

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS...



# MIRACLEMAN

## BOOK FOUR: THE GOLDEN AGE

STORY – **NEIL GAIMAN** ART – **MARK BUCKINGHAM**

COLOR ART – **D'ISRAELI** LETTERING – **TODD KLEIN**

MIRACLEMAN #18, AUGUST 1990

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IN 1948, A QYS SPACESHIP CRASHED IN WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND. DR. EMIL GARGUNZA USED ITS TECHNOLOGY TO TURN A TRIO OF ORPHANS INTO SUPERHUMANS. BY SPEAKING THEIR KEYWORDS, MICKY MORAN, DICKY DAUNTLESS AND JOHNNY BATES COULD TRANSFORM INTO THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY. GARGUNZA CONTROLLED THEM BY INDUCING A DREAM-STATE WHERE THEY SHARED FANTASTIC ADVENTURES AS MIRACLEMAN, YOUNG MIRACLEMAN AND KID MIRACLEMAN.

BY 1963, THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT DEEMED THE MIRACLEMEN AND GARGUNZA'S PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA TOO GREAT A THREAT. GARGUNZA FLED TO PARAGUAY, CONCEALING HIS COVERT CREATION OF MIRACLEWOMAN AND YOUNG NASTYMAN. AN ATOMIC STRIKE WAS LAUNCHED ON THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY. YOUNG MIRACLEMAN WAS KILLED. KID MIRACLEMAN ESCAPED TO LIVE ON AS A SUPERHUMAN AND WAS CORRUPTED BY HIS POWER. MIRACLEMAN REVERTED BACK TO MICKY MORAN AND GREW TO MIDDLE AGE WITH NO MEMORY OF HIS LIFE AS MIRACLEMAN.

IN 1982, MORAN'S MEMORY RETURNED. AS MIRACLEMAN, HE FATHERED A SUPERHUMAN CHILD, WINTER, AND UNCOVERED THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS PAST. GARGUNZA ATTEMPTED TO POSSESS WINTER AND WAS KILLED BY MIRACLEMAN. THE QYS RETURNED TO EARTH SEEKING TO EXTERMINATE THOSE CREATED FROM THEIR MISAPPROPRIATED TECHNOLOGY. WINTER'S EXISTENCE AS A NEW FORM OF "INTELLIGENT LIFE" STAYED THEIR HAND. MIRACLEWOMAN CONVINCED THE QYS AND THEIR ENEMIES, THE WARPSMITHS, TO USE EARTH AS A PLACE FOR DÉTENTE AND THE JOINING OF THEIR CULTURES.

IN 1985, KID MIRACLEMAN ATTACKED LONDON, KILLING THOUSANDS. MIRACLEMAN AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE REVEALED IN THE ENSUING BATTLE. FROM LONDON'S ASHES AROSE MIRACLEMAN'S TOWERING PYRAMID, OLYMPUS, AND A NEW WORLD. IT IS A WORLD OF FREE OF WAR, OF FAMINE, OF POVERTY. IT IS 1990. IT IS **THE GOLDEN AGE**. THESE ARE ITS PEOPLES' TALES...

MIRACLEMAN CREATED BY **MICK ANGLO**

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# SKIN DEEP

JUNE 1990.

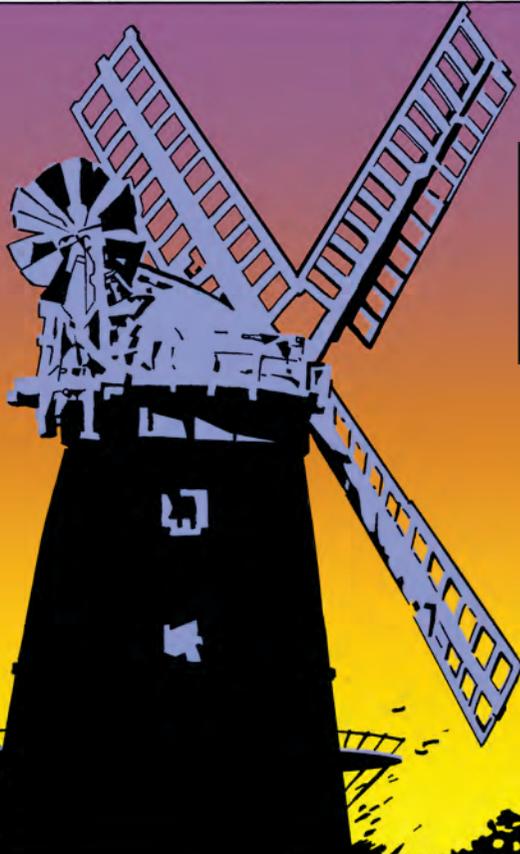
IF YOU GO DOWN CACKLE LANE TOWARD FAIRWARP YOU'LL SEE MY WINDMILL ON THE LEFT, PAST THE FORD, WHERE THE RIVER SPILLS OVER THE ROAD.

YOU CAN'T GET HERE BY CAR.

YOU HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR CAR AT THE BOTTOM, THEN WALK UP THE HILL.

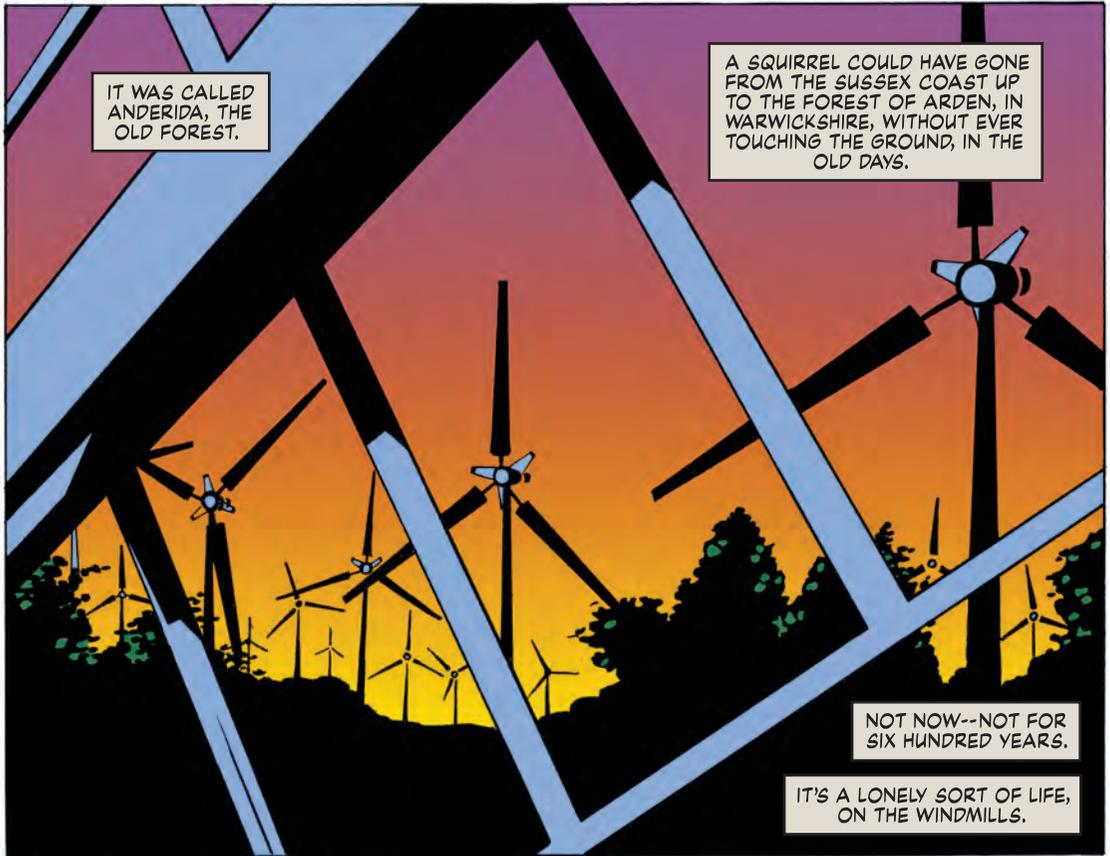
IT'S A LONG WALK, I'M AFRAID.

IT'S BEEN HERE FOR YEARS, NOW, SINCE IT WAS AN HISTORICAL MONUMENT. LONG BEFORE IT WAS WORKING.



IT'S THE OLDEST ONE IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY. ONCE UPON A TIME (THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO START A STORY, ISN'T IT? **ONCE UPON A TIME**) IT GRIND LOCAL WHEAT INTO FLOUR; NOW IT PULLS POWER FROM THE WIND, PART OF A NETWORK COVERING THE COUNTRY, COVERING THE WORLD.

THE CENTRE BEAM IS OAK--THE ONLY PART OF THE ORIGINAL WINDMILL LEFT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN FELLED OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN ACORN WHEN THE SCRUB AND HEATH THEY CALL THE FOREST WERE TRULY PART OF A FOREST.

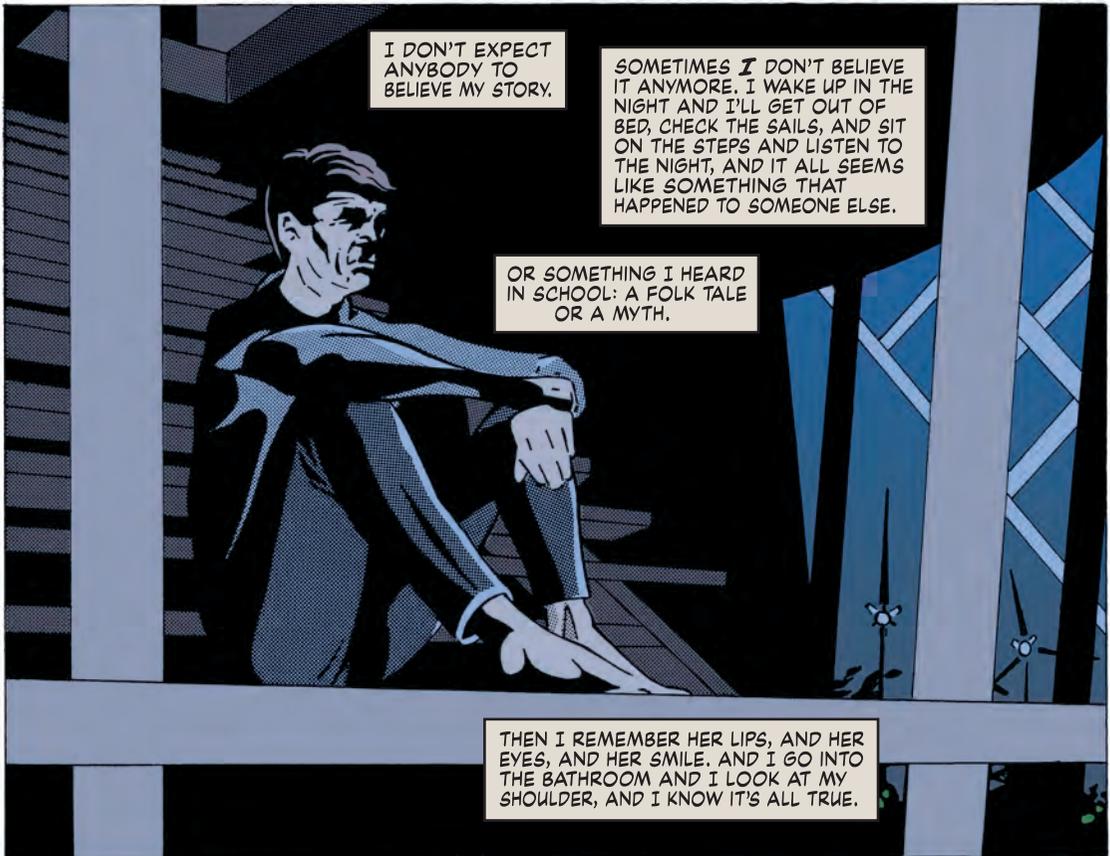


IT WAS CALLED  
ANDERIDA, THE  
OLD FOREST.

A SQUIRREL COULD HAVE GONE  
FROM THE SUSSEX COAST UP  
TO THE FOREST OF ARDEN, IN  
WARWICKSHIRE, WITHOUT EVER  
TOUCHING THE GROUND, IN THE  
OLD DAYS.

NOT NOW--NOT FOR  
SIX HUNDRED YEARS.

IT'S A LONELY SORT OF LIFE,  
ON THE WINDMILLS.



I DON'T EXPECT  
ANYBODY TO  
BELIEVE MY STORY.

SOMETIMES *I* DON'T BELIEVE  
IT ANYMORE. I WAKE UP IN THE  
NIGHT AND I'LL GET OUT OF  
BED, CHECK THE SAILS, AND SIT  
ON THE STEPS AND LISTEN TO  
THE NIGHT, AND IT ALL SEEMS  
LIKE SOMETHING THAT  
HAPPENED TO SOMEONE ELSE.

OR SOMETHING I HEARD  
IN SCHOOL: A FOLK TALE  
OR A MYTH.

THEN I REMEMBER HER LIPS, AND HER  
EYES, AND HER SMILE. AND I GO INTO  
THE BATHROOM AND I LOOK AT MY  
SHOULDER, AND I KNOW IT'S ALL TRUE.

THE COMPUTER THIS MORNING WANTED INPUT ON A SURVEY: DO WE WANT WOLVES BACK?

THERE HAVEN'T BEEN WOLVES IN ENGLAND FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS. THEY WENT BEFORE THE FORESTS.



I VOTED YES.

OH YES.



OH GOD YES.

I FIRST SAW HER ON THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT STORM. TWO YEARS AGO. 1988.



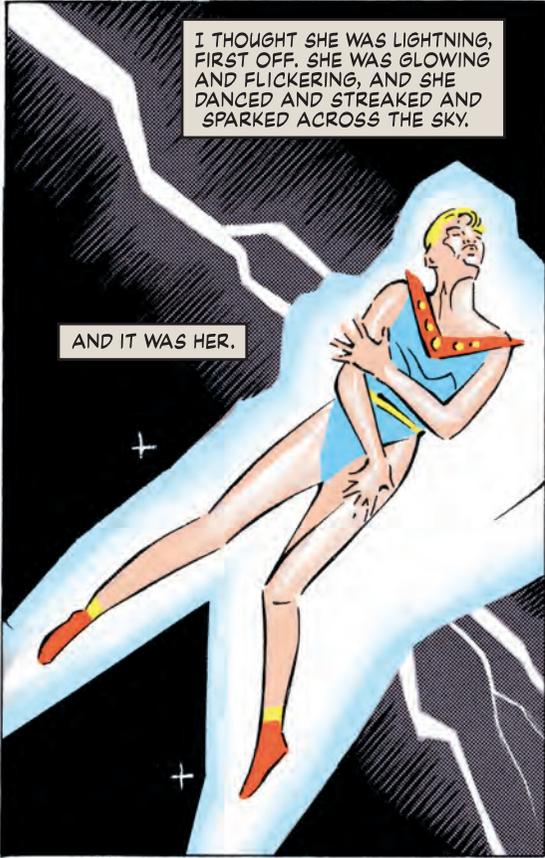
I'D TAKEN DOWN THE SAILS, MOORED THE MILL, AND DISCONNECTED THE CABLING.



SOME PEOPLE SAID THAT THEY SHOULD STOP IT HAPPENING, BUT THE REST OF US SAID THAT WE HADN'T SEEN A REAL HURRICANE, OR FELT ONE, NOT IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND, AND IF ANYONE DIDN'T WANT TO EXPERIENCE IT THEY COULD STAY IN BED.



I PUT ON OILSKINS AND A THICK SWEATER, AND SAT OUT ON THE HILLSIDE; I FELT THE RAIN ON MY FACE, LISTENED TO THE WIND SCREAMING AND THE BRANCHES FALLING.



I THOUGHT SHE WAS LIGHTNING, FIRST OFF. SHE WAS GLOWING AND FLICKERING, AND SHE DANCED AND STREAKED AND SPARKED ACROSS THE SKY.

AND IT WAS HER.



I SAID IT, TO MYSELF, BUT TO HER, IN THE LIGHTNING, THE WORDS WHIPPED FROM MY LIPS BY THE WIND EVEN AS I WHISPERED THEM:

I LOVE YOU.

NOBODY COULD HAVE HEARD ME, NOT IN THAT WIND. NOT OVER THAT NOISE.

NOBODY HUMAN.



DO YOU? THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I TOLD HER.



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT? OF THE STORM?

BEAUTIFUL.

VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A GODDESS?