



# THE REVIVAL

CHAPTER 1  
THE RED AGE



# THE REVIVAL

WRITER AND  
ARTIST  
TOM KYZIVAT

EDITING AND  
ADDITIONAL  
STORY  
MATERIAL  
PETE BLOOME  
KATIE KYZIVAT  
MIKE KYZIVAT  
PAT ETHRIDGE

Patriarch always said that industry was wrong.

Patriarch always said that magic and nature were  
the only true power.

And Patriarch was always right, because Patriarch  
was the wisest of us all.



AND NOW PATRIARCH IS DEAD.

CHAPTER ONE  
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Dawn.

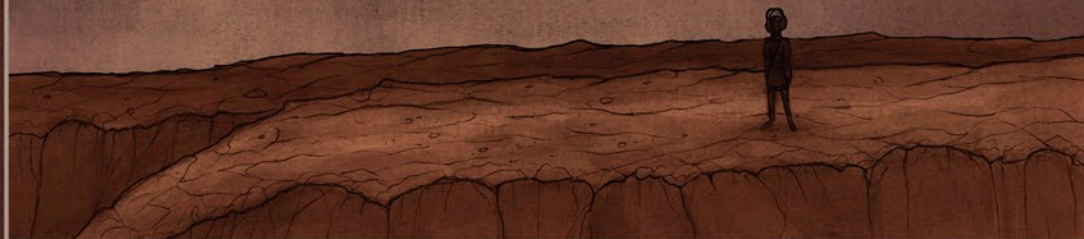


Or what passes for dawn in this dust-choked landscape.

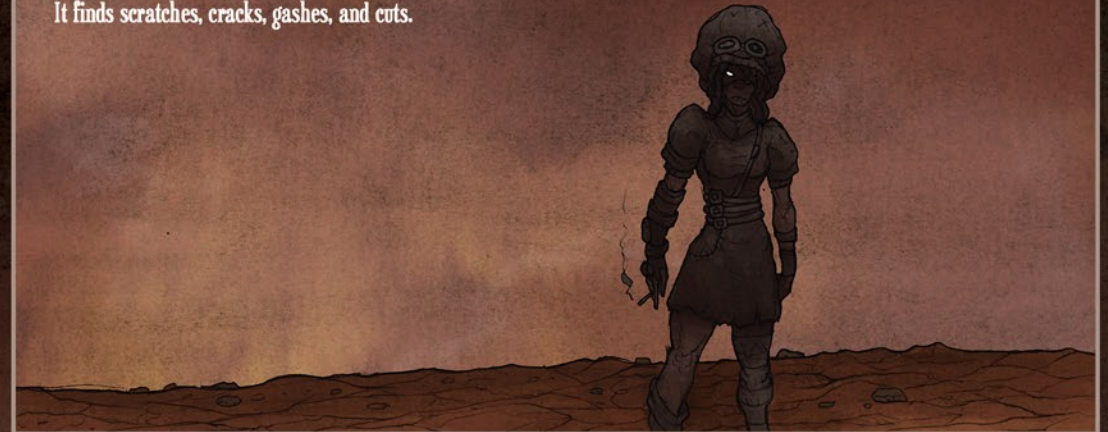
What does the dawn find upon its arrival?  
As it creeps in, mostly blocked by a thick  
blanket of clouds, it finds dry, dead soil.  
Jagged, harsh rock. Silence and dust.



It finds bleakness where once beauty  
resided. A silent, dusty, hollow realm  
belying the fury and torment that made  
it what it is today. A solemn reminder  
of what once was.



It finds scratches, cracks, gashes, and cuts.



Deep cuts. The ones that never heal.

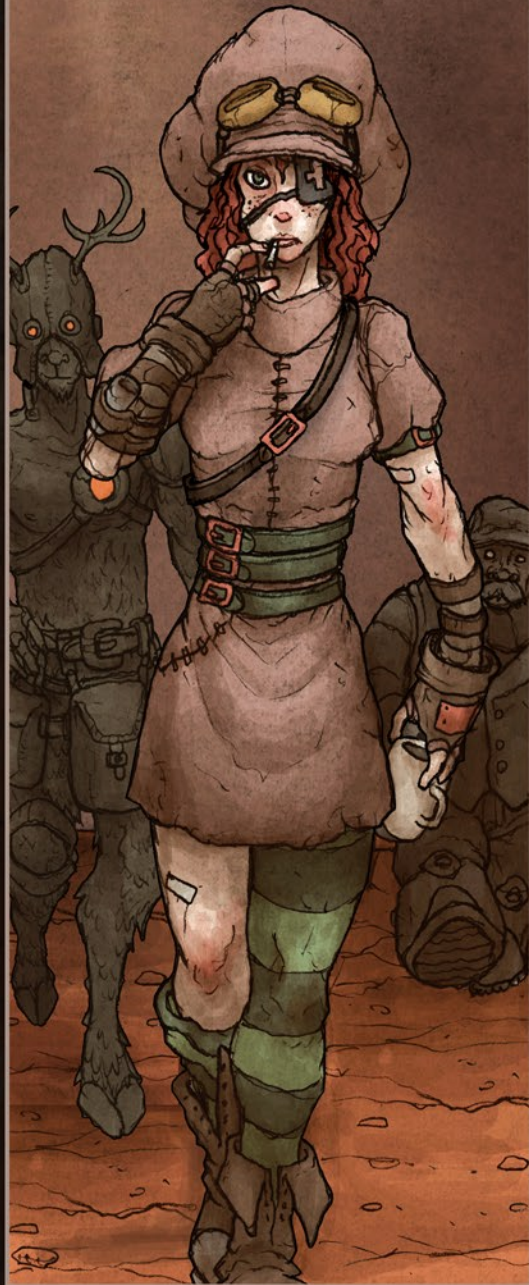








Her name is Red.  
She's fighting a losing battle with survival.



At her command: a handful of rag-tag soldiers of circumstance.



WAKE THE OTHERS.



RISE AND SHINE, KIDDO!  
THERE'S COFFEE.

Tater: Engineer



SAVE IT, POTATO FACE!  
IT'S BARELY EVEN DAWN.

Rainbow: Demolitions



G'MORNIN' FUZZY!  
YOU WAKE?

Woods: Scout



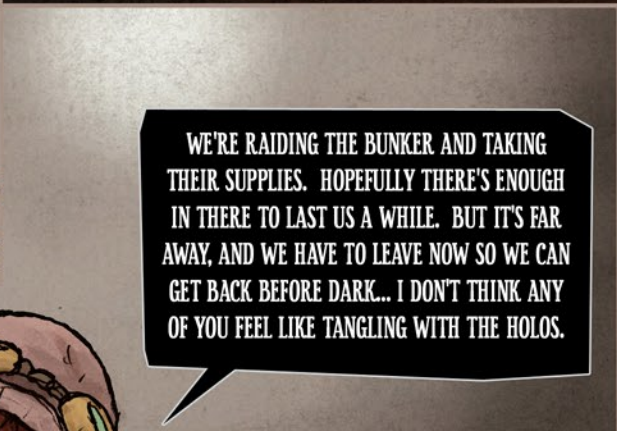
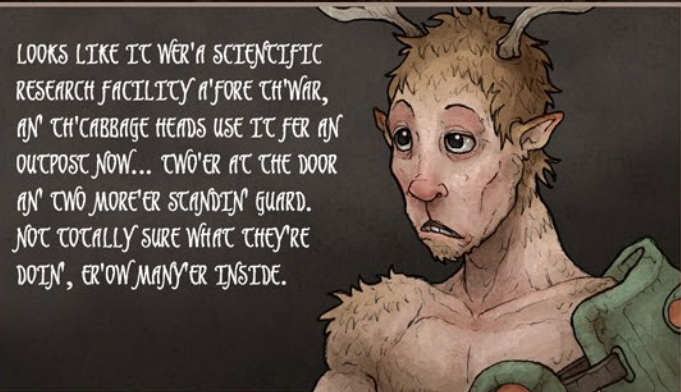
!!!



I TOLD YOU NOT  
TO STARTLE ME.

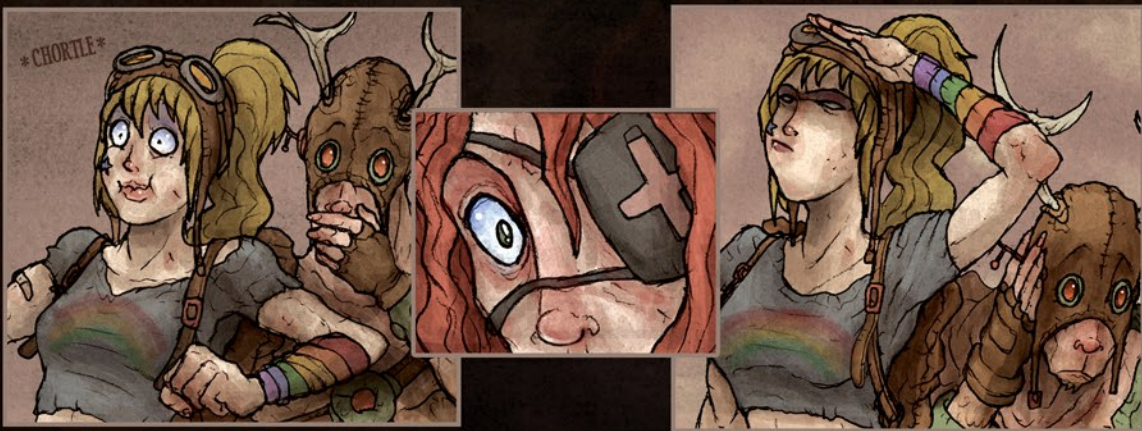
The Pessimist: Lieutenant







This is what it's been like since the war ended. Scavenging a dead landscape, venturing further and further out from safety to raid the bunkers of their oppressor. Every new one they find buys them a little more time.







PSST! WAIT, GUYS! I'M TOTALLY GONNA DO A FLIP OFF THIS ROCK! GUYS, YOU'RE NOT EVEN LOOKING!



WHAT'RE THEY DOIN'?

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO TELL US, SCOUT.

COULDN'T GET THIS CLOSE B'FORE. NOT SAFELY.

IF YOU'D TAKEN A RIFLE ALONG YOU COULD HAVE.



IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE TRYING TO CUT THROUGH THE DOOR... THIS MIGHT NOT BE GOOD. CAN YOU OPEN IT?



YES.



I MEANT--



DAM!!!



BY THE KINGDOM...



I'M NOT SURE... THEY MUST HAVE GOTTEN TRAPPED IN HERE DURING THE WAR. MAYBE THEY WERE SURROUNDED?

THIS ISN'T A RESEARCH FACILITY OR AN OUTPOST. IT'S A TOMB.

WAAAA!  
TH' ROYAL GUARD!  
WHAT 'APPENED HERE?

I TOTALLY DID A FLIP OFF THAT ROCK. IF ANYBODY CARES.



I KNOW IT'S IN BAD TASTE, BUT WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. RAINBOW, START SCAVENGING. WOODS, KEEP A LOOKOUT, AND PESSIMIST, DRAG IN THOSE DEAD CABBAGE HEADS. WE'VE DRAWN ENOUGH ATTENTION TO OURSELVES ALREADY.



WHAT COULD WE POSSIBLY GET FROM THIS DUMP? WE'RE WELL-STOCKED ON SKELETONS ALREADY.



SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT. MANY GOOD MEN DIED HERE.



IS THIS BETTER?









four dead.  
rifle wounds.

secure the bunker.  
formation tigershark.



NOW.



GIMME THAT GUN! YOU'RE  
USING IT WRONG!

THEY JUS' KEEP COMIN'!



GREAT, THE HOLOS.  
JUST WHAT WE NEED.



WHAT?! S'NOT  
EVEN DARK OUT YET!

THEY MOSTLY COME  
OUT AT NIGHT. MOSTLY.



THEY'RE  
GETTING  
DESPERATE,  
LIKE US.



sir... they are...  
right behind...





The Holo. They were once people. After The Engine's experiments fixed that, they escaped to a life of insanity, cannibalism and violence.



Darkness is their stage.

Survivor and Cabbage Head alike are their audience.



They are outrageous.

Troly, troly outrageous.







I'VE BEEN WAITING TWENTY PAGES TO DO THIS...



\* SIGH \*

I JUST LOVE BRINGING SOME COLOR BACK TO THIS DRAB WORLD.



WE'LL MAKE FOR THE WEST TUNNEL. THAT SHOULD GIVE US SUFFICIENT COVER IN CASE MORE HOLOS SHOW UP.



THAT WENT TO HELL IN A HURRY. NO AMMO, NO FOOD... I HOPE THIS EXCURSION WAS WORTH THE TROUBLE.



I THINK IT WAS.



Dusk. As the sun concedes to the night, darkness falls upon an already dark realm.  
Welcome to The Engine.



"...SIRE?"



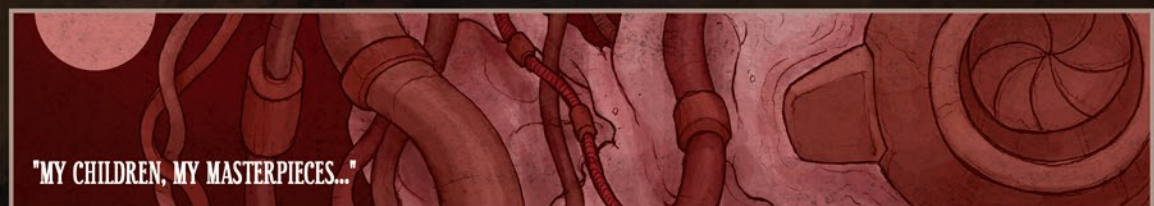
YOU HEARD ME. PATRIARCH IS DEAD. THE KINGDOM IS LONG DESTROYED. I STAND, UNOPPOSED. ...SO WHY DOES MY GOAL STILL ELUDE ME?



YOU SHALL ACHIEVE YOUR GOAL, LORD EGO. BUT FOR NOW, THE NEWEST HARVEST AWAITS YOU. ARE YOU READY?



ONCE I GET DRESSED.



"MY CHILDREN, MY MASTERPIECES..."

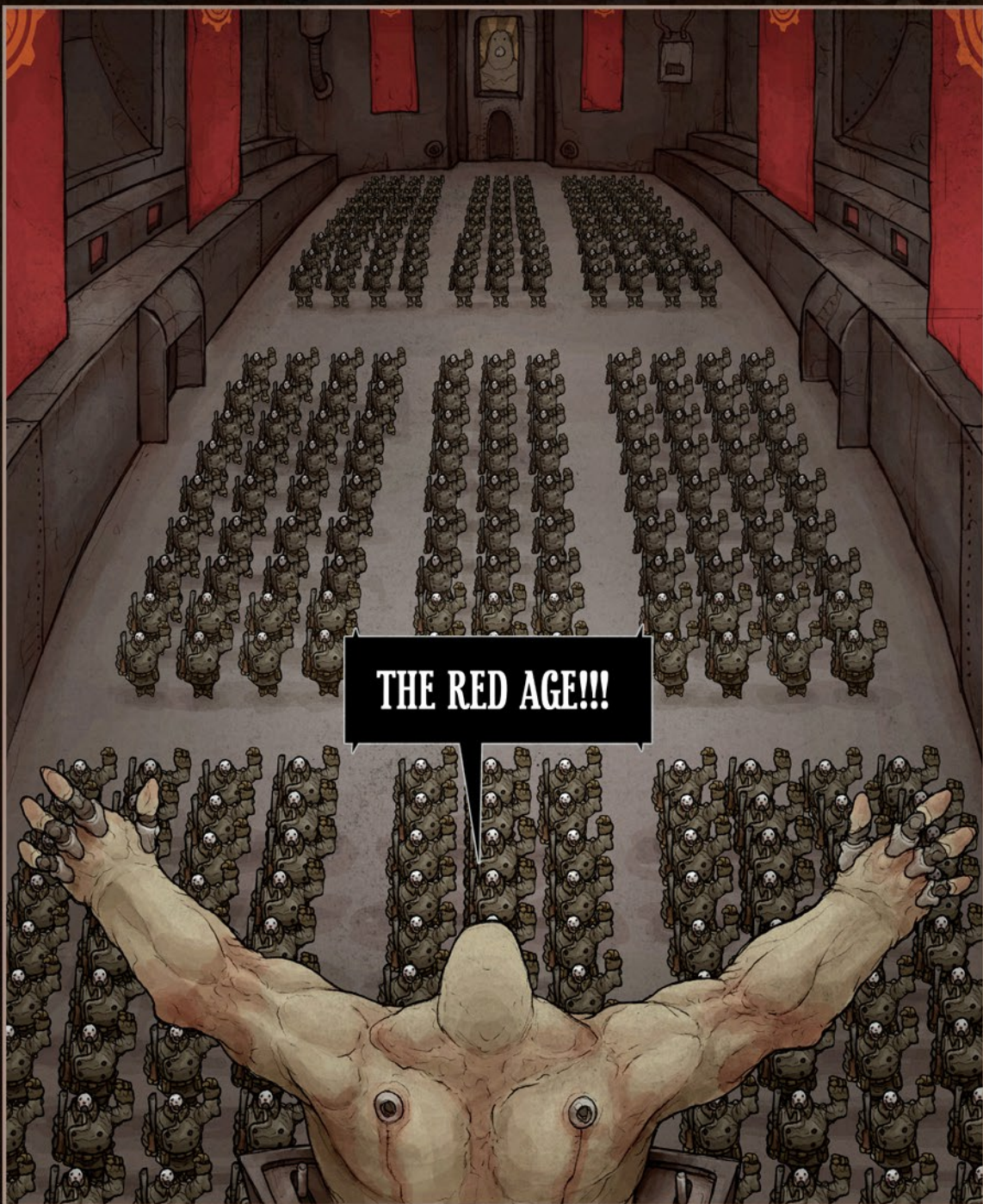


I STAND BEFORE YOU A PROUD FATHER, MASTER, TYRANT, GOD.





"I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THE IMPORTANCE OF INDUSTRY. YOU ARE THE PRODUCTS OF INDUSTRY. I AM THE ARCHITECT TO A WORLD FREE OF THE MISTAKES AND HAPPENSTANCE OF NATURE. I AM THE ARCHITECT, AND YOU, MY BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN, ARE MY TOOLS. I WELCOME YOU INTO MY WORLD. I WELCOME YOU INTO..."



**THE RED AGE!!!**

**NEXT CHAPTER: THE FORBIDDEN LANDS**



**ALL GLORY TO THE  
ZINGLINS!**



