

TRIBAL SCIENCE

1st
Issue



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The Word of the Lord came to me:
"Child of man, set forth an allegory
and tell the people a parable..."

An excerpt from TRIBAL SPEAK (circa 98)

"At times I would work earnestly on it, writing scripts, rewriting scripts, drawing pages, creating characters, throwing out characters, etc. Other times I would put it aside - Ooohh, I'll never be able to publish it, can't afford to print it, not enough money to promote it if I did publish (how could I possibly compete for shelf space with Marvel, DC, Image, Dark Horse, etc.), if only I had someone to write it, to draw it, etc. But the story would not leave me alone. It called incessantly from the far corners of my mind. I never considered my self as a great artist (I know some brothas that can draw rings around me any day of the week!) So I drew it because there was no one else that would do it for free. I write it for the same reason."

So here it is. The first of many to come. TRIBAL SCIENCE e-books. I have finally found a way to publish my story without havin to bend over for the Direct Market (comics) or absorb the astronomical costs of printing. From day one it's been about sharing. Back in 94 I would make mini-comics at kinko's and show em to my coworkers at Rich's. They would be like "You need to do somethin with this!"...and I would say somethin like "yeah, one day". Well...the web has allowed me to share with the world, and in color no less. The response has been overwhelmingly positive and encouraging. I get my fair share of "why's" and "what-for's" from folks who claim "ain't no money in this web thing"...is all good tho. Bottom line is I didn't wanna wind up bein 50 years old wonderin "what if"? with these stories still in my head. Now, with the advent of new technologies that facillitate the creation of e-books, I'm set to take this endeavor to the next level.

This e-book is the first in a series of 4 that will compile the pages that are currently online (about 36-40 pages). Each one of these "books" will feature a different cover and some additional artwork and commentary. I coined the phrase "desktop comics" to describe them and the whole concept is based on convenience. All you do is download the file and if it's on your desktop then you can enjoy the "story" anytime you like without having to log on and wait for pages to download and then read.

Next year I will begin to publish monthly e-books of TRIBAL SCIENCE for a subscription price of \$1 a month. These will feature an ongoing story that is totally seperate from the storyline that will continue on the website. More details on that coming soon. Oh yeah, one more thing...this joint is best viewed at 100%. Zooming past 100% tends to make the images look fuzzy.

Peace Out,



<http://www.tribalscience.org>

TODAY BEGINS LIKE MOST OTHERS FOR MR. JAMES GILMORE. HE'S STOCKING HIS NEWSSTAND WITH TODAY'S ASSORTMENT OF PAPER'S AND MAGAZINES...



...WHEN ALONG COMES AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR VISITOR.



GOOD MORNIN.

NO READIN TODAY WITHOUT PAYIN!

BUT!...

I'M SERIOUS!
YOU NEVER BUY NOTHIN!
NOT TODAY!



HUGGHH!!!

HUH...HELP ME...
PLEASE...COUGH
HELLPPP

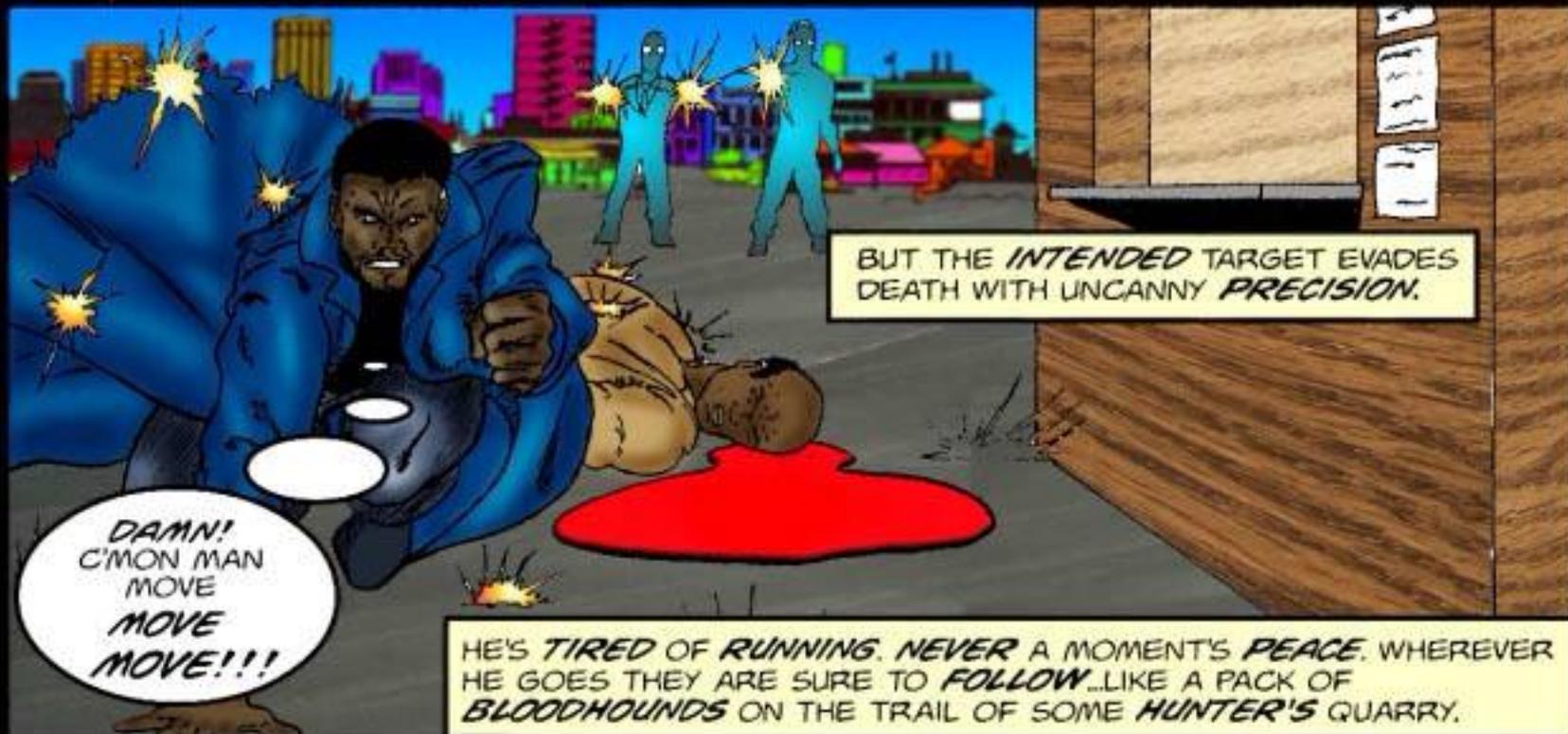
OH NO...
NOT AGAIN!!!



"KILL EM ALL...LET GOD SORT EM OUT!"



BULLETS RACE THROUGH THE MORNING AIR, FINDING TARGETS AND *KILLING* INDISCRIMINATELY. IN SHORT; YOU'RE WITNESS TO A *MASSACRE*.





SOMEBODY GET THE LIGHTS!

FIND THIS BASTARD.

NO FUCK UPS THIS TIME.

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A ROUTINE "TAG AND BAG", BUT THEIR ELUSIVE PREY WAS MAKING THINGS QUITE DIFFICULT.



NO WAY HE'S GETTIN OUTTA HERE

STAY FROSTY! HE'S A TRICKY SON OF A BITCH!

YOU SHOULD KNOW MARTY! HOW MANY TIMES HE LOSE YOU?!

FUCK YOU IAN!

ALL A YOUSE SHUT DA FUCK UP! WE GOTTA JOB TA DO!!!

"A SIMPLE TASK REALLY", STATED COMMANDER CRENSHAW AT THE BRIEFING. SAME THING HE TOLD THE TWO TEAMS HE SENT OUT BEFORE THIS ONE... BUT THEY ALL FAILED TO TAKE ONE SMALL FACTOR INTO CONSIDERATION... JOHN HENRY'S RELUCTANCE TO BE CAPTURED



UNNGH

FWAAAK

ACK



BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

AAGGGHH!

THAT FACT, COMBINED WITH THE *SKILLS* AND *ENHANCEMENTS* HE ACQUIRED AS A RESULT OF THE "GODSEED" EXPERIMENTS...



...MAKE FOR ONE POTENTIALLY *DANGEROUS* SUBJECT. GRANTED; THE EASE AT WHICH OTHER ESCAPED TEST SUBJECTS WERE APPREHENDED MAY HAVE GIVEN THEM REASON TO CONSIDER THIS "A SIMPLE TASK".

BUT THE OTHERS WERE MAINLY LATENT PSI'S, SCANNERS AND WEAVERS. JUST HEADCASES WHO WITHOUT THEIR REQUIRED MEDICATION WERE MORE OF A DANGER TO THEMSELVES THAN ANYONE ELSE.

AGENT JEREMY FULLER HAS BEEN WITH THE ORGANIZATION FOR OVER TWO YEARS NOW. AS A FIELD OPERATIVE, THE MAJORITY OF HIS "WORK" INVOLVES THE DISPLAY OF CORPORATE MUSCLE...



AWWW SHIT!!!

...YOU KNOW; COERCION, BLACKMAIL & CONTRACT HITS ALONG WITH OTHER INTERESTING DUTIES. JEREMY HAD NO PROBLEMS WITH ANY OF THE ABOVE, "ALL IN A DAYS WORK" HE WOULD SAY. BUT THE RECOVERY OF ESCAPED *GODSEED* TEST SUBJECTS NEVER QUITE SAT RIGHT WITH HIM. THESE PEOPLE WEREN'T NORMAL; "THEY GIMME THE CREEPS", HE WOULD SAY. PERHAPS IT WAS FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN OR WHAT HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND. WHATEVER THE CASE MAY BE, HIS GREATEST FEAR WAS NOW BEING PLAYED OUT IN FRONT OF HIM.



I DONT BELIEVE THIS SHIT!

THEY WERE BURNED OUT BY THE TIME THE RECOVERY TEAMS TRACKED THEM ANYWAY.



SAN FRANCISCO, THIS IS 49'ER ON EMERGENCY INTERCEPTOR FREQUENCY CODE 418!

THE *SUBJECT* HAS BEEN ACTIVATED! AGENTS ARE DOWN! REQUEST IMMEDIATE BACKUP!

MAINTAIN PRESENT POSITION 49'ER. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO APPREHEND THE SUBJECT ALONE!

NONE OF THE OTHER SUBJECTS HAD EVER FOUGHT. FEW PUT UP ANY SHOW OF RESISTANCE.



YEAH...WELL I MAY NOT HAVE MUCH OF A FUCKIN CHOICE HERE! HE'S GOIN RIGHT THROUGH US!

HAAACKK!!!

ONCE AGAIN THE HUNT HAS BEGUN

ONLY NOW THE HUNTERS...



HAVE BECOME *THE HUNTED*.



YOU WANT *ME*?!

COME AND *GET* ME!!!

PREDATOR HAS UNKNOWINGLY BECOME *PREY* IN THIS DEADLY DANCE OF *VIOLENCE*.



C'MON YOU
FREAK BLACK
BASTARD!!



LET'S FINISH
THIS!



THE BIO ORGANIC IMPLANTS THAT RACE THROUGH HIS SYSTEM ENHANCE HIS STRENGTH TO LEVELS THAT HAVE YET TO BE MEASURED. *NANITES*, CELLULAR SIZED MICRO COMPUTERS THAT ROAM HIS BLOODSTREAM PERFORMING THEIR PROGRAMMED TASKS WITH THE *UTMOST PROFICIENCY*. APPARENTLY JOHN'S SYSTEM HAS YET TO REJECT THE NANITE IMPLANTS, FOR AT THIS MOMENT THEY SERVE HIM WELL.



OH, IF ONLY THE RESEARCHERS AND TECHNICIANS COULD SEE HIM NOW, THE MANIFESTATION OF YEARS OF ADVANCED RESEARCH PERFORMING SUPER HUMAN FEATS OF STRENGTH AND SPEED AS THOUGH HE WERE BORN WITH THESE ABILITIES.



THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN OR WOMAN'S LIFE WHEN HE OR SHE HAS TO MAKE A STAND...WHETHER THIS MOMENT COMES THROUGH CRISIS, SELF ANALYSIS, ETC...IT WILL COME. THESE ARE "THE DEFINING MOMENTS" IN ONE'S LIFE.

SOME OF US WILL CHOOSE TO "MAKE THE *BEST OF THE SITUATION*"... DESPERATELY SEEKING THE "EASY WAY OUT".

...REGARDLESS OF WHAT THE *CONSEQUENCES* MAY BE.

...GONNA BLOW YOU *AWAY!!!*

C'MON!!!

OTHERS WILL DO WHAT THEY FEEL IS *INTRINSICALLY RIGHT*...

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO WILL COME TO BE KNOWN AS *HEROES*.

UNNGH!

KRRAASH

MEANWHILE... THE NEWS OF 9180'S ESCAPE HAS ALREADY REACHED THE MIDTOWN PENTHOUSE OFFICE OF ANTONIO SHIAVELLI, LOCATED WITHIN THE TOWERING BIOTEKK SKYSCRAPER THAT PIERCES THE ATLANTA SKYLINE.. AFFECTIONATELY LABELLED "*THE BIG DICK IN THE SKY*" BY BROTHERS ON THE STREET WHO BEHOLD IT'S OMINOUS PRESENCE FROM BELOW.

SO...

THE *SLEEPER*
HAS
AWAKENED.

THAT APPEARS TO
BE THE CASE SIR.

SIX OF OUR BEST FIELD
OPERATIVES WERE CRITICALLY
INJURED BY AN UN-ARMED 9180.

WELL...IT WOULD
SEEM THAT THE
IMPOSSIBLE SCENARIO
HAS REARED IT'S
UGLY HEAD.

GET MAJOR
REEVES ON THIS.
I WANT 9180 BROUGHT
IN...*DEAD OR ALIVE!*

Shiavelli will take no chances with the capture of subject 9180. With Project "Ultimate Assassin" (codename Melanin Man) nearing completion, this was no time for potentially "compromising situations" to surface. Major Reeves is the commander of UNIT 9; a team of specially trained mercenary killers who contract their services to the highest bidder. Shiavelli realizes that the tracking device inserted at the base of 9180's spinal column may soon be rendered inoperable as a result of "Activation" of the GODSEED bio-gen matrix solution. Time is of the essence.

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Chapter 1



Atlanta: Another day of survival on the streets for the man who knows himself only by the name given to him in captivity; John Henry. There will be ample time to sort out who he is later. Now he must learn as much as he can about the "real world" if he is to survive here. A daily trip to the newstand is a must...so much to learn. One thing's for certain, he will need much more than the joy of his newfound freedom to make it. Money is a necessity and his lack thereof has got the usually laid back newsstand owner, Mr. Gilmore, in a tizzy this morning. Mr. Givens tirade does'nt last long as he promptly gets his brains splattered all over

today's edition of the Atlanta Journal by a bullet meant for John. A team of assassins dispatched by BIO-TEKKK to retrieve their precious "experiment" has found John and is firing without care into a crowded area in order to wound John before attempting to capture him. John takes off and his enhanced reflexes enable him to escape but the bystanders nearby are not so lucky and many are mowed down by the bullets meant for John. As John seeks refuge in an abandoned building from the flurry of frenetic gunfire, he realizes that he will never have peace living on the run. With that realization comes the decision to fight for his newfound freedom. He lays in wait for his pursuers and when they enter the building he makes short work of them. The fight takes him back outside where the driver, Jeremy Fuller, is calling in for help to subdue John. Witnessing John stomp the shit out of his associates causes Jeremy to fly into a fit of rage. Disregarding orders to wait for backup, Jeremy decides to run down John in the alley with his car. John, now reveling in the nanite-enhanced adrenaline rush coursing through his body, makes no attempt to flee. In fact, he lunges toward the speeding vehicle that intends to plow him into a pile of rotting roadkill.

Just before the point of impact John PRECISELY executes a flip over the roof of the car and grabs a hold of the roof. Before Jeremy can gather his wits and get a shot off towards the roof, John crashes his fist through the window and knocks out Jeremy. Cut to the office of Antonio Shiavelli where a messenger informs him of the demise of the team sent to bring back John. Upon hearing this Shiavelli decides to have UNIT 9 (a team of mercs) be utilized to recapture John or kill him if necessary.

So thus began the saga of TRIBAL SCIENCE on the web. You can view more on the web by visiting www.tribalscience.org

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