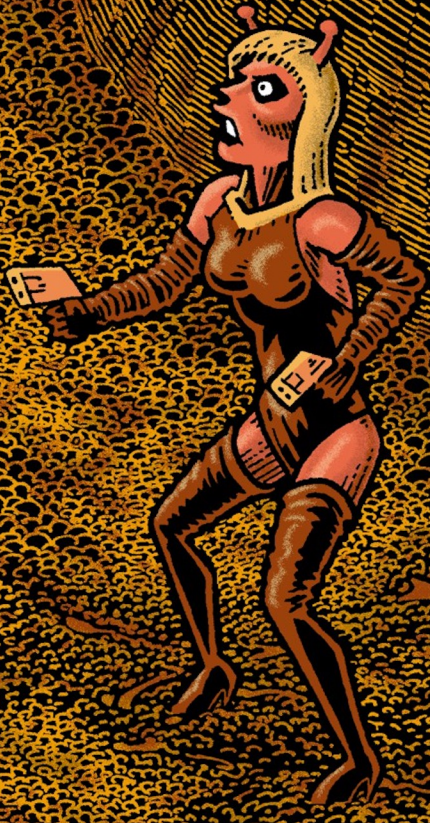


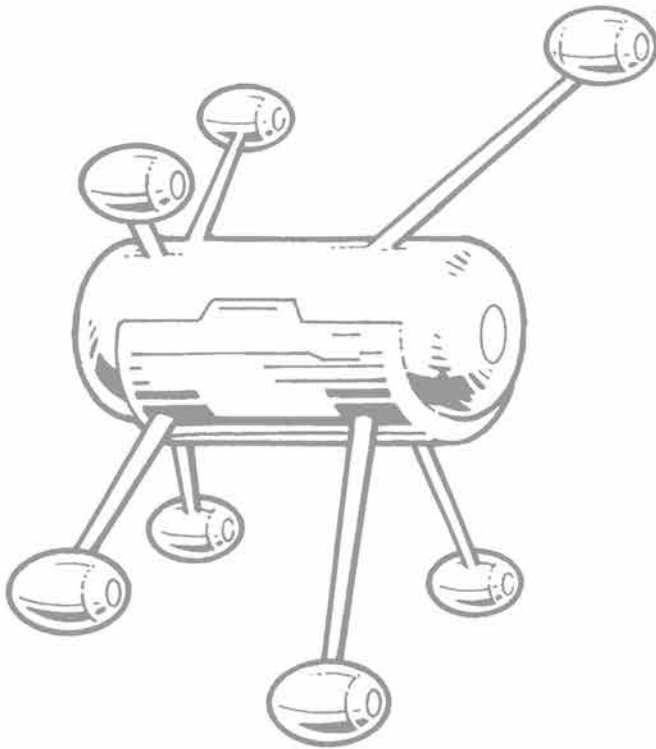
MYRIAD DOOM

a graphic novel by
MATT HOWARTH



MYRIAD BOOM

a graphic novel by
MATT HOWARTH



MYRIAD DOOM

book 3 of the Myriad trilogy


story & art © 2016 MATT HOWARTH

based on the universe found in the MYRIAD SONG Game
(property of Sanguine Productions LLC)

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Matt would like to dedicate this graphic novel to
his Muse, who (in her divine way) was primarily
in charge of things this time.



THE PEABODY DATA
STACKS ARE NOTORIOUS
FOR THEIR IMPENETRABLE
SECURITY ICE.

SO RHYNS NEEDED
A FRIEND'S HELP
INVADING THEIR
INTERSTELLAR
REGISTRY.

I'M
IN.



THE DATA
I'M LOOKING
FOR...

HOW WILL I
KNOW IT WHEN
I FIND IT?

I'VE SET
IT SO THAT ANY
PERTINENT DATA
WILL SHOW AS RED
TO YOUR DIGITAL
SENSES.



IF
THE LUXURY
YACHT YOU'RE
LOOKING
FOR DOCKED ANYWHERE,
IT'LL BE ON-RECORD
HERE.



OH--BTW--WATCH
OUT FOR SECURITY
MAULWARE.

DRAT!



SOME NASTY WATCH-DEVIL CODE IN THERE.

HOW NASTY?

IT CAN GENERATE PULSES MODULATED TO ERASE ORDINARY PROGRAMS.

SINCE WE SENT YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS IN THERE, YOUR SYNAPTIC CODE MIGHT BE VULNERABLE TO THOSE PULSES.

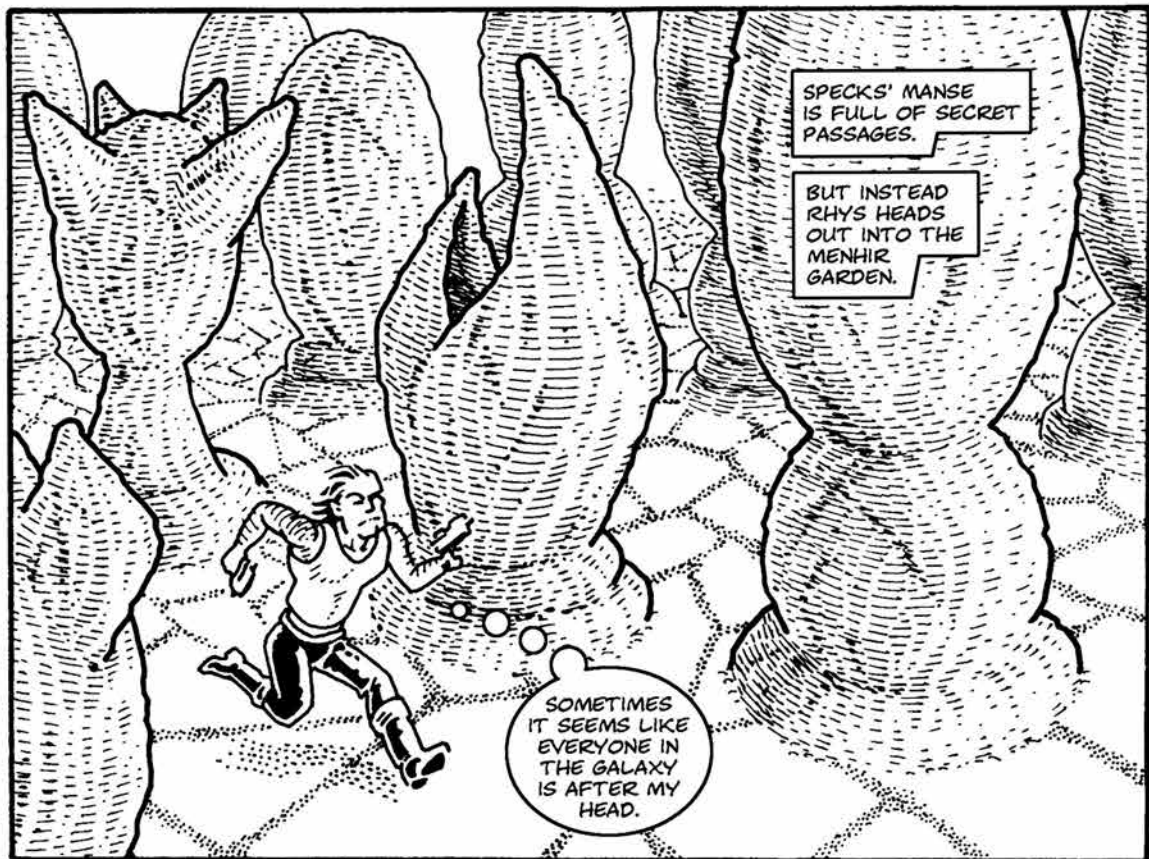
OKAY, SPECKS--I'M IN TROUBLE!

SIGH...

I'M BOOSTING YOUR CODE TO WARD OFF THE MALWARE.







SPECKS' MANSE
IS FULL OF SECRET
PASSAGES.

BUT INSTEAD
RHYS HEADS
OUT INTO THE
MENHIR
GARDEN.

SOMETIMES
IT SEEMS LIKE
EVERYONE IN
THE GALAXY
IS AFTER MY
HEAD.



WHAT--

YOU! TURGO'S
CARRY-GIRL?

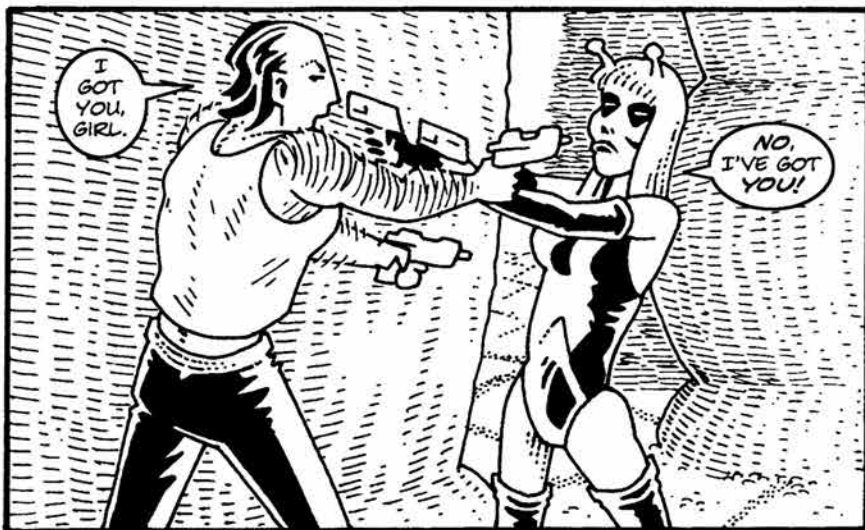
MY
NAME IS
NATASHA.

6



YOU SHOULD
KNOW THE NAME OF
THE PERSON WHO'S GOING
TO KILL YOU.





I GOT YOU, GIRL.

NO, I'VE GOT YOU!

SOMETHING IS ARRIVING IN ORBIT.



LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A RIGELIAN STANDOFF.

NOT IF I KILL YOU FIRST, RHYSER.

IF YOU'RE SET ON KILLING ME, AT LEAST GET MY NAME RIGHT, GIRL.

IT'S JUST RHY.

"RHYSER" WAS A PSEUDONYM I USED AS A ZEPPELIN CAPTAIN BACK ON CHASM.



I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE STUDEBAKER HAWK!

I WANT YOU DEAD!





I REMEMBER CHASM...

AND I REMEMBER YOU SHOWING UP AND KILLING MONSIEUR TURGO WITH A POWER-SURGE.

YOU MADE A FATAL MISTAKE NOT KILLING ME TOO.

NO!

UNCOOPERATION EARNS PUNISHMENT.

LOOK--THAT WASN'T ME! THAT WAS A CLONE OF ME THAT LAUFERWELT SENT TO KILL ME!

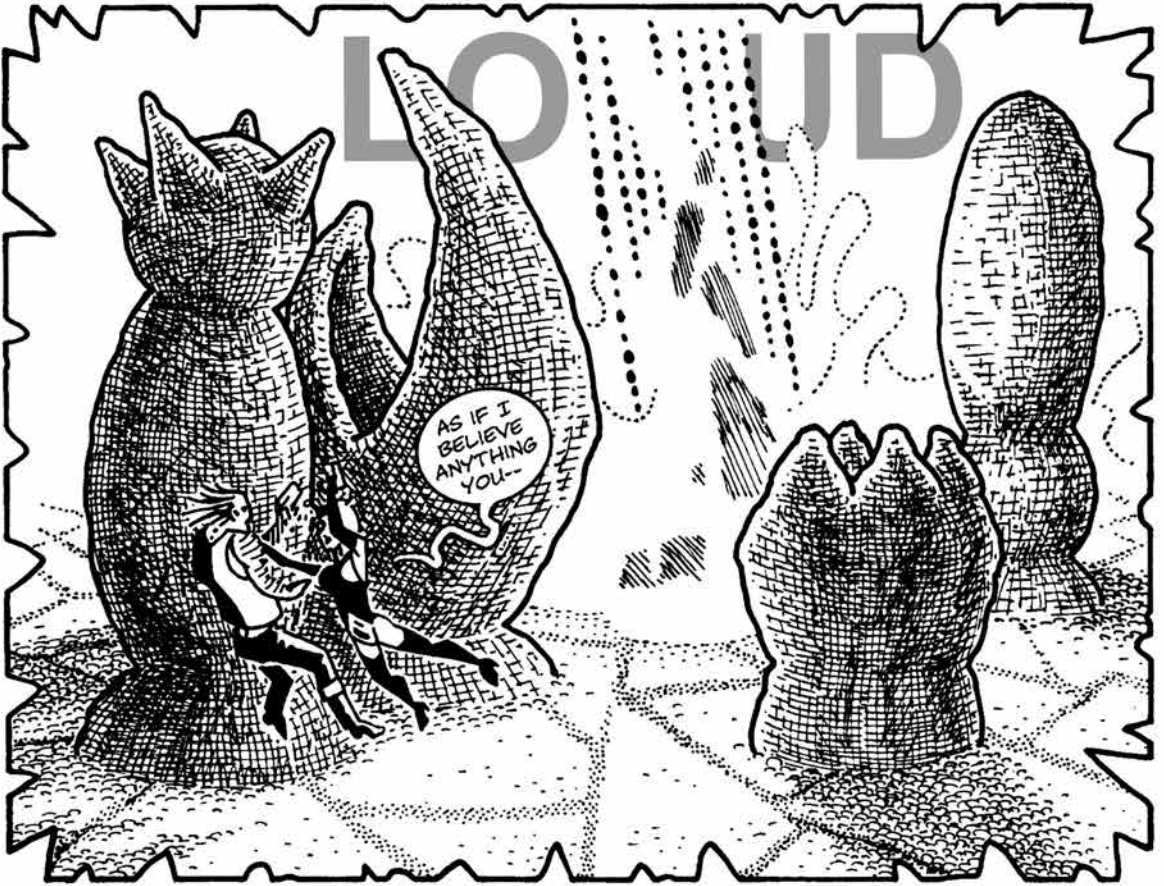
HE WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

BUT MY TURGO REFUSED TO GIVE YOU UP.

HE TRIED TO STEAL MY MEMORIES WITH A BRAIN SPIKE!

BUT I TOOK HIM OUT. SO I ALREADY GOT YOUR VENGEANCE FOR YOU.

LOUD





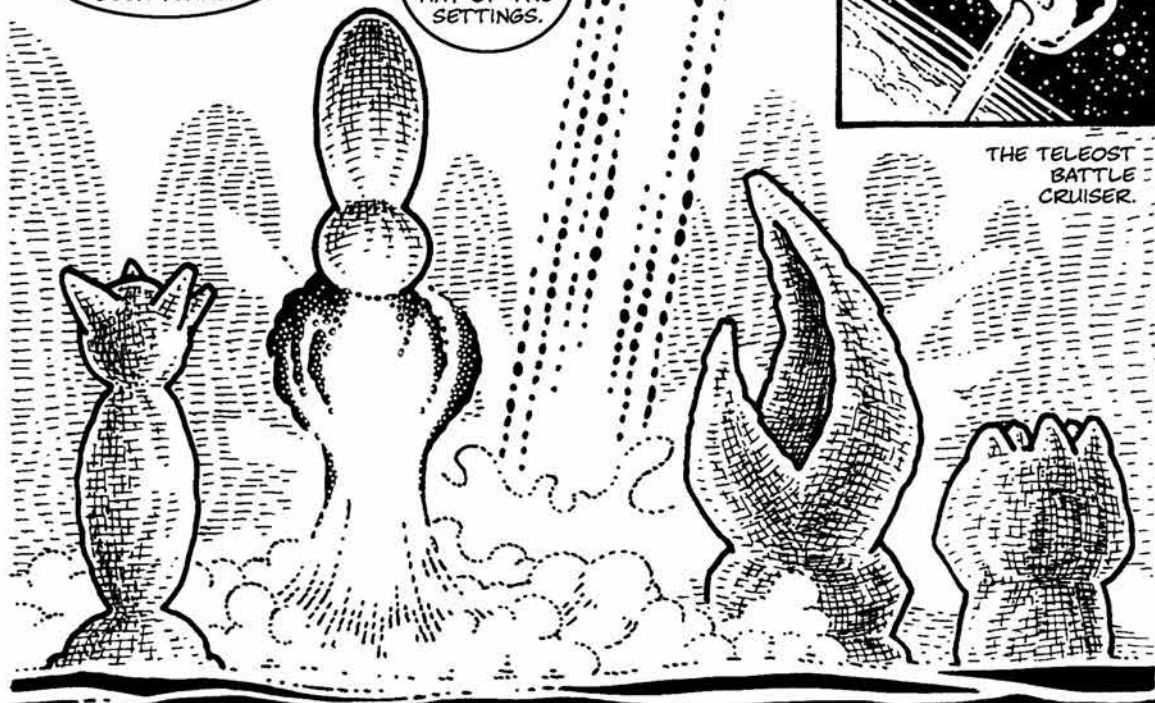
I DESIGNED THIS
ESCAPE SYSTEM FOR
SPECKS--BUT IT'S
BEEN YEARS.

LET'S HOPE I
REMEMBER ALL THE
DETAILS...

AND THAT
HE DIDN'T
CHANGE
ANY OF THE
SETTINGS.



THE TELEOST
BATTLE
CRUISER.



I THINK
WE'LL TAKE
EXIT ROUTE
TWO.

ABOVE,
THE SCULPTURE
IS A ROCKET
WHOSE LAUNCH
IS A RED HERRING
...WHILE WE GET
AWAY IN A POD
THROUGH
SUBTERRANEAN
TUNNELS.

YOU
SAVED
US.



NATASHA, I'M
GOOD AT SAVING
MY OWN BUTT.

YOU'RE
JUST ALONG
FOR THE
RIDE.

17



THE POD DELIVERS THEM TO AN URBAN TUBEWAY DEPOT.

FROM THERE, RHY'S HOPES TO LOSE HIMSELF IN THE CROWD.

DON'T THINK FOR A MOMENT THAT THIS ERASES YOUR GUILT!

MY TURGO DIED BECAUSE OF WHATEVER YOU'RE MIXED UP IN...

IF COMMANDER LOREN FOUND ME, OTHER HIT SQUADS CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND.

ONLY YOUR DEATH WILL SATISFY ME!



YOU'RE NOT SAFE AROUND ME.

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S NOT SAFE!

I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO GETS TO KILL YOU!



GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.



THERE HE IS!

GET HIM!

IT REALLY IS HIM!

KILL HIM!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT SOME COMPETITION.

BUT DO NOT DAMAGE HIS --URK!

ZAK

ZAK

ZIT

TROODON JANISSARIES!

AND THAT'S A RHAGIA DEATH SQUAD!

WHAT THE VACUUM DID YOU DO TO EARN SUCH INFAMY?

ZAK

ZAT

NO --IT'S OURS!

14

THE BOUNTY IS OURS!







WHAT'S YOUR GAME THIS TIME, GANTRY?

WELL, FOR STARTERS: I'M PROPERLY MEDICATED, SO I HAVE NO SINISTER ULTERIOR AGENDA.

THAT WHOLE GALACTIC TERRORIST SCHEME WAS BYRO'S, NOT MINE.

I'M NOT SURPRISED TO HEAR HE TURNED TREACHEROUS. HE WAS A NASTY CHARACTER.

KEEP IN MIND THAT I'M UNFAMILIAR WITH MOST OF THE DETAILS SURROUNDING MY UNTIMELY DEATH.

MY LAST MEMORY RECORDING WAS MADE WEEKS BEFORE MY PREDECESSOR WENT WACKY AND MET YOU.

THAT'S REALLY HIM, ISN'T IT?

HE'S DREAMY.

HOW DO YOU KNOW HIM?



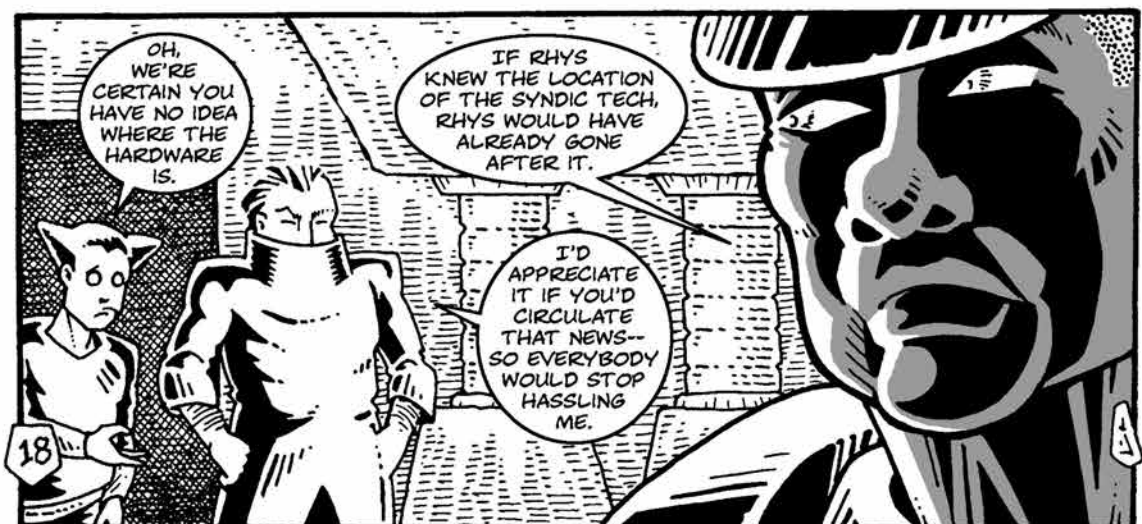
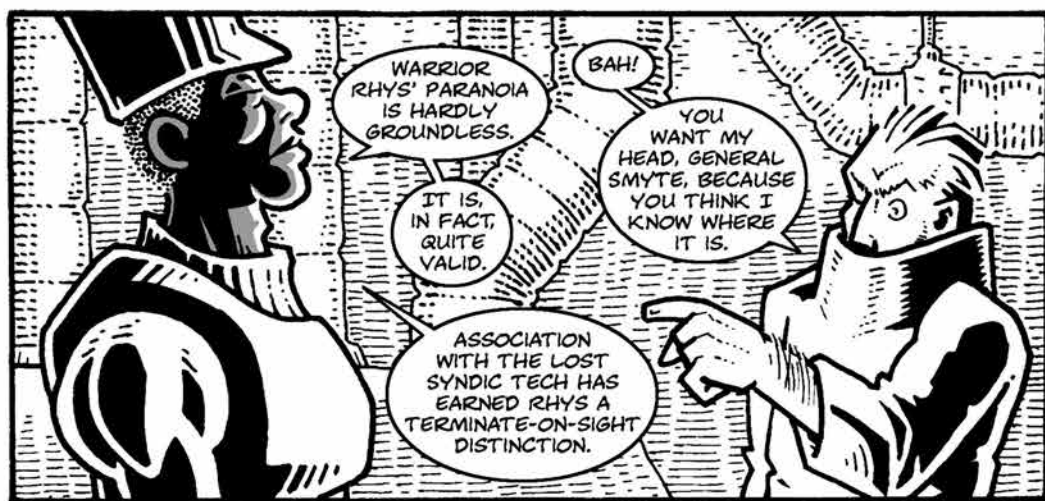
SO...WHY ARE YOU RESCUING SOMEONE YOU NEVER MET?

BECAUSE WE'RE BOTH LOOKING FOR NARLI...

AND I KNOW WHERE SHE IS.

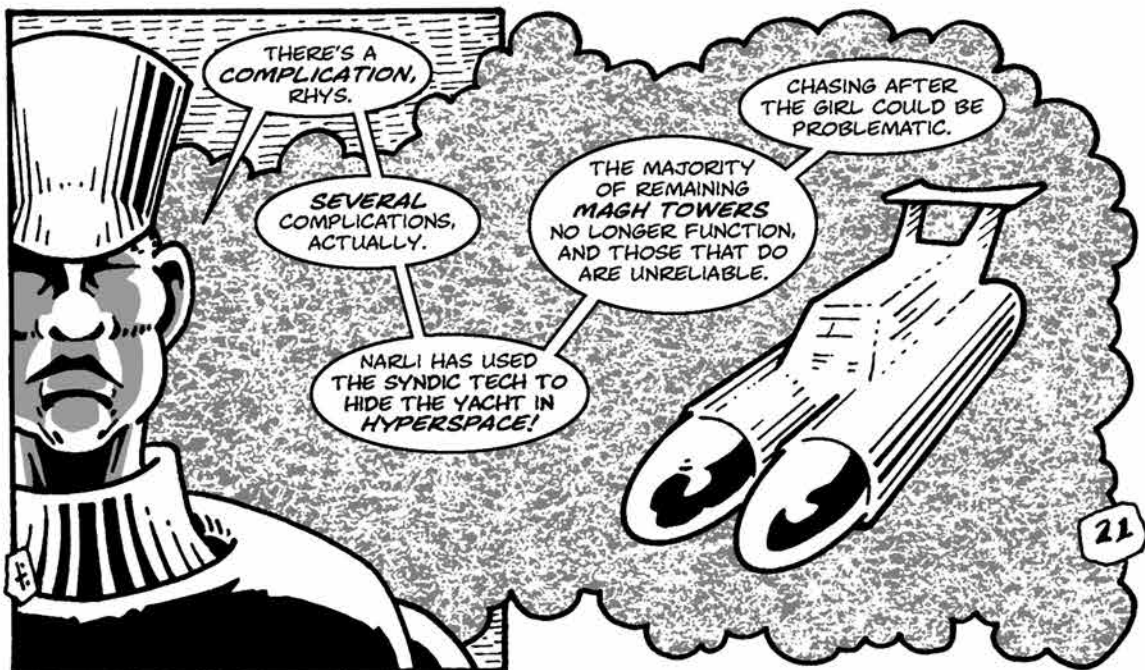
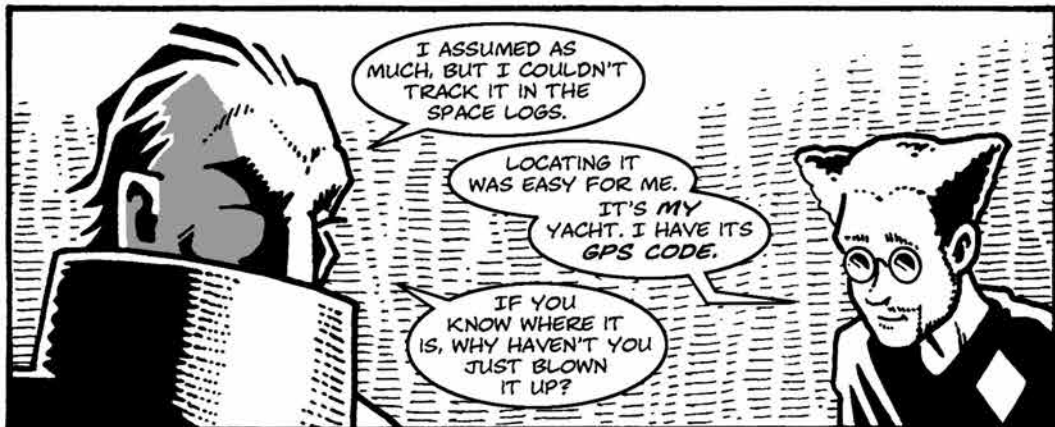
GOT YOUR INTEREST NOW, RHY'S?

WHO'S 'NARLI'?











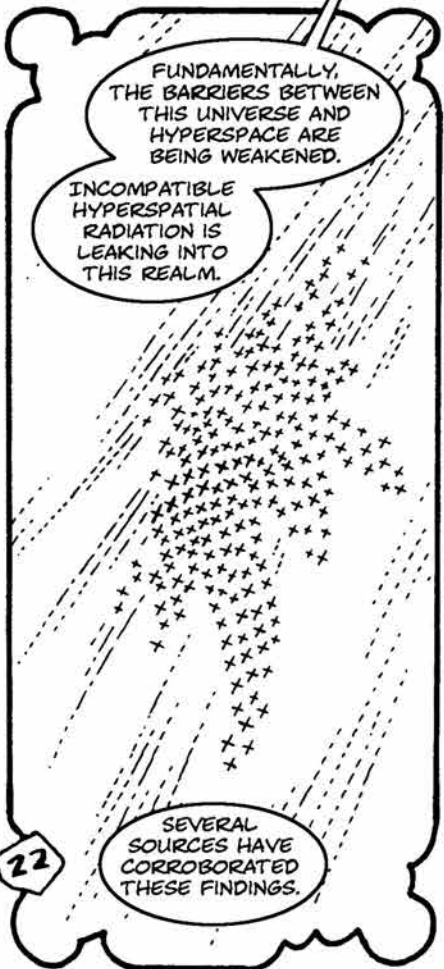
YOU MENTIONED OTHER COMPLICATIONS, GENERAL SMYTE?

INDEED.

LOOK AT THESE SCANS.

WE SUSPECT SHE'S EXPERIMENTING WITH THE HARDWARE. WHATEVER THE GIRL'S DOING, THOUGH--IT'S CAUSING QUANTUM DISRUPTIONS.

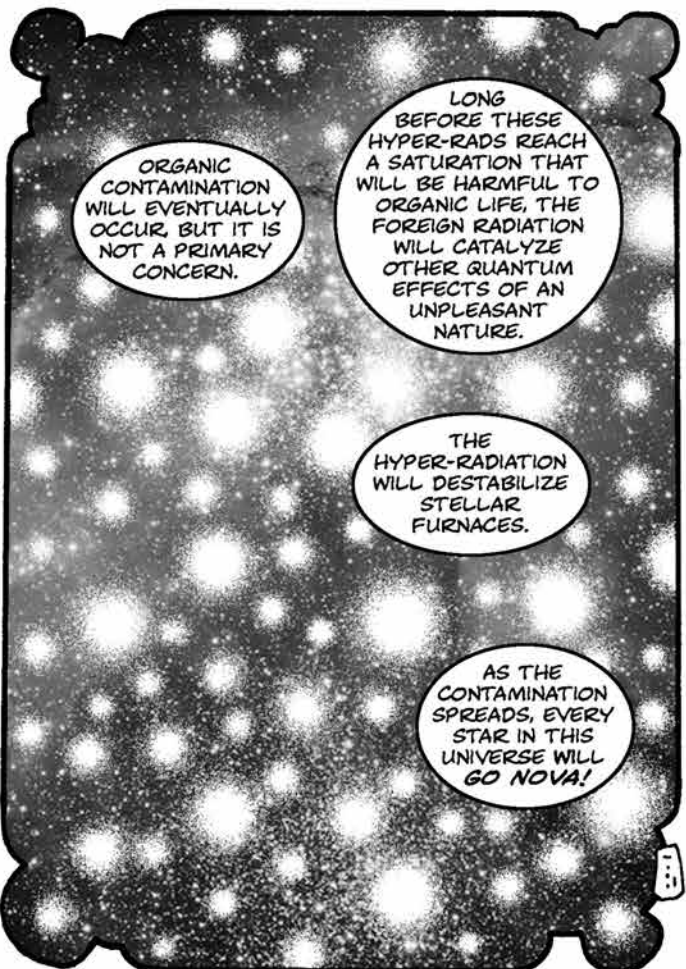
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS!



FUNDAMENTALLY, THE BARRIERS BETWEEN THIS UNIVERSE AND HYPERSPACE ARE BEING WEAKENED.

INCOMPATIBLE HYPERSPATIAL RADIATION IS LEAKING INTO THIS REALM.

SEVERAL SOURCES HAVE CORROBORATED THESE FINDINGS.



ORGANIC CONTAMINATION WILL EVENTUALLY OCCUR, BUT IT IS NOT A PRIMARY CONCERN.

LONG BEFORE THESE HYPER-RADS REACH A SATURATION THAT WILL BE HARMFUL TO ORGANIC LIFE, THE FOREIGN RADIATION WILL CATALYZE OTHER QUANTUM EFFECTS OF AN UNPLEASANT NATURE.

THE HYPER-RADIATION WILL DESTABILIZE STELLAR FURNACES.

AS THE CONTAMINATION SPREADS, EVERY STAR IN THIS UNIVERSE WILL GO NOVA!



ENOUGH OF THIS APOCALYPTIC JABBER!

I WANT BLOOD! AND I WANT IT NOW!

IS YOUR ASSOCIATE INSANE?

WHO IS SHE, ANYWAY?

THIS IS NATASHA.



I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO AVENGE MY LOST TURGO BY KILLING RHY'S!



NOW NOW, NATASHA... YOU DON'T SEEM LIKE A KILLER TO ME...



MYSELF, I'M A ROMANTIC.

YES.

SEE? I WARNED YOU. MEZMO-SPEX.

GANTRY IS AS TRUSTWORTHY AS A VIPER.

WHY IS HE PART OF THIS?

I THINK YOU ARE TOO.

GANTRY IS FINANCING THIS AFFAIR.



SIGH...

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE SITUATION HAS GOTTEN SO APOCALYPTIC.

NARLI'S A FLAKE, BUT NOT CRAZY. SHE WOULDN'T TAMPER WITH THE HARDWARE.



SO... THIS IS THE CREW WHO'S GOING TO HELP ME SAVE THE UNIVERSE...



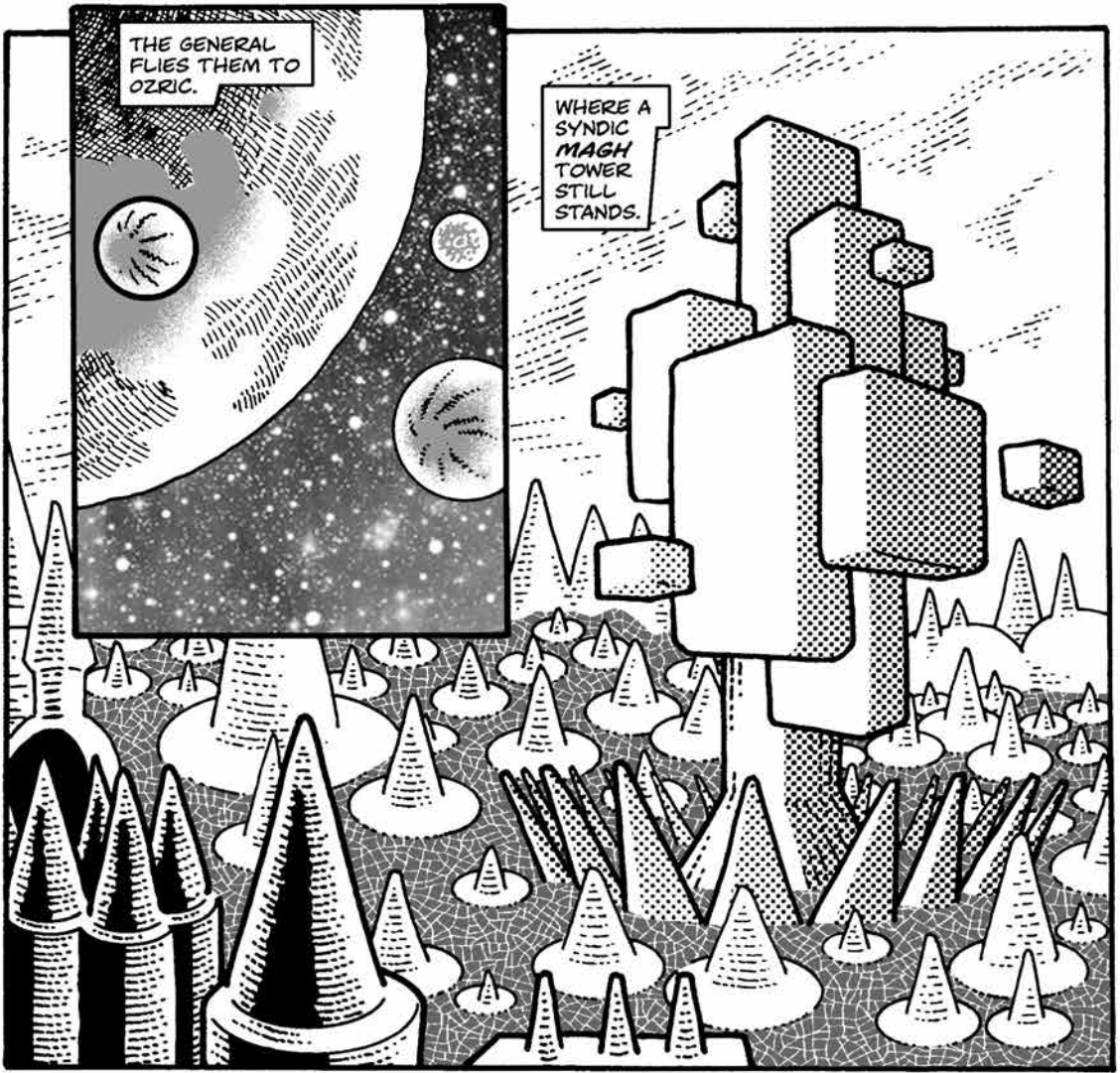
A ROGUE LAUFERWELT GENERAL WHO BLAMES ALL THIS ON ALIENS WHO'VE BEEN GONE FOR A CENTURY.



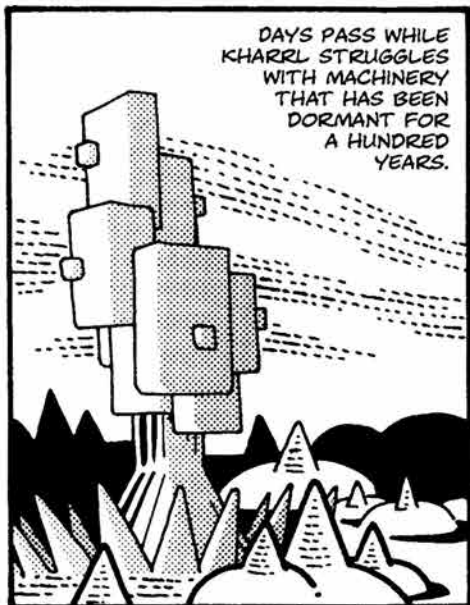
AN INTERSTELLAR HEART-THROB WHO NEEDS PILLS TO PREVENT HIM TURNING INTO A MURDEROUS LUNATIC.



AND A BLOOD-THIRSTY GANGLAND MOLL WHO WANTS ME DEAD FOR PURELY PERSONAL REASONS.





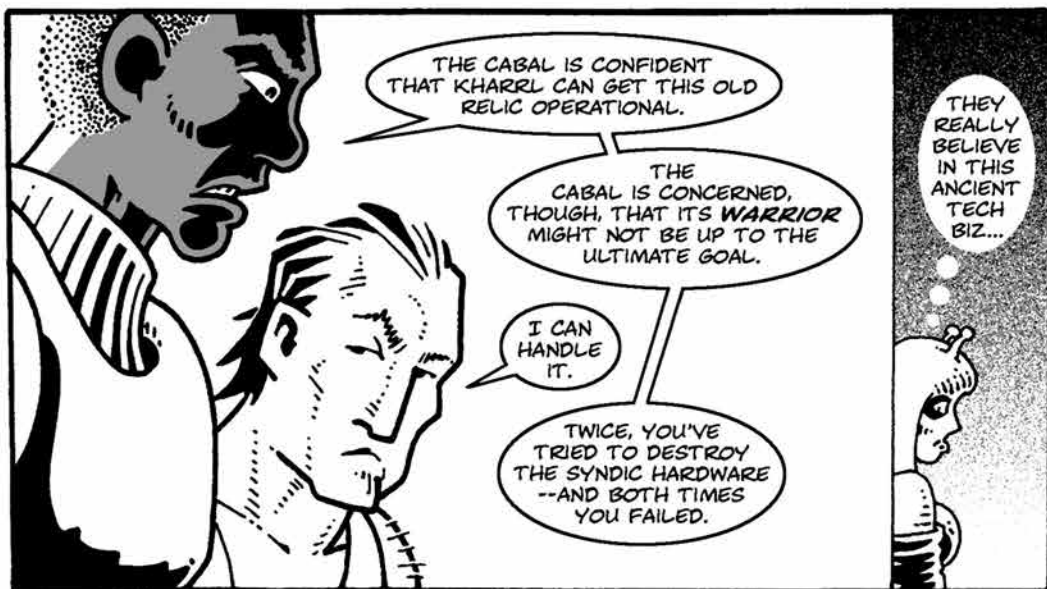


DAYS PASS WHILE KHARRL STRUGGLES WITH MACHINERY THAT HAS BEEN DORMANT FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.



THE HYPER-RAD CONTAMINATION CONTINUES TO MOUNT.

YOU REALLY THINK THIS KHARRL GUY CAN GET THE TOWER WORKING AGAIN?



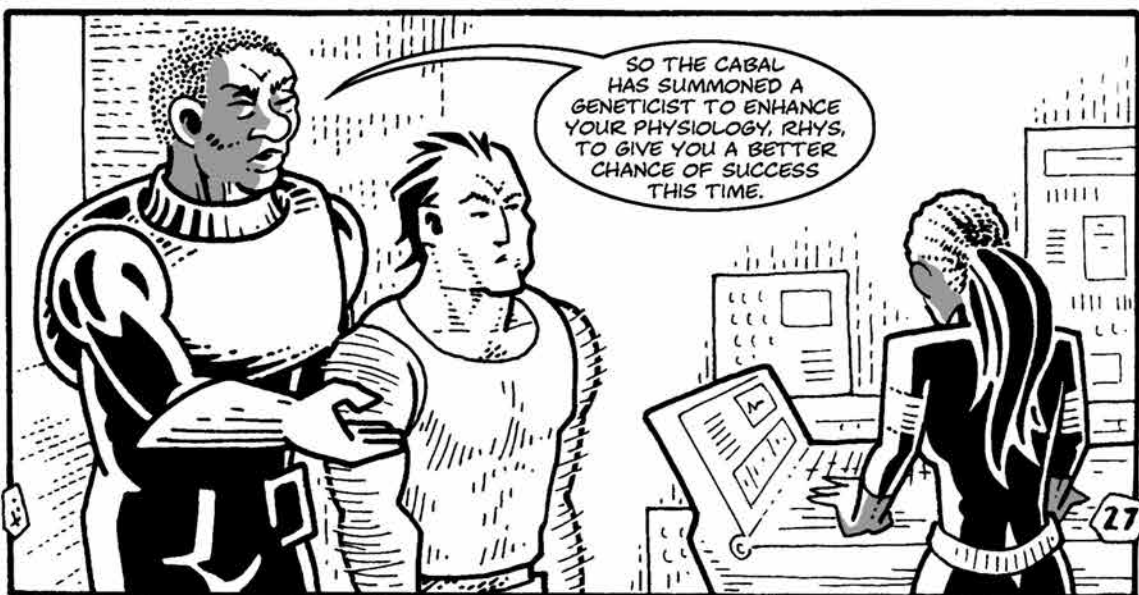
THE CABAL IS CONFIDENT THAT KHARRL CAN GET THIS OLD RELIC OPERATIONAL.

THE CABAL IS CONCERNED, THOUGH, THAT ITS WARRIOR MIGHT NOT BE UP TO THE ULTIMATE GOAL.

I CAN HANDLE IT.

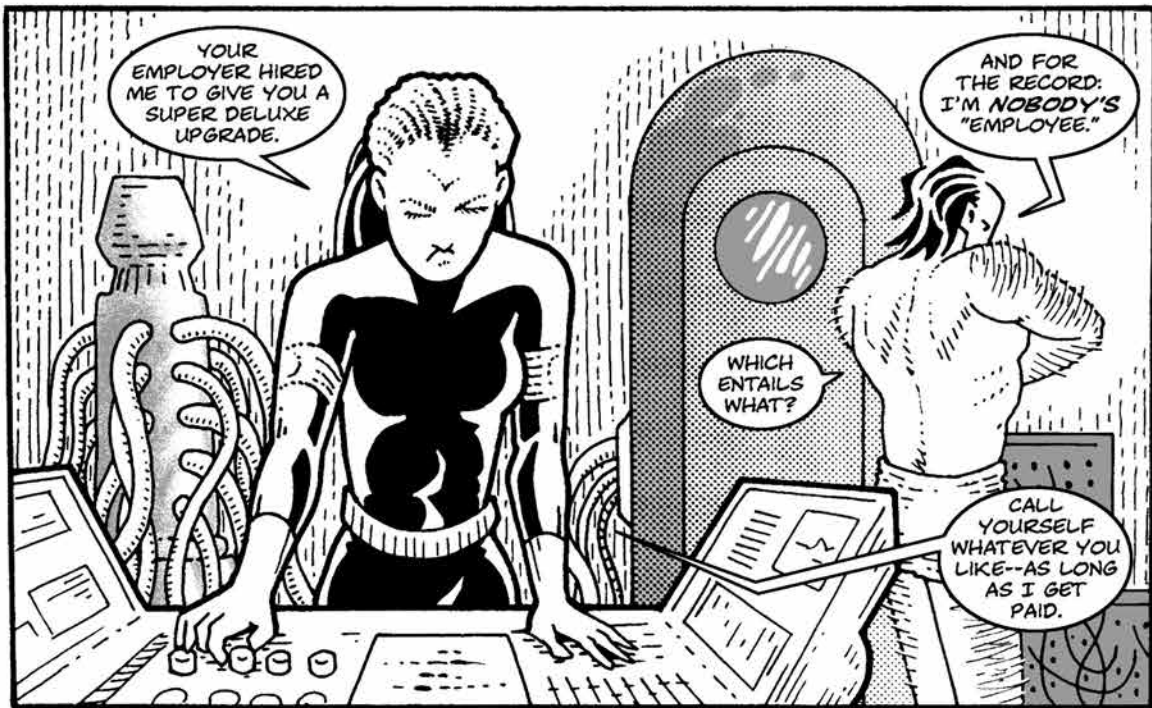
TWICE, YOU'VE TRIED TO DESTROY THE SYNDIC HARDWARE --AND BOTH TIMES YOU FAILED.

THEY REALLY BELIEVE IN THIS ANCIENT TECH BIZ...



SO THE CABAL HAS SUMMONED A GENETICIST TO ENHANCE YOUR PHYSIOLOGY, RHYS, TO GIVE YOU A BETTER CHANCE OF SUCCESS THIS TIME.



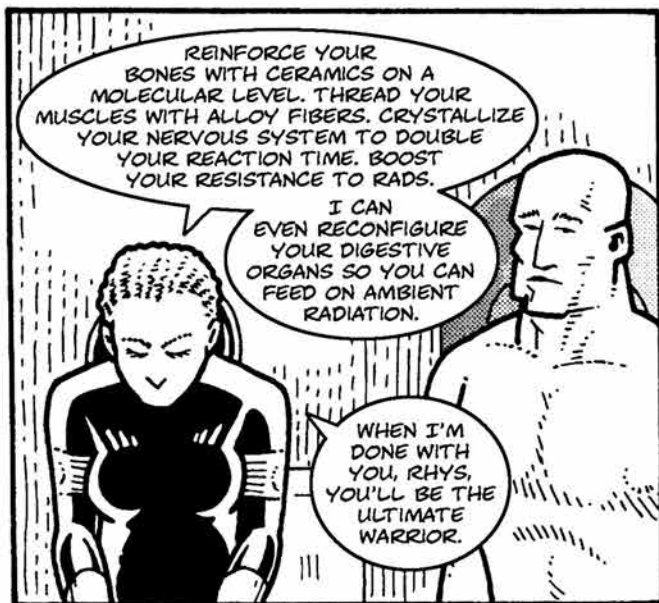


YOUR EMPLOYER HIRED ME TO GIVE YOU A SUPER DELUXE UPGRADE.

AND FOR THE RECORD: I'M *NOBODY'S* "EMPLOYEE."

WHICH ENTAILS WHAT?

CALL YOURSELF WHATEVER YOU LIKE--AS LONG AS I GET PAID.



REINFORCE YOUR BONES WITH CERAMICS ON A MOLECULAR LEVEL. THREAD YOUR MUSCLES WITH ALLOY FIBERS. CRYSTALLIZE YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM TO DOUBLE YOUR REACTION TIME. BOOST YOUR RESISTANCE TO RADS.

I CAN EVEN RECONFIGURE YOUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS SO YOU CAN FEED ON AMBIENT RADIATION.

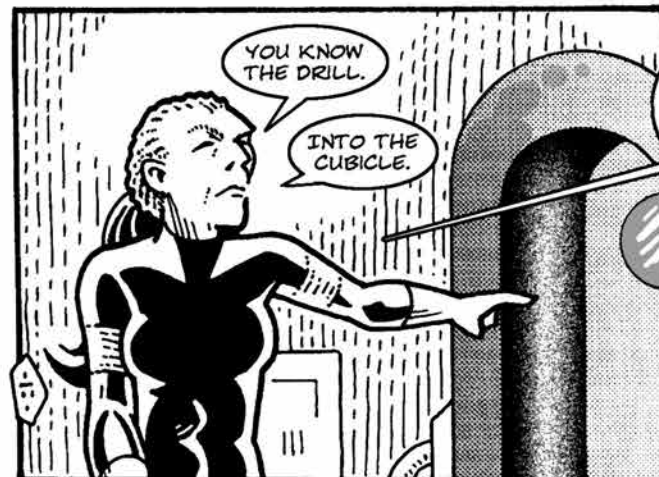
WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, RHY'S, YOU'LL BE THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR.



DO I REALLY NEED ANY OF THIS TO STOP NARLI?

SEEMS LIKE OVERKILL TO ME.

AND DO ME THE PROFESSIONAL COURTESY OF NOT TELLING ME WHAT ALL THIS IS FOR.



YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

INTO THE CUBICLE.



DONE WITH YOUR TREATMENTS, I SEE.

LEAVE ME ALONE, GANTRY.



IT TOOK A FORTUNE TO UPGRADE YOU, RHYS.

SMYTE THINKS YOU'RE WORTH IT. I HOPE HE'S RIGHT.

WHY ARE YOU BANKROLLING THIS OPERATION?



MAYBE I'M CIVIC-MINDED.

OR IT COULD BE SELF-PRESERVATION.



TAKE YOUR PICK.



ALL OF THIS WOULD MAKE A WILD MOVIE, HUH?

I HEARD THIS RUMOR ONCE: THAT THE SYNDICS WEREN'T ALTRUISTIC AT ALL, BUT WERE ACTUALLY HERE EXPLOITING OUR UNIVERSE'S RESOURCES.

AND WHEN THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED, THEY LEFT.

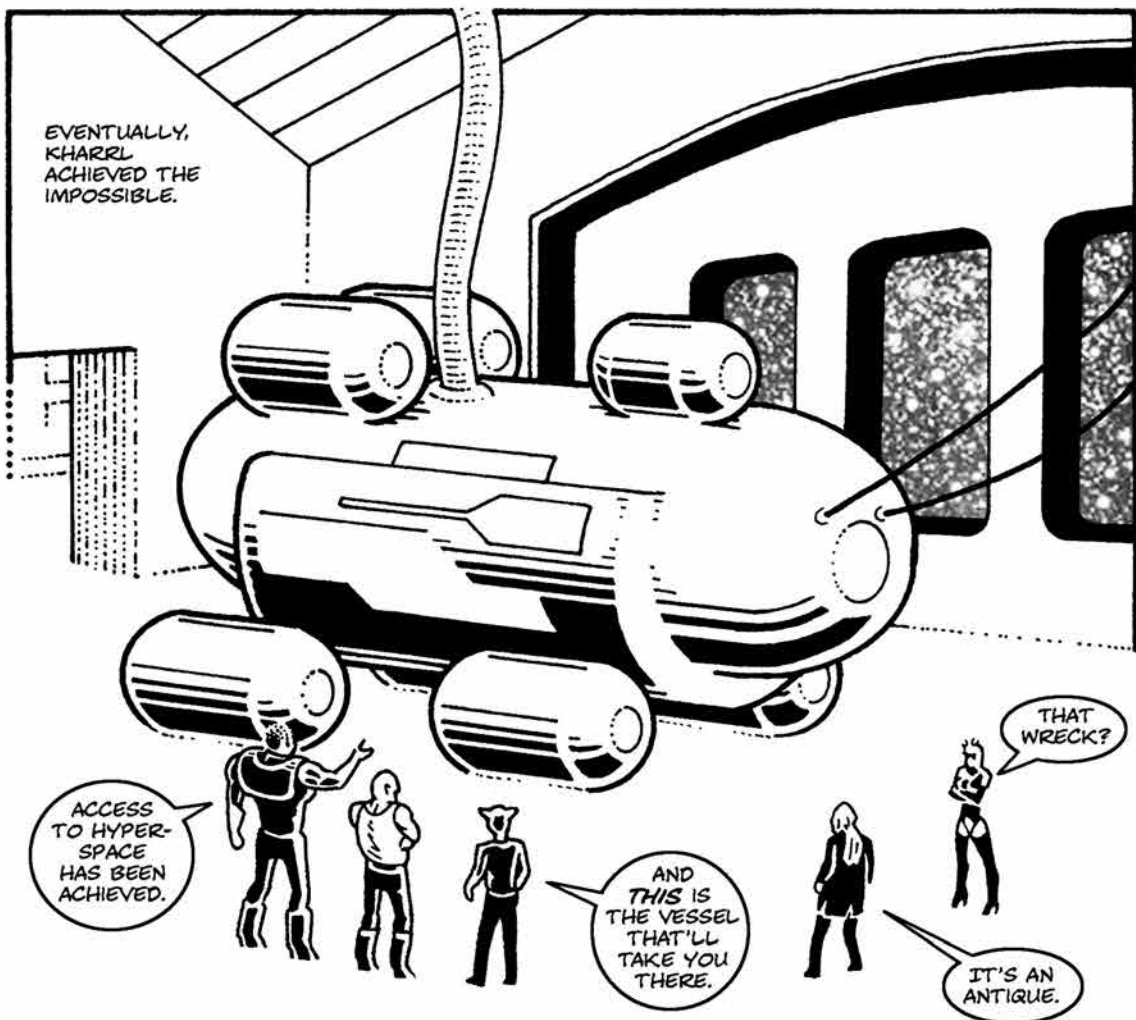
BUT CONSIDERING HOW EVERYONE DEIFIES THE SYNDICS, THAT'S A CONTROVERSIAL, EVEN UNPOPULAR NOTION.



GO AWAY, GANTRY.

EH?

EVENTUALLY,
KHARRL
ACHIEVED THE
IMPOSSIBLE.



ACCESS
TO HYPER-
SPACE
HAS BEEN
ACHIEVED.

AND
THIS IS
THE VESSEL
THAT'LL
TAKE YOU
THERE.

THAT
WRECK?

IT'S AN
ANTIQUE.



A
BODE HOTDOG
SHUTTLE?

ORIGINALLY,
YES...

THERE'S A
USER'S MANUAL
YOU CAN
DOWNLOAD.

THIS
UNIT HAS
BEEN MODIFIED
WITH HIDDEN
WEAPONRY.

YOU'LL
HAVE ENOUGH
FIREPOWER TO
ATOMIZE THE
ENTIRE SPACE
YACHT.

IF THAT'S
NECESSARY.



HE'S
NOT GOING
ALONE.

THAT'S
UNWISE,
MADAM.



I'M NOT LETTING RHY'S OUT OF MY SIGHT UNTIL I KILL HIM.

I CAN DO IT NOW --OR AFTER THIS RAID OF YOURS.

(SIGH)

GET HER SUITED UP, PROFESSOR YONDER.



IS THAT NECESSARY?

OH YES, DEFINITELY.

WITHOUT PROPER PROTECTION, HYPERSPACE'S HOSTILE RADIATION WOULD COOK YOU TO A CINDER.

WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT, MMM?

... PRETTY LASSIE LIKE YOU.



RHY'S STRAPS INTO THE SHUTTLE'S COMMAND BUBBLE.

YOU DON'T FOOL ME FOR A BLINK, NATASHA. YOU COULD'VE KILLED ME ANYTIME AND ACHIEVED YOUR VENGEANCE.

YOU'RE HANGING AROUND BECAUSE YOU WANT A SHOT AT THE SYNDIC TECH.

WELL, TRUST ME, GIRL. YOU WON'T GET IT.



I'M MORE INTERESTED IN OTHER KINDS OF SHOTS.

YOU THINK YOUR REVVED GENES MAKE YOU UNKILLABLE? LET'S SEE HOW LONG YOU SURVIVE WHEN I VAPORIZE YOUR HEAD.

I MIGHT SURPRISE BOTH OF US.

THE GENERAL'S
COVERT OPS
FRIGATE TAKES
THEM BEYOND
OZRIC'S SOLAR
SYSTEM.

THEN THE HOTDOG
SHUTTLE IS EJECTED.



THE
COORDINATES
FOR THE LAUNCH
POINT ARE LOGGED
IN THE HOTDOG'S
DATABANK.

SIGNAL
ONCE YOU'RE IN
POSITION, RHY'S, AND
KHARRL WILL ACTIVATE
THE MAGH TOWER TO
OPEN A HYPERSPACE
ACCESS POINT
FOR YOU.



SO
FAR, ALL
SYSTEMS
LOOK
GOOD.



GOOD TO
GO, GENERAL.

YOU
SHOULD
SECURE
YOURSELF,
NATASHA.

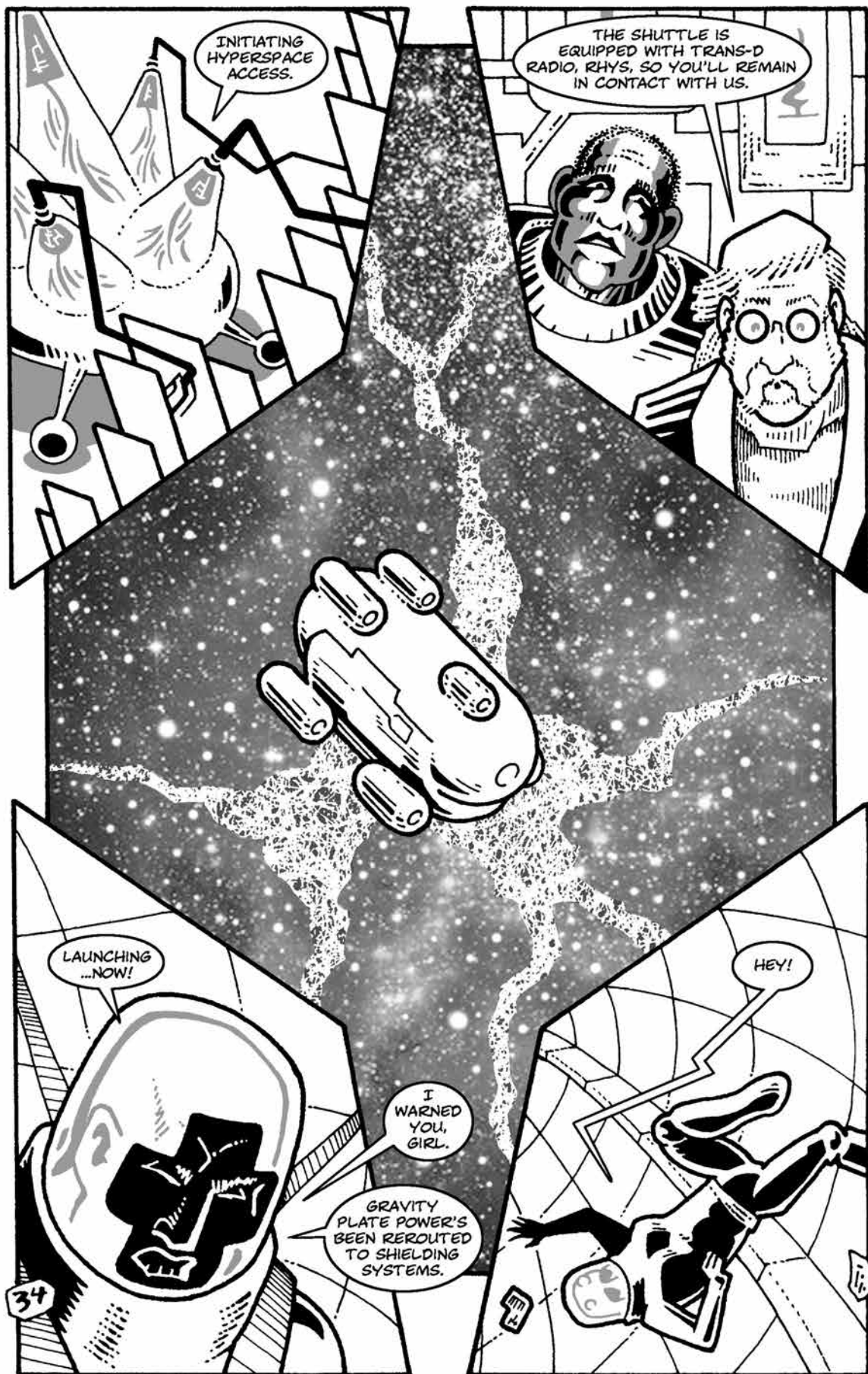
TIE
MYSELF
DOWN?

NO
WAY.

I'M
STAYING
MOBILE.



THE ACCESS POINT
HAS TO BE OPENED
IN DEEP SPACE TO
AVOID DISRUPTIVE
INTERFACING WITH
ANY GRAVITY WELLS
(LIKE PLANETARY OR
STELLAR MASSES).



INITIATING
HYPERSPACE
ACCESS.

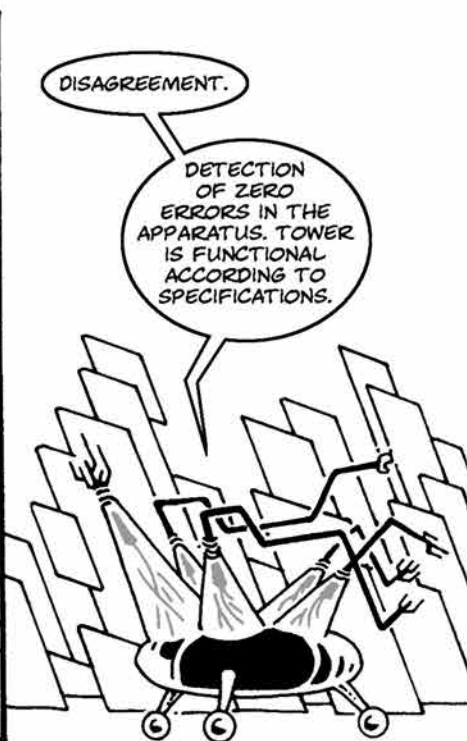
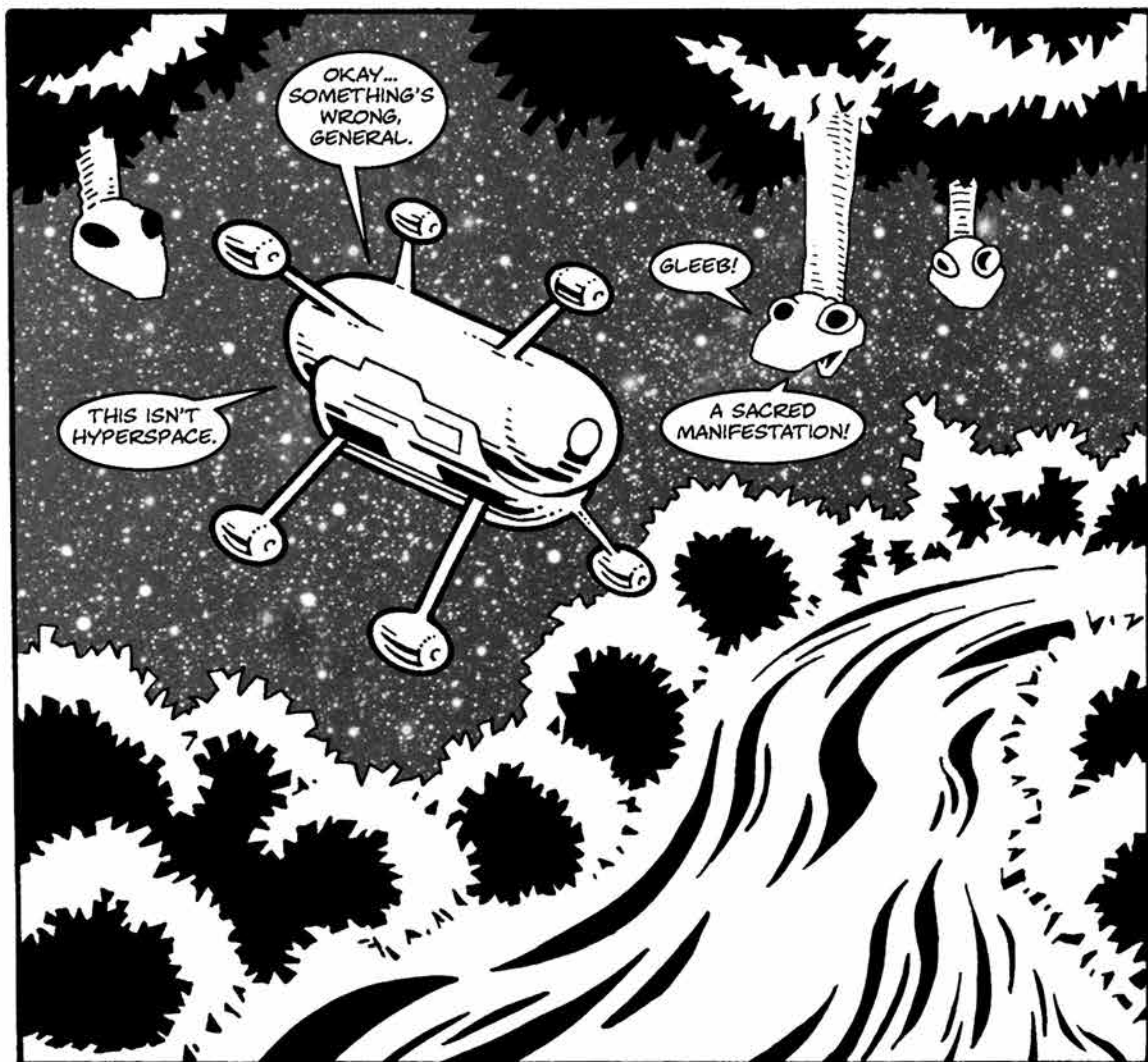
THE SHUTTLE IS
EQUIPPED WITH TRANS-D
RADIO, RHYS, SO YOU'LL REMAIN
IN CONTACT WITH US.

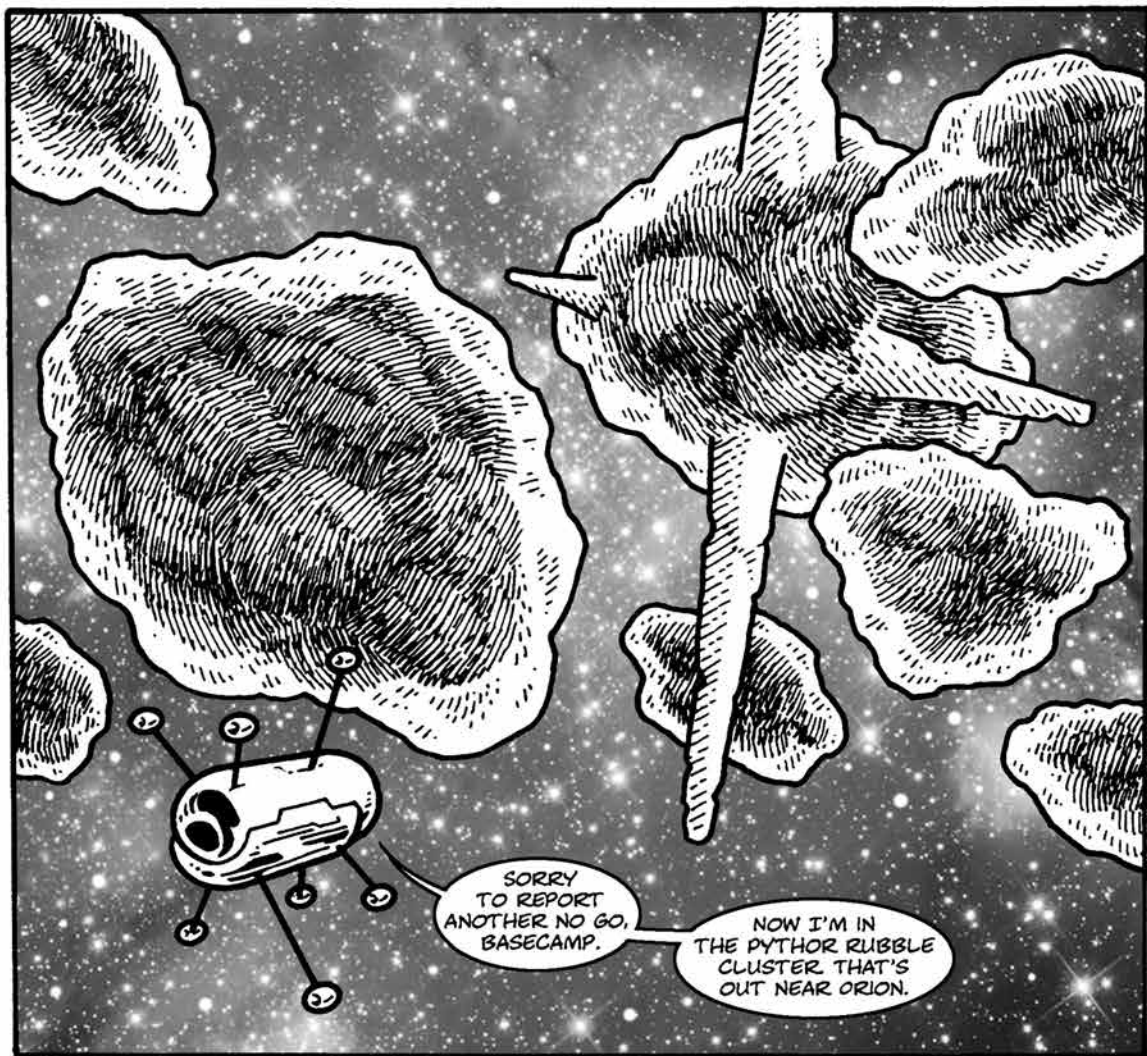
LAUNCHING
...NOW!

HEY!

I
WARNED
YOU,
GIRL.

GRAVITY
PLATE POWER'S
BEEN REROUTED
TO SHIELDING
SYSTEMS.





SORRY TO REPORT ANOTHER NO GO, BASECAMP.

NOW I'M IN THE PYTHOR RUBBLE CLUSTER THAT'S OUT NEAR ORION.



YOU COULD'VE WAITED UNTIL I STABILIZED MYSELF...

NO TIME TO SQUABBLE, NATASHA. THE TOWER'S ACTING WEIRD.

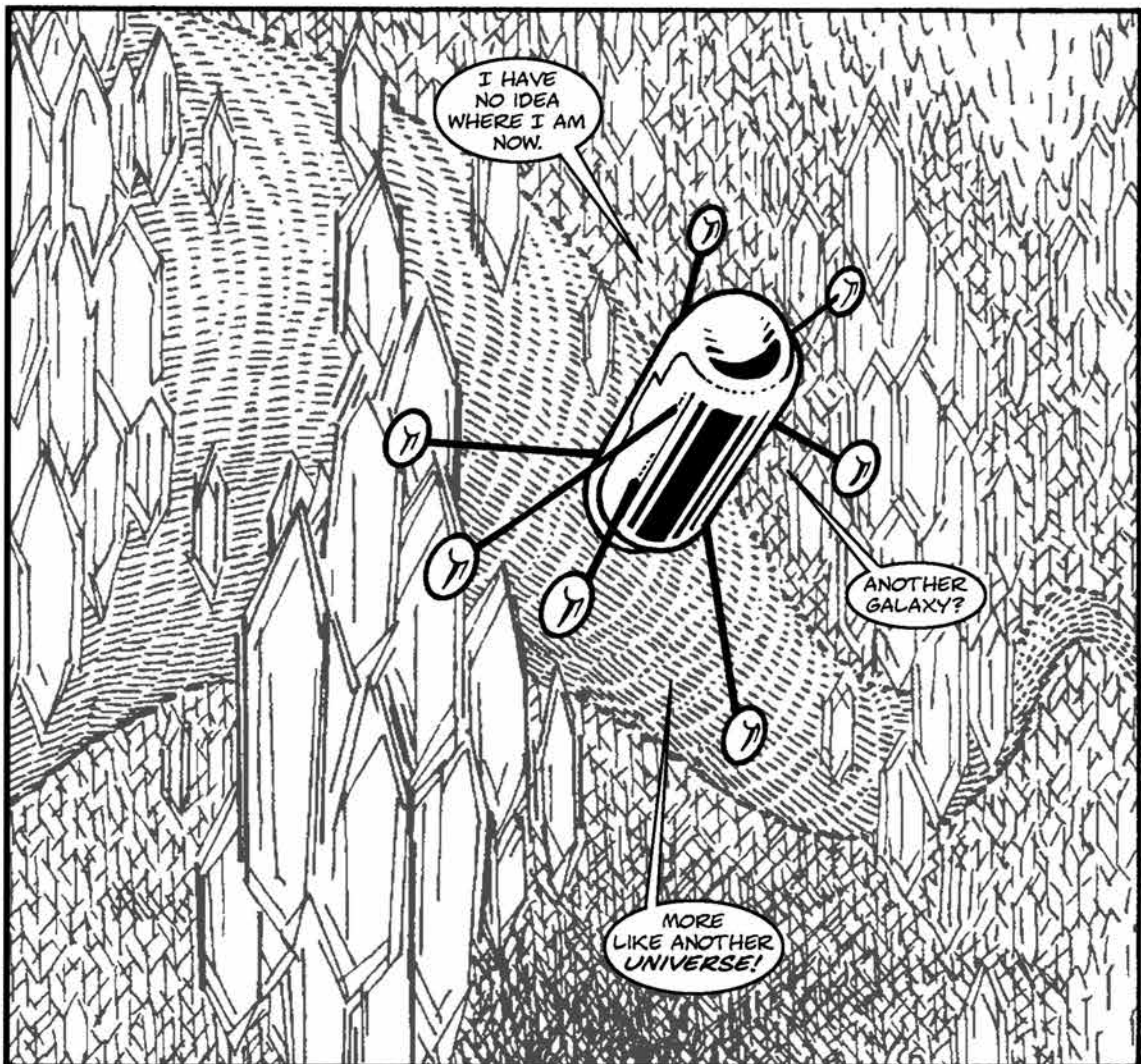
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THE TOWER IS TRANSMITTING YOU TO THESE LOCATIONS...

SO IT'S CLEARLY WORKING, RHYS.

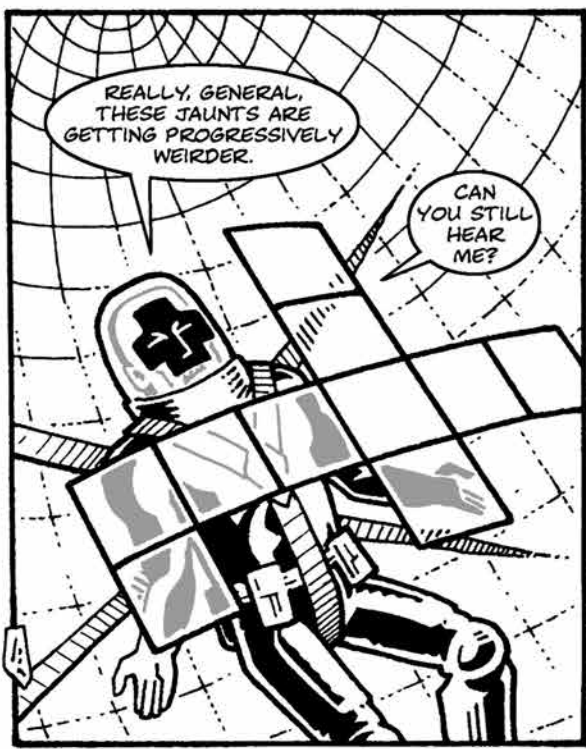
I'M GOING TO BOOST THE GAIN.



I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE I AM NOW.

ANOTHER GALAXY?

MORE LIKE ANOTHER UNIVERSE!



REALLY, GENERAL, THESE JAUNTS ARE GETTING PROGRESSIVELY WEIDER.

CAN YOU STILL HEAR ME?



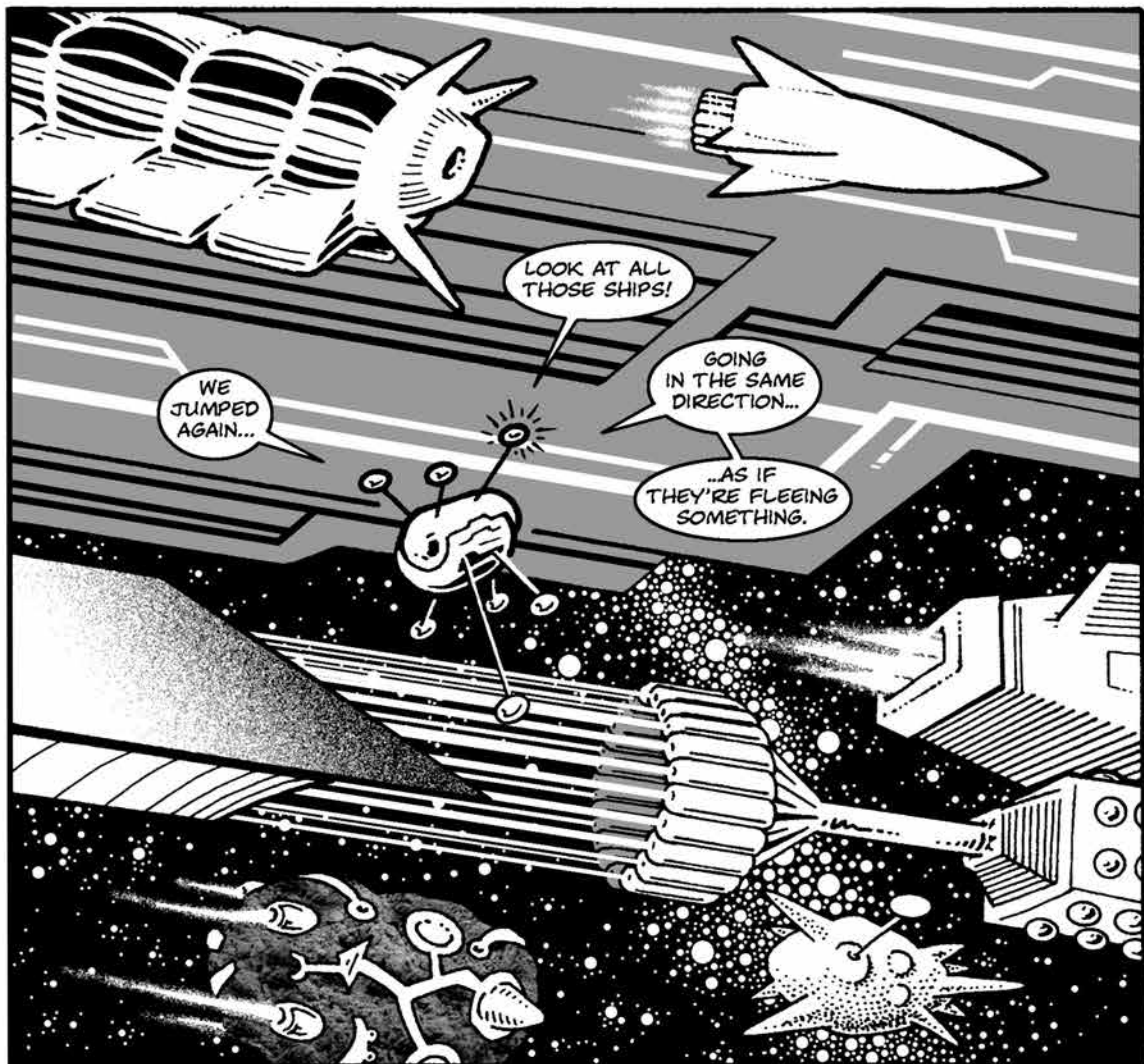
THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING AWRY WITH THE TOWER'S TARGETING SYSTEM.

THEN CORRECT THE FLAW.

AND TRY AGAIN.

WE'VE LOST HIS REMOTE SIGNAL.

HE'S ON HIS OWN.

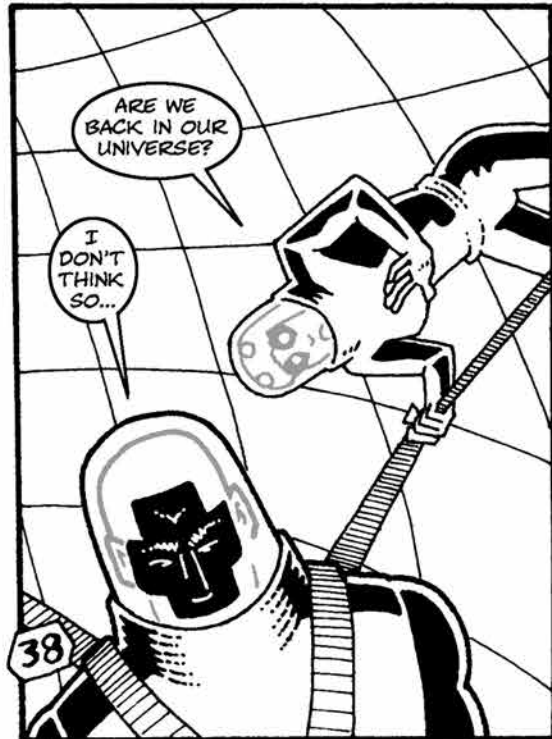


LOOK AT ALL THOSE SHIPS!

WE JUMPED AGAIN...

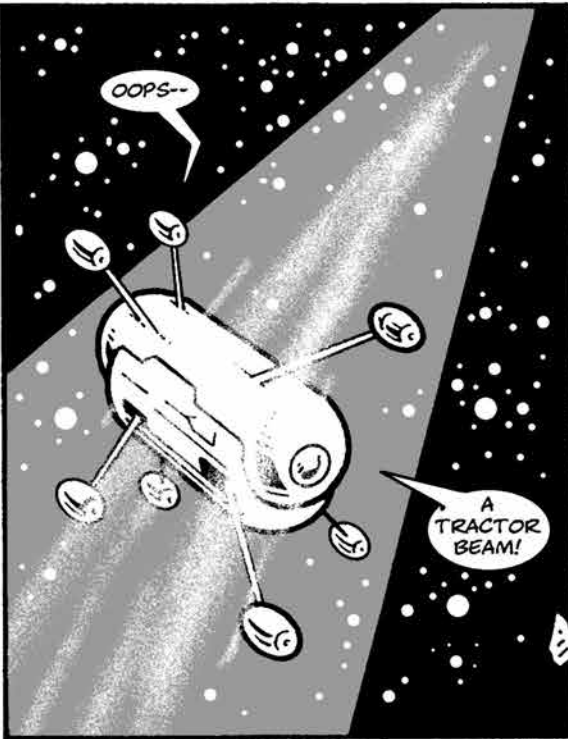
GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION...

...AS IF THEY'RE FLEEING SOMETHING.



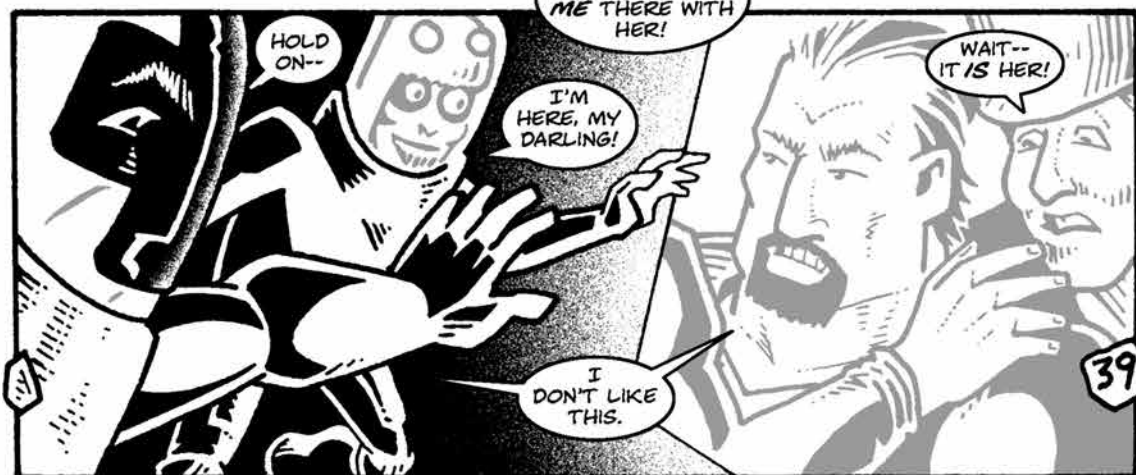
ARE WE BACK IN OUR UNIVERSE?

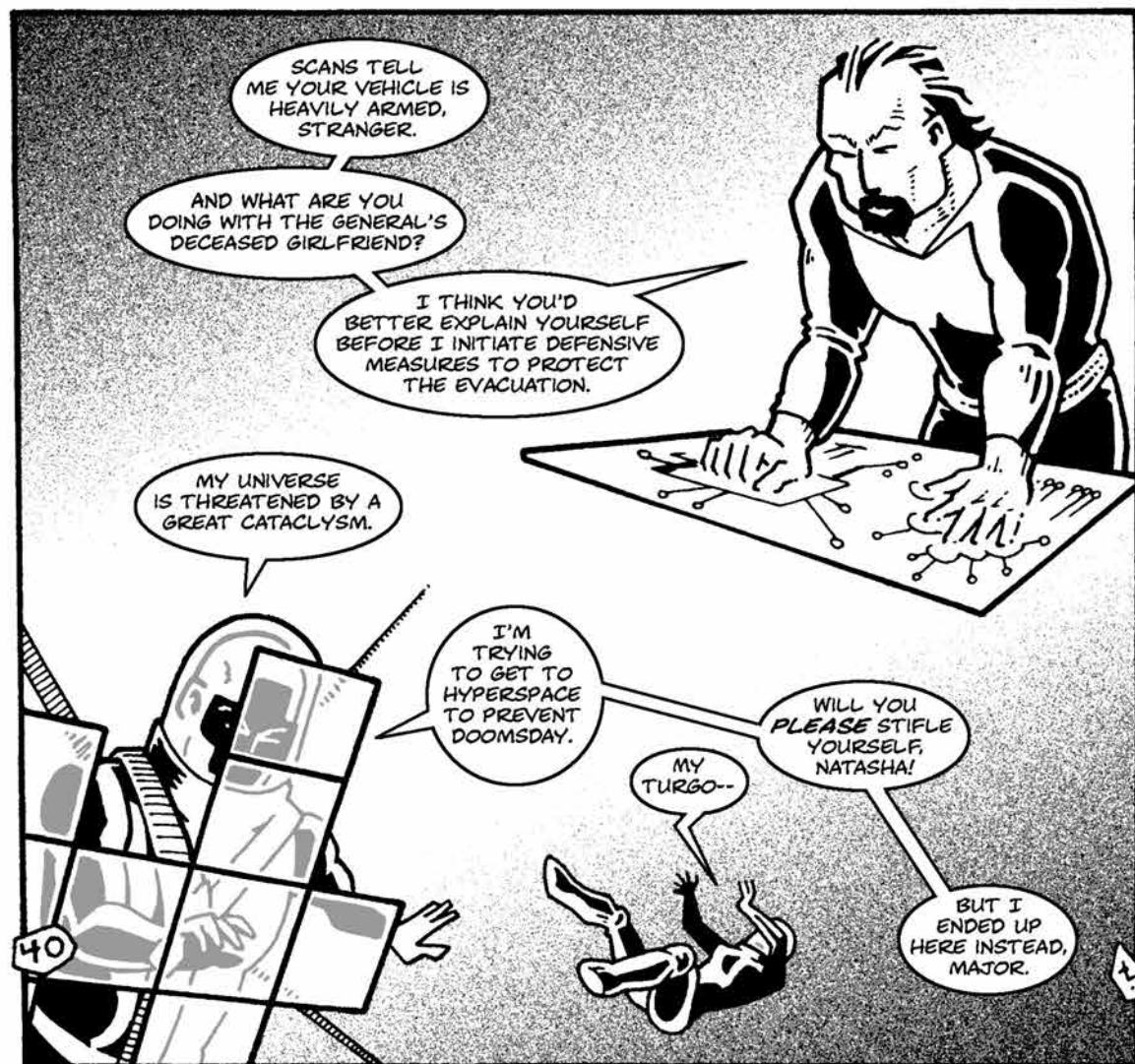
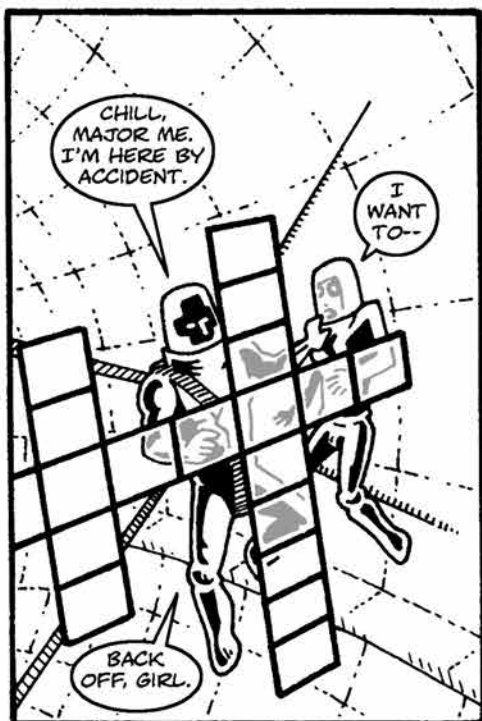
I DON'T THINK SO...



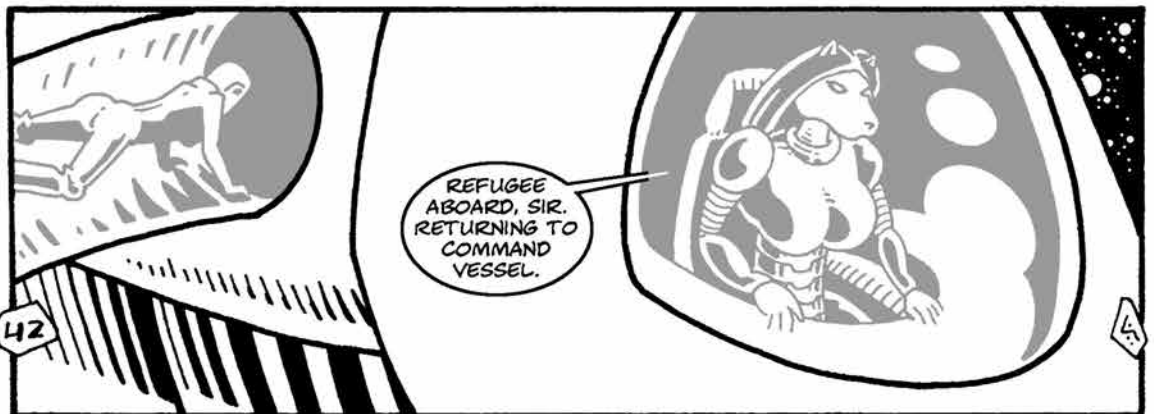
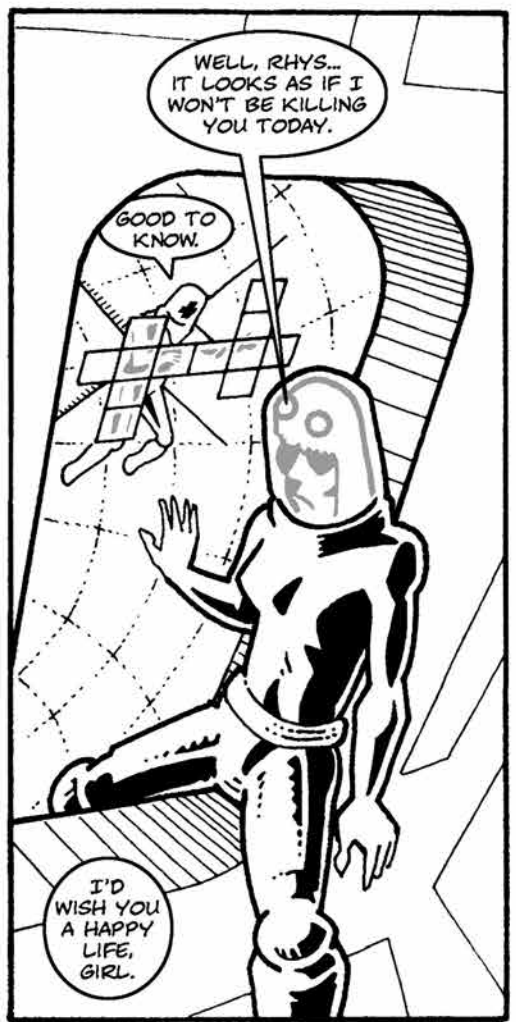
OOPS--

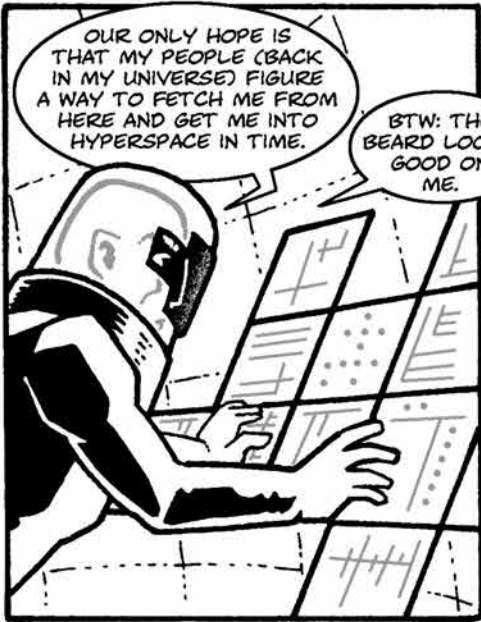
A TRACTOR BEAM!

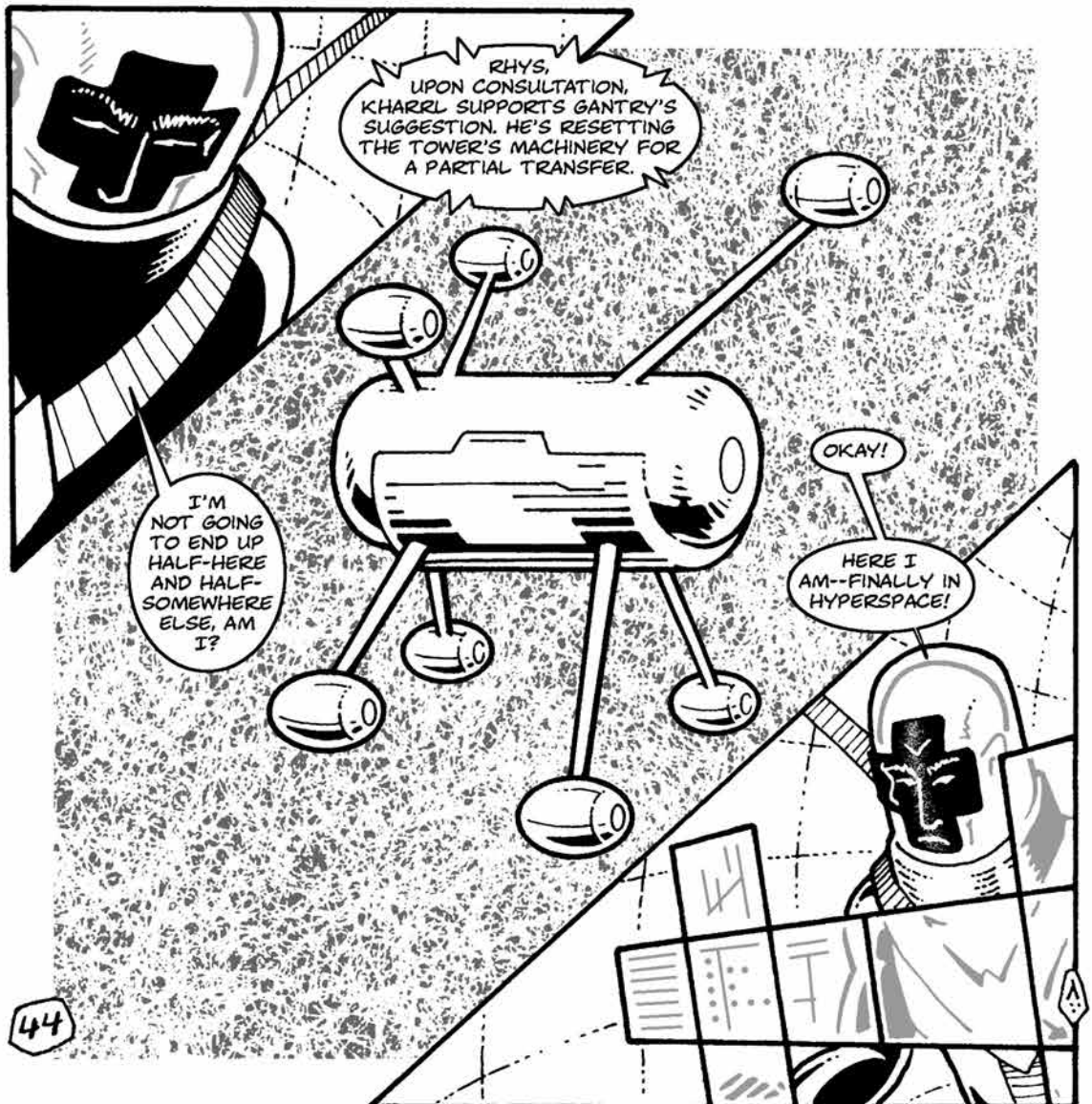


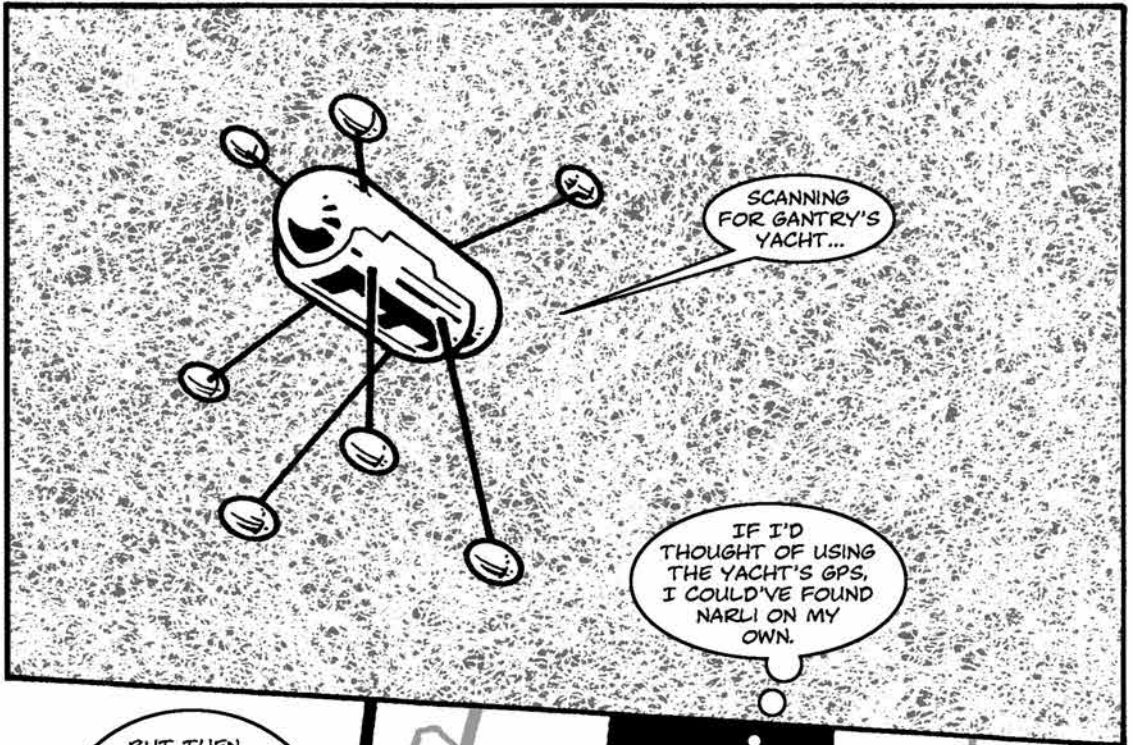




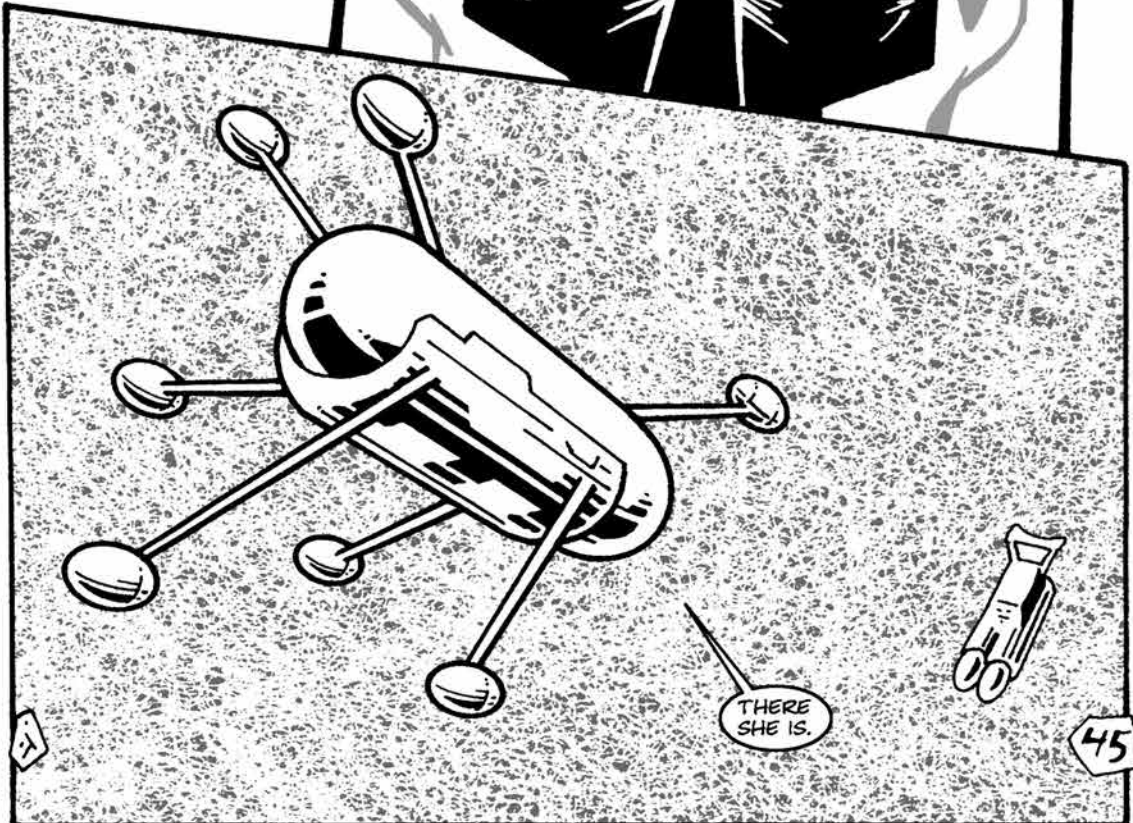


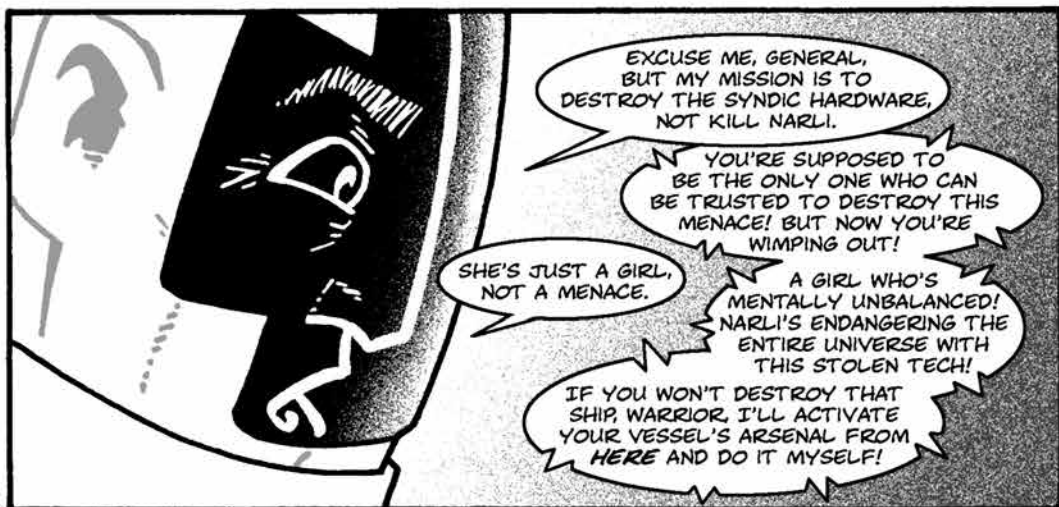
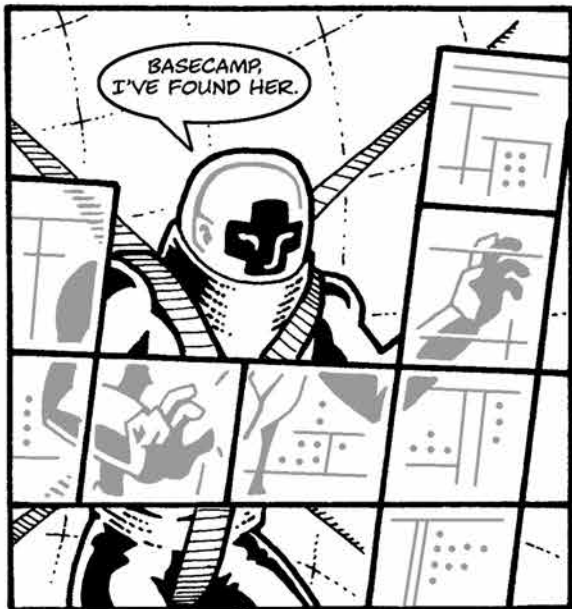


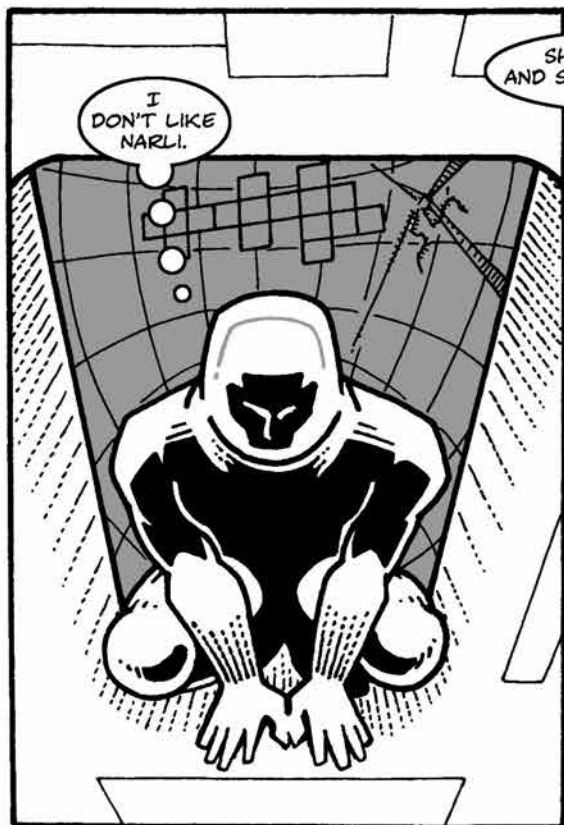




BUT THEN...
I'D NEVER HAVE
BEEN ABLE TO GET
HERE WITHOUT
YONDER & KHARRL'S
TECHNICAL EXPERTISE
...AND SMYTE'S
SOUPED-UP
HOTDOG
SHUTTLE.







I DON'T LIKE NARLI.

SHE'S GREEDY AND SELF-INVOLVED...



--BUT SHE'S NOT CRAZY.

ONCE SHE UNDERSTANDS THE COSMIC DAMAGE SHE'S DOING, I'M CERTAIN SHE'LL STOP.



WHATEVER SHE'S DOING... IT'S EVEN DISRUPTING HYPERSPACE.

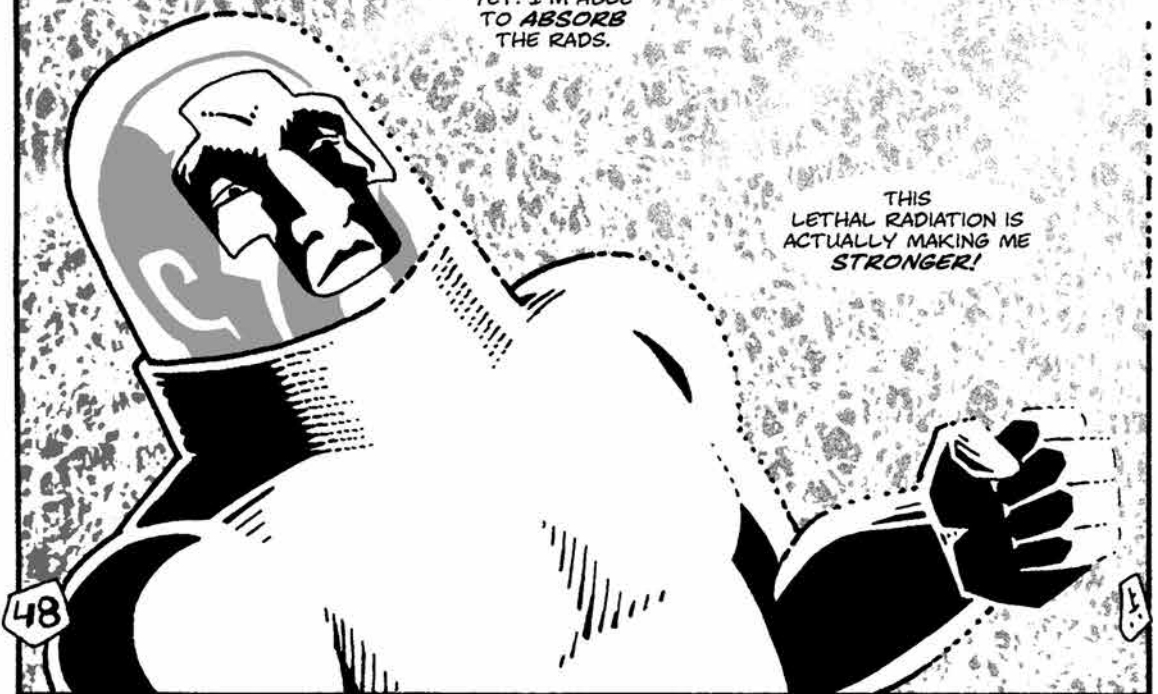
THESE
ENERGY READINGS
ARE OFF THE
SCALE!

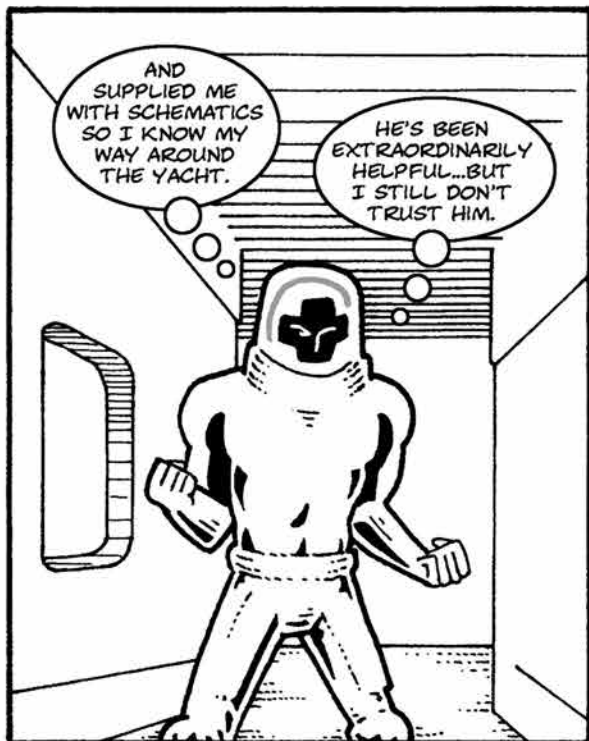


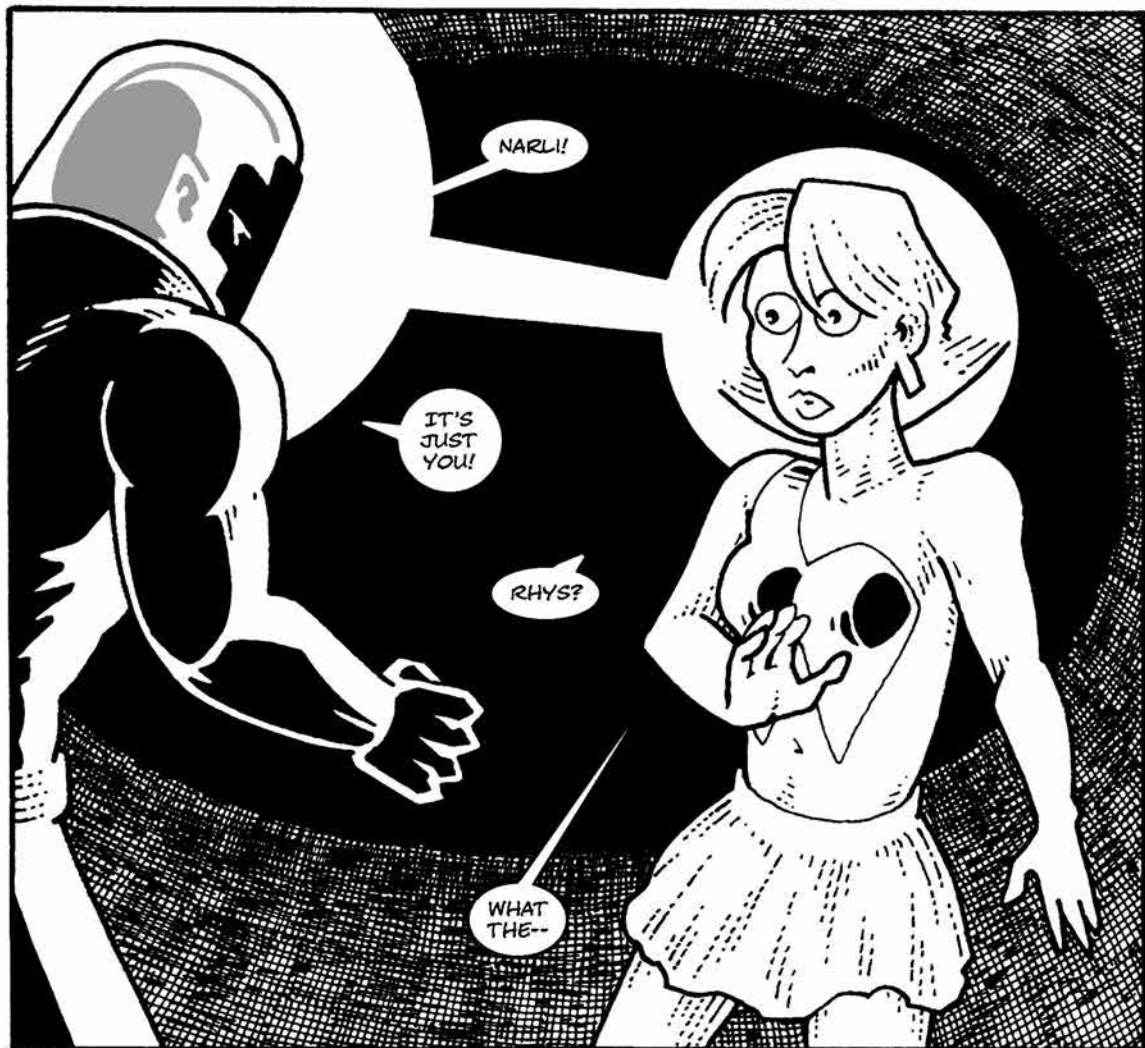
IF KARLOFF
HADN'T TWEAKED
MY GENES TO MAKE
ME RAD-RESISTANT,
THESE EMISSIONS
WOULD FRY ME.

BETTER
YET: I'M ABLE
TO ABSORB
THE RADS.

THIS
LETHAL RADIATION IS
ACTUALLY MAKING ME
STRONGER!









SPARE ME YOUR HEROIC BANALITIES, RHY'S!

YOU'RE TRESPASSING HERE.

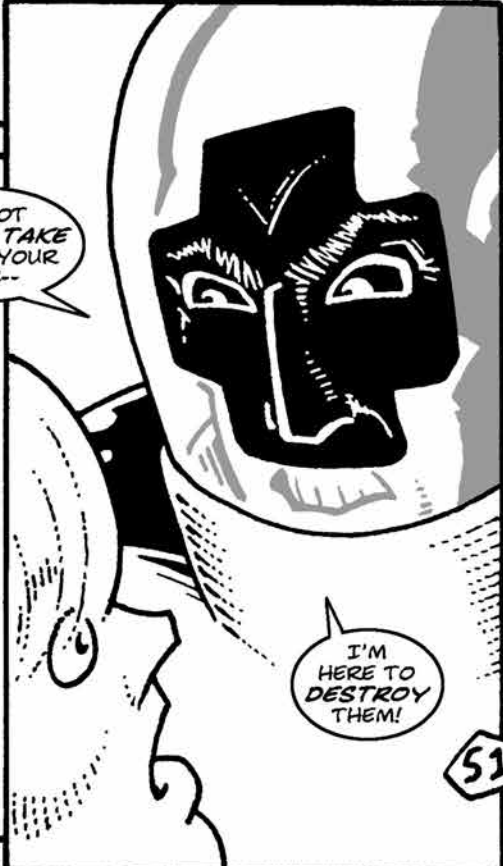
YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?

TECHNICALLY, YOU STOLE THIS YACHT FROM GANTRY ...AND LOADED IT WITH ALL YOUR PLUNDERED SYNDIC HARDWARE.

POKE

YOU'RE AN ACCOMPLISHED THIEF.

THE SYNDIC GEAR IS MINE!



I'M NOT HERE TO TAKE AWAY YOUR TOYS--

I'M HERE TO DESTROY THEM!



THEY'RE MY TOYS!

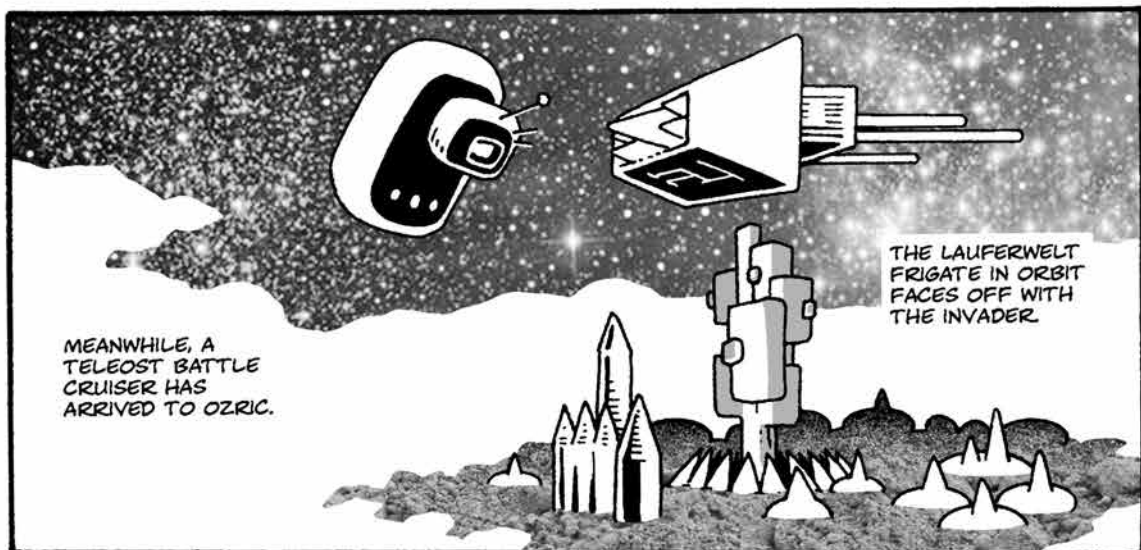
YOUR TOYS ARE DISRUPTING TIME & SPACE, GIRL!

YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM!

I'M NOT HERE TO TAKE AWAY YOUR TOYS--

LET GO OF ME, YOU BRUTE.





MEANWHILE, A TELEOST BATTLE CRUISER HAS ARRIVED TO OZRIC.

THE LAUFERWELT FRIGATE IN ORBIT FACES OFF WITH THE INVADER.



WE KNOW RHY'S IS HERE. WE TRACKED HIM TO THIS WORLD.

HAND HIM OVER, GENERAL SMYTE!



COMMANDER LOREN, THE COALITION THAT EXISTS BETWEEN LAUFERWELT AND THE TELEOST DOES NOT GIVE YOU ANY AUTHORITY OVER LAUFERWELT AFFAIRS.

DETANT.



THAT WON'T HOLD THEM FOR LONG.

FORTUNATELY, RHY'S ISN'T HERE ...SO THEY CAN'T TAKE HIM.

IF THEY DISTURB THE TOWER, THOUGH, WE MIGHT LOSE HIM.

THE TELEOST THINK THEY CAN FORCE RHY'S TO GIVE THEM THE SYNDIC TECH.



OKAY...
THIS IS
BEYOND
WEIRD...

SOMETHING
TRANSPORTED ME
OUT OF HYPERSPACE
AND DUMPED ME
BACK INTO NORMAL
SPACE.

PROBABLY
SOME EXOTIC
PIECE OF SYNDIC
HARDWARE.

I KNOW
THIS REGION...THIS
IS THE ASTEROID BELT
WHERE NARLI AND I
FOUND THE SECRET
SYNDIC CACHE.

AND
THAT'S
THE BLACK
HOLE THAT WAS
SUPPOSED TO
SWALLOW THAT
CACHE...



THIS IS THE
ASTEROID.



AND THERE'S
THE MOUTH OF
THE TUNNEL...



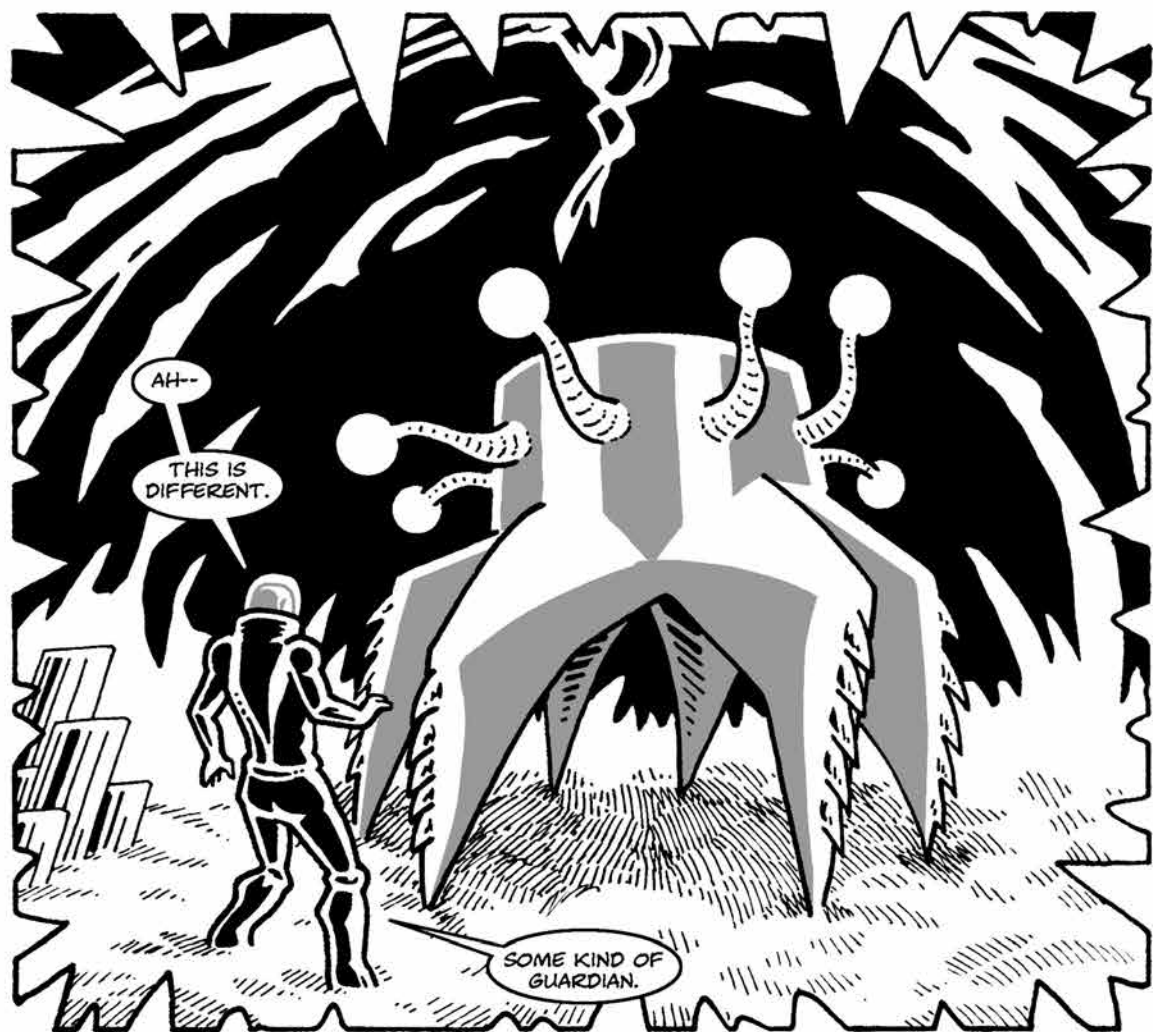
...THAT LEADS
INTO THE HEART
OF THE ROCK...

...WHERE
THE SYNDIC
CACHE WAS
STASHED...



AND THERE
IT ALL IS, EXACTLY
AS I REMEMBER
IT.

BUT HOW CAN
THIS STUFF BE HERE
IF NARLI HAS IT ALL
BACK ON GANTRY'S
YACHT?



AH--

THIS IS DIFFERENT.

SOME KIND OF GUARDIAN.



OF COURSE IT'S IMPERVIOUS TO MY PULSE CANNON.

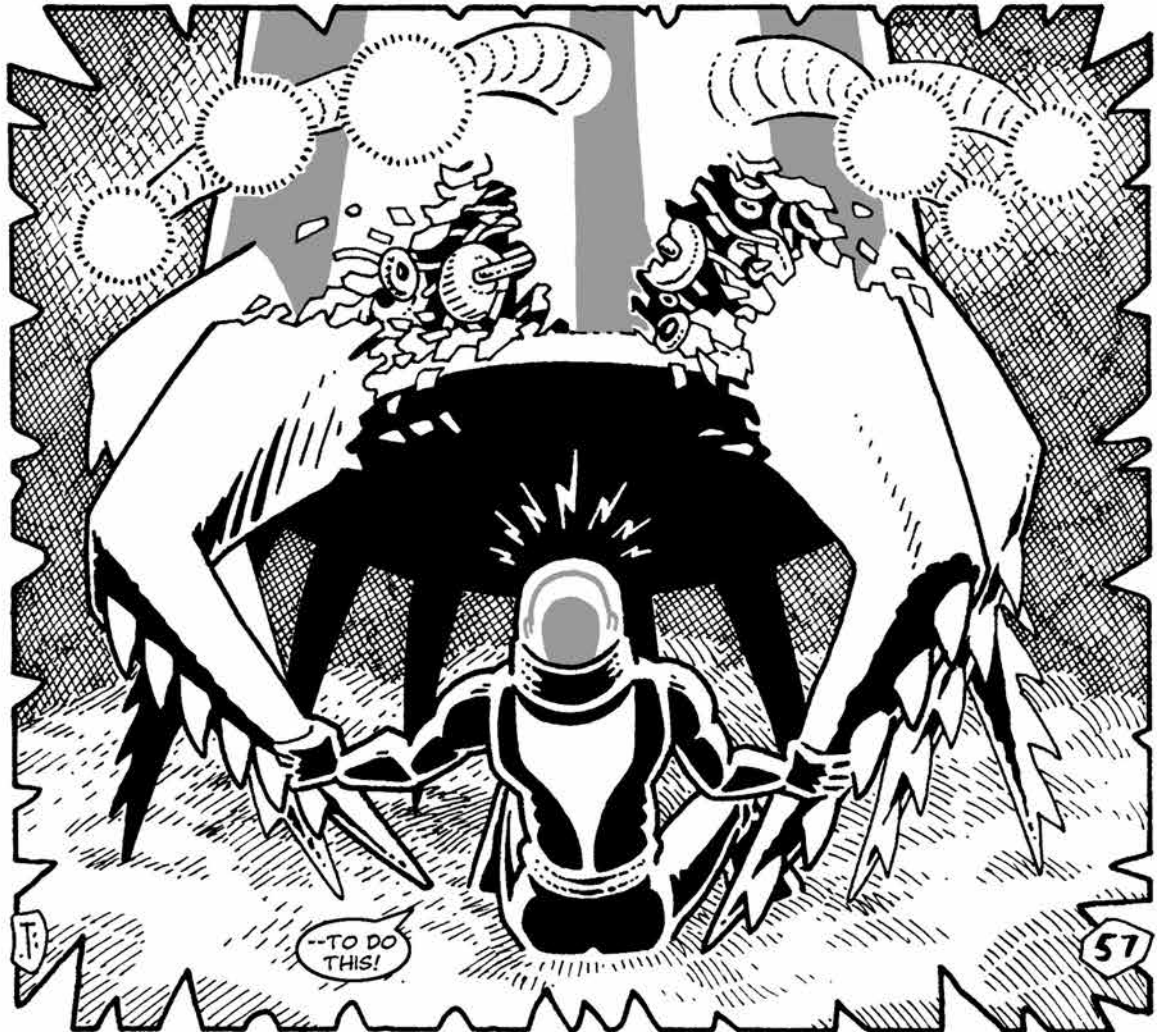
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THOSE ORBS ARE BROADCASTING TOXIC RADS.

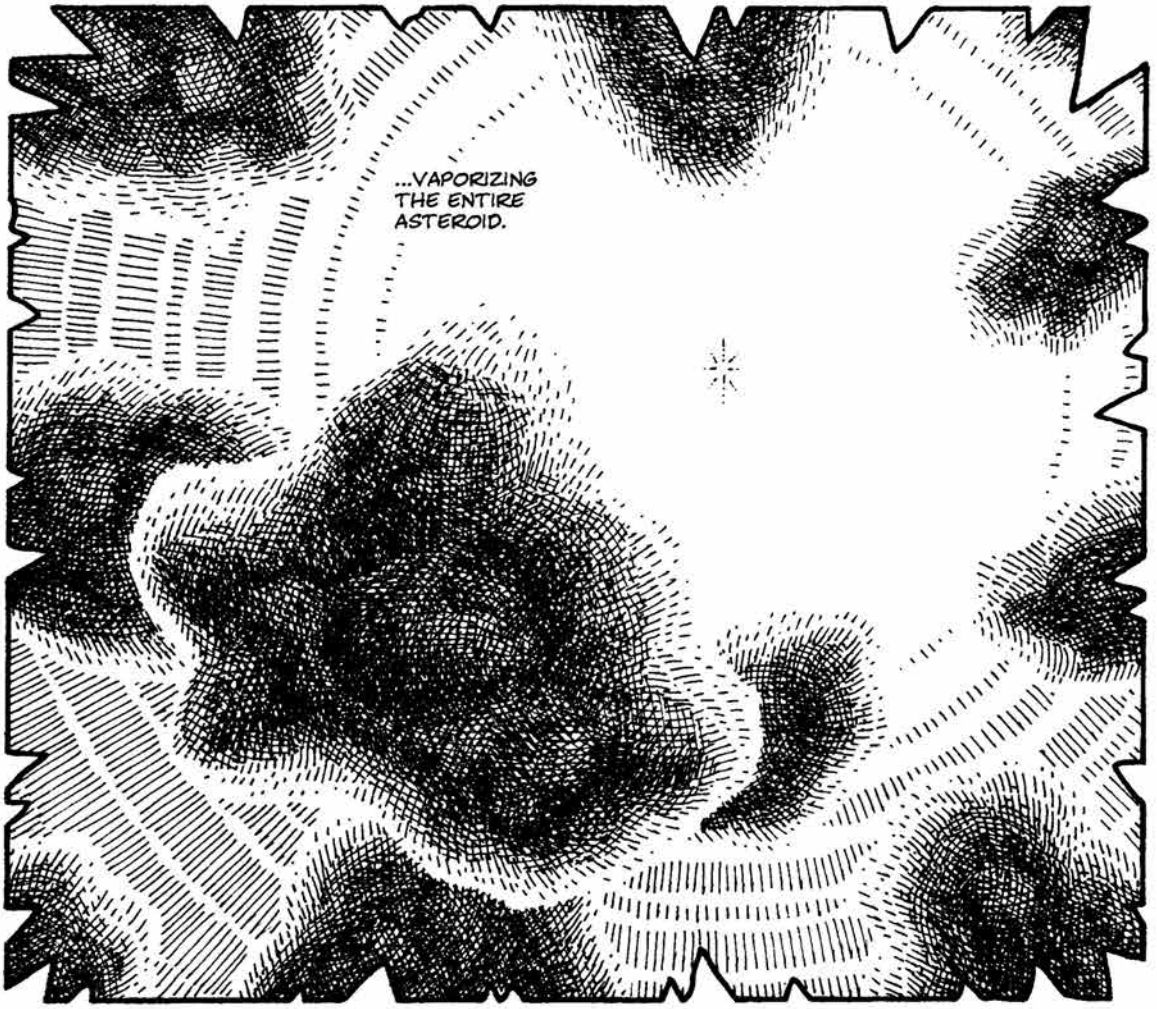
TOXIC, BUT NOT LETHAL TO ME.

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THE GUARDIAN
EXPLODES.



...VAPORIZING
THE ENTIRE
ASTEROID.



AND
RHYS
TOO.



BUT THEN HIS
DISSOLUTION
SEEMS TO
REVERSE
ITSELF.



STEADY NOW, RHYS.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE STILL WEAK AFTER PROLONGED GENETIC RECONSTRUCTION.

LEAN ON ME.

YOU'RE IN MY LAB...ON CHASM.

KARLOFF?

BUT-- YOU'RE DEAD--



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S HAD A CLOSE BRUSH WITH DEATH, RHYS, NOT ME.

I WAS DEAD...?

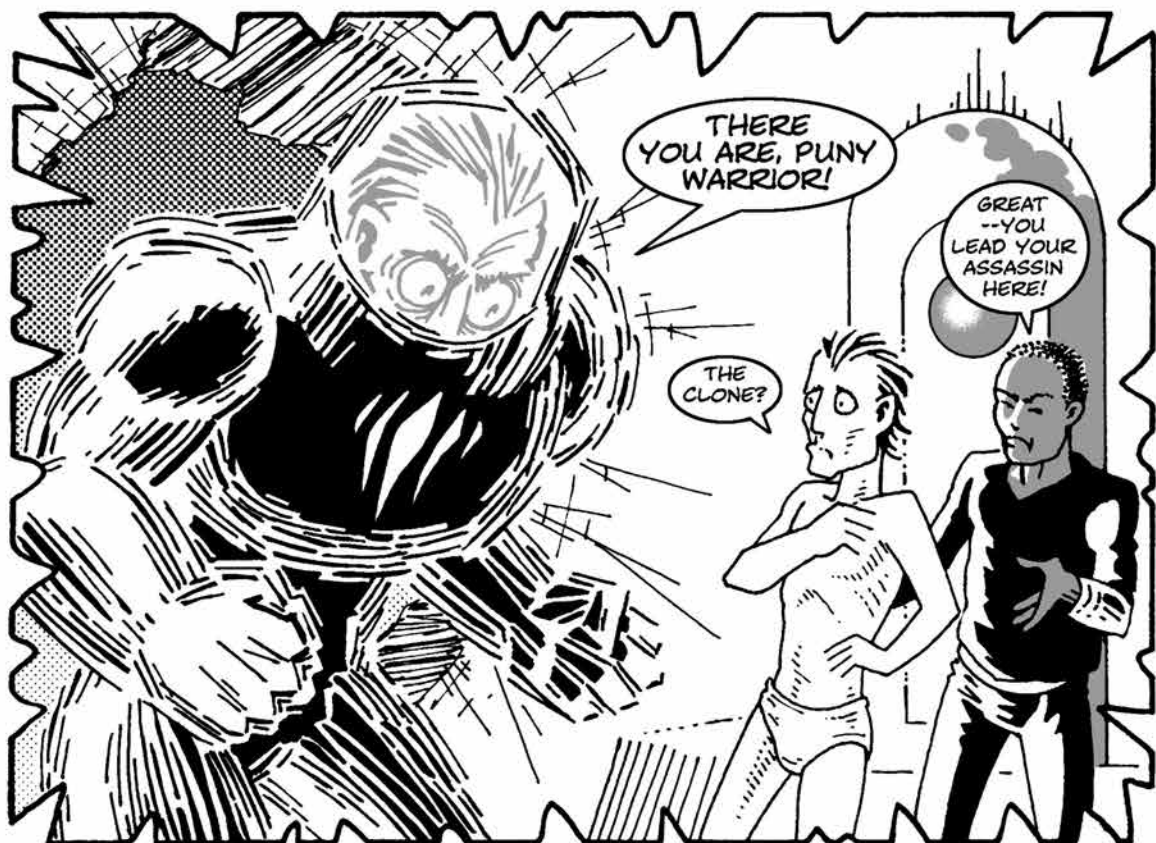
ALMOST.

YOU WERE LITERALLY IN TATTERS WHEN YOU SHOWED UP HERE TWO NIGHTS AGO.

I WAS BACK ON THE ASTEROID...FIGHTING SOME KIND OF MEK...

AND IT EXPLODED...





THERE YOU ARE, PUNY WARRIOR!

GREAT -- YOU LEAD YOUR ASSASSIN HERE!

THE CLONE?

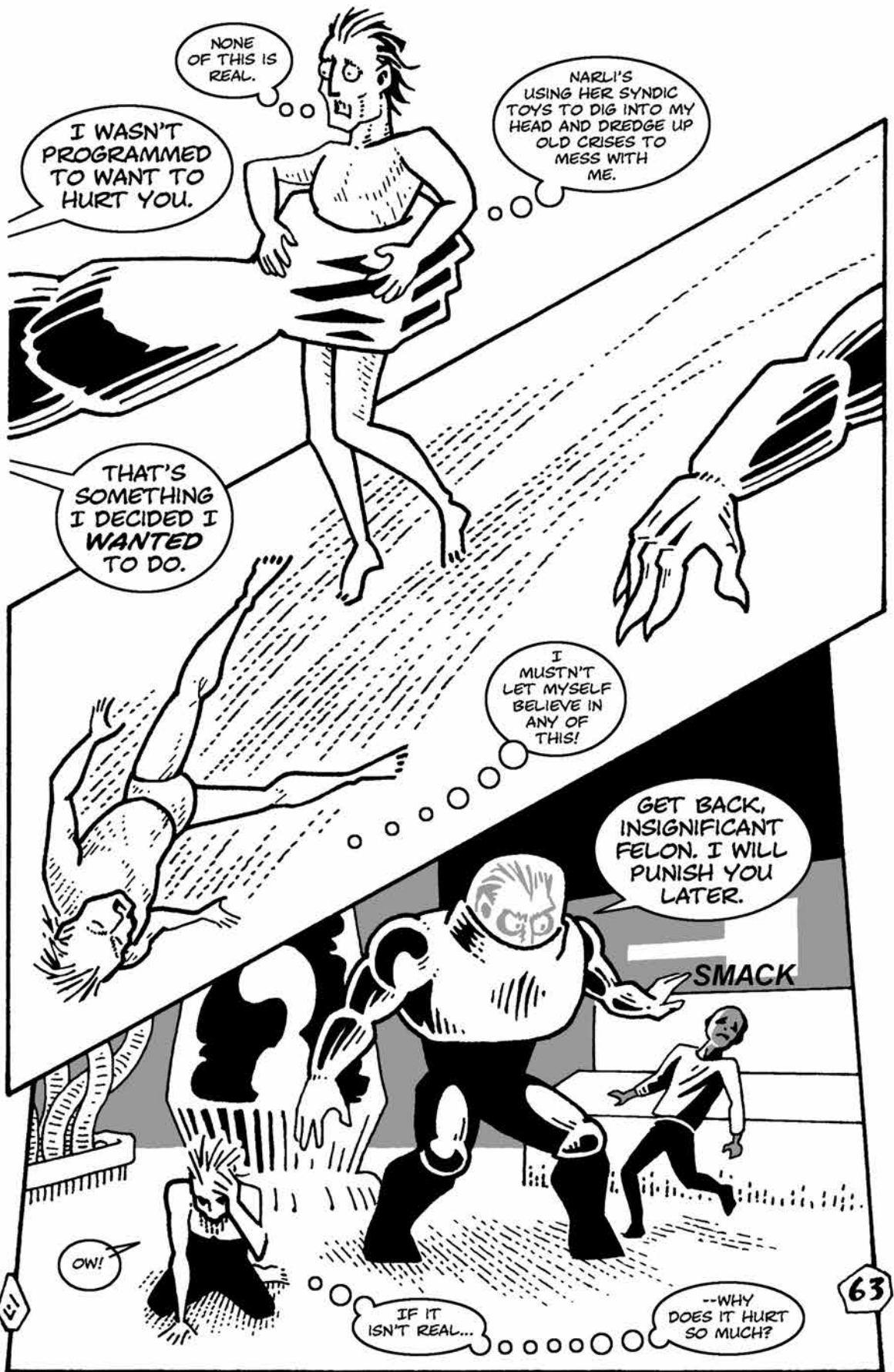
I WAS CREATED TO HUNT YOU DOWN!

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE MY CLUTCHES!

YOU'RE NOT REAL!

THE REAL CLONE WAS CONDITIONED AGAINST USING PERSONAL PRONOUNS!





NONE OF THIS IS REAL.

I WASN'T PROGRAMMED TO WANT TO HURT YOU.

NARLI'S USING HER SYNDIC TOYS TO DIG INTO MY HEAD AND DREDGE UP OLD CRISES TO MESS WITH ME.

THAT'S SOMETHING I DECIDED I WANTED TO DO.

I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF BELIEVE IN ANY OF THIS!

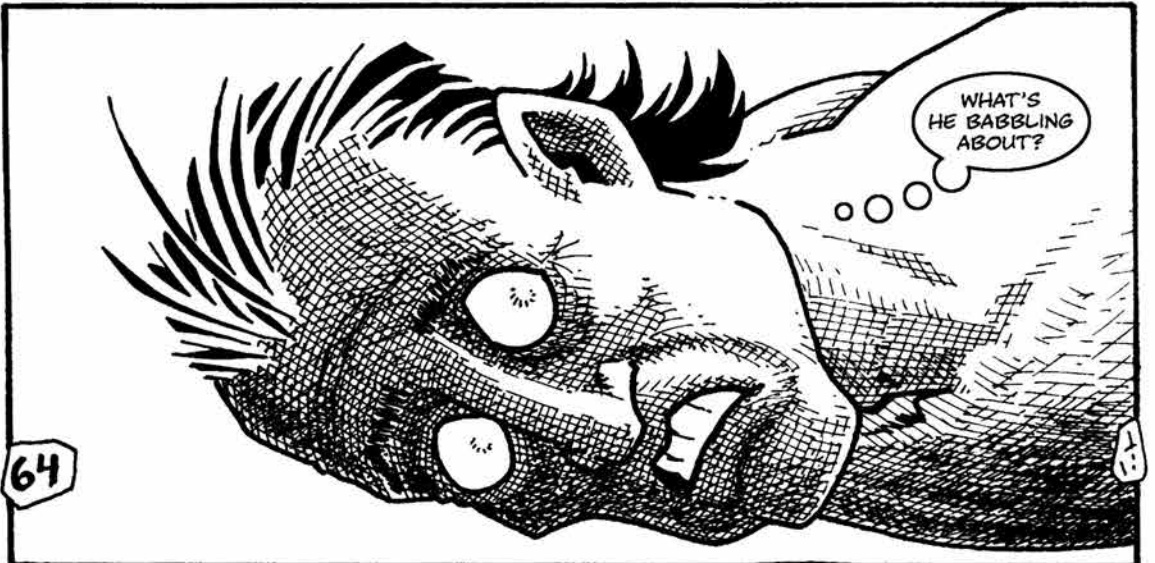
GET BACK, INSIGNIFICANT FELON. I WILL PUNISH YOU LATER.

SMACK

OW!

IF IT ISN'T REAL...

--WHY DOES IT HURT SO MUCH?





I'M SUPPOSED TO USE THIS **BRAIN SPIKE** TO SUCK OUT ALL OF YOUR MEMORIES...

INSTEAD-- LET'S PUMP YOU **FULL** OF SOMETHING!

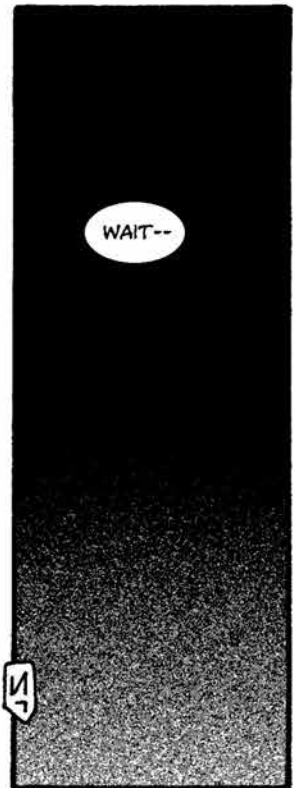
PAIN!

INTENSE NEVER-ENDING AGONY!

IT'S **NOT REAL**--NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT HURTS--

AUGH!

--KEEP TELLING MYSELF THAT--



WAIT--



I'M STILL ALIVE?



I'M CONFUSED.









NARLI WOULD NEVER WISH SHE HADN'T FOUND THE SYNDIC HARDWARE.

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU WISED UP TO THEIR HEAD GAMES, RHY!

THEY'RE HER TOYS!

IT'S THE TRIO WHO FOUND THE SYNDIC CACHE AT THE SAME TIME WE DID.

THEY TRACKED ME DOWN AND STOLE MY DEVICES!

<BRUTE!>

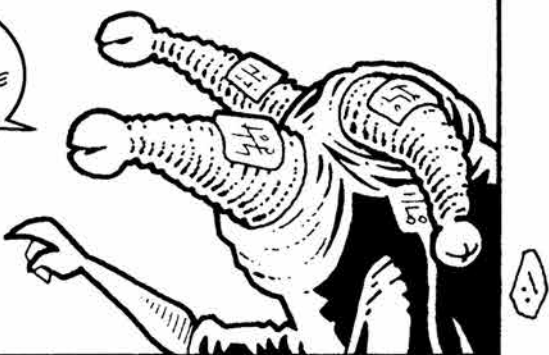
<THREE-WE FOUND IT FIRST!>

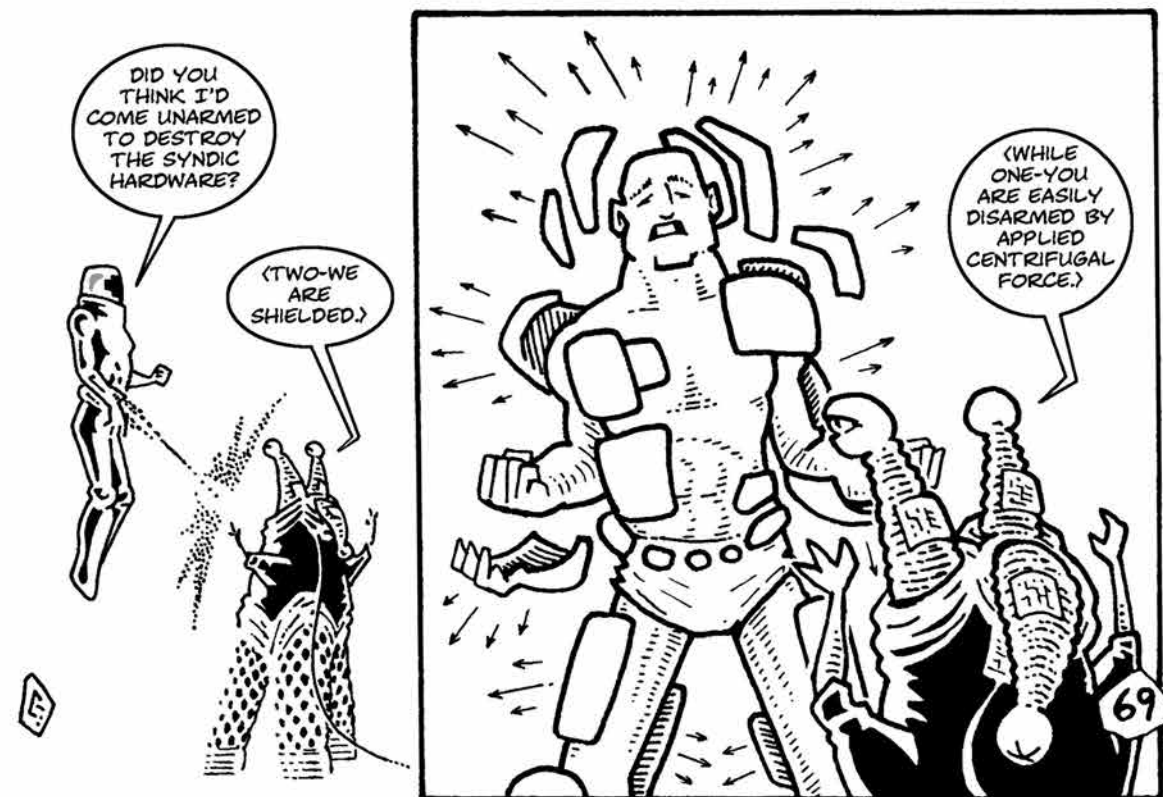
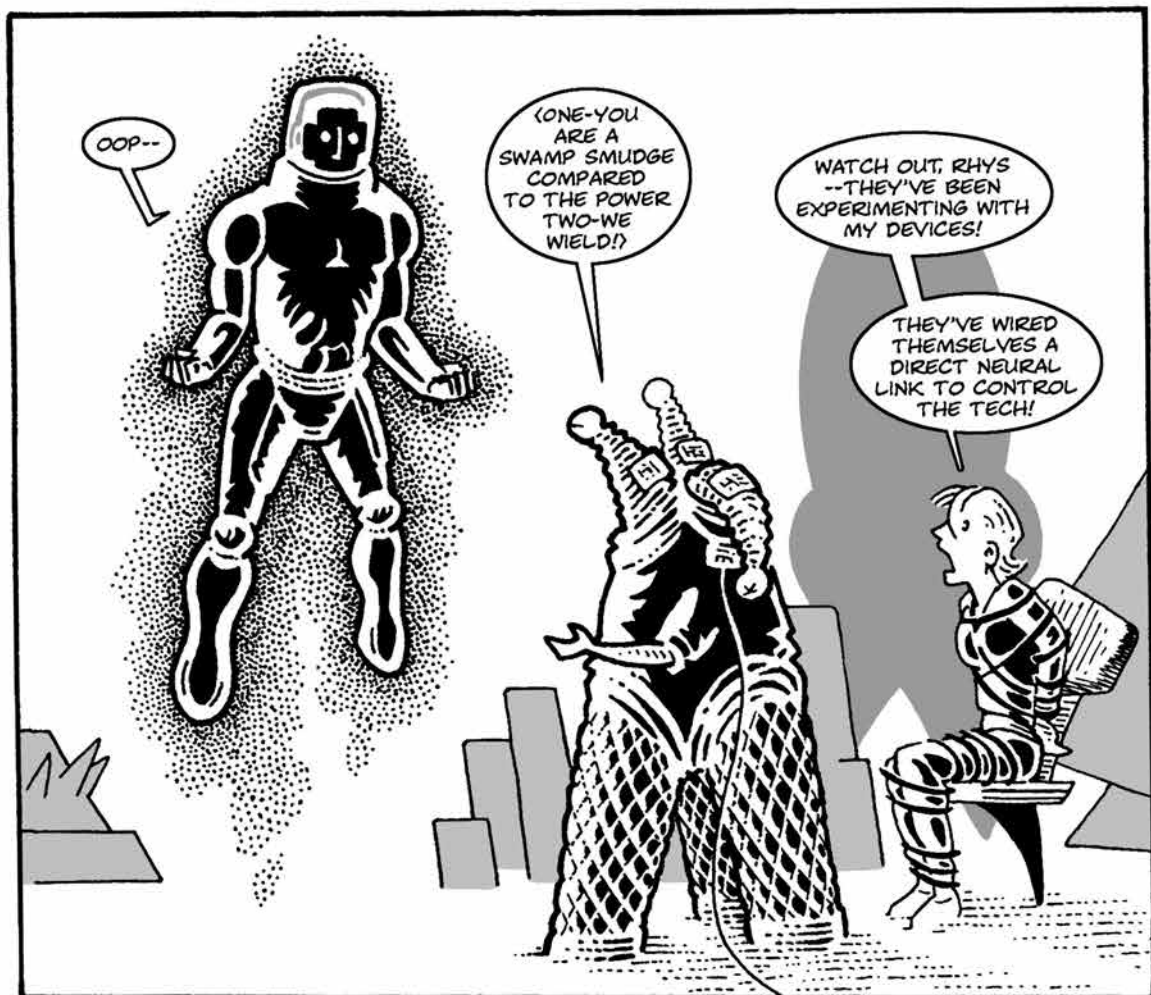
<IT IS THREE-OUR DESTINY TO WIELD THE SYNDIC TREASURE!>

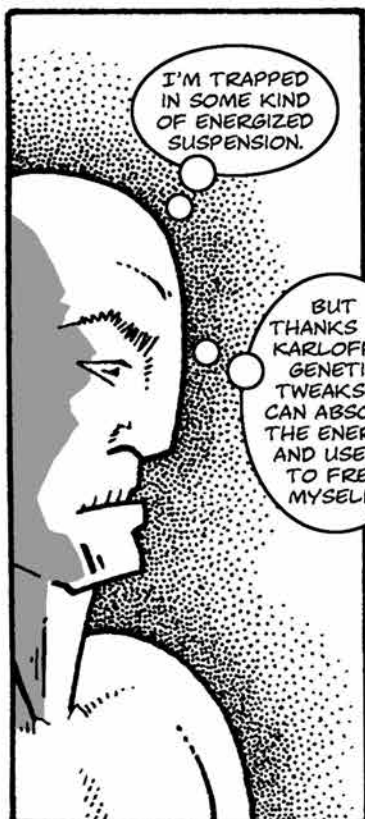
I'M AFRAID IT'S MY DESTINY TO UPSET YOUR SELF-ORDAINED POWER-TRIP.

<ONE-YOU GAINED NO ADVANTAGE BY KNOCKING OUT ONE OF THREE-OUR BRAIN-SELVES.>

<THREE-WE STILL HAVE TWO-SELVES LEFT!>







I'M TRAPPED
IN SOME KIND
OF ENERGIZED
SUSPENSION.

BUT
THANKS TO
KARLOFF'S
GENETIC
TWEAKS, I
CAN ABSORB
THE ENERGY
AND USE IT
TO FREE
MYSELF.



(BOTH OF
ONE-YOU
TWO-LEGS
ARE GUILTY OF
INTERSTELLAR
LARCENY!?)

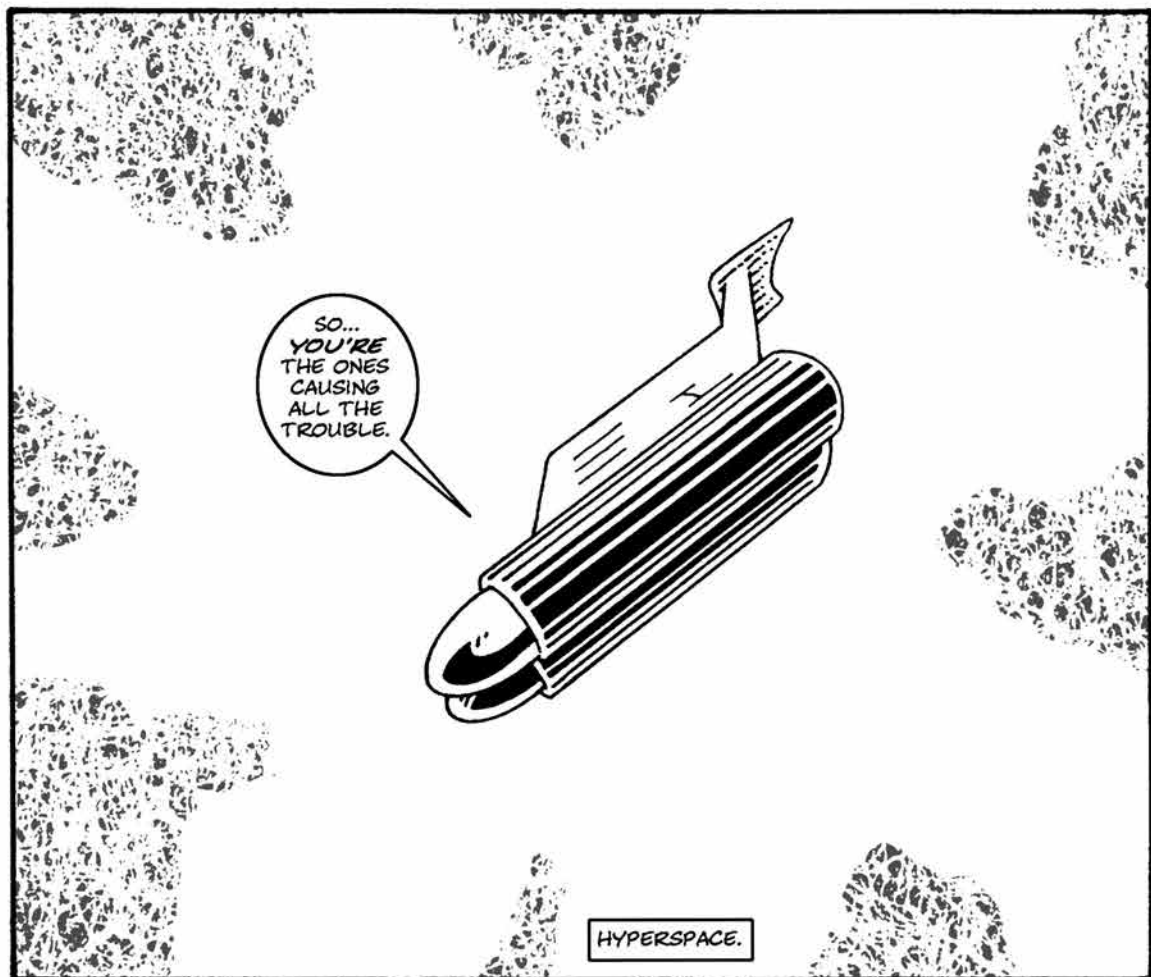
(THREE-WE
ARE THE RIGHTFUL
OWNERS OF THE SYNDIC
TREASURE TROVE!?)

LIAR!
THE TECH
BELONGS
TO ME!



(BY CONDUCTING
EXTENSIVE TESTS,
THREE-WE HAVE LEARNED
TO LINK TOGETHER CERTAIN
DEVICES, ACHIEVING FANTASTIC
AND ENTIRELY UNIQUE
EFFECTS.)

(NEURAL
CONNECTIONS
TO THIS NETWORK
OF DEVICES MAKES
THREE-US THE MOST
POWERFUL BEING IN
EXISTENCE!?)



SO...
YOU'RE
THE ONES
CAUSING
ALL THE
TROUBLE.

HYPERSPACE.



NORMAL
SPACE.

YOUR
EXCESSIVE
USE OF THE
HARDWARE IS
DESTABILIZING
THE BARRIERS
BETWEEN
HYPERSPACE
AND OUR
UNIVERSE.



THE SYNDIC
HARDWARE HAS TO BE
DESTROYED!

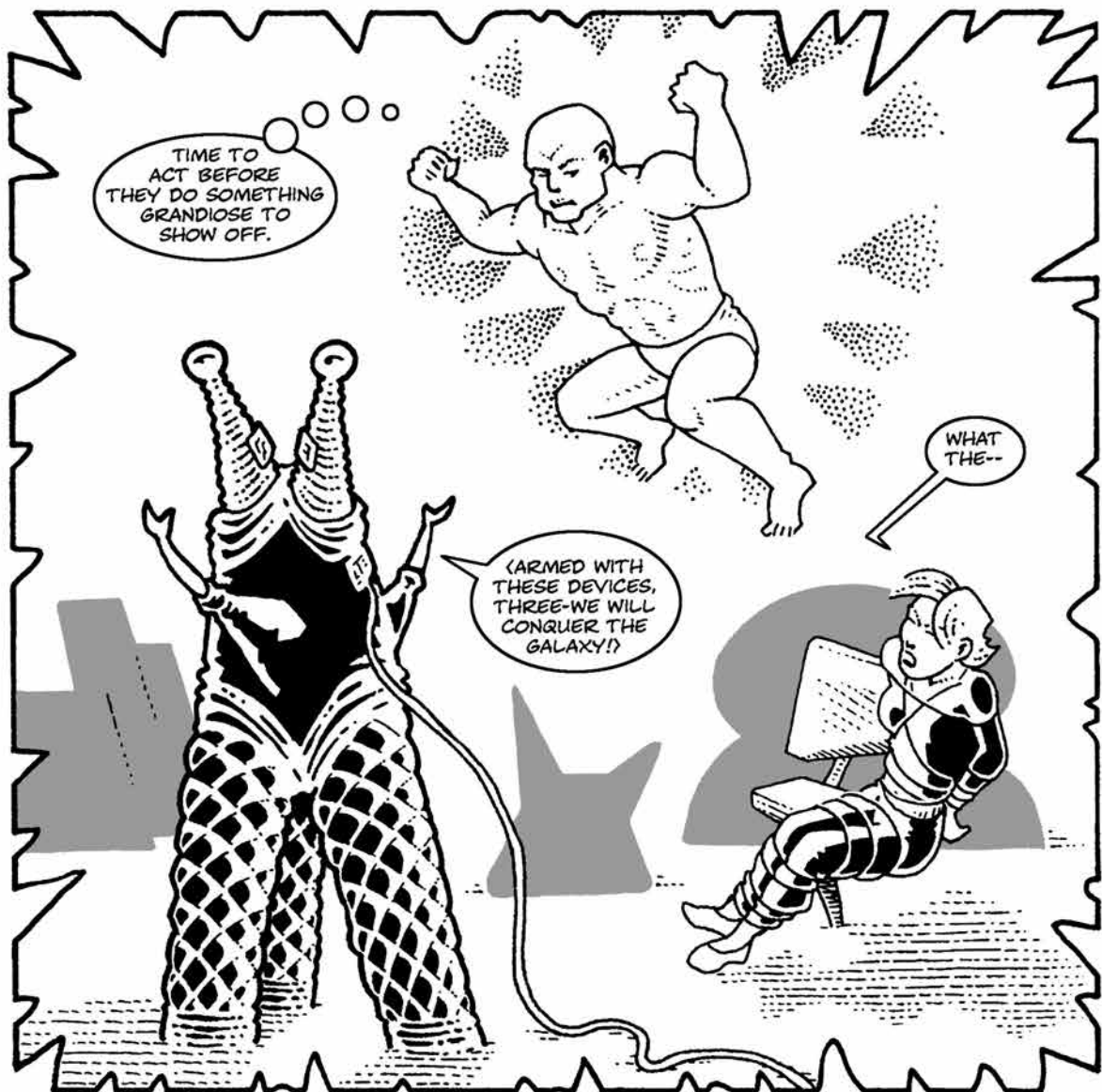
OR OUR
UNIVERSE IS
DOOMED!



YOU'LL
SAY ANYTHING TO
JUSTIFY TAKING MY DEVICES
AWAY FROM ME,
RHYS!

YOU'RE
PATHETIC!

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(NAIVE TWO-LEGS!)

(EVEN REDUCED TO A SINGLE BRAIN-SELF, ONE-WE CAN INVOKE ENOUGH LETHAL RADIATION TO VAPORIZE ONE-YOU!)



VAPORIZING ME IS JUST A COLLATERAL BONUS, HUH?

SO... WHY AM I STILL ALIVE?



(HOW ARE ONE-YOU SURVIVING THESE ASSAULTS?!)

SUPERIOR GENES.



THE TRIOP'S INSANE. THEY'LL DESTROY THE ENTIRE SHIP TRYING TO KILL RHY'S.

UNLESS SOMEONE INTERFERES...

MEANWHILE, THE TRIOP'S FLAMBOYANT USE OF THE SYNDIC HARDWARE HAS INITIATED A CRITICAL BREAKDOWN OF THE BARRIERS SEPARATING NORMAL SPACE FROM HYPERSPACE.

(GRRR!)

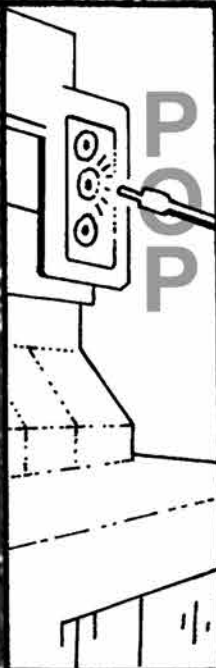


IS THAT THE BEST YOU HAVE?

(DIE, TWO-LEGS!)

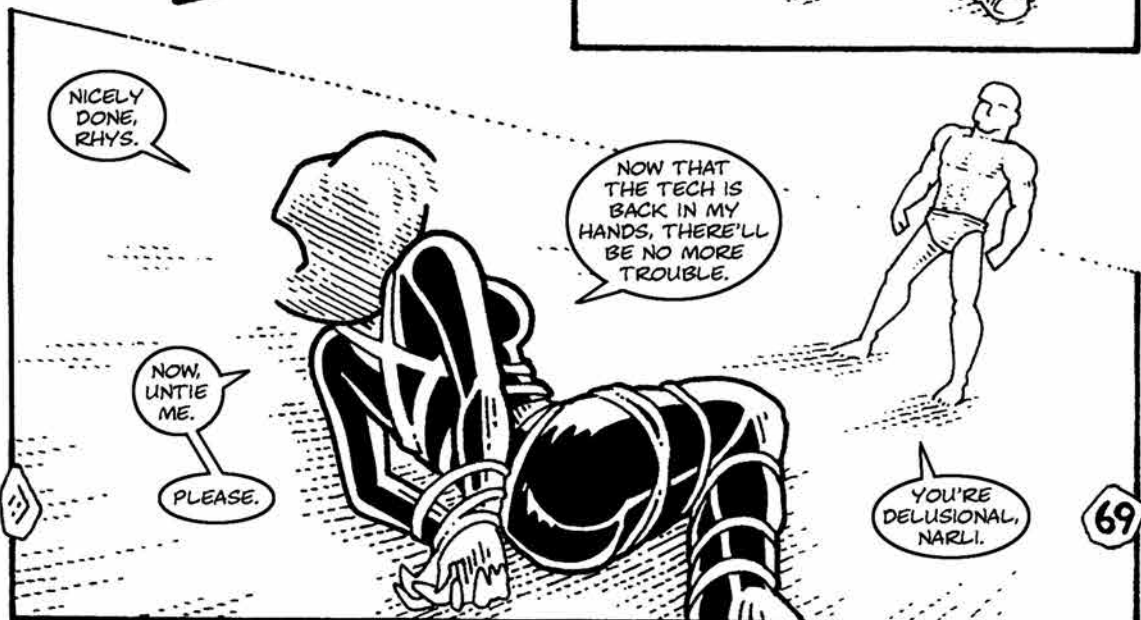
THE HYPER-RADS INTERFERE WITH STELLAR ANATOMIES...

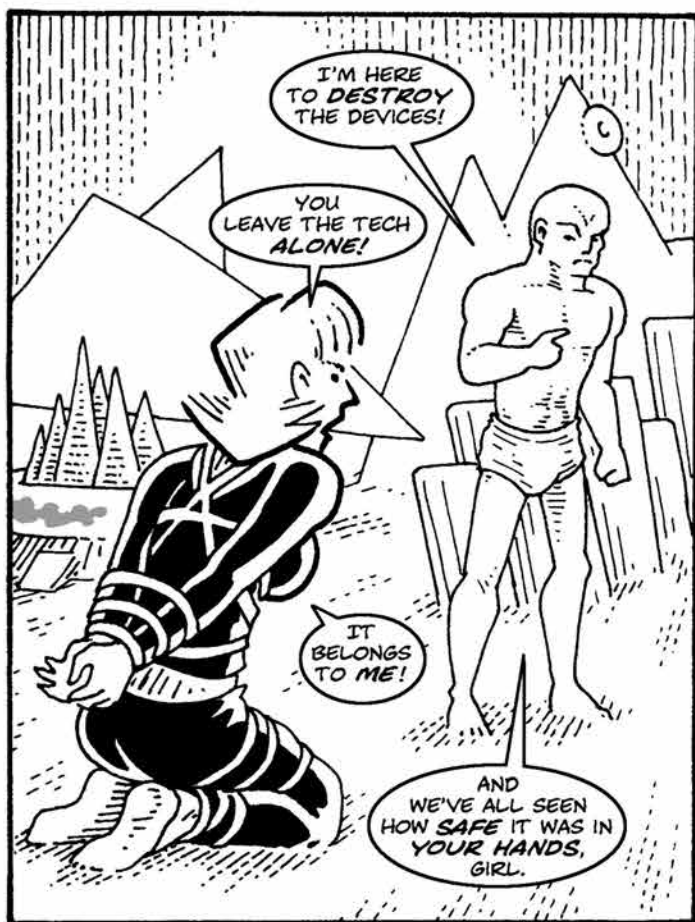
...TRIGGERING A WAVE OF DEADLY NOVAS.

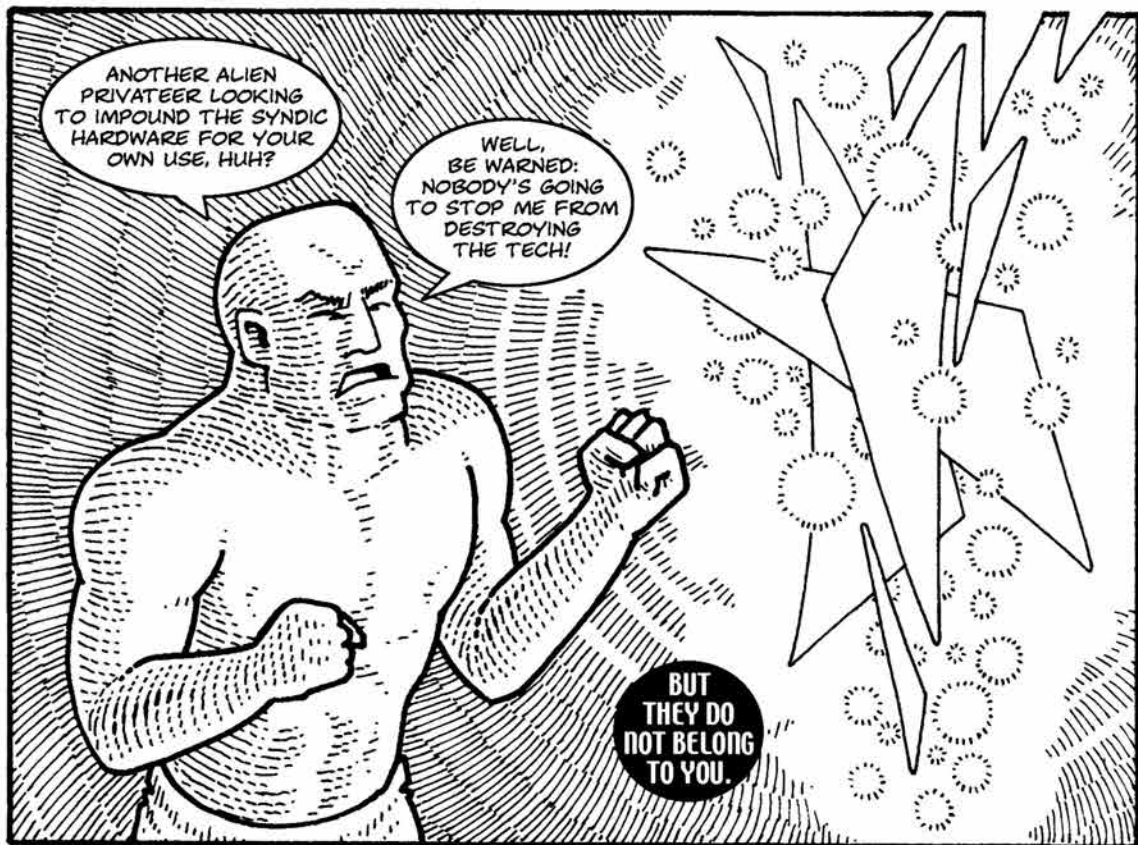


WHILE RHYS DISTRACTS THEM WITH HIS BOGUS BRAYADO, I'LL DO SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE.





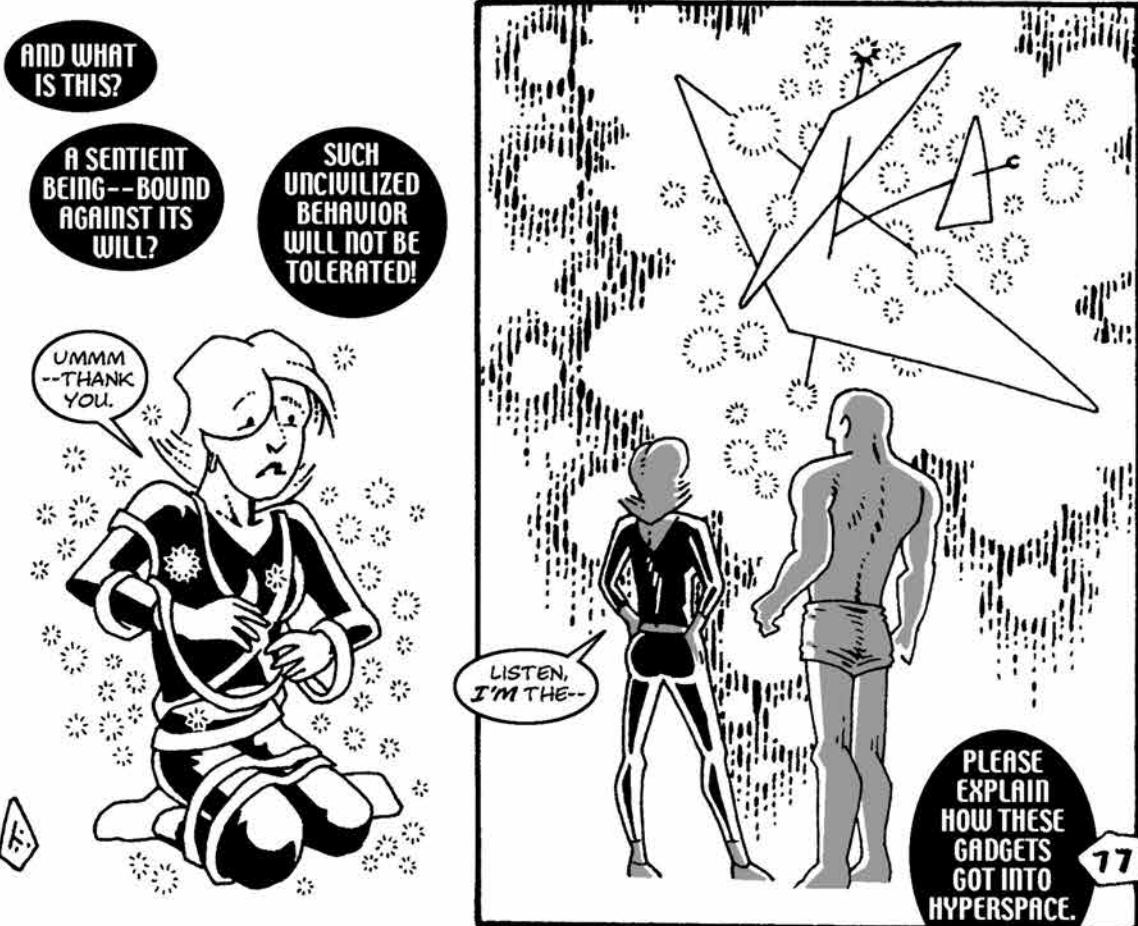




ANOTHER ALIEN PRIVATEER LOOKING TO IMPOUND THE SYNDIC HARDWARE FOR YOUR OWN USE, HUH?

WELL, BE WARNED: NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM DESTROYING THE TECH!

BUT THEY DO NOT BELONG TO YOU.



AND WHAT IS THIS?

A SENTIENT BEING-- BOUND AGAINST ITS WILL?

SUCH UNCIVILIZED BEHAVIOR WILL NOT BE TOLERATED!

UMMM --THANK YOU.

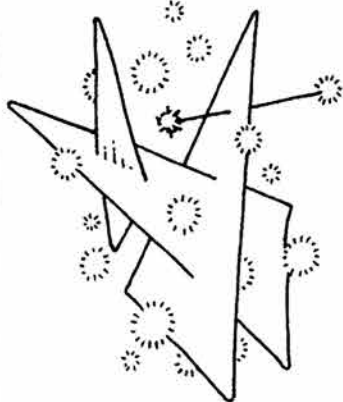
LISTEN, I'M THE--

PLEASE EXPLAIN HOW THESE GADGETS GOT INTO HYPERSPACE.



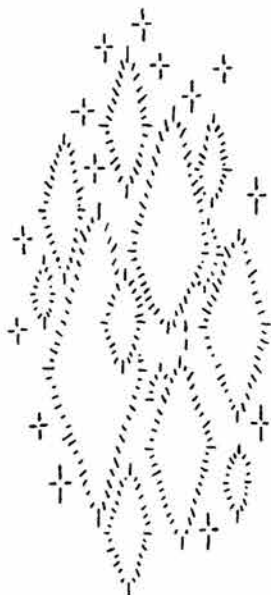


PLEASE NOTE: SINCE THESE NEW ALIENS MIGHT BE INTERDIMENSIONAL BEINGS (A CLASSIFICATION THAT IS PRESENTLY UNCONFIRMED), THEY MANIFEST DIFFERENTLY TO EACH PERSON.



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RHYS SEES GEOMETRIC CHAOS.



NARLI SEES BIG SPARKLES.



AND IF THE TRIOP WAS CONSCIOUS, THEY WOULD SEE TRIANGULAR SHAPES (BECAUSE THEIR OUTLOOK CONVERTS EVERYTHING INTO THREES).

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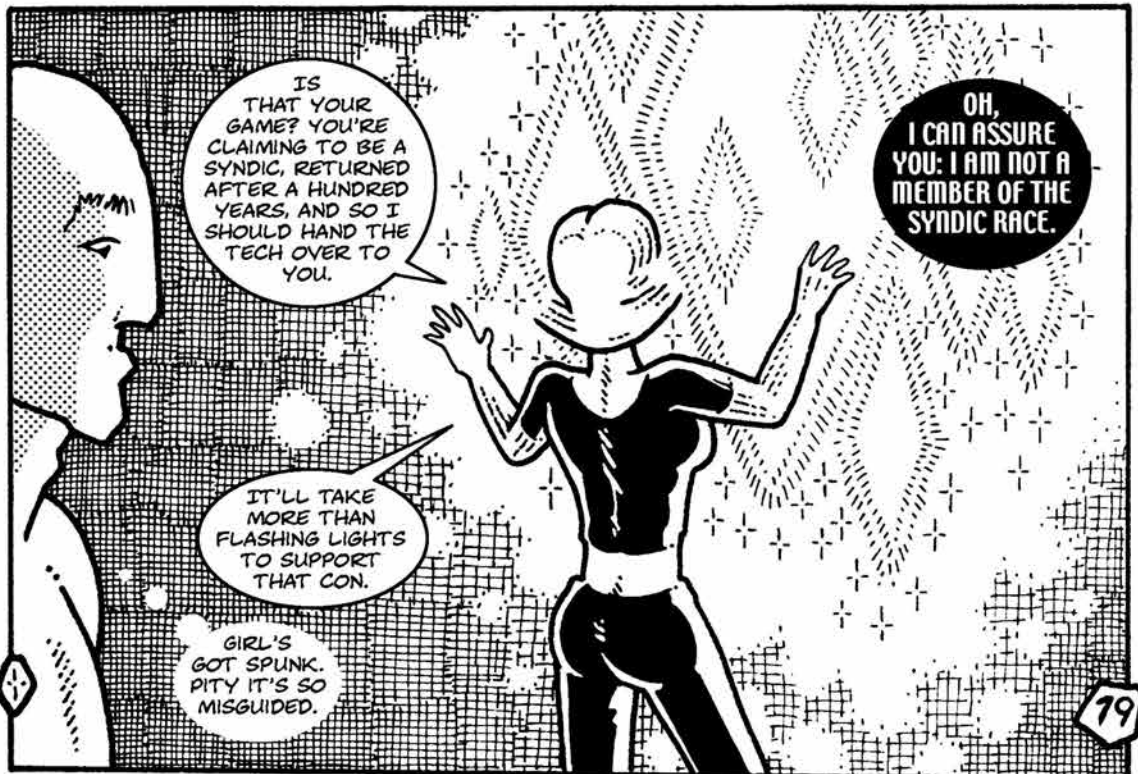


DON'T CALL ME A THIEF! I DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING!
I FOUND THIS CACHE OF SYNDIC TECH AND I CLAIM SALVAGE RIGHTS TO IT!

BUT...YOU ARE NOT THE GADGETS' OWNER.



ARE YOU?



IS THAT YOUR GAME? YOU'RE CLAIMING TO BE A SYNDIC, RETURNED AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS, AND SO I SHOULD HAND THE TECH OVER TO YOU.

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN FLASHING LIGHTS TO SUPPORT THAT CON.

GIRL'S GOT SPUNK. PITY IT'S SO MISGUIDED.

OH, I CAN ASSURE YOU: I AM NOT A MEMBER OF THE SYNDIC RACE.

I AM AN
ABSTRACT
CONSTRUCT
THE SYNDICS
LEFT BEHIND
TO MONITOR
QUANTUM
STABILITY.



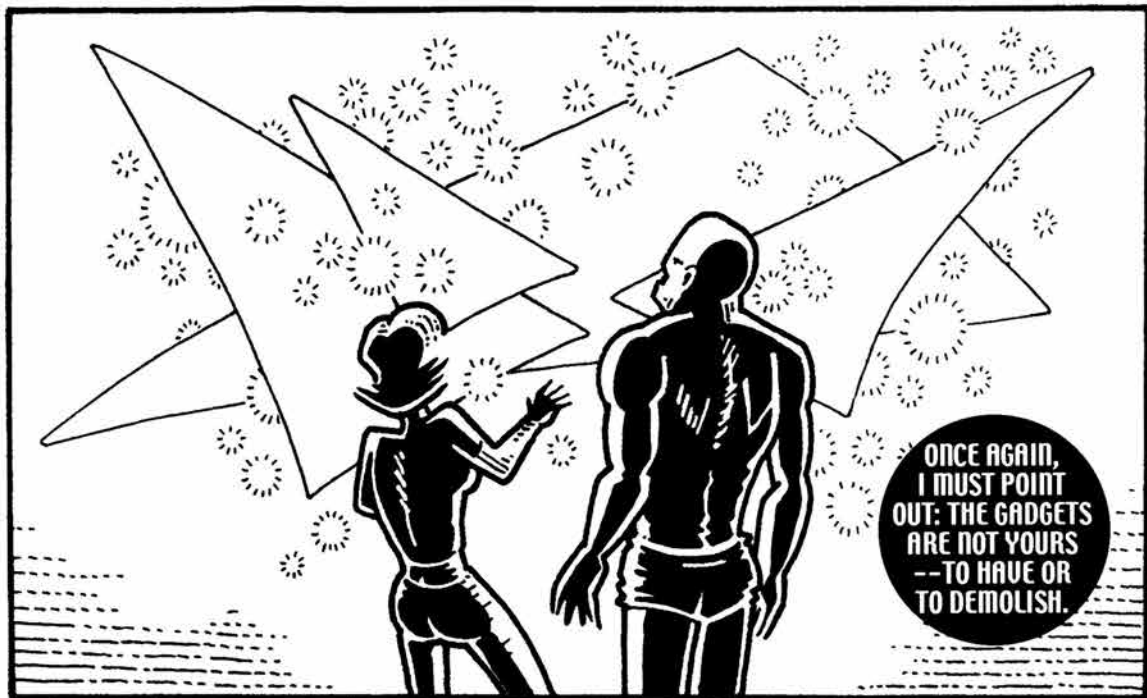
AS A
LOWER LIFE-FORM,
PERHAPS YOU ARE
UNWARE THAT
OPERATING THESE
SYNDIC GADGETS
HERE IN HYPERSPACE
DISRUPTS THE
BOUNDARIES
SEPARATING
DIFFERENT
DIMENSIONS...

WITH
CATASTROPHIC
CONSEQUENCES.

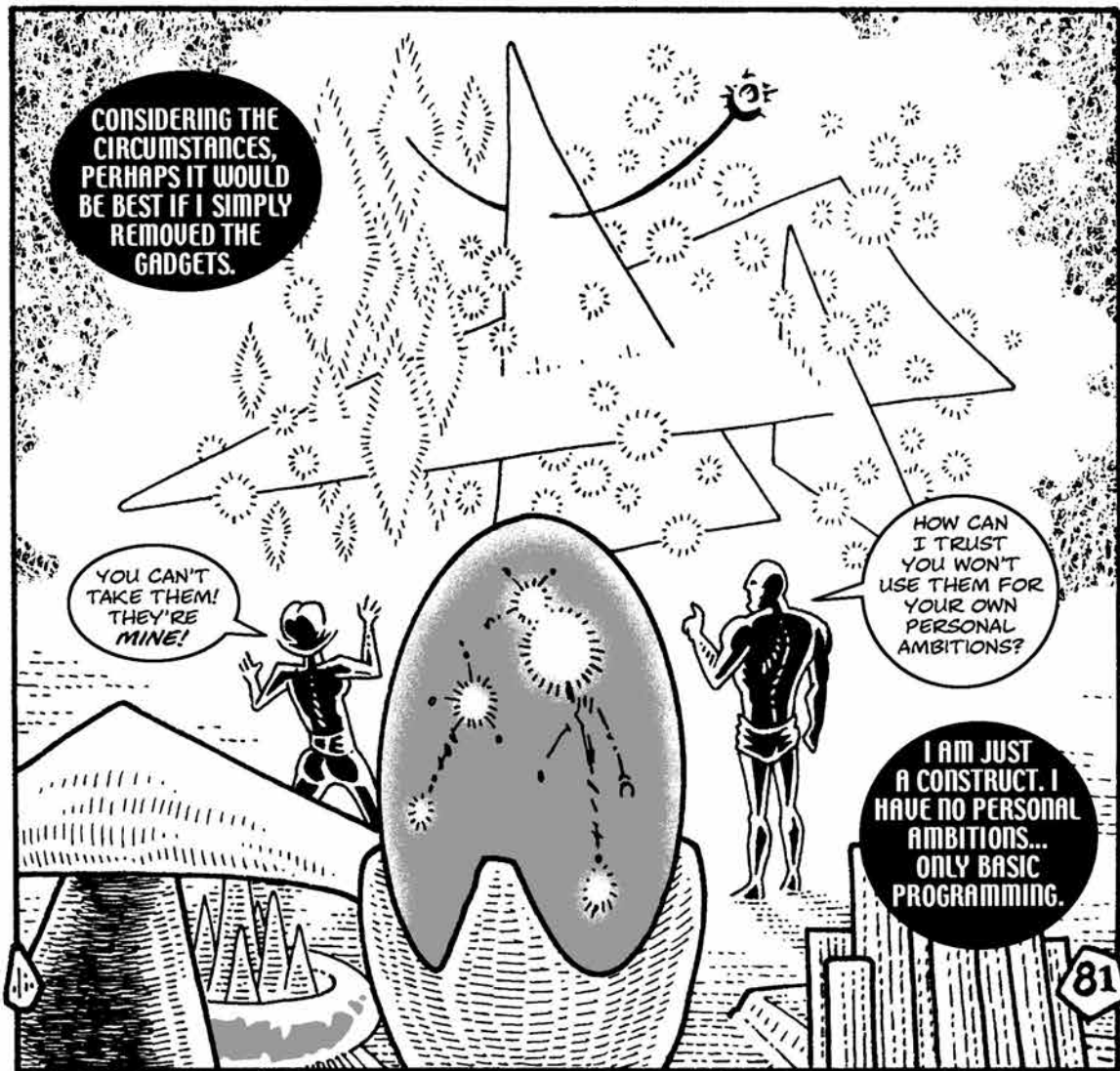
SEE? I TOLD
YOU THAT WAS
HAPPENING!

THAT'S
WHY I'VE GOT TO
DESTROY THE
TECH.

(FUME)



ONCE AGAIN,
I MUST POINT
OUT: THE GADGETS
ARE NOT YOURS
-- TO HAVE OR
TO DEMOLISH.



CONSIDERING THE
CIRCUMSTANCES,
PERHAPS IT WOULD
BE BEST IF I SIMPLY
REMOVED THE
GADGETS.

YOU CAN'T
TAKE THEM!
THEY'RE
MINE!

HOW CAN
I TRUST
YOU WON'T
USE THEM FOR
YOUR OWN
PERSONAL
AMBITIONS?

I AM JUST
A CONSTRUCT. I
HAVE NO PERSONAL
AMBITIONS...
ONLY BASIC
PROGRAMMING.



BUT...YOU
ARE WELCOME
TO ACCOMPANY
THE GADGETS
TO ASSUAGE
YOUR WORRIES.



I CAN
AGREE TO THOSE
TERMS.

WAIT--
THE TECH
BELONGS
TO ME! YOU
CAN'T--

IT'S
TIME
TO FACE
REALITY,
NARLI.



I'M TIRED
OF EXPLAINING
TO YOU HOW
DANGEROUS
THE SYNDIC
HARDWARE
IS.

THIS IS THE
WAY IT ENDS,
GIRL, AND THERE'S
NOTHING YOU CAN
DO TO CHANGE
THAT.

SO THE
BULLY KEEPS
TELLING
ME...



USE GANTRY'S YACHT TO RETURN TO REAL SPACE.

I'D RECOMMEND YOU DUMP THE TROOP BEFORE THEY WAKE UP.

CONTACT GENERAL SMYTE, HE'S EX-LAUFERWELT, AND TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED HERE. HE DESERVES TO KNOW THAT DOOM HAS BEEN AVERTED.

(HUMPH)

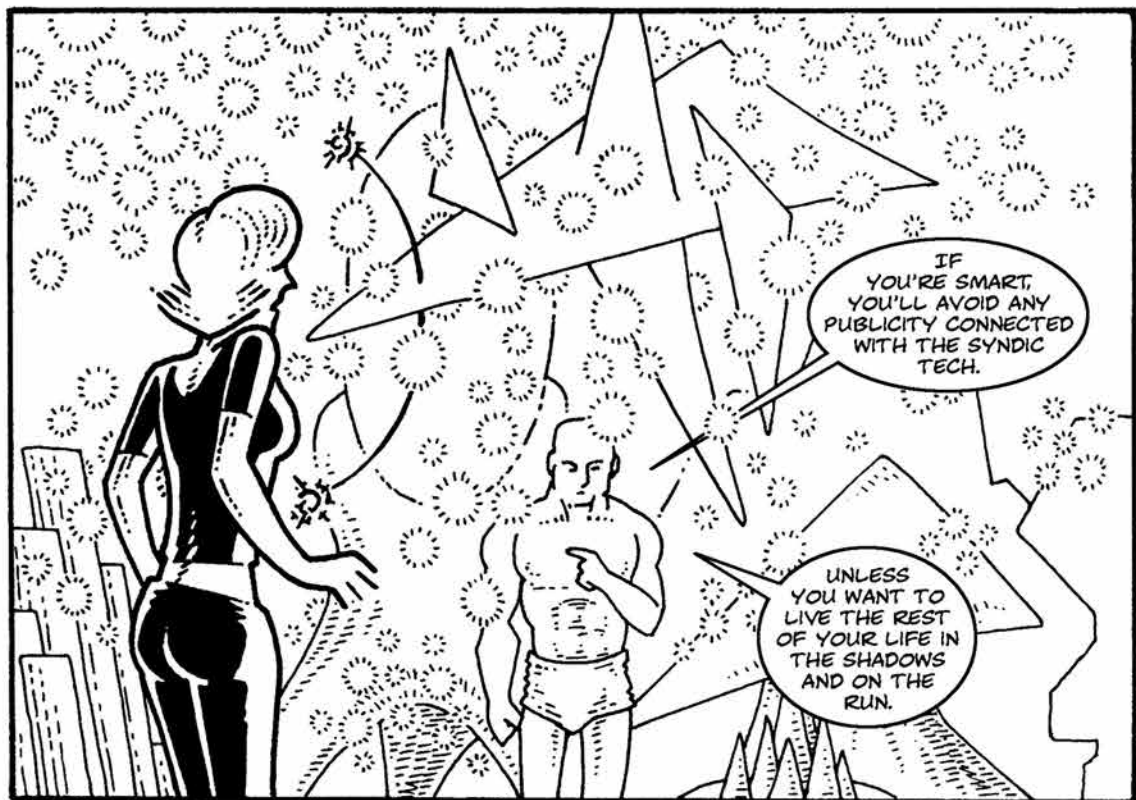


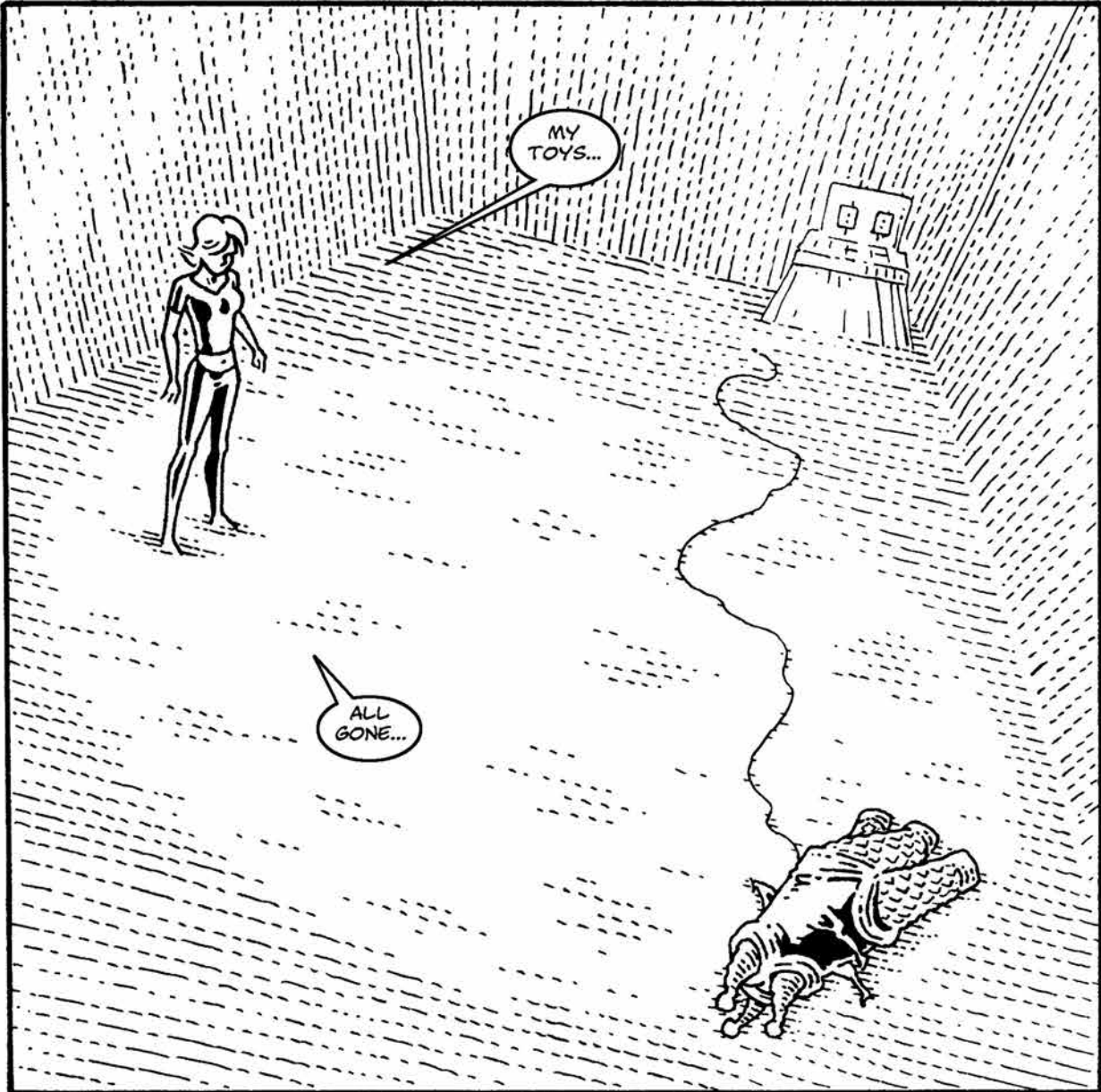
YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING WITH THIS CREATURE?

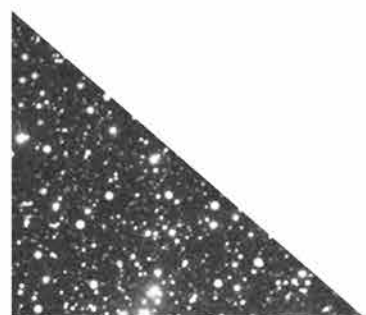
WHAT KIND OF LIFE CAN I LOOK FORWARD TO IF I STAY, NARLI?



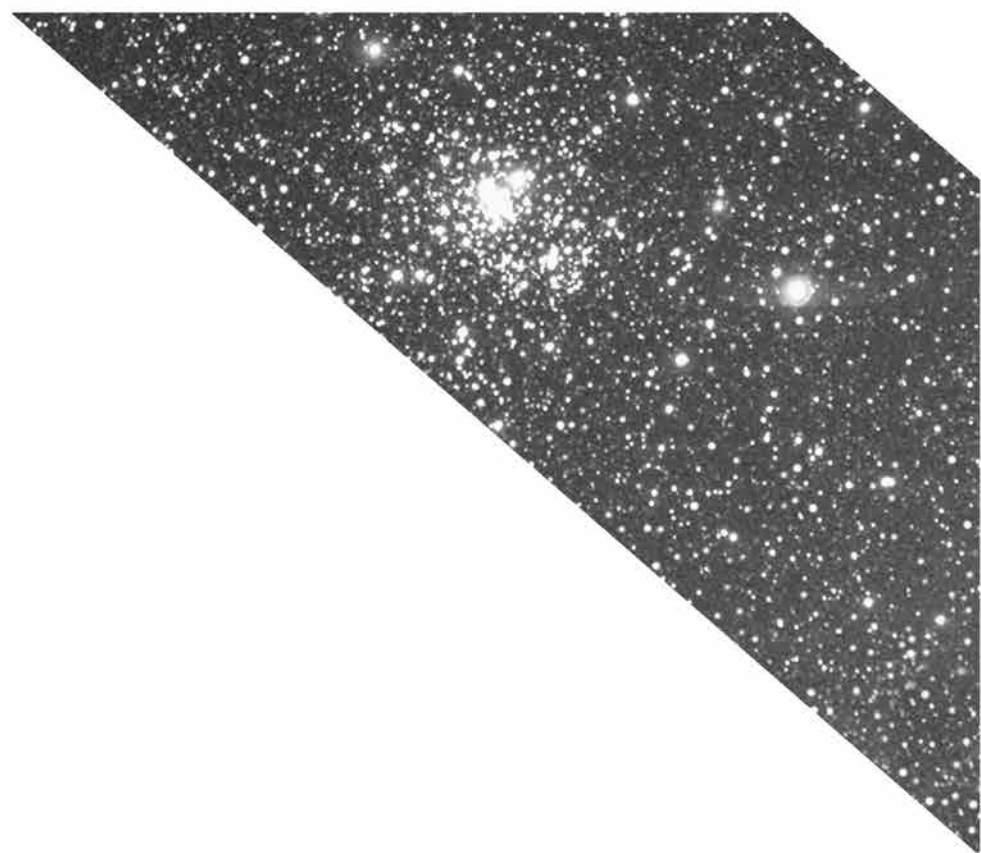
EVEN AFTER THE SYNDIC TECH IS LONG GONE, GREEDY CRAZIES WILL KEEP HUNTING ME DOWN, BELIEVING I KNOW WHERE THE HARDWARE IS.







MYRIAD OUTCOMES



GENERAL SMYTE,
A DAY LATER...

THE SPONTANEOUS
NOVAS HAVE STOPPED.
CLEARLY, YOUR AGENTS HAVE
ACCESSED AND NEUTRALIZED
THE SYNDIC HARDWARE,
GENERAL SMYTE.

THE
COALITION
DEMANDS YOU
TURN THE TECH
OVER TO
US!

SINCERE
RELIEF
TO HEAR THAT
WHATEVER WAS
CAUSING THE
NOVAS HAS
CEASED,
COMMANDER
LOREN.

BUT AN INVESTIGATION
HAS DETERMINED THAT THERE
NEVER WAS ANY SYNDIC
TECHNOLOGY. THE ENTIRE
AFFAIR WAS A HOAX.

THIS CAN ONLY
MEAN THAT RHYS
SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING
THE ROGUE AND THE
GIRL'S ARSENAL OF
SYNDIC TECH.

PRESUMABLY
RHYS WILL
GO INTO HIDING
AGAIN.

AS LONG AS
RHYS MAINTAINS
A LOW PROFILE, THE
EX-WARRIOR'S DEATH IS
UNNECESSARY.

PROFESSOR YONDER AND
KHARL RUNNY-ORANGE,
LATER THAT SAME DAY...

DISABLING
THE MAGH TOWER
IS AN AFFRONT
TO SCIENTIFIC
ADVANCEMENT.

MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE
--BAH!


THEY'RE
DOING EVERYTHING
THEY CAN TO ERASE
ALL TRACES OF THE
ENTIRE AFFAIR.

AS IF
THEIR DENIAL
CAN UNDO WHAT
HAPPENED.

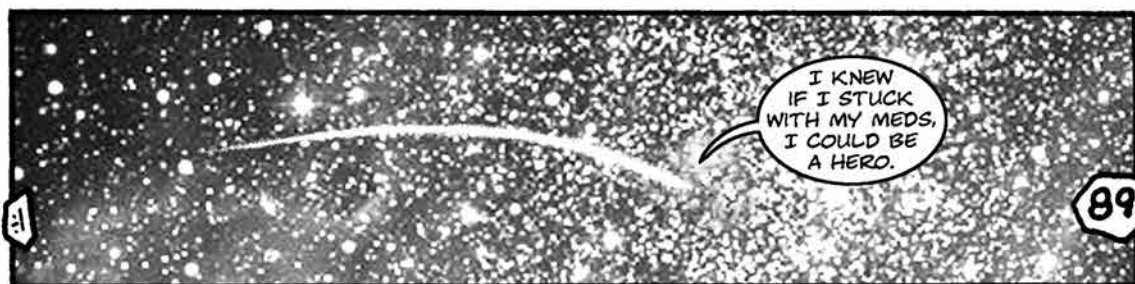
WE
COULD
PRIVATELY
DUPLICATE
MY WORK ON
A DIFFERENT
MAGH
TOWER.

NOT WITHOUT
PROPER FUNDING--
AND GANTRY'S FINANCIAL
SUPPORT ENDED WHEN
THE NOVAS STOPPED.

RHYS
WAS RIGHT
ABOUT
HIM.



GANTRY, ALREADY
EN ROUTE TO HIS
PLEASURE PALACE
ON TICKLE 12...



GENERAL TURGO AND NATASHA, AROUND THE SAME TIME, BUT A UNIVERSE AWAY...

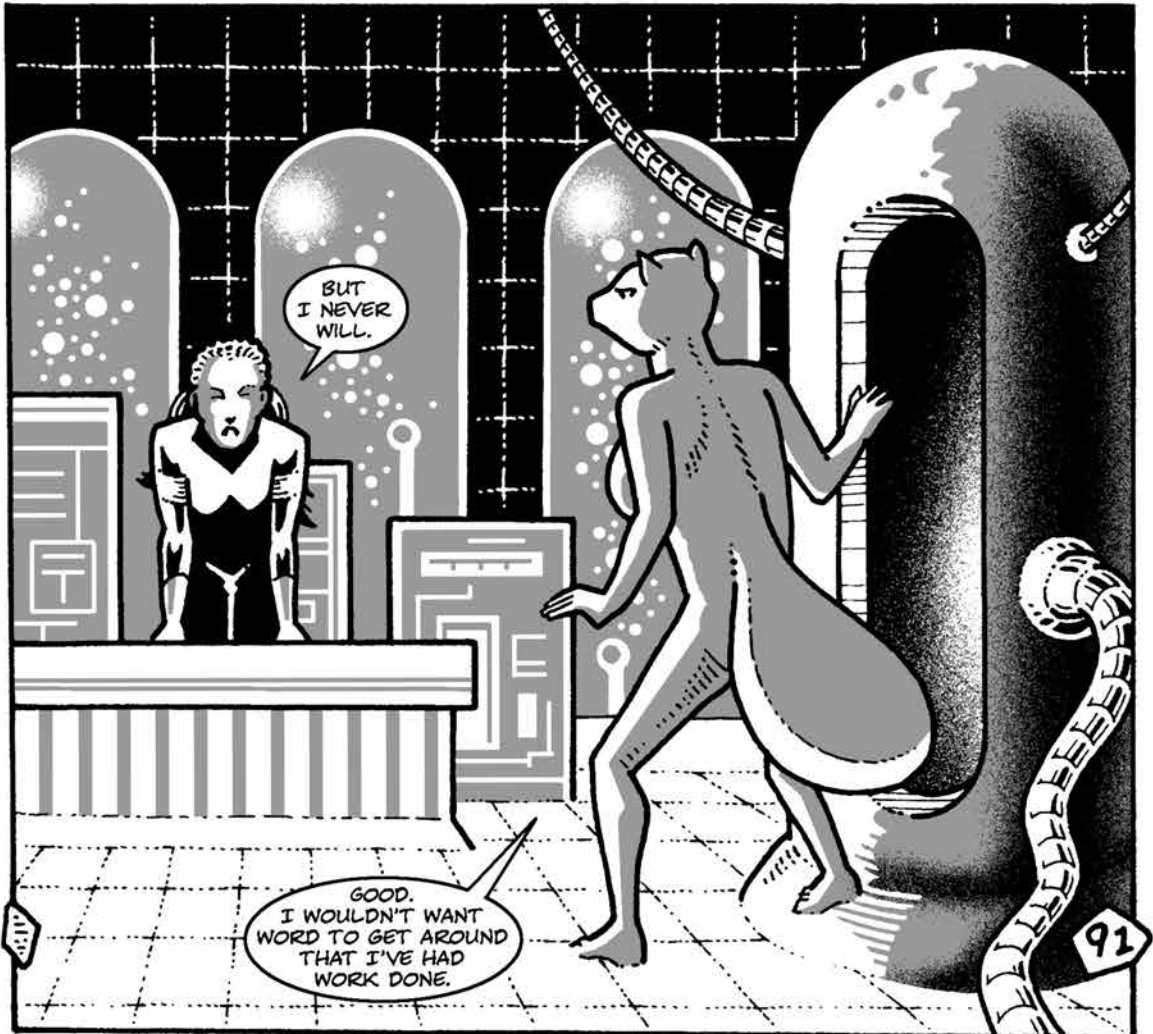


KARLOFF, LOCATION
UNDISCLOSED (BY
REQUEST)...

TRUST ME,
YOU'RE NOT JUST
PAYING FOR MY
GENE-JUGGLING
EXPERTISE, YOU'RE
BUYING MY UTMOST
DISCRETION.

YOUR
SECRETS
REMAIN
YOURS.

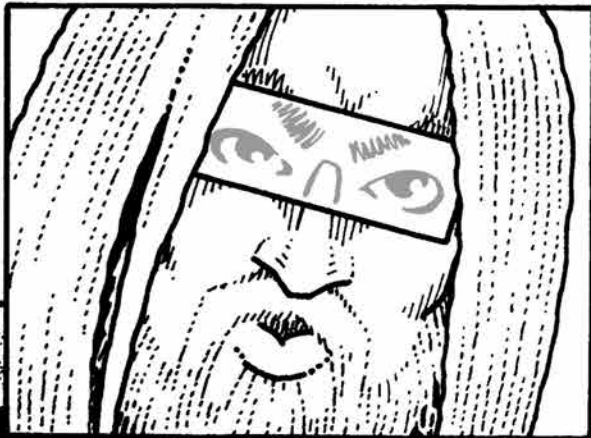
THE
THINGS
I COULD
TELL
YOU...



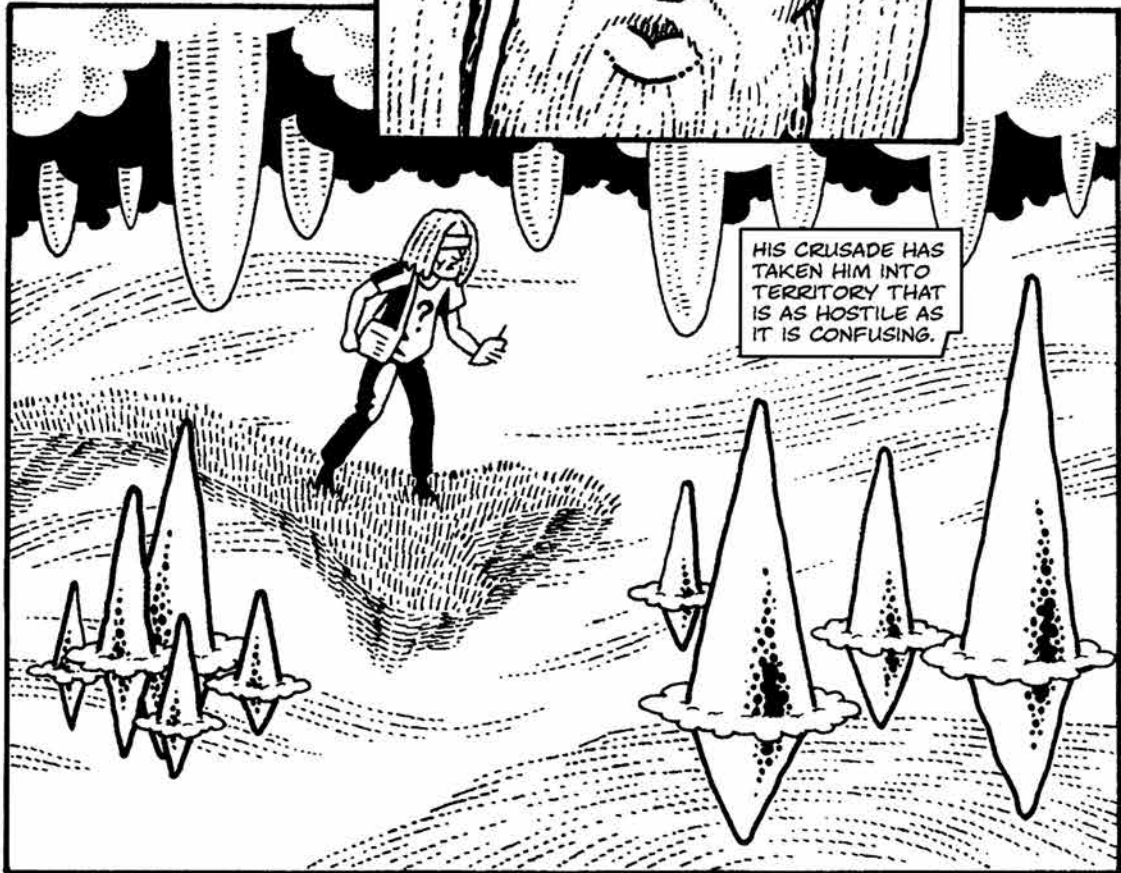
BUT
I NEVER
WILL.

GOOD.
I WOULDN'T WANT
WORD TO GET AROUND
THAT I'VE HAD
WORK DONE.

BACK IN OUR UNIVERSE, SPECKS PURSUES THE LATEST BYTE OF FORBIDDEN DATA TO CATCH HIS FANCY. HAVING GONE OFF THE GRID, HE IS UNAWARE OF RHY'S PERILOUS ADVENTURE...



HIS CRUSADE HAS TAKEN HIM INTO TERRITORY THAT IS AS HOSTILE AS IT IS CONFUSING.



INTERLOPER ON SACRED GROUND!



SO LISTEN, DO YOU LIKE CHOCOLATE?

LUCKILY, HE CAN TALK HIS WAY OUT OF ANY PROBLEM.

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, NARLI BAUHM DID WHAT RHYS WARNED HER NOT TO DO.

SHE CUT A DEAL WITH A HOLO DISTRIBUTOR AND PRODUCED A TELL-ALL DOCU-DRAMA...

FOR A WEEK, IT WAS A HOT SENSATION. EVERYONE WHO WAS MENTIONED IN HER LURID AUTOBIOGRAPHY DENIED THAT ANY OF IT HAD EVER HAPPENED. HER FAME EVENTUALLY EVAPORATED IN TANDEM WITH HER CREDIBILITY.

MY SYNDIC ADVENTURE



CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS OF AN UNSAVORY NATURE, HOWEVER, BELIEVED HER TALE...

...AND CAME AFTER HER.

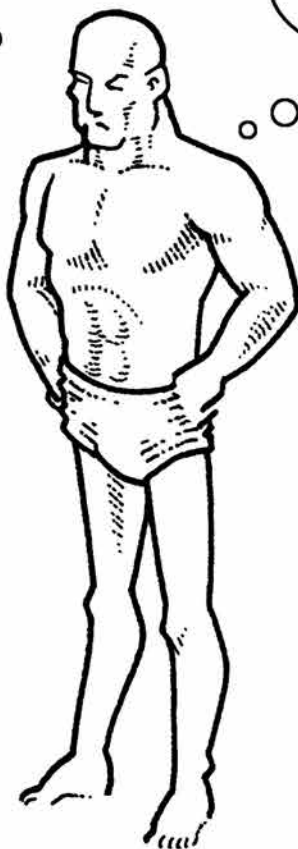


THIS IS SO UNFAIR...

RHYS: STATUS UNKNOWN
(AND IT'S BEST LEFT THAT
WAY)...

PITY I
NEVER GOT
TO GROW A
BEARD.

I REALLY
LIKED THE WAY
THAT OTHER
RHYS LOOKED
WITH ONE.



NOTES FROM THE ATTIC

.....Here you have it: the final chapter of my Myriad Trilogy.

The first two books (Myriad Quest and Myriad Threat) were done in tandem with crowdfunding campaigns. Among the pledge incentives for those books, people got cameo and integral character appearances in the story. (For the full—and quirky— anecdotes concerning this practice, see the Notes in those books.) No such options were offered in connection to Myriad Doom; there simply wasn't room for extra characters. Consequently, Norm Rafferty at Sanguine and I decided that support and interest in the overall project had been so great that no Kickstarter campaign was necessary for the trilogy's final book.

I commenced work on Myriad Doom within hours of finishing Myriad Threat. The antagonistic relationship between Rhys and Natasha came about late in the Threat work sessions, but I was fascinated by this potential and itchy to explore it. (In fact, one could even say that the Natasha character became my Muse for this project.) As the storyline fell together in my head, I found myself using some of characters from the earlier books. So I decided to go full-throttle and bring back as many characters as possible that had been played by pledgers. Ah, but that wasn't easy, for some of those characters were dead, not to mention Karloff, who started out male, died, then came back as a female clone. I'm particularly pleased with the diversity of ways I devised for these deceased characters to cheat death.

For the record: Craig Smith played the part of Specks; Shelia Mahan got the role of Natasha; the parts of Gantry and Professor Yonder were played by Sid Sondergard; Yrene Otaiza Diaz played the part of the female version of Karloff; Sean Mahan played the part of Major Turgo; the part of Razor Redd (the shuttle pilot on page 42, and Karloff's client on page 91) was played by Sara Skunkworks (a character created by Bryan Feir); and Isaac McCool played the part of the male version of Karloff.

The alternate universe Rhys visits on page 37 is a snippet from my self-published digital graphic novel "The Volcano in the Cornfield" (available from me via my online catalog).

As far as the music that fed my creativity, there was a lot...and I really can't remember all of it. I can cite that I intentionally used the music of Peter Hammill and Van der Graaf Generator to get started (out of deference to the fact that their music had helped fuel my creative juices back at the beginning of the first Myriad book). A lot of Tangerine Dream, Ozric Tentacles, and King Crimson went into my ears. And Hawkwind and the Cure and the Grateful

Dead and Mike Oldfield and Primus and the Ventures and Steve Hackett. As you can see, my choices were all over the sonic spectrum.

In closing, I'd like to thank everyone who helped, supported, kibitzed and put up with my intense work sessions on this project—not just the Doom volume, but Quest and Threat too. This isn't glib gratitude, either. I really had a lot of fun doing the Myriad Trilogy. The books gave me the chance to immerse myself in deep space science fiction with lots of aliens—always my favorite venue. I am personally pleased with and proud of the work. And it wouldn't have happened without the interaction of hundreds of you out there.

—Matt Howarth
Attic Studio
May 2016

BTW: I agree with Rhys. I think he looks really snappy in a beard.



Matt's Attic www.matthowarth.com
Matt's OnLine Catalog www.bugtownmall.com
Matt's Music Reviews www.soniccuriosity.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Perhaps best known as the writer/artist of the "Those Annoying Post Bros." comic book series, Matt Howarth has many outlets for his twisted creativity. And all of them are notoriously "strange"

During his career of four decades, Matt has authored and drawn a variety of unconventional comic books and graphic novels, and contributed graphic fiction to numerous publications in the fields of comics and science fiction...and music. For, among all of Matt's creative outlets, there runs the influence of alternative and electronic music. He has found several ways to achieve this crossover of diverse genres.

From 1987 to 1994, Matt did a comic book series called "Savage Henry" (about the wacky adventures of a guitarist from an alternate reality). Most issues of this series featured authorized guest appearances by real musicians; among them: the Residents, Hawkwind, Moby, Ash Ra Tempel, Klaus Schulze, Nash the Slash, Foetus, Yello, Wire, Steve Roach, Richard Pinhas, Ron Geesin, David Borden, and more. Conrad Schnitzler (an original member of Tangerine Dream and Kluster) was a regular guest in this series and several graphic novels.

In the early 1980s, Matt did a minicomic series entitled "The Comix of Two Cities", based on life-forms created by the Residents in the band's "Mark of the Mole" trilogy of albums. In the late 1990s, these stories were reprinted as a comic book series.

Perhaps one of his strangest creations is Matt's "Konny & Czu" series, chronicling the antics of a pair of interstellar con artists. Besides Matt's innovative storytelling and meticulous art, what makes these strips unique is that they feature absolutely no human beings or any remotely terrestrial lifeforms.

Another of Matt's sci-fi creations is the "Keif Llama: Xenotech" series, featuring the adventures of a plucky troubleshooter coping with problems between mankind and alien civilizations.

Since the early 1980s, Matt has been doing music reviews, first as a weekly comicstrip, and since 1998 as text reviews for his Sonic Curiosity website.

A culmination (in Matt's opinion) of his desire to merge comics with music has been a series of collaborations he's done with a variety of internationally renowned musicians: in which a comic strip by him comes as a PDF file on the CD, while the band's music is a loose soundtrack inspired by his story. So far, he has done this type of collab with: Arthur Brown, Michael Chocholak, German synthesists Fanger & Schonwaller, Galactic Anthems, ex-Soft Machine bassist Hugh Hopper, Legendary Pink Dots, Mental Anguish, Bill Nelson, Ozone Player, Quarkspace, Radio Massacre International, Conrad Schnitzler, Klaus Schulze, and Syndromeda, with more in the works. Matt has also written a collection of short stories (Enriched Visions) inspired by the ambient soundscapes of Robert Rich.

It is plainly evident that Matt Howarth is obsessed with strange music, and he is not about to stop incorporating such things into his creative efforts.

Among Matt's notable non-musically related works are: two issues of "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (the adult edition); scripts for DC Comics' "Justice League of America"; doing comedy comics for the International Star Trek Conventions in the early 1970s (before the fans coined the term trekkies); doing illustrations for several novels by SF author Philip K. Dick; work on Harlan Ellison's "Dream Corridor" series; illustrations for Warren Ellis' "Transmetropolitan" series; an original graphic story collaboration in 1977 with SF Grand Master Hal Clement; numerous illustrations for the 1984 Dune Encyclopedia; "Tryxxx", an erotic SF graphic novel; strips for the SubGenius Church; work for Phil Foglio's "Xxenophile" series; Several adaptations of classic literature (by H.P. Lovecraft, Edgar Allen Poe, Arthur Conan Doyle, Jack London, and The Cabinet of Dr Caligari) for Graphic Classics; cover art and numerous interior illustrations for the textbook series "Strange Tales from Liaozhai" by ancient Chinese poet Pu Songling; graphic adaptations of stories by award winning authors Greg Bear and Vernor Vinge for the World Science Fiction Conventions; and--believe it or not--even more.

Since 2000, Matt has self-published over 100 digital publications, all of which are available from his online catalog.

It may stop, but it never ends.

MATT'S ATTIC (main website)
www.matthowarth.com
BUGTOWN MALL (online catalog)
www.bugtownmall.com
SONIC CURIOSITY (music reviews)
www.soniccuriosity.com
FACEBOOK PAGE
www.facebook.com/matt.howarth.710



Rhys is still trying to track down the missing Syndic hardware, a difficult task with so many agencies after his head. And suddenly it's too late! Capricious tinkering with the alien toys has triggered a DOOM that threatens our universe—and other realms! Enemies are forced into a dubious alliance...

...but can even they save the day?

