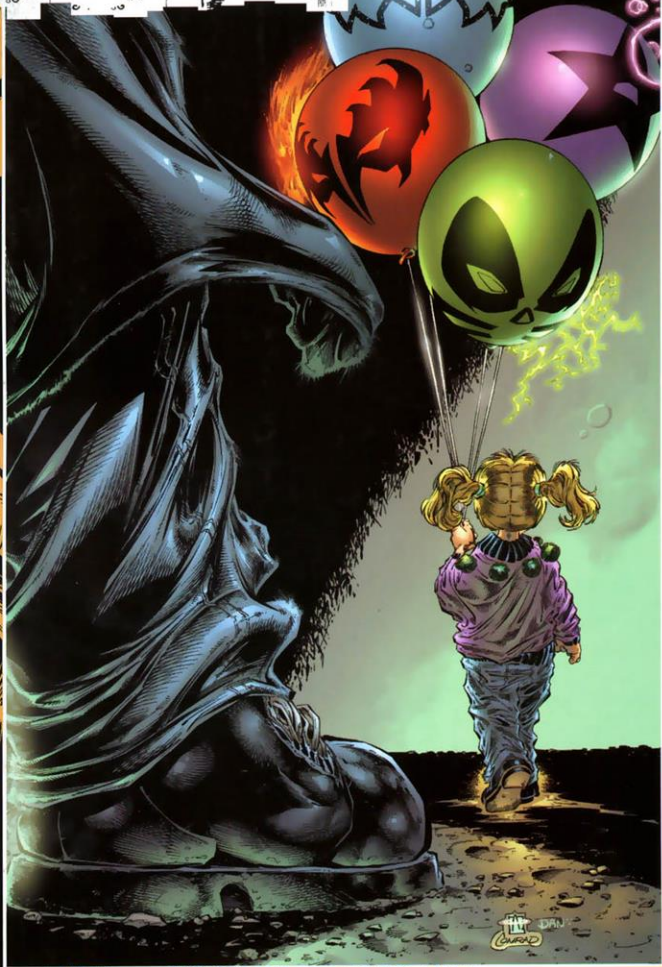


KISS

PSYCHO CIRCUS



20

\$2.95 US
\$3.99 Can

**EARLY
SUMMER.**

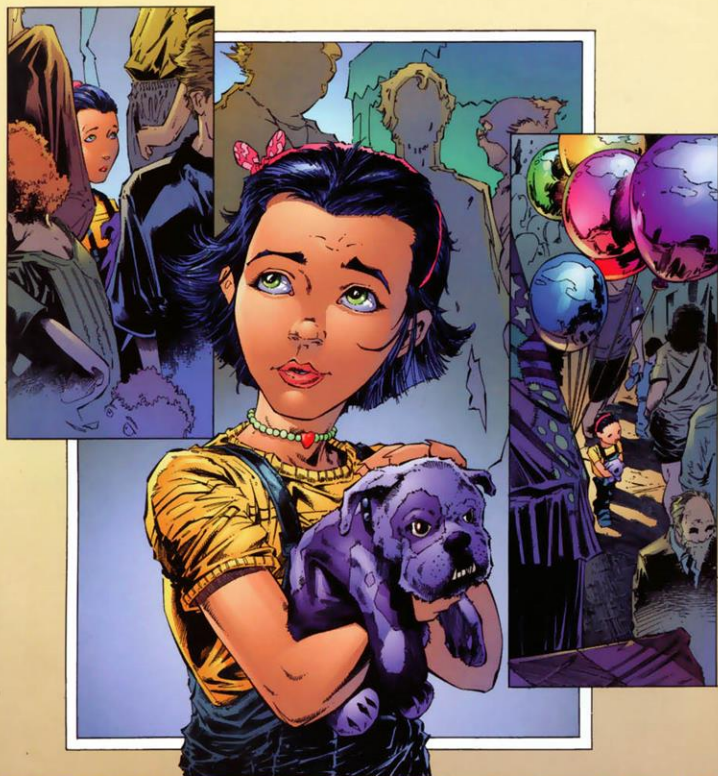
THE WORLD IS ALIVE WITH COLOR...
SPRASHES OF BRILLIANCE THAT BURST
UP FROM THE PREGNANT EARTH.

CAREFREE DAYS GROWING
LONGER AND LONGER,
WHILE THE SHADOWS
SHRINK IN MEASURE.

THE SKY IS WARM AND
LANGUID, HEAVY WITH
COUNTLESS DAYDREAMS...
THE PERFUMED BREEZE
SPRINKLED WITH LAUGHTER...

KETS

**BUT EVERY GARDEN
HARBORS A SERPENT...**





ARE YOU
LOST?



UH-HUH. I
CAN'T FIND MY
MOMMY... AN' I'M
HUNGRY...

Oh,
THAT'S A
SHAME, MY DEAR.
PLEASE ALLOW ME TO
BE OF SOME SMALL
ASSISTANCE...



I
TRUST YOU LIKE
CHOCOLATE?

Um,
WELL I'M NOT
S'POSED TO TAKE
CANDY FROM
STRANGERS.



YOU
ARE BOTH
SAGACIOUS AND
PULCHRITUDINOUS.
A VERITABLE
RENAISSANCE
WOMAN IN THE
MAKING.

OH, NO. OF
COURSE NOT.
SILLY ME.

WE ARE INDEED
"STRANGERS." BUT THAT IS A
SITUATION WHICH IS EASILY
REMEDIED. I AM "MR.
MAKEBELIEVE."

Tee-hee!
THAT'S A FUNNY NAME.
ARE YOU PART OF
THE CIRCUS?

NOT IN ANY OFFICIAL CAPACITY,
NO. BUT I DO CONSIDER
MYSELF A BIT OF AN
ENTERTAINER.

I DO SAY, THE
GUN IS ABSOLUTELY
PUNISHING. PERHAPS WE
SHOULD FIND A DARK
PLACE TO BE
ALONE.

'KAY.


BY THE WAY,
MY DEAR, YOU
HAVEN'T TOLD ME
YOUR NAME.



STAR.
MY NAME IS
STAR.



Ah...
A HEAVENLY
NAME FOR A
HEAVENLY
CHILD.



I ASK
YOU, IS THERE
NOTHING SWEETER
THAN THE INNOCENCE
OF YOUTH? THE BUDDING
FLOWER OF HUMANITY,
NOT YET CORRUPTED
BY THE VICIS OF
ADULTHOOD?

IT SEEMS
SUCH A SHAME
THAT WE HAVE TO
GROW UP AT ALL.
WHY, WHENEVER I SEE
CHILDREN PLAYING,
WELL, I COULD
JUST...



GOBBLE...

... THEM...

... UP...



YOU WERE
SAYING?



WE **KNOW**
WHO YOU ARE,
AND WE KNOW
WHAT YOU ARE.
IT IS TIME TO
ANSWER FOR YOUR
ACTIONS.

I... I...
DON'T KNOW WHAT...
WHAT YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT. I MEAN THIS
IS MAD. THIS...
THIS...

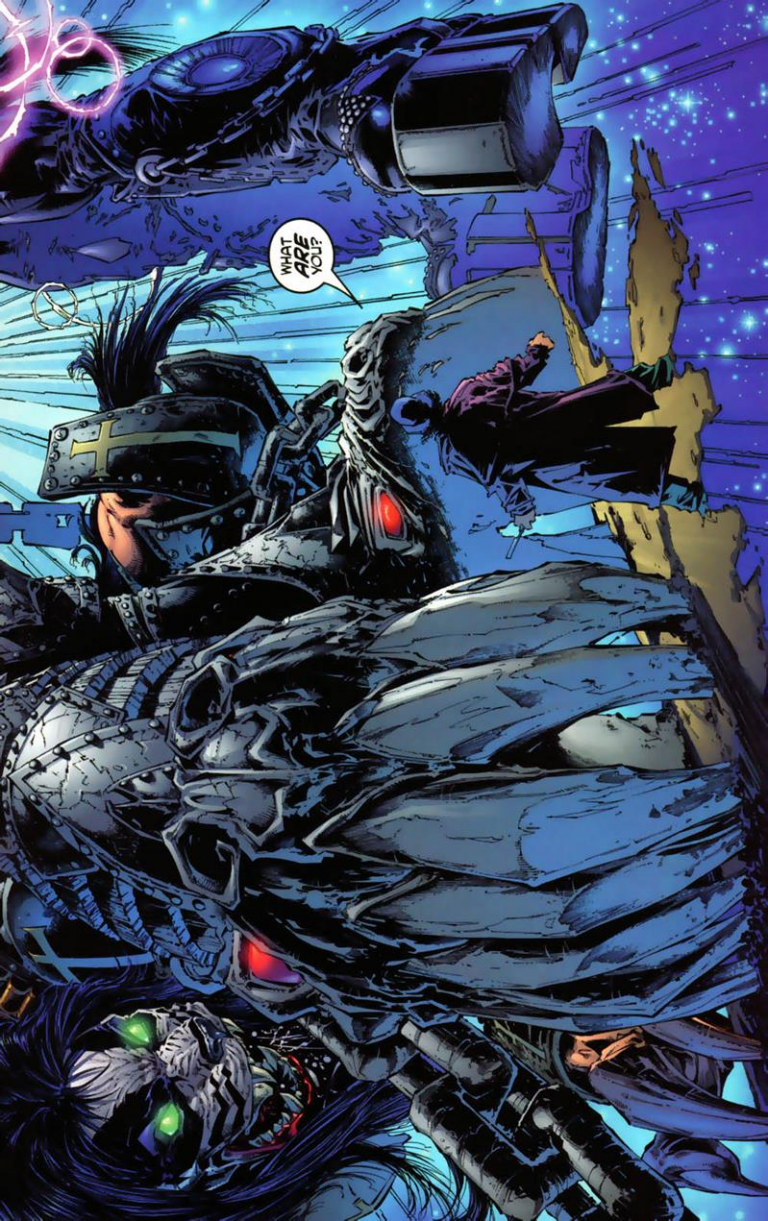


THIS SHALL
NOT STAND! I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU THINK
YOU ARE, BUT I ASSURE
YOU THAT I AM NO ONE
TO BE TRIFLED
WITH!



WHAT... ?





WHAT
ARE
YOU?





BEHOLD!
EACH OF THESE
IS A LIGHT SNUFFED
OUT BEFORE
ITS TIME.



EACH A
STOLEN SPARK,
SNATCHED AWAY
BY YOUR GREEDY
HAND.

NO...
NO... IT
CAN'T
BE.



YOU HAVE
THE BLOOD OF
CHILDREN ON
YOUR HANDS.

IT'S
NOT
ME.

HOW
DO YOU
ANSWER THE
CHARGES?



IT
WASN'T
ME.



FACE ME,
MORTAL.

I AM THE
STARBEARER.
YOU CANNOT HIDE
YOUR HEART
FROM ME.

BEAR YOUR SOUL,
MORTAL. REVEAL THE
SECRETS YOU KEEP
INSIDE.

SECRET? I DON'T...
I MEAN... IT
WAS...



It was a long time ago. There was a small boy who lived in a big house.

Big and empty.

And even though he wasn't alone, he might as well have been.

No toys, no games, no stories were allowed.

Imagination is a dangerous thing" his parents told him. "Keep your head out of the clouds."



There was no one to play with.

No other children. He didn't imagine anyone on earth could ever feel any lonelier. He was wrong.



One day, he heard a terrible sound.



He ran to the house to see what had happened.



And there he saw a terrible thing...



And the boy, shocked and destroyed, fell into himself like a collapsing star.

He was taken
to a bad place.

And there he was
told many lies.

And when they were done
lying to him, they locked
him away so he could do no
harm to himself or to others.

They left him trapped, like a
rat in a cage. Curled up in a
pathetic little ball on the floor.

But they didn't
know his
secret. The boy
had a magic power.

He could escape
anytime he wanted...

He knew a secret place,
a *Magic* place,
where he could run away.

Where there were always
lots of children playing and
they were all happy to see him.

Where there were no grown-ups
to say "sit up straight" or
"quit your daydreaming" or "stop
wasting time." Here, you could
waste all the time you wanted.

It was
Paradise.

WOW.

LOOK
AT IT
GO.

WHOA!

UH-OH.

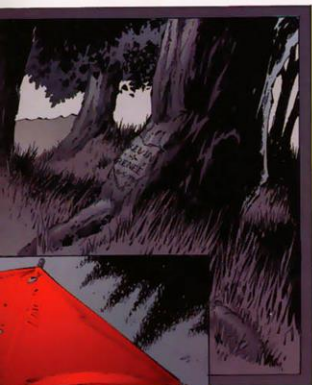
I THINK
IT'S GETTING
AWAY.

The boy knew
what he had to do.

He had to go
into the forest.

Now, the boy knew that
the only way to enter
a forest was to go alone.
That's how he understood
it to be, in any case.

Something he loved
had gotten away
from him, and he knew
he must go and fetch it.



He left a trail behind, so he could find his way back.



He was certain he had heard about that somewhere.



There it was, caught in the highest branches of the trees.

It would be okay, as long as he didn't look down.



Things can't
hurt you if
you don't look
down.



NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

There was something wrong.



At that moment, the boy knew there was a dark and evil lurking in the woods, hiding in the shadows.



And his little, perfect paradise could never be the same







I DO
BELIEVE YOU
WERE LOOKING
FOR ME...

