



No. 3
MAY 05
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ATOMIKA



GOD IS RED

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ATOMIKA-- GOD IS RED

CREATED AND PENCILLED BY SAL ABBINANTI
WRITTEN BY ANDREW DABB
INKED BY BUZZ

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PRESENTED BY SPEAKEASY COMICS
PRESIDENT: ADAM FORTIER
CREATIVE DIRECTOR: CHRIS STONE

THE WORLD IS MINE.
BUT FOR HOW LONG?

I HAVE STUDIED THE HISTORIES.
READ THE STORIES OF ALCIBIADES,
CAESAR, NAPOLEON, AND ALL THE
REST. MEN WHO SEIZED KINGDOMS,
ONLY TO BE FELLED BY THE ENEMIES
ALL AROUND THEM--ENEMIES THEIR
PRIDE MADE THEM TOO BLIND TO SEE.

I WILL NOT SHARE THEIR FATE.
AND THOUGH I AM POWER
INCARNATE, THERE ARE THOSE
WHO COULD THREATEN ME.

NOT MEN, OF
COURSE, BUT
GODS.

THE ANCIENT DEITIES OF RUS
WHO HAVE BEEN PUSHED TO
THE EDGES OF THE EMPIRE.

IT WAS ARCHIR WHO TOLD
ME OF THEM. HE LAUGHED AS
HE EXPLAINED HOW WEAK THEY
HAD BECOME, HOW AFRAID.

I DID NOT LAUGH.

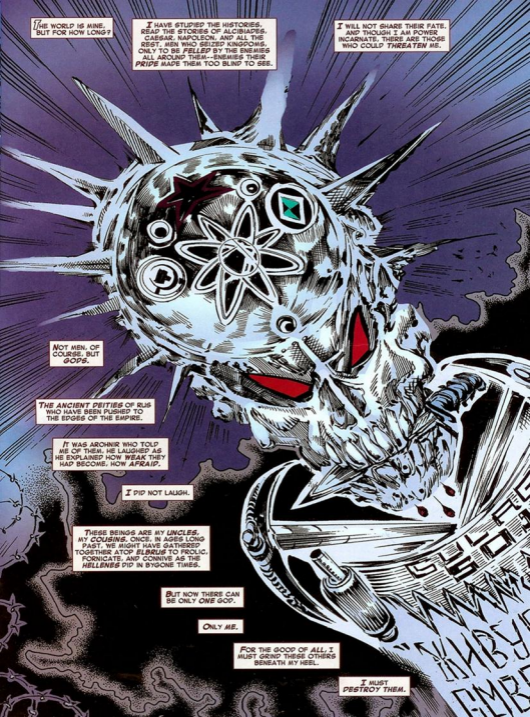
THESE BEINGS ARE MY UNCLES,
MY COUSINS. ONCE, IN AGES LONG
PAST, WE MIGHT HAVE GATHERED
TOGETHER ATOP ELBRUS TO FROLIC,
FORNICATE, AND CONNIVE AS THE
HELLENES DID IN BYGONE TIMES.

BUT NOW THERE CAN
BE ONLY ONE GOD.

ONLY ME.

FOR THE GOOD OF ALL, I
MUST GRIND THESE OTHERS
BENEATH MY KEEL.

I MUST
DESTROY THEM.



IT BEGAN AS
A DREAM.

IN THE LATTER PART OF
THE LAST CENTURY, THE
SMALL, GREASY MEN WHO
KEPT THE EMPEROR PRASED
A PASSAGE WAY TO
THE PACIFIC.

A RAIL LINE THAT WOULD
TAKE RUSSIAN GOODS
EAST, AND RETURN LATER
WITH GOLD.

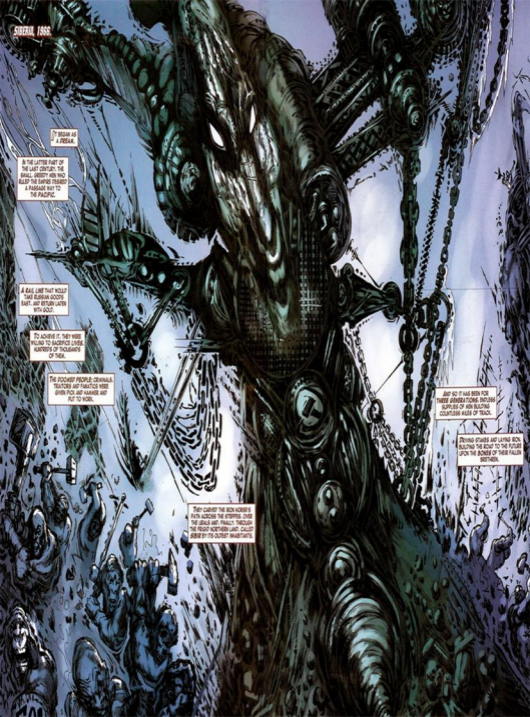
TO ACHIEVE IT, THEY WERE
WILLING TO SACRIFICE EVERY
HANDFUL OF THOUSANDS
OF MEN.

THE POOREST PEOPLE, CRIMINALS,
TRAITORS AND FANATICS WERE
GIVEN PICK AND SHOVELED AND
PUT TO WORK.

THEY CARVED THE IRON HORSE'S
PATH ACROSS THE STREPPED, OVER
THE GRADES AND, FINALLY, THROUGH
THE RUPT NORTHEN LAND, CALLED
SIBER BY ITS OLDEST INHABITANTS.

AND SO IT HAS BEEN FOR
THREE HUNDRED YEARS, DURING
WHICH OF MEN BUILDING
COUNTLESS MILES OF TRACK.

DRIVING STAMBS AND LAYING IRON
BUILDING THE ROAD TO THE FUTURE
UPON THE BONES OF THEIR FALLEN
BROTHERS.







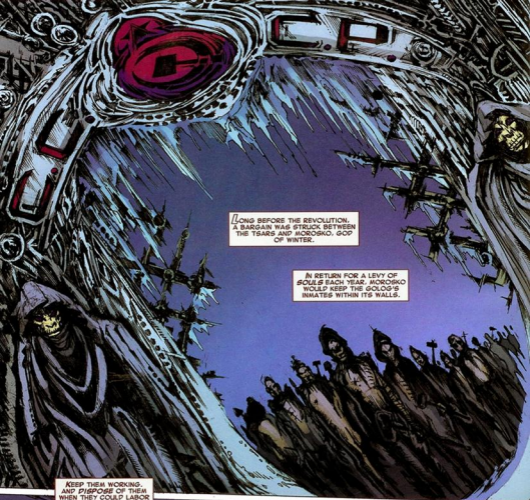
THE GOLOS RISES OUT
OF THE ICE LIKE SOME
HUGE, GRINNING SPECTRE.

A PRISON CAMP THREE
TIMES THE SIZE OF
MOSCOW, CONSTRUCTED
TO HOUSE THE STATE'S
UNWANTED.

THE SOULS TOO WEAK
OR CORRUPT TO FUNCTION
IN THE NEW WORLD THAT IS
BEING BUILT ALL AROUND
THEM.

HERE THEY COULD
CAUSE NO TROUBLE.

HERE THEY WERE EXPECTED
TO DO BUT TWO THINGS:
WORK AND DIE.



LONG BEFORE THE REVOLUTION,
A BARGAIN WAS STRUCK BETWEEN
THE TSARS AND MOROSKO, GOD
OF WINTER.

IN RETURN FOR A LEVY OF
SOULS EACH YEAR, MOROSKO
WOULD KEEP THE GOLOS'S
INMATES WITHIN ITS WALLS.

KEEP THEM WORKING
AND DISPOSE OF THEM
WHEN THEY COULD LABOR
NO MORE.





YOU SHOULD NOT
HAVE **BROKEN** THAT
CARVING, VASILY. WHAT
IF IT BELONGED TO SOME
ANCIENT **GOD**?

WHAT IF HE
WOULD HAVE COME
BACK AND **SAVED**
US ALL?

DON'T
BE A FOOL,
ANDREI.



THERE IS ONLY
ONE GOD. YOU CAN
FEEL HIS COLD BREATH
IN YOUR LUNGS, AND
SEE HIS FINGERPRINTS
IN THE FROSTBITE ON
YOUR SKIN.

MOROSKO IS
ALL AROUND US.
KILLING US INCH
BY INCH.

THERE IS
ATCHIKA!



HA!
HE'S REAL.
YOU'VE HEARD
THE STORIES!

STORIES?
LIES! MADE UP BY
THE SAME PEOPLE
THAT PUT US IN HERE.
INVENTED TO KEEP
THE PEASANTS
IN LINE.

YOU'RE
WRONG!

THERE IS NO
ATCHIKA, ANDREI.
AND EVEN IF THERE
WAS, WHY WOULD
HE COME TO THIS
FORSAKEN LAND?



IF
THE GOLD
IS
KODOMO'S
KNOWLEDGE.

PATHEPIC
AS IT MAY BE.

BUT IT IS STILL PART
OF THE WORLD AND
TALK SHALL BE AVOID.



THE FLESH STARED UP AT
HIS IN EQUAL PARTS AWE
AND TERROR.

FOR I AM THE
PERSPECTIVE
OF WHICH ALL
MEN FEEL.

AND I HAVE THE POWER
TO CONSTITUTE THEM
WITH BUT A THOUGHT.

GOW
DOWN!

BY HIS WORDS, APOCALYPSE'S
CREATURES ATTACK.

PEAP MEN FROM OSCAR'S
CENTURES GONE BY.

PRISON BY THE GOD IN A
STATE BETWEEN LIFE AND
DEATH, FORCED TO DO
HIS BIDDING.

I CUT THEM
DOWN WITH EASE.

HE, HE
CAME!
I KNOW
IT!

ATONKAL, GOD
OF SCIENCE, BRIGHTEST
LIGHT IN THE NIGHT SKY,
HEAR MY PRAYER!

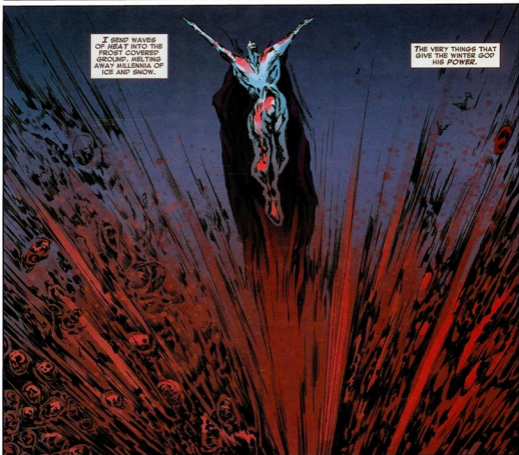
PRIDE US
FROM THIS
DARK PLACE!

SAVE
US!



THE GUARDS FALL QUICKLY.
THEIR CHILL BLOOD STAINING
MY HANDS. BUT THEY ARE NOT
WHY I CAME.

MOROSKO!



I SEND WAVES
OF HEAT INTO THE
FROST COVERED
GROUND, MELTING
AWAY MILLENNIA OF
ICE AND SNOW.

THE VERY THINGS THAT
GIVE THE WINTER GOD
HIS POWER.



THE STEAM CLEARS,
REVEALING TREASURES
LONG BURIED.

A HISTORY OF THIS
LAND PRESERVED
BY THE COLD.



INSOLENT
CHILD!



YOU PARE
CHALLENGE ME
IN MY OWN
POMAIN?!

I
PARE!

KASH





PATHETIC
GOPLING, YOU
HAVE NO IDEA OF
MY POWER, OF
MY WILL!

I SHALL
REND YOUR
FLESH!



I SHALL SUCK
THE MARROW
FROM YOUR
BONES!



MOROSKO'S HAND CLOSES AROUND ME AND I FEEL THE STRENGTH LEAVING MY BODY, THE HEAT--



THE HEAT!



THIS ENDS NOW!



I PLUNGE FINGERS INTO MY CHEST, TEARING SKIN AND BONE, REVEALING THE ATOMIC FIRE THAT BURNS INSIDE ME.

UNLEASHING THE SUN!

AAACH!!



It is
over.

THE CHARRED HUSK OF
MOROSKO'S BODY LIES
BEFORE ME, FACE LOCKED
IN AN ETERNAL SCREAM.



I CAN FEEL THE LAND
SHIFTING. GIVING ITSELF
OVER TO ME.

THIS IS MY KINGDOM
NOW, ONE OF MANY.

I AM SUPREME.
AS IT SHOULD BE.

JUST ANOTHER WAS NOT THE ONLY ANCIENT GOD LYING IN WAIT.

THERE ARE OTHER POTTERIES LAYING CLAIM TO WHAT IS MINE.

OTHER BEINGS TO CONQUER.

AND IN TIME, THEY WILL ALL KNEEL BEFORE ME.

WOW. GOD OF SCIENCE--

PAUSE

BRIGHTEST LIGHT IN THE NIGHT BUT, FREE US FROM THIS DAMNED PLACE

AND...
AND...

ME.

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BRIGHTEST LIGHT IN THE NIGHT BUT, FREE US FROM THIS DAMNED PLACE

AND...
AND...

ME.

MOMMA, GOD OF SCARS--

GALAH

BRIGHTEST LIGHT IN THE NIGHT, BUT I'VE LEARNED THIS DARNED PLACE

HAS IT.

MOMMA, GOD OF SCARS--

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THEN I WAS A BOY MY FATHER KEPT A PACK OF HUNTING DOGS, LAKAS, USEFUL BEASTS.

THE LARGEST AMONG THEM WAS CALLED IVAN, A GREAT BLACK THING WITH TEETH LIKE DAGGERS WHO COULD TRACK A FOX THROUGH THE DEEPEST FOREST IN A HIGH WIND WITH EASE.

BUT AS IVAN GOT OLDER, HE BECAME MORE BOLD, HE STOLE FOOD FROM THE OTHER HOUNDS AND BEGAN KEEPING KILLS FOR HIMSELF.

MY FATHER DID NOTHING; HE LOVED THE CREATURE, WHICH ONLY MADE IVAN MORE PAKING.

ONE NIGHT HE TOOK A CHICKEN FROM OUR COOP, AND WHEN MY FATHER TRIED TO TAKE IT BACK IVAN BIT HIM.

EVERY FARMER WANTS A POWERFUL DOG TO GUARD HIS FLOCKS AND PATROL HIS FENCES, BUT EVEN THE STRONGEST MUST KNOW ITS PLACE.

THE NEXT MORNING MY FATHER MUZZLED IVAN AND TIED HIS LEGS TOGETHER. THEN HE SLAUGHTERED A PIG AND COVERED THE HOUND IN ITS BLOOD.

FINALLY, THE OLD MAN RELEASED IVAN'S PACK. RATHER, THEY WERE HUNGERY AND HE SMELLED LIKE FOOD.

IVAN SCREAMED AS THEY RIPPED HIM APART.

I LEARNED A LESSON THAT DAY. IT IS NEVER WISE TO LET A BEAST, EVEN ONE YOU THINK YOU CONTROL, BECOME TOO POWERFUL.

BETTER TO KILL IT BEFORE IT FORGETS WHICH OF YOU IS MASTER.

AND WHEN THAT TIME COMES, WHY DO THE BLOODY WORK YOURSELF WHEN THERE ARE OTHERS WILLING TO DO IT FOR YOU?

NEXT: **Pipet**

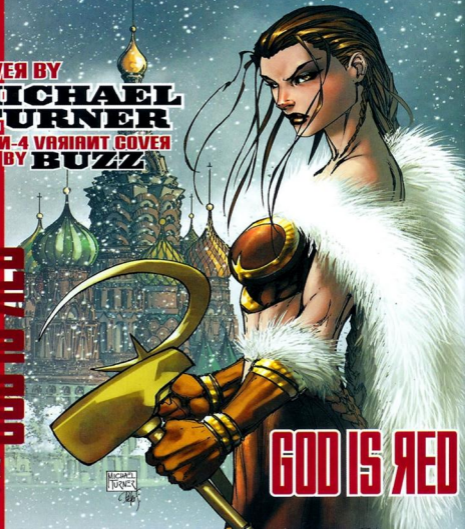
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JUNE

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**MICHAEL
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T-11-4 VARIANT COVER
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