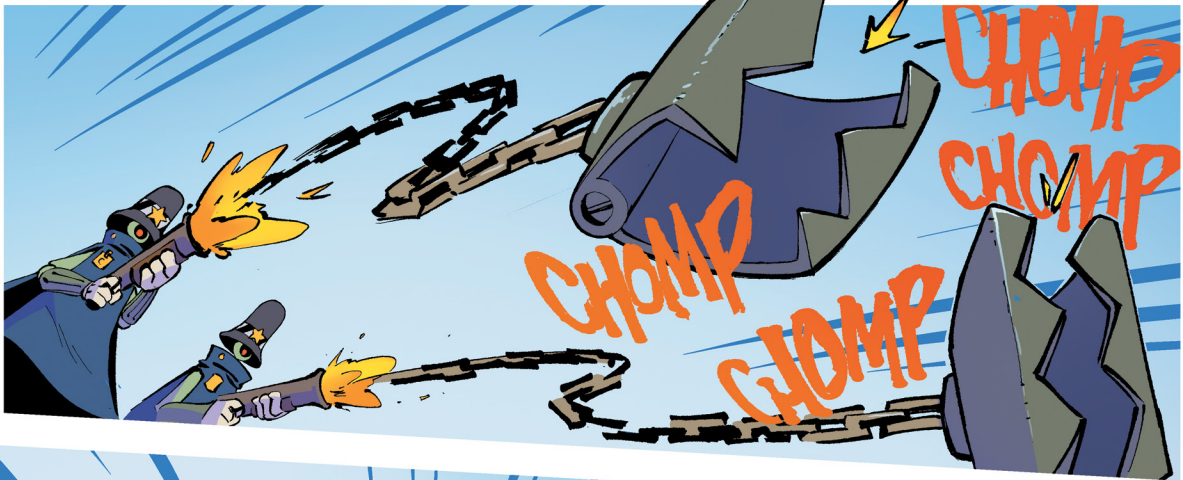


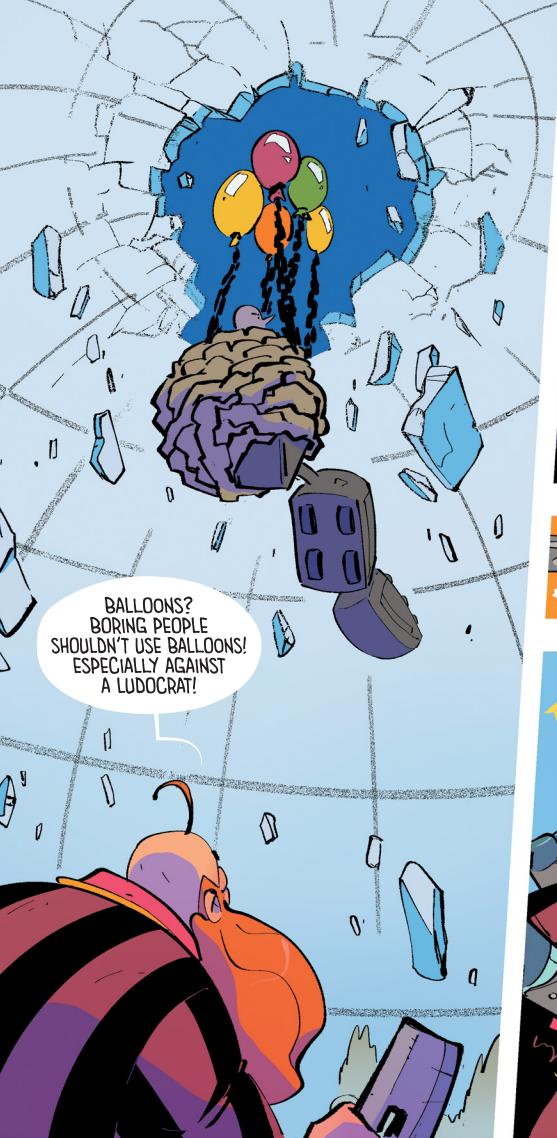




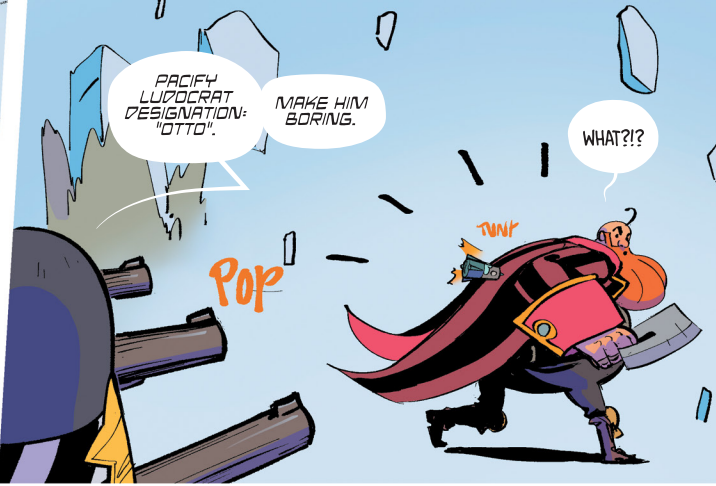
AH, BETTER GET GOING. I HAVE AN ANOTHER APPOINTMENT. DO YOU HAVE MANY BELOVED FAMILY FRIENDS, DARLING?

PLENTY. LET'S GO.





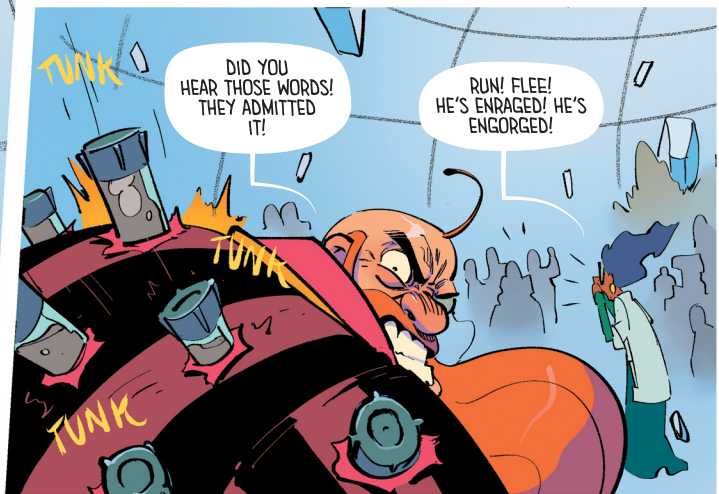
BALLOONS?  
BORING PEOPLE  
SHOULDN'T USE BALLOONS!  
ESPECIALLY AGAINST  
A LUDOCRAT!



PACIFY  
LUDOCRAT  
DESIGNATION:  
"DTTD".

MAKE HIM  
BORING.

WHAT!?!?



DID YOU  
HEAR THOSE WORDS!  
THEY ADMITTED  
IT!

RUN! FLEE!  
HE'S ENRAGED! HE'S  
ENGORGED!



THEY WANT  
TO MAKE US  
BORING,  
HADES!



GRRRR!  
IT WILL NOT BE  
BORNE!

**MECHANICAL  
BORING PEOPLE  
HAVE TAKEN  
SOMEONE I ONLY  
JUST MET!**



ER...  
WEDDING  
OVER.

THANKS FOR  
COMING! SEE  
YOU SOON!





# THE Ludocrats



was brought to you by

## KIERON GILLEN

*WORD SCIENTIST*

HIS PREVIOUS CHILDREN'S PICTURE NARRATIVES INCLUDE 'GODS BE GOOD BUT ALSO BAD MAKES YOU THINK', 'CONFUSING IN GERMAN' AND 'PHONOMANCER'.

## JIM ROSSIGNOL

*A FURTHER WORD SCIENTIST*

DISCOVERER OF THE LUDONARRATIVE ALPS AS A DIGITAL ENTERTAINERIST, HE NOW TURNS TO THE JUXTAPOSITION OF PICTORIAL INFORMATION.

## JEFF STOKELY

*PENCILS, INKS, DEMIURGERY*

FIRST HE DRAWS IT IN PENCIL. THEN INKS IT. THEN HE USES THE DIVINE POWER TO RENDER IT TO AN ACTUALITY BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

## TAMRA BONVILLAIN

*PALETTE EMPRESS*

AMONG HER MANY TRIUMPHS, SHE INVENTED THE NEW COLOUR CALLED 'AWESOME', BUT IT'S SO AWESOME THAT YOU CAN'T SEE IT YET. SHAME.

## CLAYTON COWLES

*WORD VISUALISATION*

LO! HE IS THE FONT OF ALL KNOWLEDGE AND IS THE KNOWLEDGE OF ALL FONTS. HIS OTHER WORK INCLUDES REALITY.

## FERNANDO ARGÜELLO

*DIVINE FLATTERER*

FERNANDO'S SUBTLE AND ELEGANT TONGUE HAS ENGAGED ALL IN THE COLOURING EMPORIUMS OF THE MODERN COMIC SCENE.

## CHRISSY WILLIAMS

*CONTROL ROD*

LO! IT SEETHES! LO! IT WRITHES! BUT NO! THIS COMIC CANNOT ESCAPE THE GRASP OF THE UNDEFEATED WORD-WRESTLER OF SEVEN DIMENSIONS!

## SERGIO SERRANO

*ARRANGER OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS*

DISCOVERED IN AN ISOLATED COMMUNE AND LURED BACK TO THE FALLEN WORLD, SERRANO POSITIONS OBJECTS EXACTLY TO STARTLING AESTHETIC EFFECT.

## CYRILLIC MEGABIFF

*CONCEPTUAL ENGINEERING*

EXTENDED RUNNING JOKE CYRILLIC MEGABIFF ACHIEVED SENTIENCE IN THE MID-00S AND NOW EXISTS AS A FUGITIVE FROM THE SELF-INDULGENCE POLICE.



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# GUESTS, HYPERBEINGS AND RIPPLES OF DEAREST PROFUNDITY

**1** **SNAKES ARE**, of course, always invited. No event is complete without snakes, and while few snakes seem to understand the invites they receive, no Ludocratic ceremony – wedding, funeral, disgorgement, or personality bifurcation – is really complete without a strong serpent presence. We didn't catch the name of this little guy, because he was sadly trodden upon by a sauropod who, frankly, doesn't seem to have been on the guest list at all.

\*\*\*

**2** **THERE'S SCARCE REASON** in gathering this many Ludocrats in one place without siphoning off the novels and operas that they have inside them and might never get out! These raw potentialities (often disgusting) are streamed directly to the Obscenitarium's automated expression chambers, where the ideas are forced onward through specially configured poets and authors (neurotic types who are bred for the purpose), meaning that an idea is never wasted. The coupons earned can be traded for meat credits!

\*\*\*

**3** **NO ENJOINING** of Ludocratic families would be correctly blessed without the presence of Thrax Oblivious, the sentient bag of wheat. Thrax, a masterpiece of alchemical transmogification, is not, as some have claimed, a Ludocrat transformed into a bag of wheat, but rather the reverse. Our scientists have yet to imbue Thrax with any further capabilities, such as movement or speech, but they assure us that he is most definitely one of, if not the most emotionally intelligent being extant in the universe today.

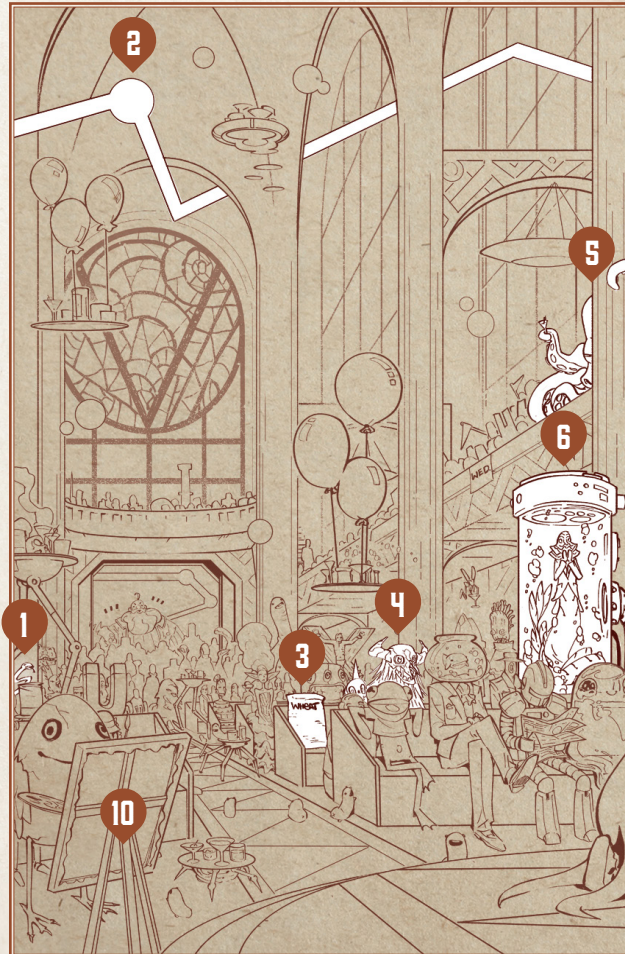
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**4** **WHILE IT WOULD** run against the spirit of Ludocracy to entirely outlaw cannibalism, inviting experimental monsters to a wedding does tend to result in unwanted loss of limb. Fortunately, the worst of the off-plan ingurgitation at this wedding was avoided by shipping in some indentured clowns. There is nothing a monstrous wedding guest enjoys more than being able to crack the old classic "Does this taste funny to you?" through a mouthful of terrifying viscera.

\*\*\*

**5** **MUCH OF THE GALLERY** here is filled with Von Subertan's personal invitees: often composed of beings he later intends to eat. Otto never did get to dine on this colossal octopus, however, and the creature later found itself at the wheel of a large automobile, wondering how it got there.

\*\*\*



**6** **GUIDULA STERLIPHAIN**, Duchess of the Pond Viles, who came to fame through their chain of submerged singles bars. Struggling blindly through cold black water to find your sexual partner has become hugely fashionable in recent years, and Sterliphain was swift to capitalise on the trend. They say, however, that they themselves will never find love, due to a constant, deafening, nightmarish keyboard solo that only they can hear.

\*\*\*

**7** **WHAT CAN WE SAY** about Vork Mibula that hasn't already been literally written in the stars by the alien superbeings he has subjugated and forced to do his bidding? There he is, piloting his spider walker. Whilst a minor character sitting on row D, seat 19 in this image, in truth it is Mibula's ignition of the acceleration entity of Lodar-9

which really transforms the multiverse, thanks to its awakening of the Annihilator Precepts: an event which will eventually unfold the dark matter matrices and release God from his paralysis-tomb to complete His unthinkable mission in the material realm.

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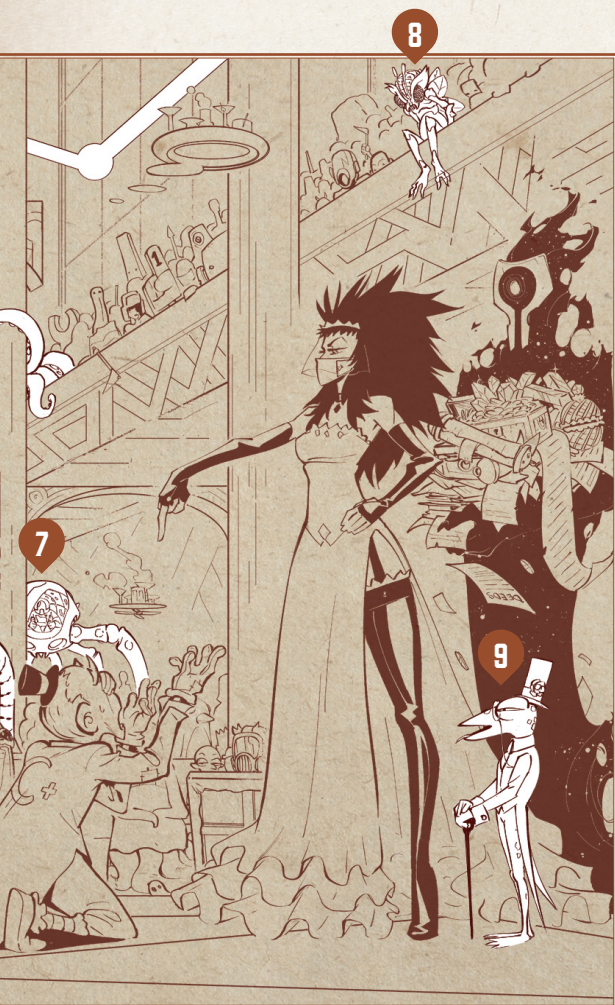
**8** **VORSK "HUSK-DOER" STENTIFRET**, Ninety-Fifth UnQueen of the ZertHive at Laringineth, does not understand Ludocratic rituals. She will later try to lay an egg inside The Floating Head of Archimemetet, much to that disembodied scholar's surprise. Look, we're not saying there's anything wrong with insect people on the whole, just that if you're going to invite anthropomorphised creatures to your wedding then you can't expect their alien cognisance and contradictory perception of the universe not to result in accidental hybridisation attempts. (FWIW, cat people are, by and large, far more easily distracted.)

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**9** **ADJUDICATION GECKOS** make the world go around, and also sometimes make people's heads come off, as in the case of the unfortunate groom. These telepathic bipeds were bred specifically to ensure that Ludocracy never faltered, and that judgements, like this one, are harsh but unfair. Whether a society really should give executive power over life and death to emotionless semi-sentient reptiles is unclear, but it certainly seemed like a fun thing to do at the time.

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**10** **A LUDOCRAT DOES NOT REQUIRE PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION** of an event they were present for. They'll remember it if it's worth remembering, and if it's not, they would rather destroy anything which could make them recall something so dull and dreary. However, many find it useful to hire a skilled artist to draw alternative events which *could* have happened, to encourage all Ludocrats to strive to ensure their actuality beats all possibilities. The wedding's portraitist is in fact the twin brother of the actual portraitist, and spent the evening panickedly daubing random shapes. When the truth was uncovered, everyone was too drunk to care.



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

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*On Void Walkers*

“...ONCE THE EELS had drained away, and the black beating heart of the Imprecation Worm went cold in my hand, it was clear that we had created something

special. We knew we would need an agent with which to trade or spy on other universes, and other realities, and this was the being to do so! That we had boiled down the hard maths of the boffins and injected it into this ineffable being of altered space seemed unbelievable, but there he was: already making plans for a trip to the sideways realm of Poetic Rotwater. By these designs we would win the Goatmilk Wars, but only just.” •

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*On Drawing Rooms*

“MY FIRST ENCOUNTER with a Drawing Room was just after we had dealt with the Visitor From Beyond The Mirror, and I realised immediately that having such a space, where doodling could become corporeal, was critical to the rapidity of our future invention. I made sure that all Ludocratic Establishments boasted one from that day

forward. Self-care is important, after all. Heck, it was in that very room that we plotted to resurrect Peter Coatling’s Conjecture Farms, as well as give license to the Wasp Rituals, and to Bastard Peng and her Beam Guild! What would the world be today if we had not had the space to ponder, and make those decisions in peace? Where indeed.” •

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*On Steam-Judges*

“...AND SO IN THE YEARS following the defeat of the Normalisers by the Hybrid Of Zaragoza it became clear that we would need some manner of independent

judiciary with which to judge the actions of our fellow Ludocrats. If the Ludocracy could be enjoyed by all, and not simply the Ludicrous, then the situation quite clearly necessitates a kind of steam-powered judging machine. So it was that a manner of coal-burning magistrate was created. Trained in Ludo law and run on fossil fuels and water, the Steam-Judges have long proven their efficacy: utterly incorruptible, and sort of arousing, for some reason. Long may their decisions run on time.” •

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## LUDOCRATS #2

( May 6th, 2020 )

April is the coolest month.  
May is also the coolest month.  
All months are cool now.  
Ludocrats say so.

OH, YOU ARE QUITE FORTUNATE. The universe has led you to this point, secretly, inexorably: creeping up on you like a grinning golden bear, covered in blood and honey. You hold in your hands a prime moment of your life: a lesson in the lore and science of Ludocracy. It is a knowledge like no other.

Of course, each and every schoolchild knows that the Hemispheric Boredom Wars of the 1190s ended in the triumph of the Ludicrous Revolution of 1199. Famously, the first Hyper-Pope was pushed, steaming and applauding, from Van Dasmir's personality accelerator, and she set about righting the universe from where it had fallen awkwardly in a dusty corner. But what happened after that? To get to know *that* one must become familiar with the era of the Ludocrats, those dynasties of decadent delirium: the Psycho-Czars and Massive Colonels, the Barons of the Meat Horizon, the Planes-Walkers, Pseudo-Dukes and Captains

of Hyperbole, Counts and Countesses of Solidified Melody – it was a time of celebrity surges, weaponised jesters, and the UnQueen Of The Zerthive. It was a time of exultation and invention, and time where the heroes of this book walked into legend.

It might be said that this very particular and important adventure of Baron Otto Von Subertan and Professor Hades Zero-K, in which they adjudicate at Ludocratic weddings, enjoy the fine art of murder, and perhaps hope to engage in a little romance, is one of hyperbole, but it is also, more significantly, one of *philosophy*. Yes, there is a little more to Ludocrats than axe-throwing and

wrestling with naked aliens. Indeed, the Ludocracy is not some lark, some heathen debauch. No, it is something more. It is a creed. This new aristocracy, created by the first Hyper-Pope in her boundless wisdom, would have one task alone: to make life ludicrous *for everybody*. •

“A LITTLE  
MORE ...  
THAN AXE-  
THROWING  
AND  
WRESTLING  
WITH  
NAKED  
ALIENS”

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



COVER A: JEFF STOKELY  
RATED M/MATURE

