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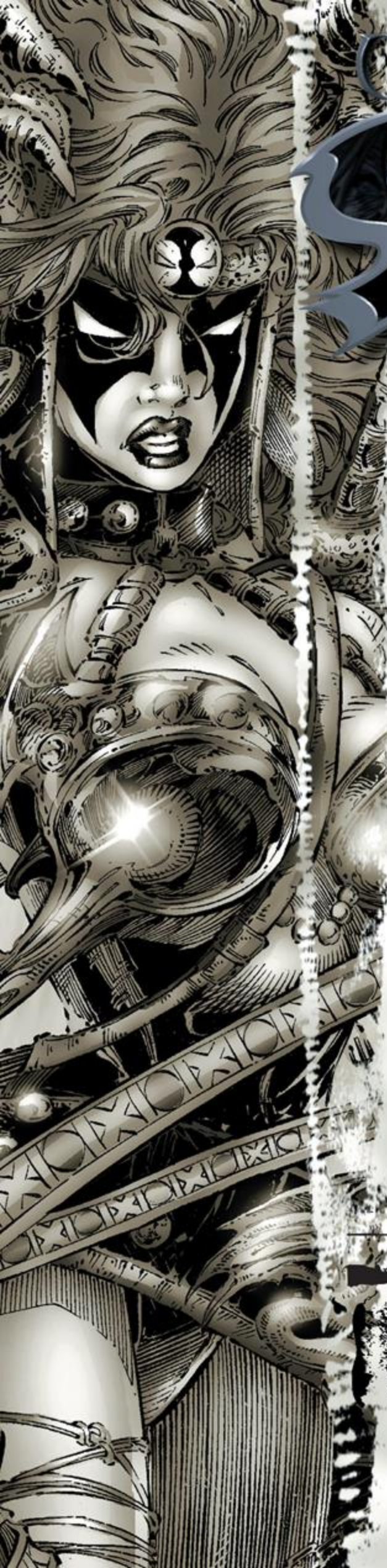
CURSE OF THE SPAWN



TURNER

97

J. Bozell



CURSE OF THE SPAWN™

Todd McFarlane &
Image Comics presents...

Cataclysm

story

Alan McElroy

pencils

Dwayne Turner

inks

Danny Miki

copy editor and lettering

Tom Orzechowski

color

Todd Broecker

Mark Nicholas

A special thanks to John Gordon

art direction and design

Brent Ashe



Angela is
co-created by
Todd McFarlane
and Neil Gaiman

Curse of the Spawn #10 Summary...

The Argus explodes, activating the Kron and releasing Angela who is thrown into the "Foyer of Oblivion." As the mysterious Deurges watches, Angela flashes back to Elysium and the Hall of Light where she confers with her mentor, Katherine and the old woman known as God who prepare her for her journey to Earth to stop the Eternal Truiverate from fracturing. Angela, recovering from her journey, awakens in Rat City where she tries to enlist Spawn's help. A bolt of anti-life force striking the Elysium Embassy in the heart of New York City, convinces the reluctant Spawn he must get involved.

Dedicated to
Charles Holland
and Ron Wilson



TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

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THE STORMS **SURGE**
AND **PULSE** WITH
AN INTENSITY THAT
BORDERS ON **ANGER**.
FORCES CHURN AND
CONVERGE LIKE
THERMALS BEFORE
A **CYCLONE**.

AND IN THE **PATH** OF
THIS **MAELSTROM**--
A **TINY BLUE MARBLE**
WITH ONLY A
SINGLE HOPE.

"YA KNOW, I'VE HAD
BETTER DAYS. DAYS
THAT ENDED WITH A
WARM BATH. BUBBLES.
MAYBE A GOOD BOOK.

"THEN
AGAIN, I
BORE SO
EASILY.



"CAN'T LET THESE 'LECTRO-STORMS
TOUCH ATMOSPHERE. THEY'LL BLOW
EARTH'S SPATIAL INTEGRITY DOWN LIKE
A HOUSE OF CARDS. NOT GOOD.

"WOULDN'T MIND A LITTLE **HELP** RIGHT ABOUT
NOW. BUT KUAN YIN AND ANAHITA ARE DOING
COURIER WORK FOR THE VAIUN KINGDOM. LEAVE
IT TO THEM TO GET THE EASY GIG. BEACHES
AND UMBRELLA DRINKS.

ANGELA SOARS ABOVE
THE WHIRLING WORM-
HOLE THAT MARKS THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
LIMBOTIC BREACH.
PIERCES ITS GRAVI-
METRIC SHELL WITH
HER LANCE POINT.

ANTI-MATTER CON-
SUMES HER. DRAWS
HER LIKE A WIND-
SWEEPED LEAF INTO ITS
BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS.



"THIS IS
GONNA
LEAVE A
MARK."

ELYSIUM,
THE CITY
OF LIGHTS...

ANGELA,
ah, HERE
YOU ARE.

PERMITS
HUNTING
PERMIT,
WEAPONS AND
ORDNANCE PERMIT,
FLUX PASSAGE
I.D. ...

DON'T
LOSE
THESE.

TIME
TO GET THE
PAPERWORK
DONE,
BABE.

GRADUATION.

I'LL
TELL YOU,
KATHERINE--
I'M NOT SURE
I'M READY FOR
THIS.

SWEETHEART,
YOU'RE **MORE**
THAN READY. I
ONLY TRAIN
THE BEST.

KATHERINE,
PLEASE
PRESENT
THE LANCE
TO YOUR
RECRUIT.

CONGRATU-
LATIONS.

HERE
YOU GO,
ANGELA.
YOU'RE OFFICIAL.

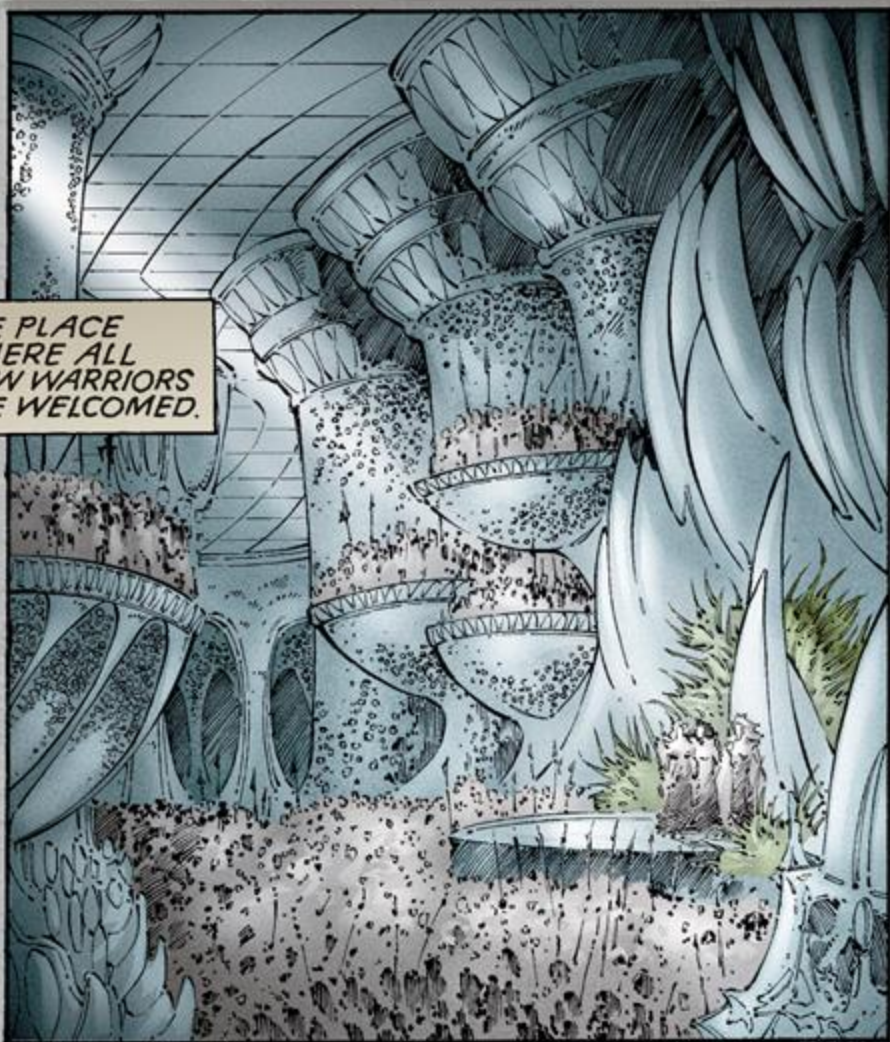
I
COULDN'T
HAVE DONE
IT WITHOUT
YOU.

THIS
IS WHAT
YOU WERE
BORN TO
BE.

THE
HALL
OF
JOY:



THE PLACE
WHERE ALL
NEW WARRIORS
ARE WELCOMED.



LADY HELENE, IN
CHARGE OF THE
WARRIOR HOST,
PRESENTS THE
NEW HUNTER
TO ELYSIUM.



THEY WELCOME HER
WITH A SINGLE
VOICE... A VOICE OF
LOVE, FAITH, AND
FUTURE.



WALK

STILL IN
ONE PIECE.
I'M SHOCKED. WELL,
ANY LANDING YOU
CAN WALK AWAY
FROM...!

LIMBO'S
CORE. NOT
EVEN MY
RIBBONS
CAN KEEP
ME WARM
HERE.

LOOKS
DESERTED.
HALF
DESTROYED. I
WOULD'VE HEARD
OF A BREAKOUT.
AT LEAST I
THINK SO...

THE CAPITOL
CITY-PRISON.
CATAclysm.

SOUND.
MOVEMENT.

INSTINCTIVELY,
ANGELA
WHIRLS.



HI,
ANGELA.
FANCY
MEETING YOU
HERE IN THE
HEART OF
OBLIVION.

CALLINDRA,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?
AND WHO ARE
THOSE 'GRAPES
OF WRATH'
REJECTS
BEHIND
YOU?


THESE
ARE THE
CUSTERS FROM
REDMUN, TEXAS.
THERE'S BOB,
HIS WIFE ILENE,
THEIR BOY
BUBBA.

THEY WERE
IN THE ELYSIUM
EMBASSY WHEN THE
ANTI-FORCE STORMS
STARTED. MOST
EVERYONE ESCAPED
BEFORE THE
FRAGMENTS
HIT.


THANK
GOD.



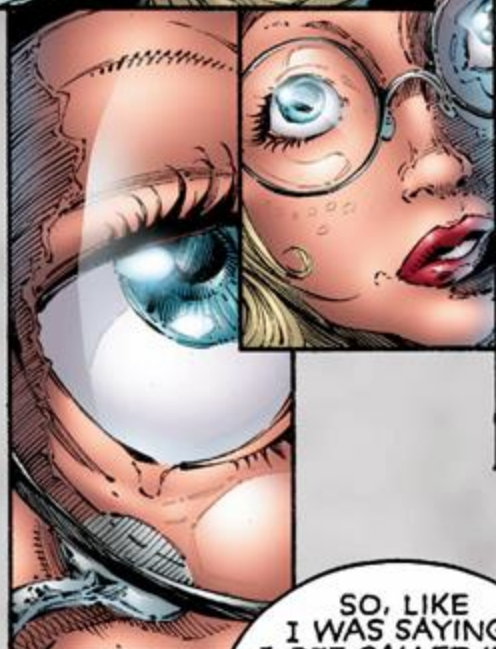
YEAH,
IT WAS
REALLY WEIRD.
ANYWAY, I WAS
CONSULTING
ON THEIR
CASE.



SEE,
THEY WERE
KILLED IN A
TORNADO,
TRAILER PARK,
BIG SURPRISE,
ANYWAY
THERE'S SOME
QUESTION
ABOUT THEIR
DISPOSI-
TION.



Y'KNOW,
THEY WOULD'VE
LIVED IF THE
TWISTER HADN'T
DROPPED THEM
ON A *PROPANE*
TANK.



SO, LIKE
I WAS SAYING,
I GET CALLED IN
BECAUSE, well,
between you and me,
there's some question
about Bob's placement,
if you know
what I mean.



Ssh.
YOU HEAR
THAT?



MMM?



THEM
FOLKS DON'T
LOOK REAL
FRIENDLY.



LIMBOTIC
DEMONOIDS
RARELY
ARE.



I THINK
IT HAS TO
DO WITH
THEIR LACK
OF A
RECTUM.

WHAT
DO WE
DO?

STAY
BEHIND
ME WHILE
I MOW
THIS
LAWN.

SW
W
A
TH!

OUTTA MY
WAY,
LIVER
BREATH!

DEFINITELY
GONNA WANT
A BATH,
BUBBLES,
CANDLES,
ICE CREAM...

WISH I
HAD MY TEN
GUAGE. THAT
LITTLE GIRL KNOW
WHAT SHE'S
DOING?


Heeee,
COOLNESS

Oh!

WATCH
THE SKIRT.
BLOODSTAINS
ARE VERY
TOUGH ON THIS
FABRIC.

Oh
SURE.
SHE'S BEEN
DOING THIS FOR
DOZENS OF
CENTURIES.



A full-page comic book illustration depicting a chaotic battle scene. In the center, a large, muscular, grey-skinned Hellspawn with a wide, toothy grin and glowing red eyes is the primary focus. He is surrounded by several smaller, more agile Hellspawn characters with orange, flame-like hair and dark armor. The scene is filled with flying debris, bones, and weapons. The background is a dark, rocky landscape under a stormy sky with lightning. The entire page is framed by a jagged, torn-paper border.

"KATHERINE SAID THE FIRST
HELLSPAWN IS ALWAYS THE
WORST. I DON'T REMEMBER HER
TALKING ABOUT PAIN ON THE
RICHTER SCALE."

AARRR!

"CAVE BOY'S BEEN
PLAYING HOCKEY
WITH ME LONG
ENOUGH."

THUFF!

NNAAA!

THEN SHE SEES THE
BODIES. WOMEN AND
CHILDREN. CORPSES
FESTOONED WITH
MAGGOTS AND WORMS.
EVIL'S FODDER.

FUEL FOR
HER SOUL'S
ANGER...

... AND OUTLET
FOR HER RAGE.
SHE FEELS
THE PAIN OF
THE DEAD.

THE NEANDERTHAL
HELLSPAWN KNOWN
AS ROMM STANDS NO
CHANCE AGAINST
THE ANGEL'S WRATH
UNLEASHED.

ANGELA FEELS HER-
SELF COME INTO
HER OWN.





CALLINDRA,
KEEP UP WITH
ME. THERE'S PLENTY
OF DEMONOIDS
AROUND AND I
HAVEN'T CAUGHT
A BREAK SINCE
BREAKFAST.

THE CATACLYSM
PRISON CITADEL
OFFERS THE
ONLY SHELTER.

A RECENT BREAK-
OUT IS EVINCED BY
SENTRIES TACKED
UP LIKE SOMETHING
OUT OF BOSCH.

IS THIS SUCH
A GOOD IDEA,
ANGELA? THIS
PLACE **SMELLS**.

Oh, I
THINK THAT'S
ME. ALL THIS
KILLING KINDA
LOOSED MY
BOWELS.

IF ALL
THESE PRISONERS
GOT OUT OF LIMBO--!
I'VE GOTTA GET BACK
TO THE KRON, FIX
THIS RAGING PUKE
STORM.

A comic book panel with a torn, jagged border. In the center, a character with a glowing purple eye and a large, ornate sword is depicted. The sword has a red and white patterned hilt. To the right, a close-up of a character with long red hair and a black mask is shown. At the bottom, a character with a glowing eye and a large sword is shown, along with a character with a glowing eye and a large sword. The background is dark and filled with mechanical parts and debris.

HI-DE-HO
THERE,
NEIGHBOR.

WHAT'S'A
MATTER, SIS?
NO HELLO?
NO KISS-KISS,
HUG-HUG?

LILITH?

SHE
REMEMBERS
ME. I'M
TOUCHED.

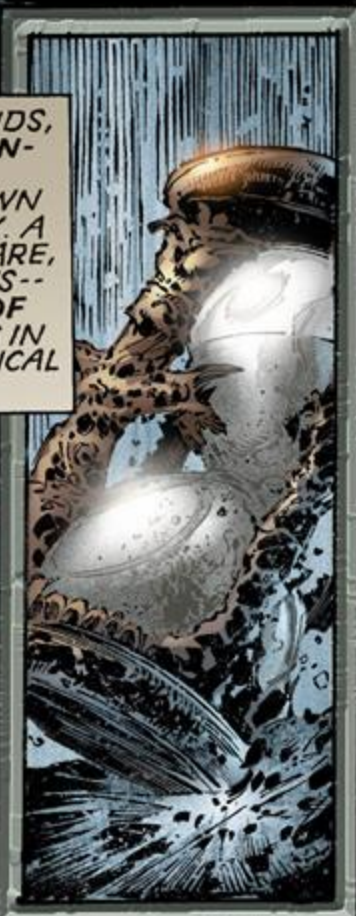
WHO
WAS ASS
ENOUGH TO
LET YOU OUT
OF YOUR
CAGE?

FUNNY
YOU SHOULD ASK.
I THINK YOU'VE *MET*
MY DATE FOR THE
EVENING.

SEETHING WITH RAGE, ANGELA CHARGES IN. SWORDS CLASH WITH THE DARK ANTI-ANGEL THAT CLAIMS SISTERHOOD.

IN HER HANDS, THE ELYSIAN-LOCK, AN ANGEL'S OWN TIME-CLOCK. A THING SO RARE, SO PRECIOUS-- THE SOUL OF GOODNESS IN METAPHORICAL FORM.

BATTLE RAGES. THE ELYSIAN-LOCK FALLS, AND IS RECOVERED BY DEURGES.



OVER?!

YEAH, OVER MY ROTTING CORPSE, SKULLBOY!

MY CHILDREN-- THE TIME OF FIGHTING IS OVER.



THE LANCE BLAST, DEFLECTED BY DEURGES, BRINGS DOWN THE CITADEL'S CEILING. SEPARATES ANGELA FROM HER OPPONENTS.

CRAP.
THEY'RE
GONE.

WOW,
ANGELA, WHAT'S
GOING ON? THAT'S
NOT *REALLY* YOUR
SISTER, IS IT?

LILITH
IS SOME-
THING
WORSE.

GO BACK
AND TELL THE
COUNCIL THAT
LILITH IS LOOSE
AND THAT SHE
HAS THE
ELYSIUM-
LOCK.

AND TELL
THEM THERE'S
SOMEONE
ELSE.

A MAN.

A
THING.

DEURGES.

ANGELA TRANS-
LATES CALLINDRA
AND THE CUSTERS
THROUGH THE
FLUX TO
ELYSIUM.

"IS THIS ALL SOME-
HOW MY FAULT?
ME? THE HARDASS
EX-ANGEL WITH A
PLANET-SIZED CHIP
ON HER SHOULDER?"

"I GUESS. MAYBE."

THE WARRIOR
CLIMBS OUT OF
THE PRISON'S
TOMBFUL
CONFINES. TRIES
TO BURY DOUBT.
FIND STRENGTH
IN HER SOUL'S
DEPTHS.

BITCH!

COME ON,
YOU BIG-
HAired
BIMBETTE!
LET'S DO
THIS!

SOMEBODY
NEEDS TO
TELL YOU
PUNK IS
DEAD!

I'LL
SHOW
YOU
DEAD!

AS THE TWO
TUMBLE,
ANGELA
TRANSLATES
THEM BOTH
THROUGH
THE FLUX.
BACK TO THE
SOURCE OF
THE BREACH.

PENTAGES-FRASER. NOW A BLACK, CRUSTED PIECE OF WITHERED CHARCOAL IN A DEAD CORNER OF THE GALAXY.

FOOMNY

Oh NO. THE PLANET'S A TOTAL LOSS. AND THE KRON DOWN THERE WITH THAT FAT CIVILIZATION, FEEDING ON THE DEATH ENERGY LIKE A SUCKLING PIG.

"SOULS RIPPED THROUGH THE LIMBOTIC BREACH, FILTERED THROUGH THE KRON AND RIGHT INTO THEIR TRILLION BELLIES. I THINK I'M GONNA BOOT."



NICE JOB,
SIS. YOU
TOTALLY
SCREWED THIS
UP. IT'S GREAT.
BEAUTY ON
BEAUTY!



YOU'RE
MORE LIKE ME
THAN YOU WANNA
ADMIT, ANGELA.
FLESH OF MY FLESH.
EXCEPT **I'M MY OWN**
MASTER. YOU'RE
JUST ONE OF
GOD'S **SCULLERY**
MAIDS!



SHUT
THE HELL UP,
UNLESS YOU
WANNA USE MY
LANCE FOR A
TAMPON!

NOW
NOW-- DADDY
WOULDN'T LIKE
HIS TWIN
DAUGHTERS
FIGHTING--
DADDY
DEURGES!



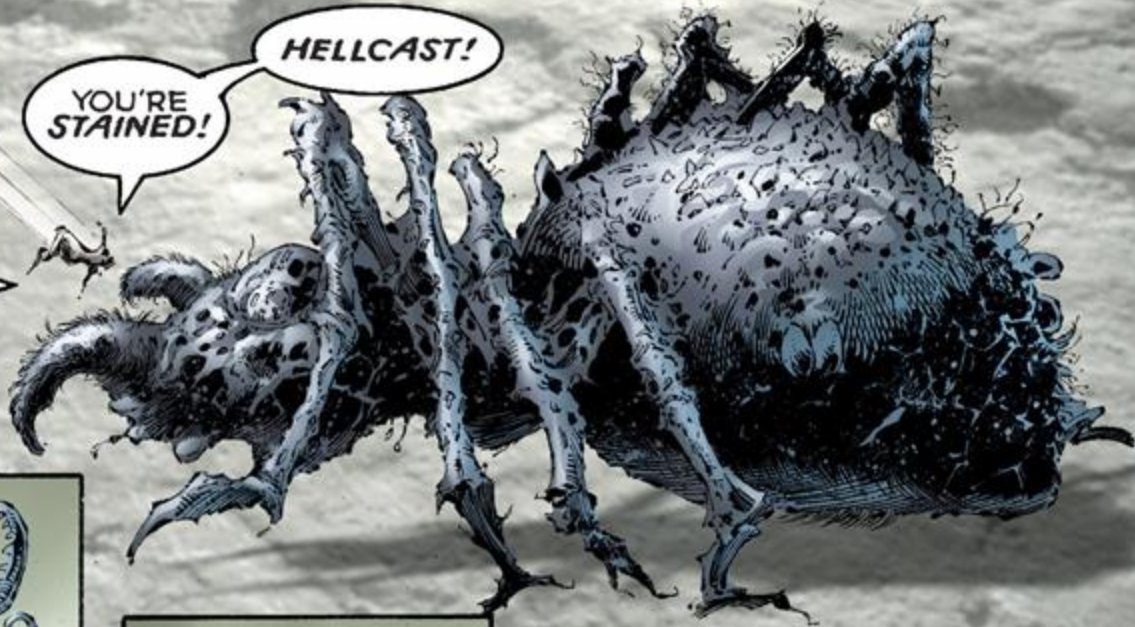
I SAID
SHUT
UP!!

WHACK!

YOU'RE NOT **PURE** ENOUGH TO BE AN ANGEL! YOU NEVER **WERE!** THAT'S WHY YOU COULDN'T KILL THE YOUNG HELLSPAWN, SISTER!

YOU'RE **STAINED!**

HELLCAST!



THE ARGUS WELCOMES ANOTHER TASTY SOUL INTO ITS PSIONIC GULLET.



KILLING ME WON'T BURY THE TRUTH-- YOU'RE **DAMNED**, ANGELA.

YOU'LL KNOW IT SOON ENOUGH.

SWOOP



KRAK K

SWNAP!




"THE 'LOCK. NO. IT'S
CRAZY. IT'S DANGEROUS,
AND ANY SELF-RESPECTING,
RATIONAL-THINKING EX-
ANGEL WOULDN'T TRY IT.

"SO
HERE
GOES!"

CRASH

POW

BOOM



ANGELA SPENDS
SOME TIME
THEREAFTER
SATIATING HER
PERSONAL RAGE.

CLEAVES THE ARGUS
IN TWO. HACKS
AWAY LIMB AFTER
FETID, TWITCHING
LIMB.

THE ARGUS SCREAMS AND
EXUDES BILLIONS OF ECTO-
PLASMIC GRUB WORMS. THE
COLLECTIVE BECOMES A MASS
OF GOO. DIES AN ODOROUS,
MUCOID DEATH.

NICE
WORK, SIS.
SEE YA
'ROUND.


LILITH
THEN
VANISHES
INTO THE
FLUX.

POK!

AT THE SAME INSTANT,
KUAN YIN AND
ANAHITA MATERIALIZE.

Uh,
WHAT'D WE
MISS?

HALF
THE KNOWN
DIMENSIONS
HAVE BEEN
SHAKEN UP
LIKE A CHEAP
SNOW-
GLOBE.



WE'VE GOT
A NEW ENEMY. HE'S
BEEN AROUND A LONG
TIME. *TOO LONG*. AND I'M
GONNA *FINISH* HIM. THERE'S
NO PLACE TO RUN, NO PLACE
TO HIDE WHERE I
WON'T *FIND* HIM.

**HEAR
ME?!**
I'M NOT *AFRAID*
ANYMORE,
DEURGES.

SO IF IT'S
A *FIGHT* YOU
WANT? NAME
THE PLACE, CALL
THE TUNE AND
I'LL BE THERE
WITH *BELLS*
ON.

THIS
ISN'T OVER
BETWEEN
US. NOT BY A
LONGSHOT.
IT GOES UNTIL
ONE OF US IS
DUST.

I SWEAR
IT ON MY
SOUL.

BABE,
YOU'RE
SCARING
ME.

"THE FEAR
IS COMING.

"FEAR ME."