

THE STRANGE NEW WORLD OF

THE

FLY



IN THE DORMITORY OF THE WESTWOOD ORPHANAGE FOR BOYS, A TINY FIGURE STIRS UNDER TATTERED BEDCLOTHES, A SOB HANGS ON THE CHILL NIGHT AIR... AND YOUNG TOMMY TROY IS INSTANTLY ALERT...

BILLY, WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S WRONG?
WHY ARE YOU
CRYING?

I-I'M NOT
CRYING! ONLY
BABIES CRY!
BUT, TOMMY,
I-I'M SO
HUNGRY!

WE'RE ALL HUNGRY...
TONIGHT, MISTER CREAHER
BEAT BILLY BECAUSE HE
DIDN'T WORK FAST ENOUGH
SCRUBBING THE FLOORS!
TOMMY... WHAT CAN WE
DO?

MISTER
CREACHER IS IN
CHARGE OF THE
ORPHANAGE...
AND YOU KNOW
HOW HE IS! HE
WOULDN'T
LISTEN!



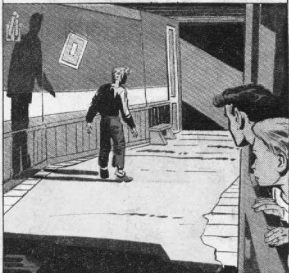
THE RAGGED, HALF-STARVED, HALF-FROZEN LITTLE GROUP CROWDS AROUND TOMMY...AND SUDDENLY HE MAKES A DECISION!

BUT AT LEAST WE CAN TRY! WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES? I'M GOING TO HIS OFFICE TO TALK TO HIM!

HIS OFFICE, TOMMY, YOU CAN'T! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP! H-HE'LL PUNISH YOU FOR BREAKING THE RULES!



BUT SOMETIMES RULES MUST BE BROKEN! IN A FEW MOMENTS, TOMMY IS ON HIS WAY!



THE CORRIDOR IS DARK AND THE SHADOWS SEEM TO REACH WITH CLUTCHING FINGERS, BUT TOMMY GOES ON! HE REACHES A DOOR, RAISES HIS HAND TO KNOCK...AND FREEZES...

BUT I'VE BEEN PAYING YOU, MCCOY. I CAN'T STEAL ANYMORE OUT OF THE ORPHANAGE FUNDS! THE KIDS ARE HALF-STARVED NOW!

WHO CARES? LET 'EM STARVE! I RUN A GAMBLING HOUSE, NOT A CHARITY BAZAAR!

AARON CREACHER
SUP'T.



THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE, CREACHER! YOU'VE LOST A PILE OF DOUGH IN MY PLACE! I WANT CASH... NOT I.O.U.S.!

BLASTER!
LOOK!



STOP,
BRAT!



NO! DON'T
HIT TOMMY!

SPY ON US,
WILL YOU?





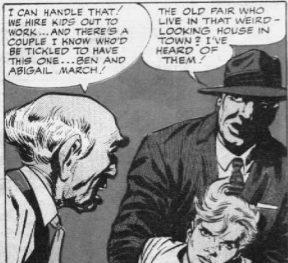
SO YOU WANT TROUBLE, DO YOU? OKAY, YOU LITTLE MONKEYS! WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF IT!

LEAVE THEM ALONE! THEY'RE ONLY TRYING TO HELP ME!

FOR A FEW MOMENTS ALL IS CONFUSION! THEN, THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE ENDS!

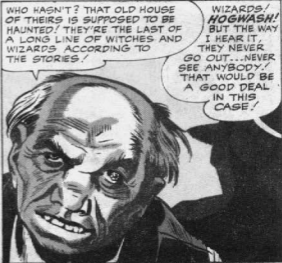
THEY'RE ALL LOCKED IN! DON'T HURT HIM, MCCOY... THERE'D BE AN INVESTIGATION!

THE LITTLE SNOOPER HEARD PLENTY, CREAMER! YOU GOT ANY IDEAS?



I CAN HANDLE THAT! WE HIRE KIDS OUT TO WORK... AND THERE'S A COUPLE I KNOW WHO'D BE TICKLED TO HAVE THIS ONE... BEN AND ABIGAIL MARCH!

THE OLD PAIR WHO LIVE IN THAT WEIRD-LOOKING HOUSE IN TOWN? I'VE HEARD OF THEM!



WHO HASN'T? THAT OLD HOUSE OF THEIRS IS SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED! THEY'RE THE LAST OF A LONG LINE OF WITCHES AND WIZARDS ACCORDING TO THE STORIES!

WIZARDS! HOGWASH! BUT THE WAY I HEAR IT, THEY NEVER GO OUT... NEVER SEE ANYBODY! THAT WOULD BE A GOOD DEAL IN THIS CASE!

HELPLESS, TOMMY IS HUSTLED TO A CAR AND SOON AFTERWARD... HE SEES HIS NEW HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME...



NO, MISTER CREAMER, PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME STAY IN THAT PLACE!

YOU ASKED FOR THIS! NOW YOU GET IT!

TO PLEAD IS USELESS! SO THE FRIGHTENED BOY BITES HIS LIPS AND REMAINS SILENT! BUT HIS ORDEAL IS ONLY BEGINNING...



WELL, MARCH? FIFTEEN A WEEK AND THE KID WORKS BESIDES! JUST SEE THAT HE DOESN'T TALK TO ANYONE! INTERESTED?

HEE/HEE/HEE! WHY CERTAINLY! WE CAN USE A FINE YOUNG LAD ABOUT THE HOUSE, CAN'T WE, ABIGAIL?

UNDER THE EVER CONSTANT WATCH OF THE MARCH COUPLE, TOMMY WORKS LIKE A DRUDGE IN THEIR HOUSEHOLD...

HE'S LIKE AN EVIL OLD SORCERER... LIKE THE KIND YOU READ ABOUT IN BOOKS! AND HE SURE MAKES ME WORK!

MRS. MARCH IS A STRANGE ONE TOO! NO, THEY'RE NOT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE... THEY PUTTER ABOUT IN A ROOM IN THE ATTIC WHICH THEY KEEP LOCKED...

THAT ROOM UPSTAIRS... THAT'S WHERE THEY SAY THAT OLD MAN MARCH PRACTICES BLACK MAGIC!

DRAWN BY THE IRRESISTIBLE CURIOSITY OF ALL BOYS, TOMMY, ONE DAY FINDS THE ROOM IN THE ATTIC UNLOCKED...

TOMMY MOVES FURTIVELY ABOUT THE SHADOWY ROOM, TAKING IN THE EVIDENCE OF EXPERIMENTS IN FORBIDDEN FIELDS, BUT THE ATTIC IS HUGE HOT, FILLED WITH THE LITTER OF A CENTURY... AND TOMMY IS TIRED... SO TIRED...

I'VE GOT TO REST... SLEEPY... IF I CAN ONLY GET RID OF THESE FLIES...

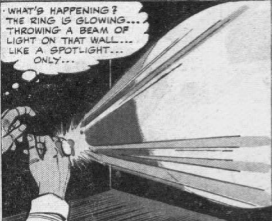
HOURS PASS... WHEN TOMMY'S EYES OPEN ONCE AGAIN, THE CANDLE IS GUTTERING OUT... BUT SOMETHING GLEAMS IN THE DIM LIGHT...

A SPIDER! WHILE I WAS ASLEEP HE SPUN A WEB... TRIED TO TRAP THE FLIES... BUT THEY'VE ESCAPED. BEHIND THIS STRANGE GLOWING THING...

WHY, IT'S A RING! GOSH, IT'S KEEN! SHAPED LIKE A BEE... OR A FLY! SURE IS A BEAUTY! I'M GONNA TRY IT ON!

NO SOLVER DOES TOMMY PUT THE RING ON HIS FINGER, WHEN SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS PITCHED INTO DARKNESS AND ...

WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE RING IS GLOWING... THROWING A BEAM OF LIGHT ON THAT WALL... LIKE A SPOTLIGHT... ONLY...



ONLY IT'S MORE THAN A SPOTLIGHT... MORE LIKE THE OPENING OF A FIERY DOOR INTO THE UNKNOWN... WHERE A FORM, NOT OF THIS EARTH APPEARS... AND CONFRONTS THE AWE-STRIKEN BOY...



FEAR NOT, YOUNG LAD OF EARTH... I MEAN YOU NO HARM!

W-WHO ARE YOU?

I AM TURAN, EMISSARY OF THE FLY PEOPLE... OUR WORLD EXISTS ON A DIMENSIONAL PLANE OUTSIDE YOUR GALAXY!

Y-YOU MEAN THIS RING HAS THE POWER TO REACH INTO YOUR WORLD AND LET YOU INTO OURS?



MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, MY PEOPLE WERE WISE AND POWERFUL MEMBERS OF EARTH'S INHABITANTS... WE DEVELOPED THE SCIENCE OF MAGIC TO A DEGREE HIGHER THAN THE HUMANS EVEN DREAM ABOUT... BUT GREED AND STRUGGLE FOR POWER, PROVE OUR PEOPLE TOO FAR... LIKE YOUR OWN ATOM BOMBS, OUR MAGIC HAD THE FORCE OF GIANTS!!



YES, WE COULD MOVE ENTIRE TOWNS AND CITIES WITH THE USE OF IT, BUT WHEN OUR MAGIC WAS ADOPTED BY POWER HUNGRY DESPOTS WE COULD NO LONGER CONTROL IT!



ONE DAY A MYSTERIOUS GASEOUS EXPLOSION DESTROYED MOST OF OUR RACE! SOME OF US ESCAPED TO ANOTHER DIMENSION... THE OTHERS WERE REDUCED TO THE INSIGNIFICANT FORM OF LIFE KNOWN AS THE FLY!



NOW, THOSE OF US THAT ARE LEFT ARE AT WAR WITH ALL GREED AND CRIME ON THIS EARTH! ALL THESE YEARS WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR ONE PERSON... PURE OF HEART-TO CARRY ON THIS WAR...



YOU ARE THAT PERSON, TOMMY / TO YOU, WE BEQUEATH ALL OUR POWERS...

MUSCLES OF STEEL A HUNDRED TIMES THE STRENGTH OF NORMAL MAN...

ALL THESE POWERS WILL BE YOURS AS LONG AS YOU ARE DESERVING! YOU HAVE ONLY TO RUB THE MAGIC RING AND YOU WILL BE PROJECTED INTO OUR DIMENSION...YOU WILL ASSUME THE IDENTITY OF THE FLY!

GOLLY! I HOPE I AM DESERVING! LET'S SEE... I RUB THE RING... AND...

THE ABILITY TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE SIDE OF BUILDINGS...

THE SECRET OF SEEING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

THE CUNNING TO ESCAPE ANY TRAP!

FOR A MOMENT, TOMMY SPINS INTO EMBTNESS... SILVER LIGHTNING SEEMS TO COURSE THROUGH HIS VEINS... HE FEELS HIS MUSCLES SWELL, GROW. HIS SHABBY CLOTHING BECOMES SLEEK AND SHINING...

W-WHY LOOK AT ME! I-I'M BIGGER, STRONGER... ANOTHER PERSON!

YES...THE FLY! FEARLESS IN THE FACE OF DANGER! LOYAL TO THOSE IN TROUBLE! YOEMAN IN THE SERVICE OF JUSTICE!

WHY, HE'S GONE! VANISHED... WITHOUT TELLING ME HOW I TURN BACK TO TOMMY TROY / HMM.../...IN THE SERVICE OF JUSTICE, HE SAID...



THEN IF JUSTICE IS TO BE SERVED, I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO RIGHT NOW...ON CREACHER AND MCCOY!

DON'T GO AWAY NOW! THE ACTION IS ABOUT TO START! SO HOLD YOUR BREATH...AND TURN THE PAGE!