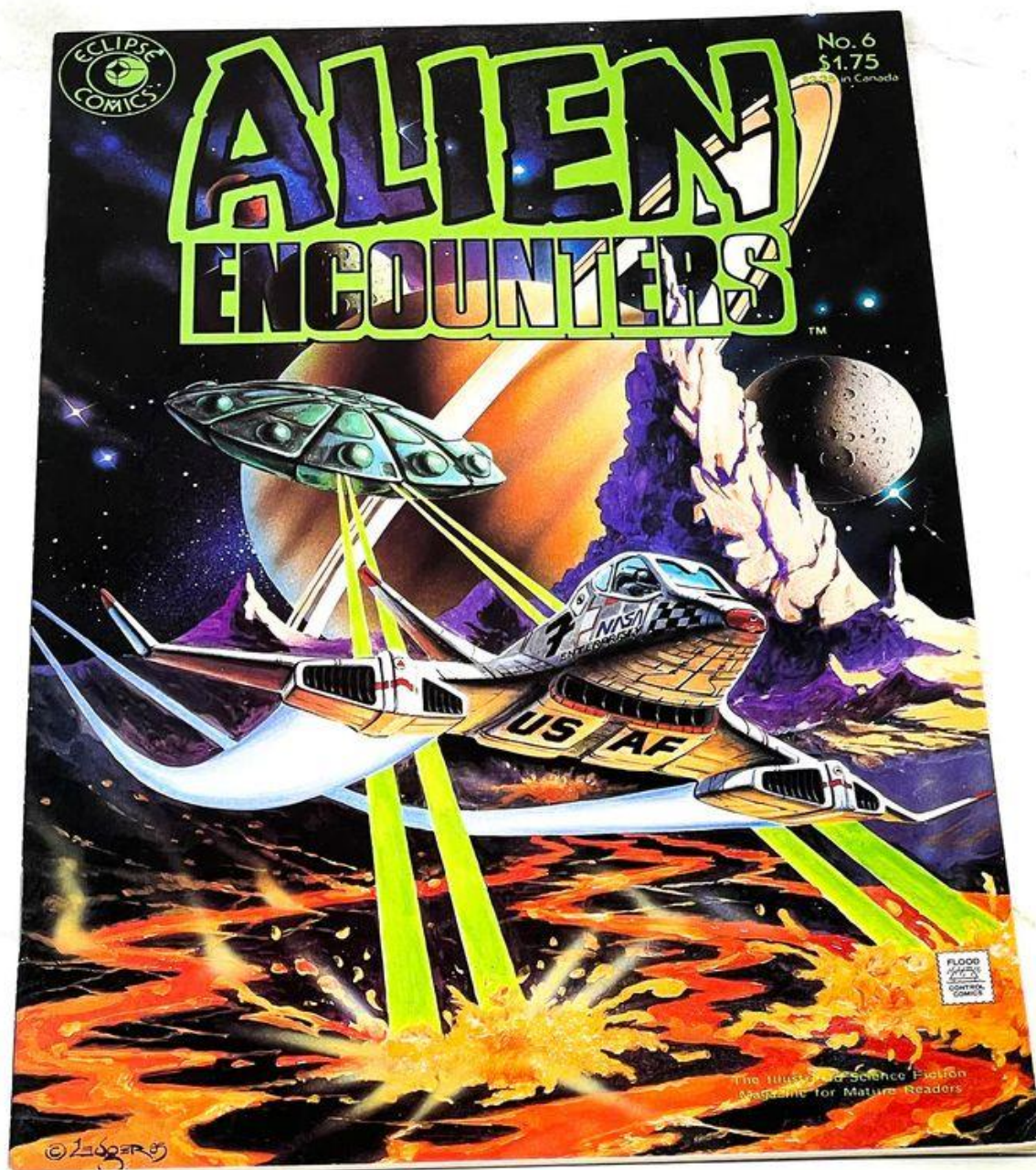


NADA (RAY NELSON & BILL WRAY, 1986)

La bande-dessinée « Nada », écrite par Ray Nelson d'après sa nouvelle « Eight o'clock in the Morning » (1963) et illustrée par Bill Wray, est publiée pour la première fois dans l'édition d'avril 1986 du comic américain Alien Encounters.




NOW THAT I WAS AWAKE, I KNEW THEY'D BEEN AMONG US ALL ALONG, HYPNOTIZING THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE. I UNDERSTOOD **EVERYTHING**, INCLUDING THE FACT THAT IF I WERE TO GIVE ANY OUTWARD SIGN, THE FASCINATORS WOULD INSTANTLY COMMAND ME TO RETURN TO MY FORMER STATE--AND I WOULD **OBEY!**

ECLIPSE

NA DA

WRITTEN BY:
RAY NELSON





COMICS PRESENTS:

NA DA


ART, COLOR BY:
BILL WRAY

LETTERING:
WORKMAN



**WORK 8 HOURS
PLAY 8 HOURS
SLEEP 8 HOURS**

MARRY AND
REPRODUCE



I LIVED ALONE IN A SMALL APARTMENT.

UNPLUG THE TV...

CRACKED

ONE OF THEM MIGHT SAY, "STAY TUNED TO THIS STATION."

I HEARD THE TVS IN OTHER APARTMENTS SAYING "OBEY THE GOVERNMENT" AND "WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS" IN A REEDY, CROAKING VOICE.

RING

HELLO?...

THIS IS YOUR CONTROLLER, POLICE CHIEF ROBINSON. TOMORROW AT 8:00AM YOUR HEART WILL STOP!

STOP!

SOMEONE MUST HAVE NOTICED I DIDN'T RESPOND LIKE THE OTHERS. IF I WERE ALIVE AT ONE MINUTE AFTER EIGHT, THEY'D KNOW FOR SURE... KNOW THAT I WAS **AWAKE!**

I WENT OUT AGAIN...



FOR A MOMENT, ITS FACE DISSOLVED AND CHANGED TO THAT OF A LOVEABLE OLD DRUNK. OF COURSE, HE'D BE LOVEABLE...

I FELT MY GRASP ON AWARENESS WAVER, SO I PICKED UP A BRICK ---
I SMASHED THE FACE TO A PULP!



I FIGURED I'D BETTER SEARCH THE BODY...



SOME KIND OF RADIO...

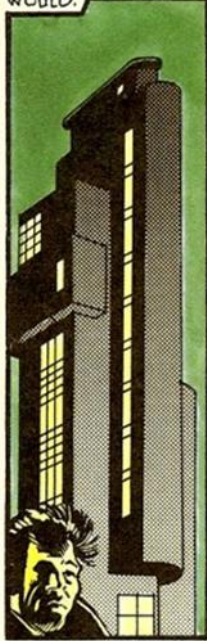


OOWAK!
OGOWUG!
WIBBLE!
WAK!



HOW CAN I FIGHT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND... I BUT... IF I CAN AWAKEN OTHERS... EVEN ONE OTHER...

I WALKED TWELVE BLOCKS TO THE APARTMENT OF LIL, MY FIANCEE. IF ANYONE WOULD BELIEVE ME, SHE WOULD.



COME IN, GEORGE.



I WANT YOU TO WAKE UP!

BUT I AM AWAKE ALREADY!



NO, I MEAN REALLY WAKE UP! THE MASTERS COMMAND YOU TO WAKE UP!

ARE YOU OFF YOUR ROCKER? YOU SURE ARE ACTING FUNNY!



SLAP!

THUD!



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO?

THE SLAP DIDN'T WAKE HER UP, I WONDERED...



KNOCK! KNOCK!

??



LISTEN, NEIGHBOR... LET'S KEEP IT DOWN TO A DULL ROAR, Huh?

CHRIST!



THE MONSTER STARTED TO CHANGE INTO A FAT, MIDDLE-AGED MAN, BUT I GRABBED A KNIFE FROM THE KITCHENETTE...

NO!

SHE DIDN'T SEE THE DEAD FASCINATOR ON THE FLOOR. TO HER, IT WAS A HARMLESS OLD MAN. I HAD TO TIE AND GAG HER, BUT SHE WAS TOO SCARED TO RESIST. I WENT NEXT DOOR.



I DROVE FOR HOURS, DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR SOME WAY OUT. I TURNED ON THE RADIO.



--DOUBLE HOMICIDE IN DOWNTOWN APARTMENT--

...KILLER IDENTIFIED AS GEORGE NADA--



--ARMED AND DANGEROUS!



THE ANNOUNCER IS A FASCINATOR, BUT HE SOUNDS SCARED OF ME? WHAT CAN ONE MAN DO AGAINST ALL OF THEM?



Oh oh! A ROAD BLOCK!



I TURNED OF ON A SIDE STREET AND DITCHED THE CAR.



WHAT'LL YA HAVE, PAL?

VOODKA.



WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS. WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS. WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS.



AND THEN I HAD IT!

YOU GOT A PHONE HERE, BARTENDER?



THIS IS GEORGE NADA, CHIEF. I'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO WAKE PEOPLE UP.

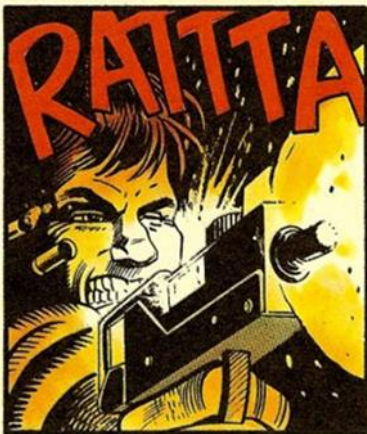
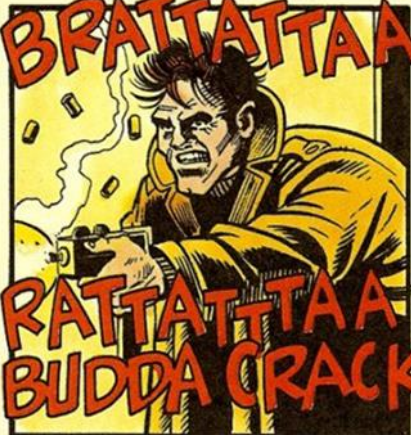
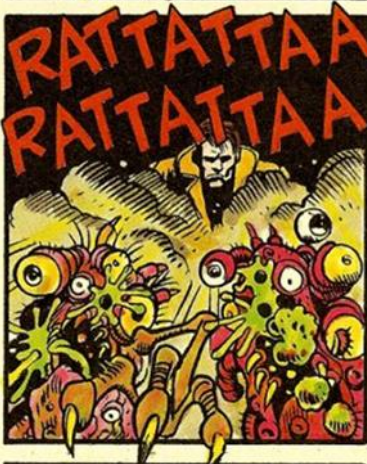
WHAT? GEORGE, HANG ON! WHERE ARE YOU? HELLO? HELLO? DON'T HANG UP!



I DID HANG UP, THEN LEFT THE BAR. THEY WOULD PROBABLY TRACE THE CALL. I TOOK THE SUBWAY... TO THE TV STATION.



I HEARD POLICE SIRENS OUTSIDE, AND EXCITED SHOUTS, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME.



THE ANNOUNCER STOPPED IN MID-SENTENCE AND SAT THERE, DEAD.



THE CITY HEARD MY VOICE, BUT SAW THE FASCINATOR'S IMAGE, AND THE CITY DID AWAKE, AND THE WAR BEGAN... BUT I DID NOT LIVE TO SEE THE VICTORY THAT FINALLY CAME.

