

FREE COMIC BOOK DAY

ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKY - JERRY FRISSEN - VALENTIN SECHER

THE METABARON

BOOK 3: THE META-GUARDIANESS & THE TECHNO-BARON



RATED
T
TEEN

HUMANOID[★]



THE STORY SO FAR...

The last Metabaron, No-Name, — the universe's greatest warrior — has returned after single-handedly having brought the Techno-Techno Empire to its knees. But in the ensuing chaos, a new regime within the Techno-Techno civilization, led by the vicious Technopriest, has risen by seizing control of the galaxy's most precious fuel, Epyphite. When they learn that the Metabaron, their fiercest enemy, is back and headed towards his home planet of Marmola, the only known source of Epyphite, the Empire dispatches its most trusted servants to kill him. As the Metabaron contends with these deadly foes, he also discovers that the Epyphite is more than just a substance, it may very well be the key to the future of the universe. As the Metabaron, faced with potential extinction, further questions his clan's deep-seated principles and history, he sets out to experience everything he has denied himself for so long, including that most human of all emotions: love. As the conflict with the Technos escalates and the end of the universe nears, the Metabaron discovers a possible solution, a portal to another universe...

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THE PLANET ALGOMA IS KNOWN FOR ITS TREMENDOUS RESERVES OF EPYPHYTE BY ALL THOSE WHO POSSESS THE MEANS TO TRAVEL THROUGH PARALLEL UNIVERSES.



WHICH IS WHY SO MANY PEOPLE TRY TO FIND IT...



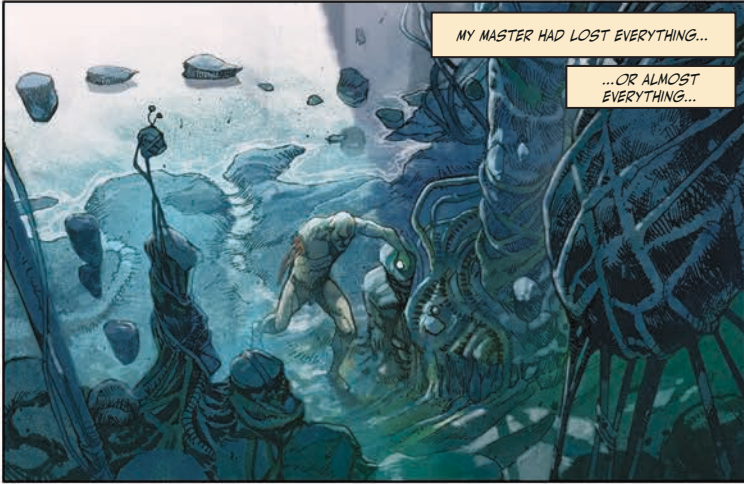
...BUT VERY FEW SUCCEED.



HAVING ESCAPED HIS OWN DYING UNIVERSE, MY REVERED MASTER, THE METABARON, HAD WOUND UP THERE, EMERGING INJURED, DAZED...



...AND NAKED.



MY MASTER HAD LOST EVERYTHING...
...OR ALMOST EVERYTHING...



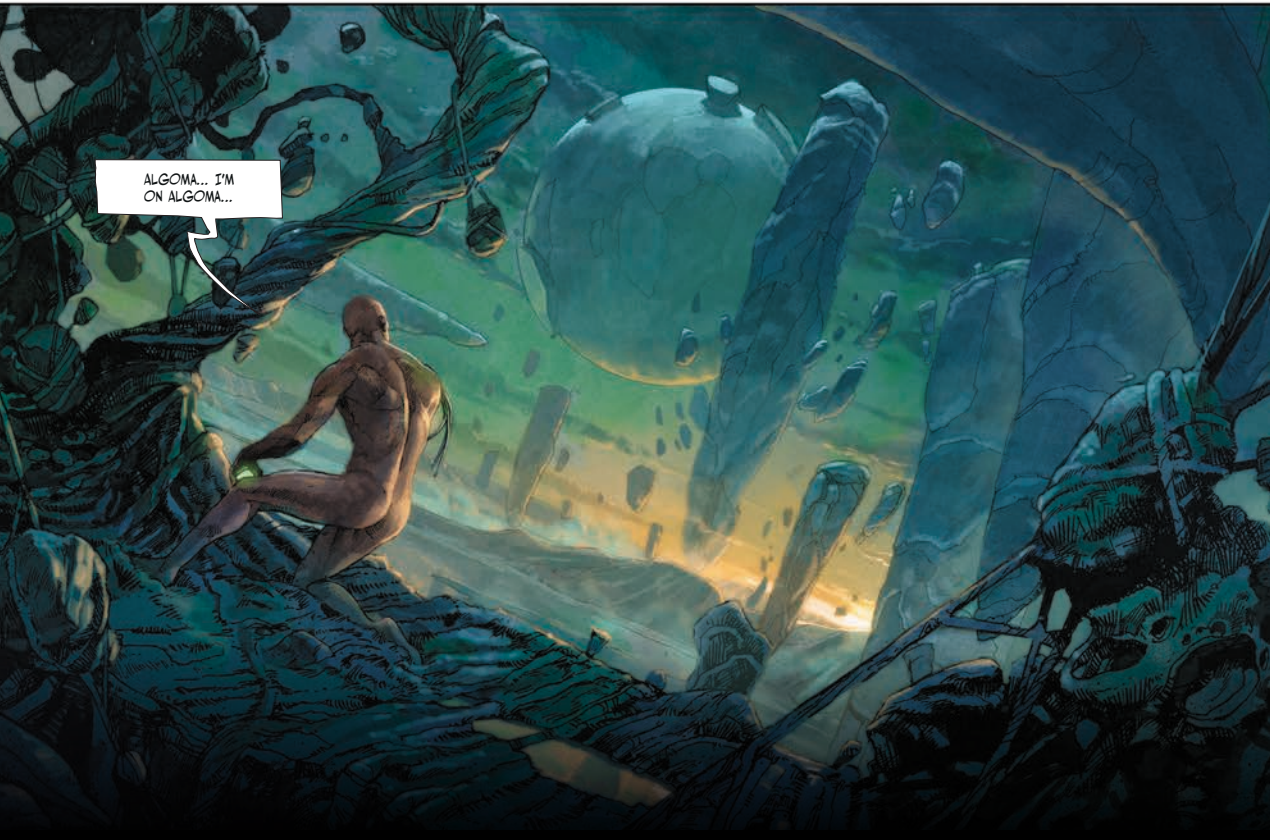
HIS ONLY HOPE OF SALVATION WAS LOCKED IN A GREEN NANO-SPHERE CONTAINING THE NUMERICAL DATA OF THE METABUNKER AND...ME, TONTO!



IF OTHON, HIS GREAT-GRANDFATHER HAD NOT PRECEDED HIM, THE METABARON MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FIRST LIVING BEING FROM HIS UNIVERSE TO ARRIVE ON ALGOMA...



...HE WAS IN ANY CASE THE FIRST TO ARRIVE THERE AND THROW UP.



ALGOMA... I'M ON ALGOMA...



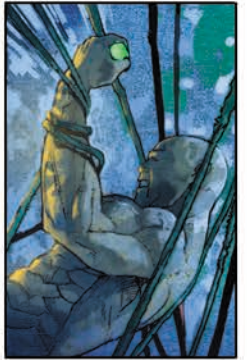
THE ROCKS,
THE PLANTS...



EVERYTHING
FLOATS...



THE EPYPHITE HAS
PERMEATED EVERYTHING...

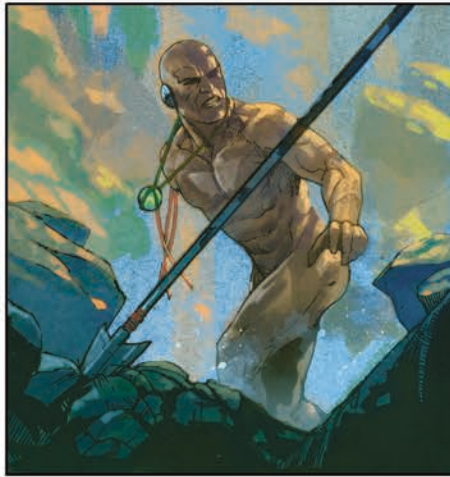


LOOKS LIKE I'M
NOT ALONE IN THIS
PLACE...



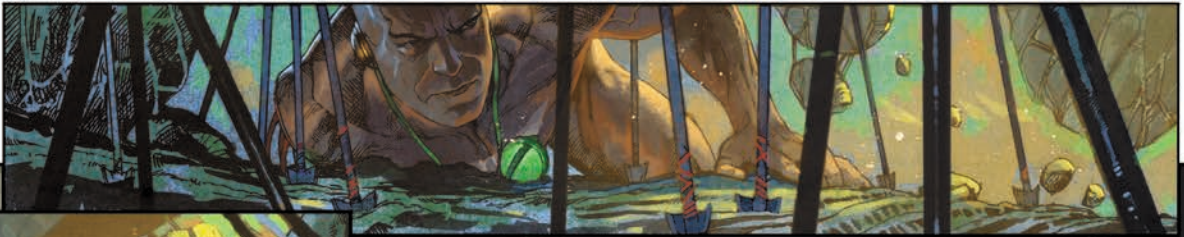


WHOEVER YOU ARE, FEAR NOT, I... I CAME IN PEACE...



CONFLICT... ALWAYS CONFLICT...

UNLESS...



I SURRENDER...

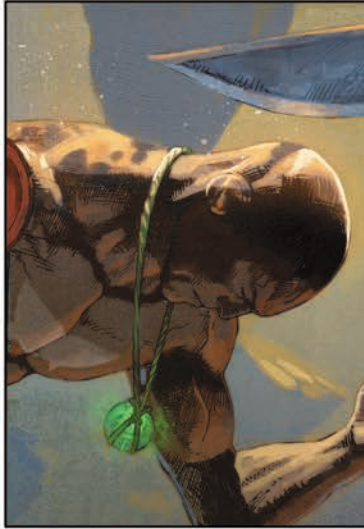
IN MY ROBOTIC MEMORY - AND I WAS INDEED NO MORE THAN A MEMORY MYSELF, NOW - I HAD NEVER SEEN A METABARON FLEE FROM A FIGHT...



NOR DID I THINK
IT POSSIBLE MY MASTER
WOULD EVER BEND HIS NECK
TO AN OPPONENT!



BUT THEN I NEVER THOUGHT IT
POSSIBLE MY CONSCIOUSNESS
HAVE SURVIVED - AND AWOKEN - WITHIN
THIS SPHERE...



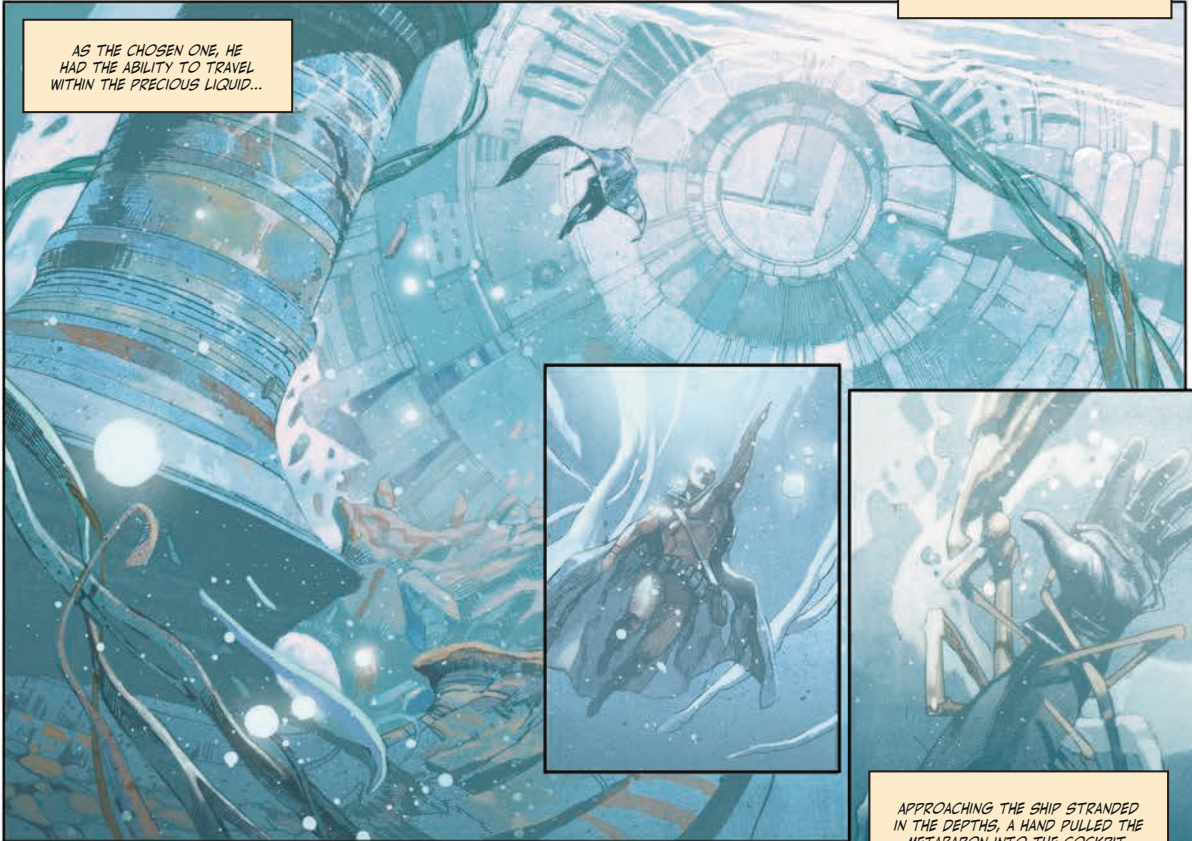
WITHOUT A DOUBT, A SIDE EFFECT
OF OUR BATH IN THE EPYPHITE.



ESCAPING HIS OWN UNIVERSE THAT
WAS DYING BECAUSE OF THE ALMOST
COMPLETE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE WHITE OIL,
THE METABARON WAS SEARCHING FOR A WAY
OUT, A PORTAL TO ANOTHER PARADIGM...

IT PROVED TO BE SOMEWHERE
AT THE BOTTOM OF ONE OF THE
EPYPHITE LAKES ON MARMOLA.

AS THE CHOSEN ONE, HE
HAD THE ABILITY TO TRAVEL
WITHIN THE PRECIOUS LIQUID...



APPROACHING THE SHIP STRANDED
IN THE DEPTHS, A HAND PULLED THE
METABARON INTO THE COCKPIT.