



THE REVIVAL

CHAPTER 1
WARPATH

THE REVIVAL

Ego has gone mad.

The blue pygmy, leader of the industrial complex known as The Engine, has laid waste to the world in pursuit of power. But he won't rest at complete control of the lands. In his metal tower, something else drives him. Something sinister.

The only ones left to oppose him are a handful of survivors from the war, led by a stalwart woman they call Red. No longer content with merely scraping by, they now aim to put a stop to Ego's madness before it chokes out their very breath.

They are The Revival, and they're in for one *berry* rough day.

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Printed in the USA by Ka-Blam Printing.com

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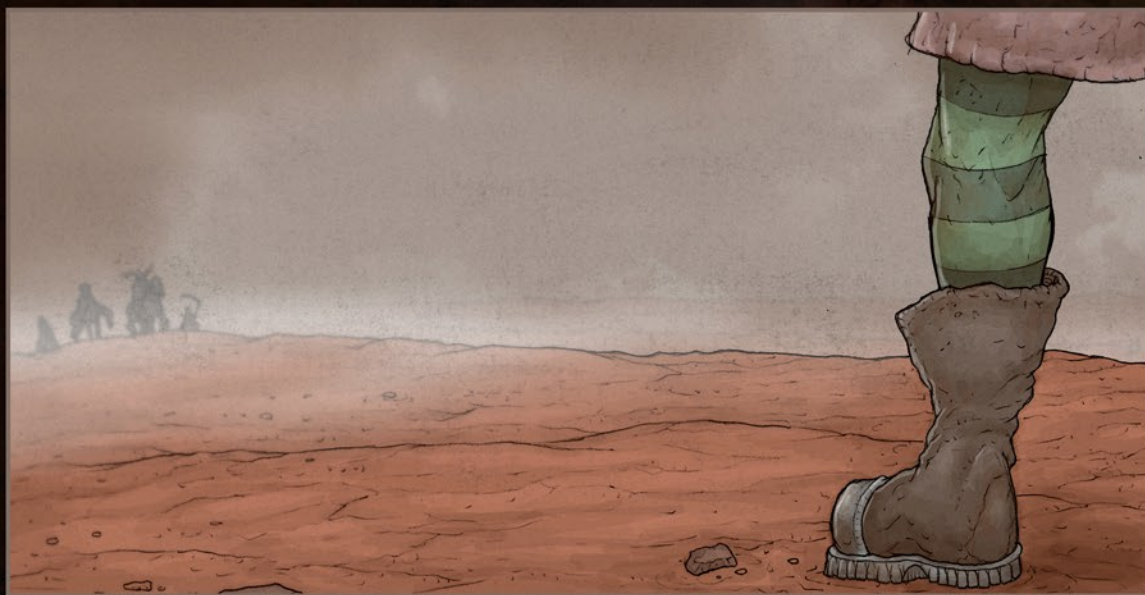
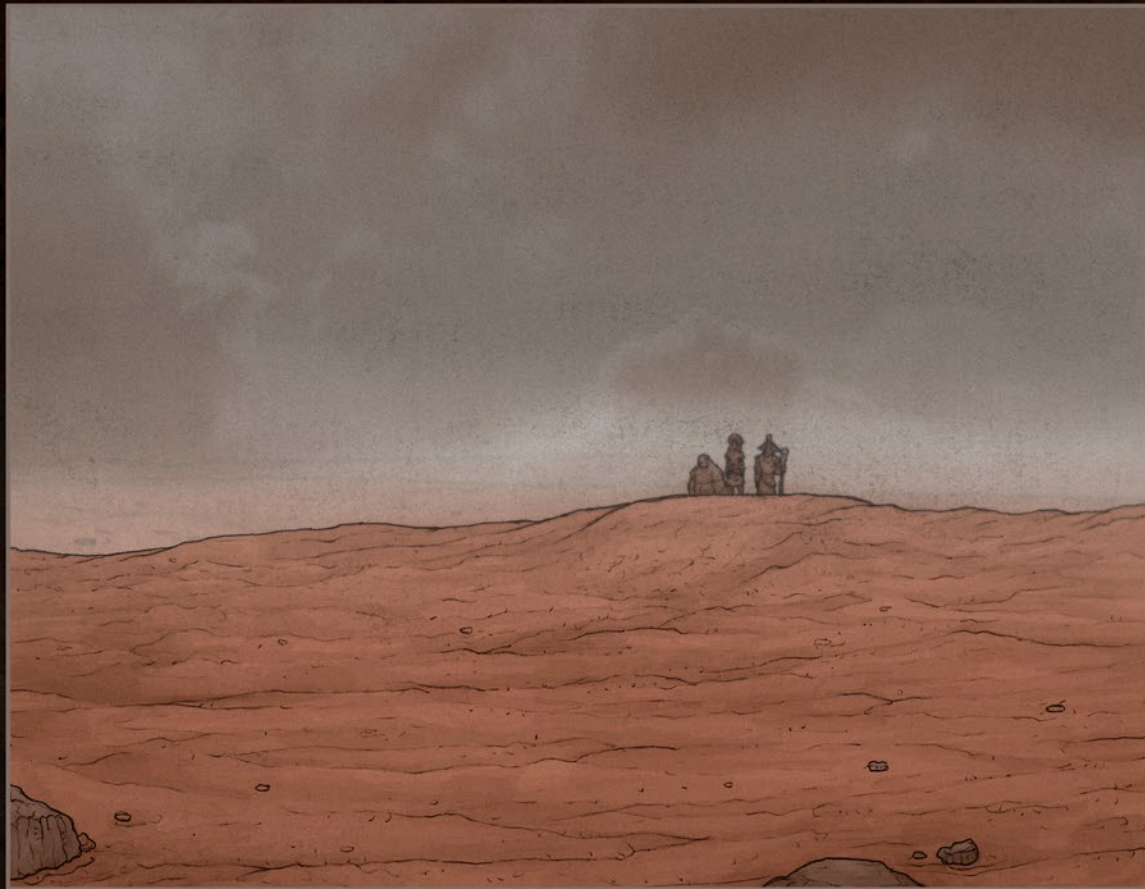
"BUT THE GOD'S EYE BLINKED, AND I FOUND MYSELF ONCE MORE IN THE SANDS. THE DESERT PARTED LIKE THE WAVES OF A GREAT OCEAN, AND BEHOLD, FOUR HARBINGERS OF A GREAT SHIFT RODE TO MEET ME.

THEIR WORDS WERE COLD AND BLUNT: A BLADE MADE DULL BY THE FULFILLMENT OF ITS GRIM PURPOSE, YET FORMIDABLE IT REMAINED STILL. THE VERY CLOUDS SEEMED TO FOLLOW THEIR COMMAND, COAXED INTO PLACE FOR THE STORM THAT WAS TO COME."

-Spellbook of The Patriarch



CHAPTER
ELEVEN **WAR** PATH



'OW DYI THINR IT'S GOIN'? WIT DYI THINR THEY'RE SAYIN'? I'VE GOTTA BAD FEELIN' 'BOUT THIS...

DYI THINR WED REALLY GO T'WAR?



...IF W'CAN EVEN CALL IT WAR. SO FEW 'GAINST SO MANY...

I DON'T KNOW... THESE HORSEMEN GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE PRETTY POWERFUL.

RED SEEMS TO THINK IT'S POSSIBLE WITH THEIR HELP.

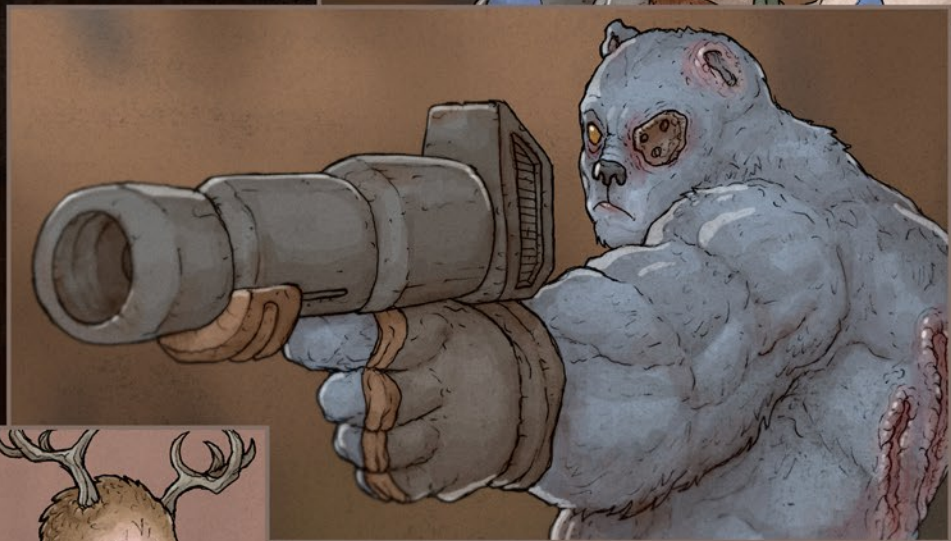
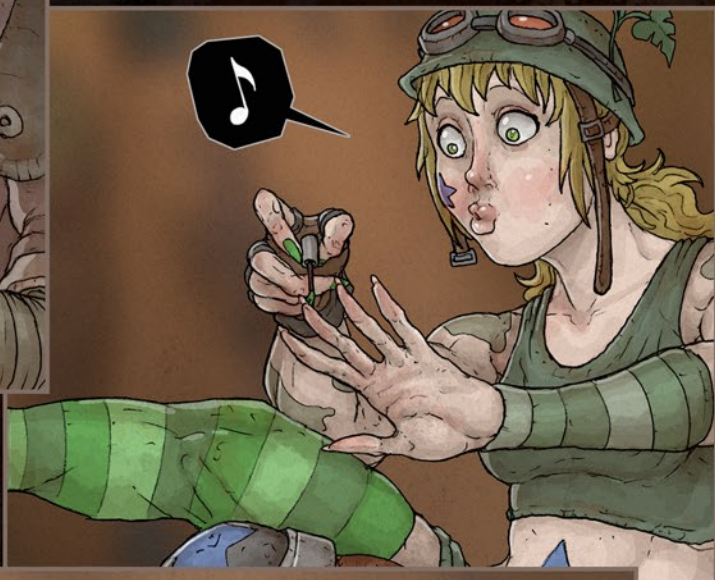


ANYONE THAT POWERFUL SOUNDS DANGEROUS. I WISH WE CUDDA GONE, TOO. I WANT T' MEET THESE GUYS B'FORE WE DECIDE ANYTHIN'. I JUS HOPE RED DOESN'T RUSH INTA THIS.



NAH, RED WOULDN'T MAKE ANY RASH DECISIONS. SHE'S ALWAYS KEPT US SAFE. I DON'T KNOW... I THINK WHATEVER SHE DECIDES, WE SHOULD SUPPORT HER.





...THEN FROM THERE WE'LL MAKE OUR WAY TO THE MAIN ENGINE FACTORY.

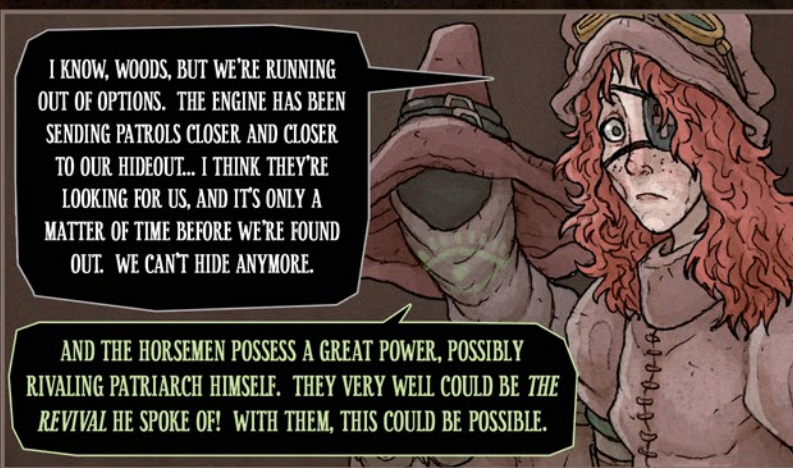
ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?



I... WELL...

...IT SEEMS LESS LIKE A PLAN 'N' MORE LIKE A BLIND CHARGE.

OPEN WAR? NOW? WE DON'T HAVE AN ARMY.



I KNOW, WOODS, BUT WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS. THE ENGINE HAS BEEN SENDING PATROLS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO OUR HIDEOUT... I THINK THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US, AND IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE'RE FOUND OUT. WE CAN'T HIDE ANYMORE.

AND THE HORSEMEN POSSESS A GREAT POWER, POSSIBLY RIVALING PATRIARCH HIMSELF. THEY VERY WELL COULD BE THE REVIVAL HE SPOKE OF! WITH THEM, THIS COULD BE POSSIBLE.



IT JUST... FEELS WRONG 'T' ME.



THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU! WAR'S NOT SUPPOSED TO FEEL RIGHT. IT'S WAR! WE DO THIS BECAUSE WE HAVE TO. STEP UP TO IT OR BE QUIET! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO.



STOW IT, PESSIMIST. IF WE FIGHT AS A TEAM, WE'LL WIN AS A TEAM.



WOODS, YOU'RE FREE TO STAY BEHIND IF YOU WANT, BUT WE COULD REALLY USE YOUR HELP OUT THERE. EITHER WAY, WITH OR WITHOUT YOU, WE'RE PROCEEDING.



ANYONE ELSE?



WHAT?



THESE HORSIES YOU SPEAK OF... HOW MANY ARE THERE?



FOUR. ONE FOR EACH HORSEMAN.



I SEE. AND OF THOSE FOUR HORSIES, APPROXIMATELY HOW MANY ARE UNICORNS?



NONE.



THEN WE CANNOT COUNT ON UNICORN WISHES. IT'S JUST AS WE FEARED.



ALL RIGHT, WE MEET AT THE NORTH ENTRANCE TO THE BASE IN TWENTY MINUTES. TATER HAS RATIONED OUT FOOD IN THE MESS HALL. GO FILL UP YOUR PACKS.



...I'LL TALK TO HER AGAIN BEFORE WE LEAVE, BUT KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON HER IN CASE SHE TRIES TO WANDER OFF AGAIN.

I WILL.



HERE. THIS IS FOR YOU.

WHAT'S THIS?



EXTRA RATIONS. TASTY ONES. YOU'LL NEED THEM! YOU DON'T EAT ENOUGH. DON'T THINK I DON'T NOTICE... I KNOW YOU EAT LESS SO THERE'S MORE FOR THE REST OF US.

...I GUESS THIS IS BETTER THAN YOU NAGGING ME ABOUT THE CIGARETTES.

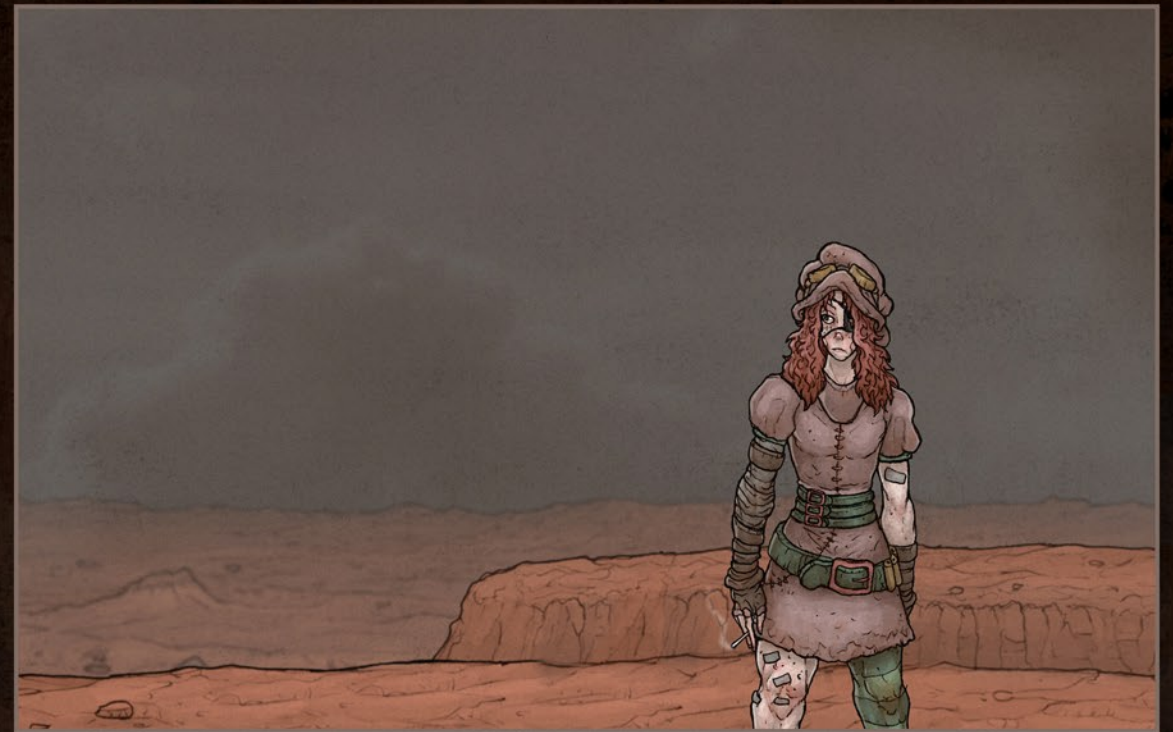


WELL... YOU TAKE CARE OF US... I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, TOO.



THANK YOU, TATER. BE SAFE. SOON THIS WILL ALL BE OVER.







JUST IN TIME, CHIEF! IF WE HAVE A REDHEAD LAY DOWN IN FRONT HERE, WE'LL HAVE A MOVIE POSTER ON OUR HANDS!

...PLEASE TELL ME IT'S TIME TO LEAVE.

IT IS. WE HEAD WEST.



THIS IS IT. WE FIGHT TOGETHER. WE WIN. LET'S GO.



♪ ...DON'T YOU... FORGET ABOUT MEEE! ♪

SHUT UP.



THEY'RE ALREADY AT THE RENDEZVOUS POINT. I WANT EVERYBODY ON THEIR BEST BEHAVIOR. PESSIMIST, RAINBOW... KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS TO YOURSELF. THESE GUYS DON'T MESS AROUND.



YOU HAVE RETURNED WITH YOUR ARMY. IS THIS ITS ENTIRETY?

YES.

VERY GOOD. IT IS A FINE MORNING FOR CONQUEST!



RED..! THESE HORSES... THEY'RE MONSTERS..!

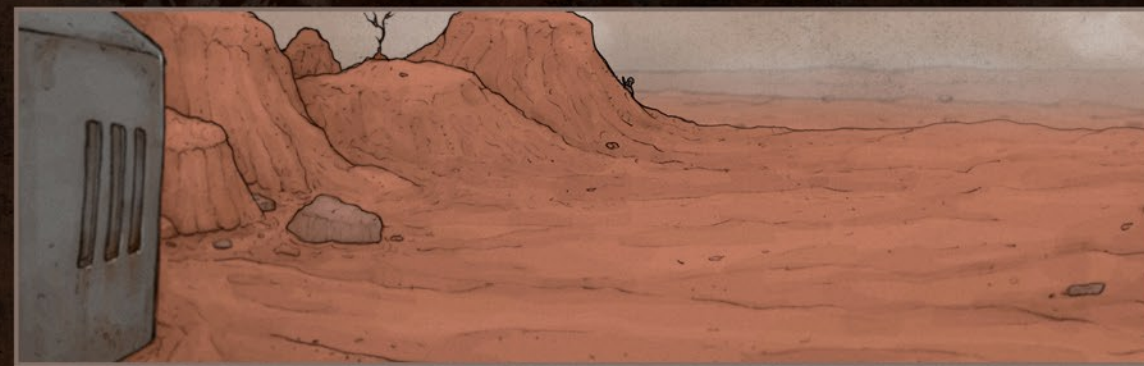
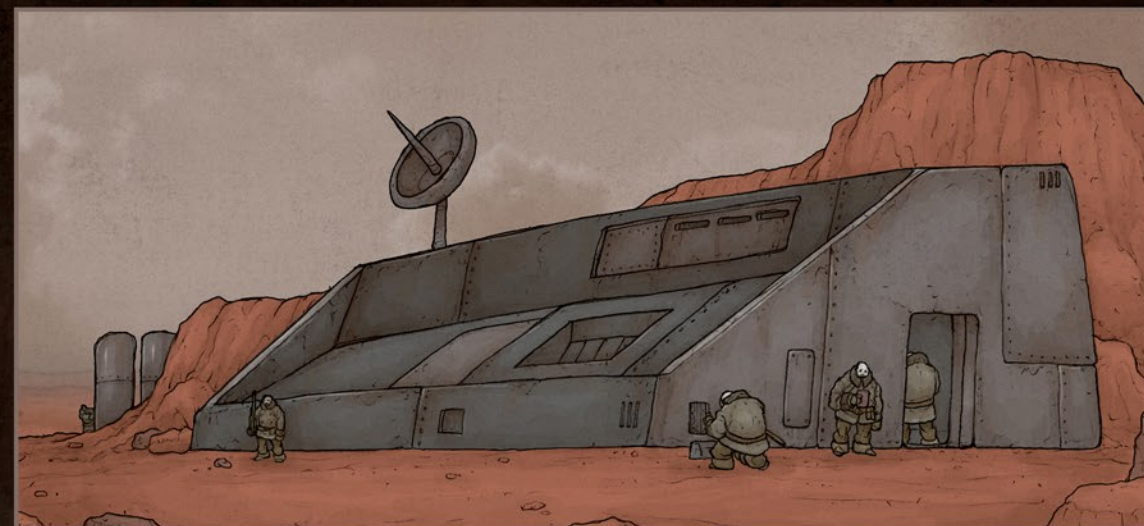
WOODS... PLEASE...

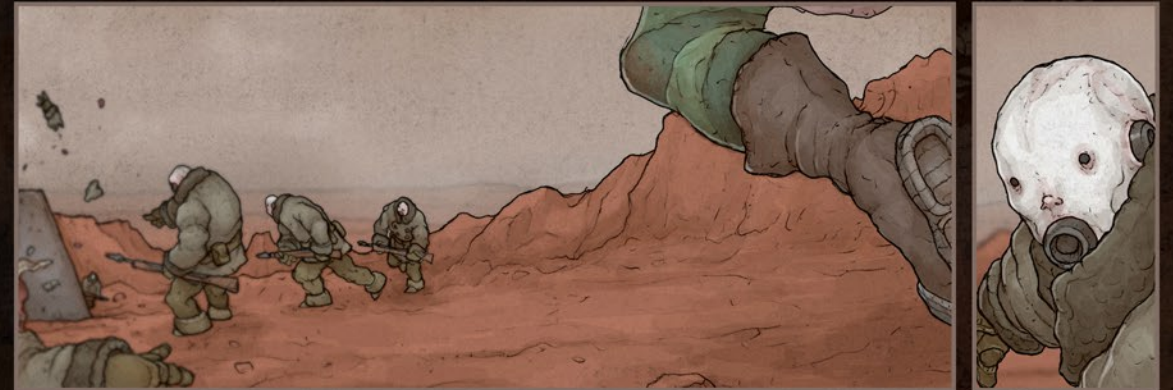
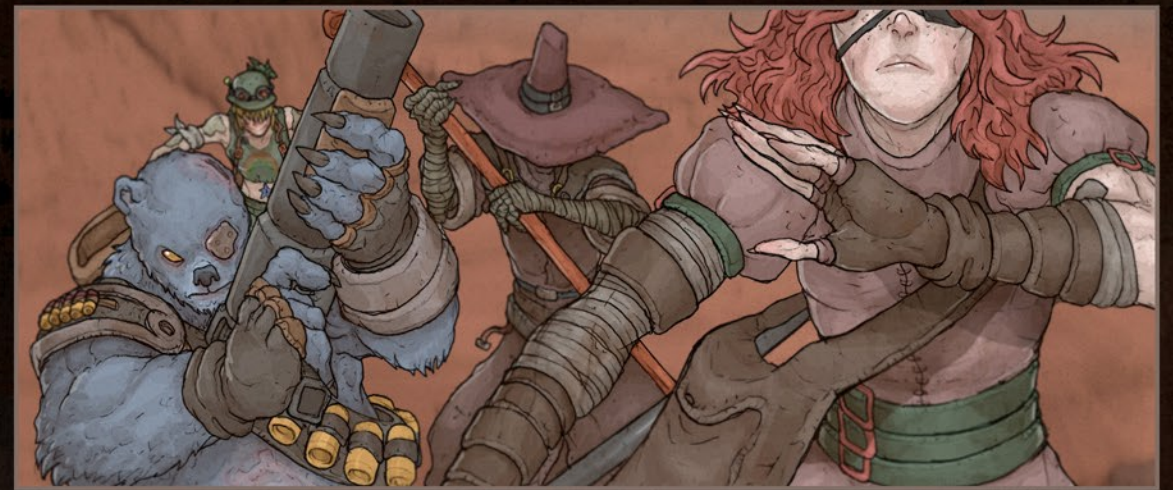


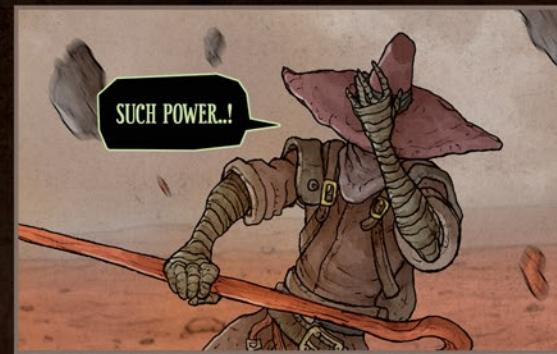
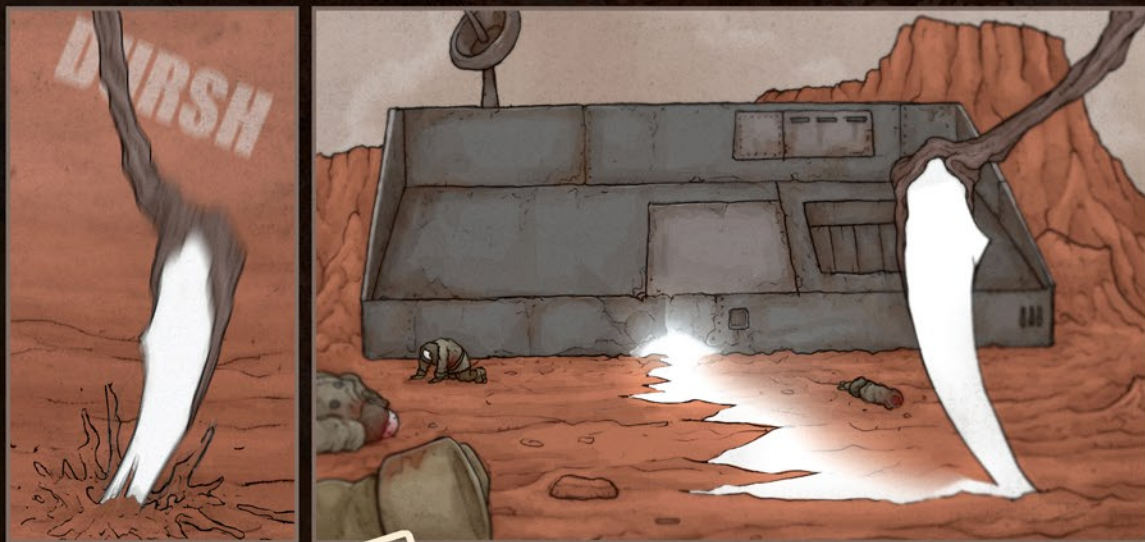
NOBLE BEAST... MY LIT'L PONY... WHAT'VE THEY DONE T'YOU?



STAY YOUR WORDS, FAUN! THESE ARE BLESSED CREATURES, RESURRECTED AND WOVEN INTO PERFECTION THROUGH THE POWER OF THE PATRIARCH. THEY SHALL CARRY US TO CRUSADING GLORY!









WE HAVE VICTORY.
ON TO OUR NEXT CONQUEST.



MIGHT I SUGGEST A
SOMEWHAT LIGHTER TOUCH?
WE DON'T WANT TO DRAW
TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO
OURSELVES. WE'LL LOSE THE
ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.



FOOL! THE RESOUNDING FURY OF
OUR JUDGMENT SHALL CAUSE THE
FOUNDATIONS OF THE UNCLEAN
ONE'S VERY FORTRESS TO SHAKE!
SOUND AND FURY, OUR ALLIES.



RIGHT... BUT IF WE USE MORE
DISCRETION, WE CAN LEAVE
THE BUNKERS INTACT AND
TAKE THEIR SUPPLIES. WE'LL
NEED THEM ON THE MISSION.



ONWARD. THE GRACE OF OUR MARTYR
SUPPLIES US WITH ALL WE NEED: HEFT, APPETITE,
DISPOSITION, MIRTH. WE NEED NOTHING ELSE.



ALL RIGHT, YOU HEARD
HIM. LET'S GO.

WORRY NOT, RED. THEIR
METHODS MAY SEEM SEVERE,
BUT IT IS IN SERVICE TO A
HIGHER SENSE OF GOOD.



Somewhere dark.
Somewhere quiet.
Somewhere cold.

A familiar face lies, hiding,
alone, broken. Her horde is
dead. Without them, she can't
get her chemical fix from the
Cabbage Heads. Her body is in
the throes of withdrawal.



But she doesn't notice.
She's not thinking about hunger,
thirst, pain or chemicals.
All she can think of are...

EYES... THOSE... EYES...



She used to rule the
darkness, but now it's her
prison. Now it belongs to
the eyes in the shadows.



NEXT CHAPTER: THE FALLEN CITY



