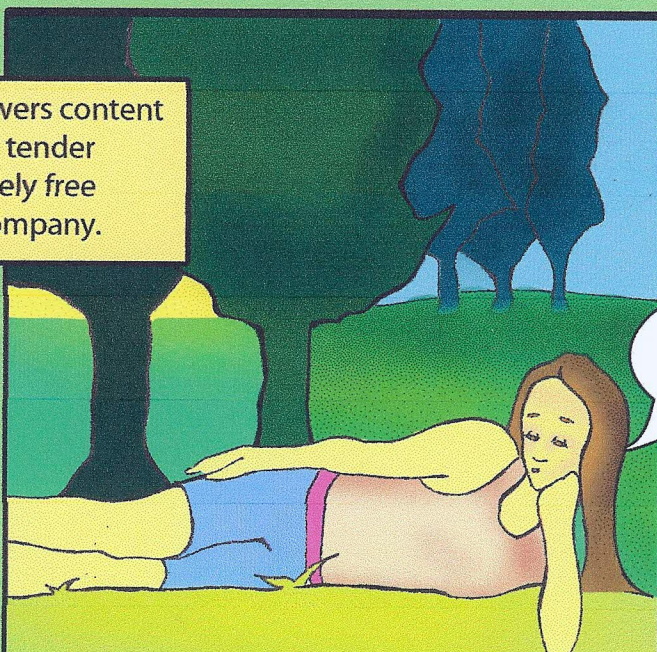


Mother and daughter pick flowers content
Upon a hillside. A place where tender
Joy and gratitude are completely free
To enjoy each other's sweet company.



Baby, stay where
I can see you.

From the black woods, a deep terror bellows
From a dying monster brought back to life;
Echoes through the forest caution mother
To grab her daughter in defensive. CLUMP!

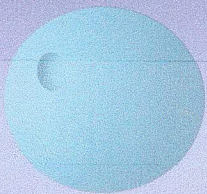
Wait a second,
baby...

UGH!

CLUMP! Something lumbers through the thick of trees.
Her frozen mouth agape, mother screams slow
While daughter clutches her chest in terror!

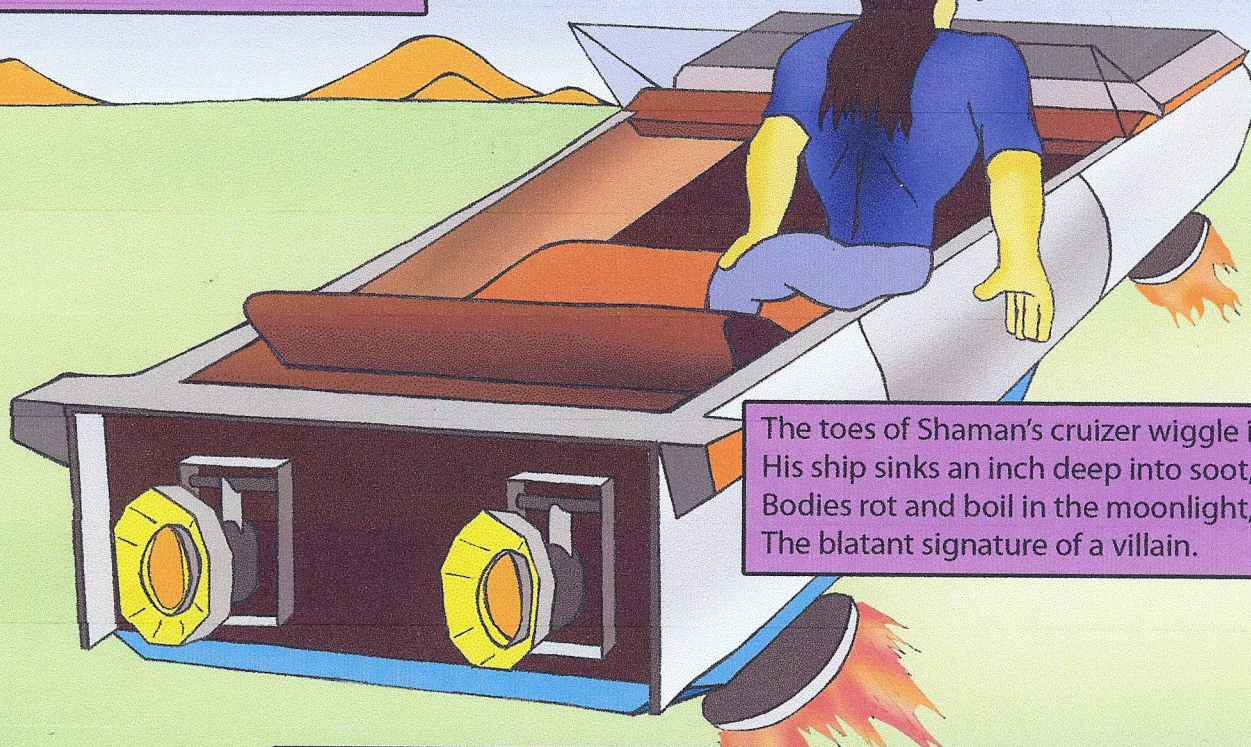
Look Away!
Look Away!

MOMENTS LATER...



Desolation written everywhere.

What the..?

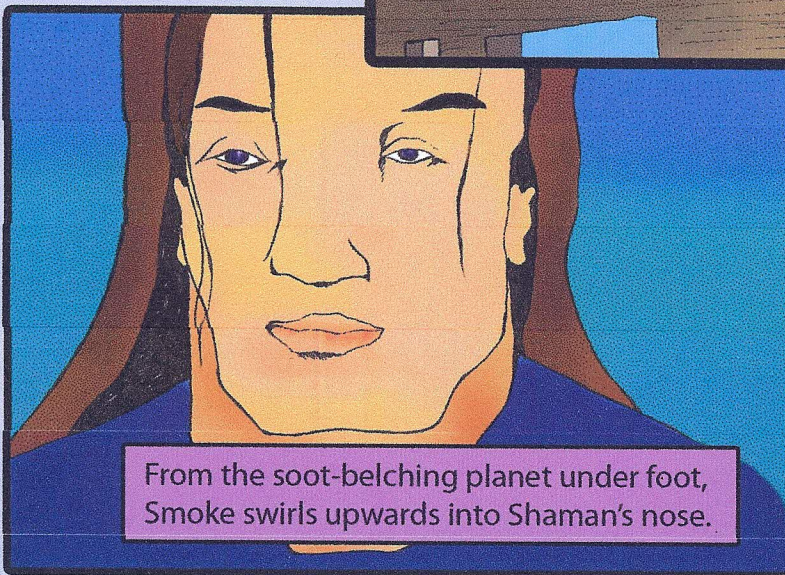


The toes of Shaman's cruiser wiggle in.
His ship sinks an inch deep into soot, where
Bodies rot and boil in the moonlight,
The blatant signature of a villain.

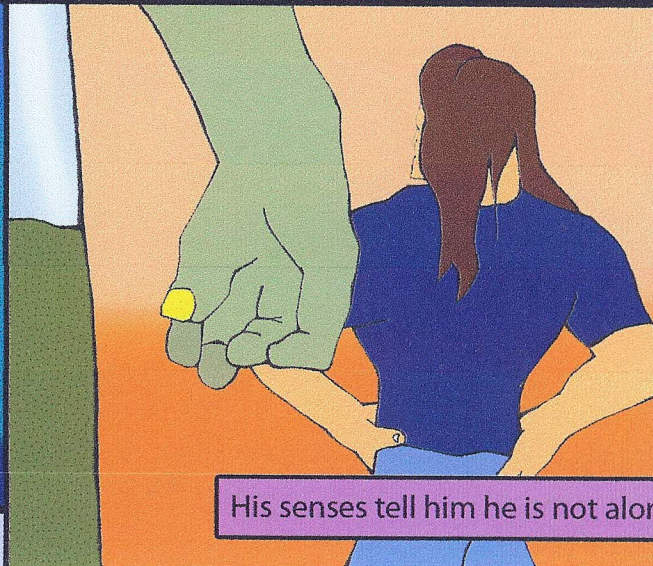
A bud, in an attempt to open, sees
Insufficient reward in Life's struggle.
It quits and shrivels before its sad time.
The once living planet, burnt down and howls,
Burps charcoal-burning breath into the air.



From the soot-belching planet under foot,
Smoke swirls upwards into Shaman's nose.

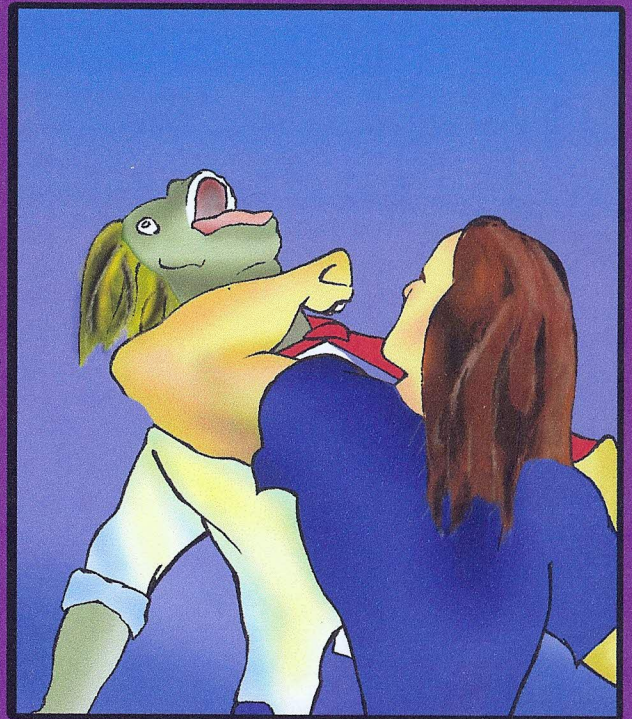


His senses tell him he is not alone.





Situational presence heightened by Fear, he feels the approach of danger, like a Rolling spear, and then...monstrous jaws snap! Although he is caught off guard, its fury Shaman turns around just in time to catch.

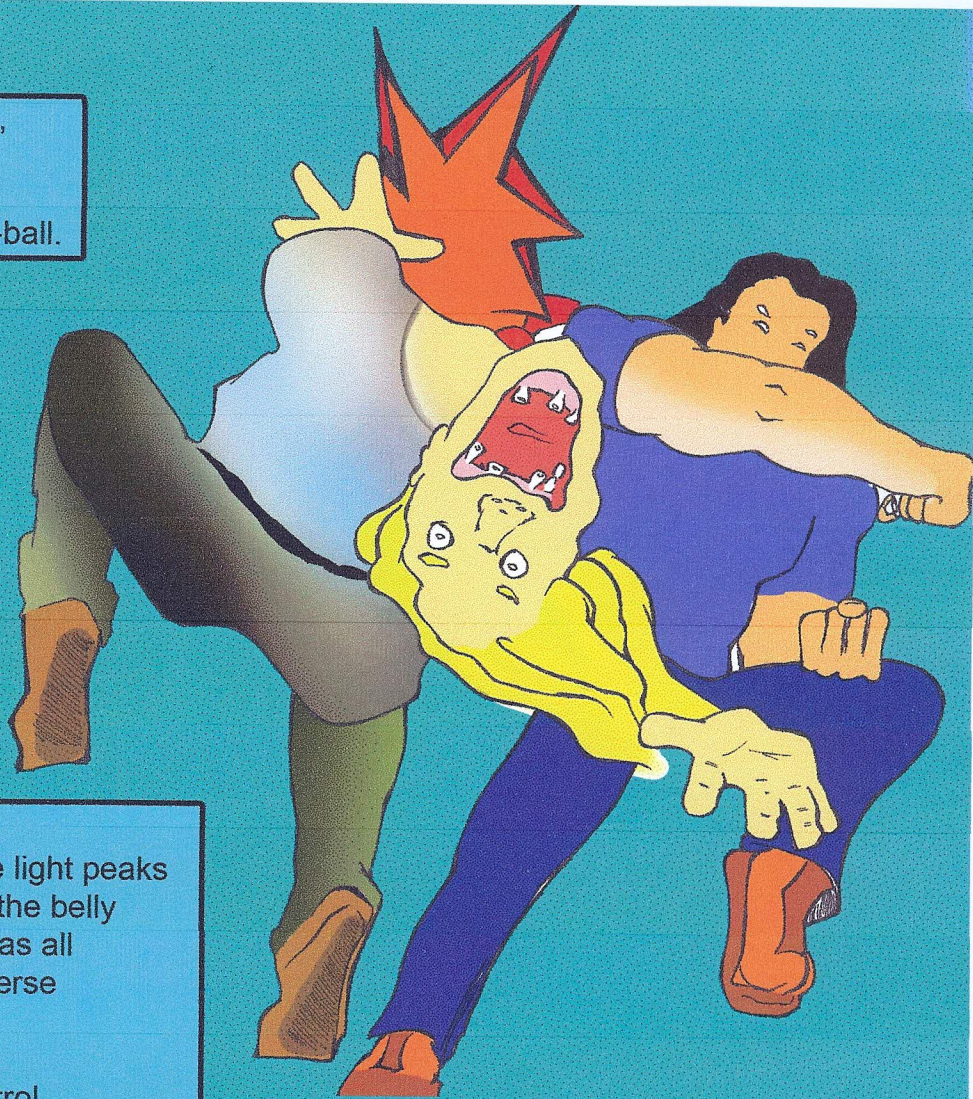


His arm packed deep into the creature's throat, Muscles bulging, Shaman inspects it close. Its disgusting glazed tongue wiggles and shines.

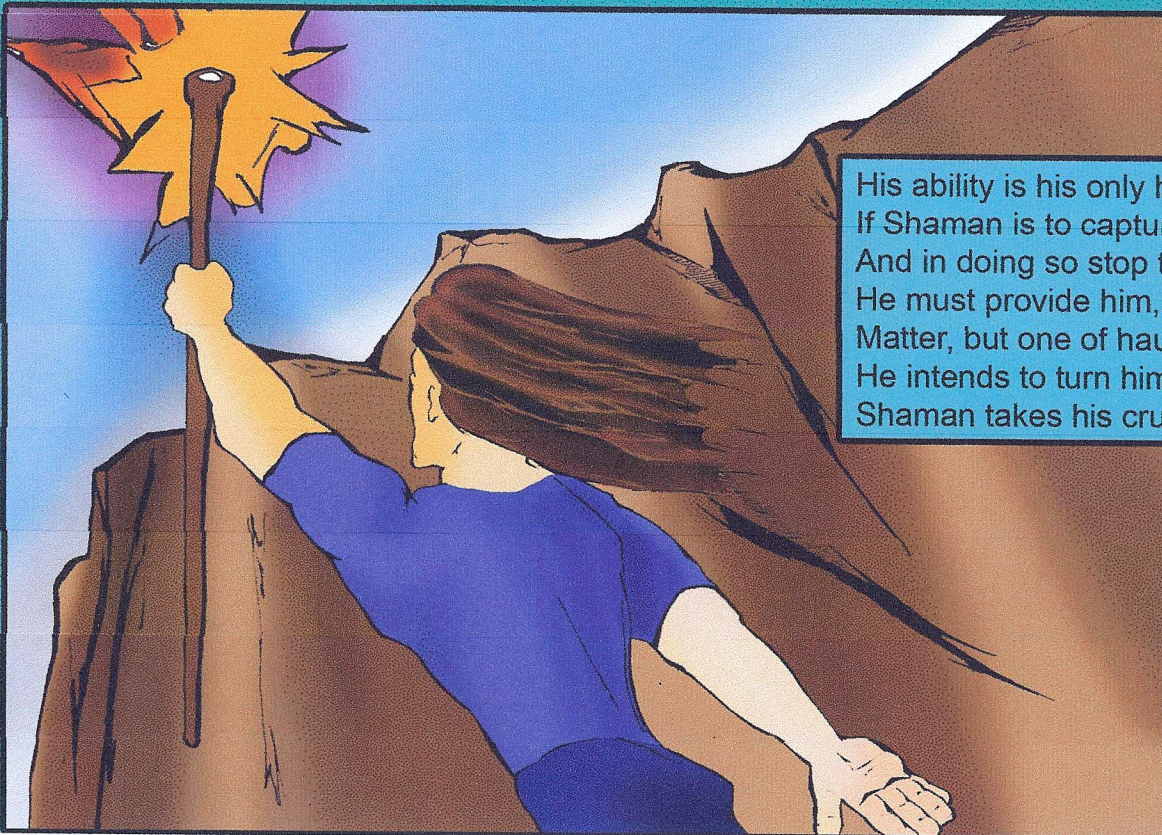
"Merc-Zero," he says cold and quiet.

Merc-Zero is his ancient nemesis
And commander of the deep-space ghost-ship,
...The Sepulture...

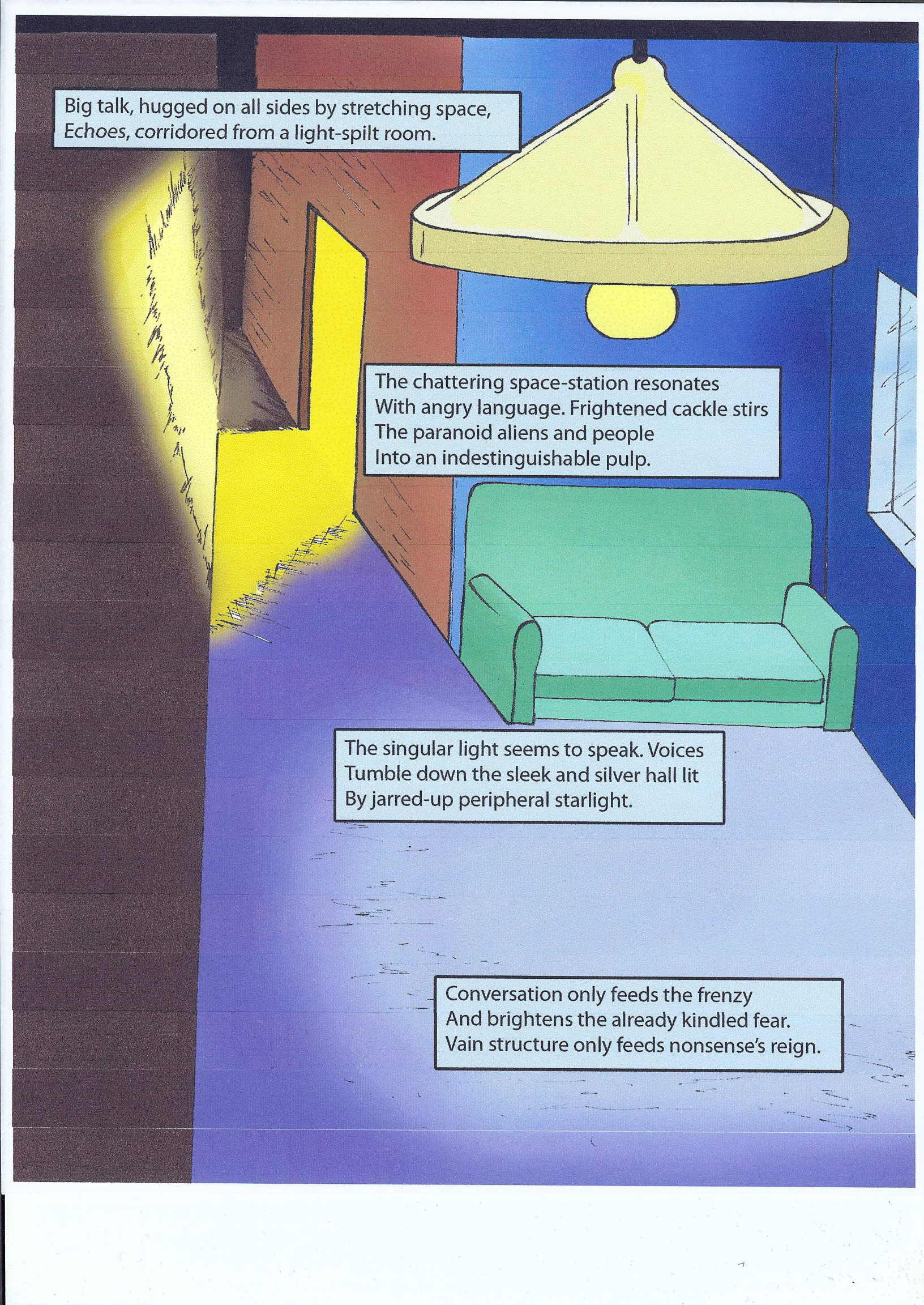
Wrenching the dirty monster full upright,
Shaman compounds
Pain and anger into a single punch.
Its soggy-head feels much like a stress-ball.



A blue-sky rippling wormhole enters
With a thunderous crash! Its strange light peaks
As Shaman's staff whistles through the belly
Of the cosmos. Gears stop winding as all
Movement produced within the universe
Halts for the imaginary powers.
The universe no longer stirs matter,
It's imagery he can change and control.



His ability is his only hope:
If Shaman is to capture Merc-Zero,
And in doing so stop the Sepulture,
He must provide him, not a body of
Matter, but one of haunting imagery.
He intends to turn him into a ghost.
Shaman takes his cruiser through the wormhole



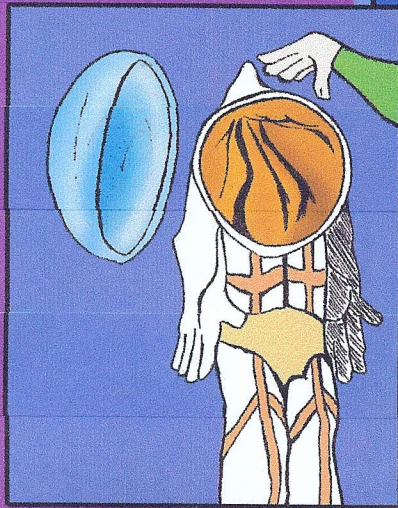
Big talk, hugged on all sides by stretching space,
Echoes, coridored from a light-spilt room.

The chattering space-station resonates
With angry language. Frightened cackle stirs
The paranoid aliens and people
Into an indistinguishable pulp.

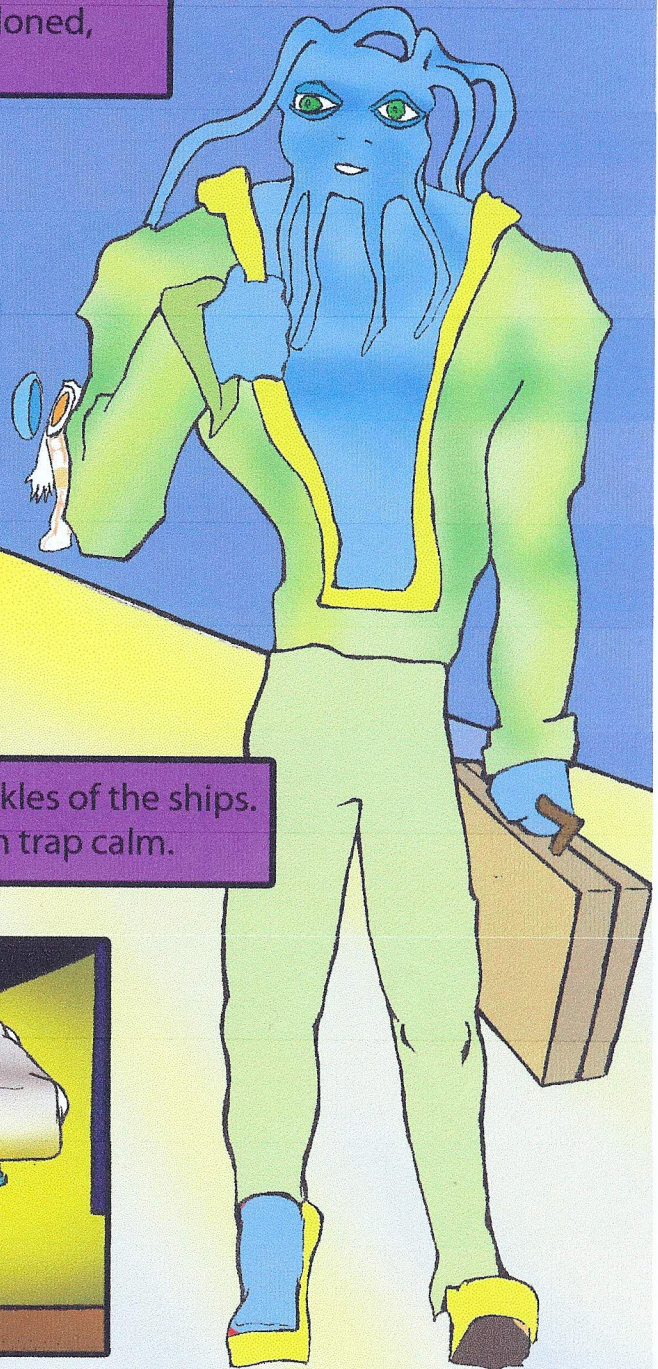
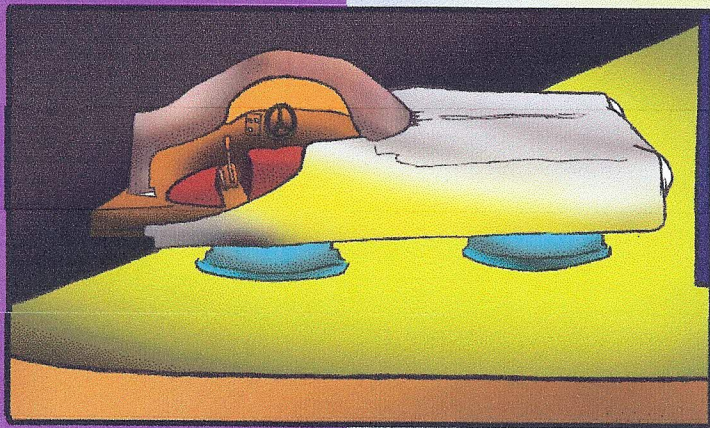
The singular light seems to speak. Voices
Tumble down the sleek and silver hall lit
By jarred-up peripheral starlight.

Conversation only feeds the frenzy
And brightens the already kindled fear.
Vain structure only feeds nonsense's reign.

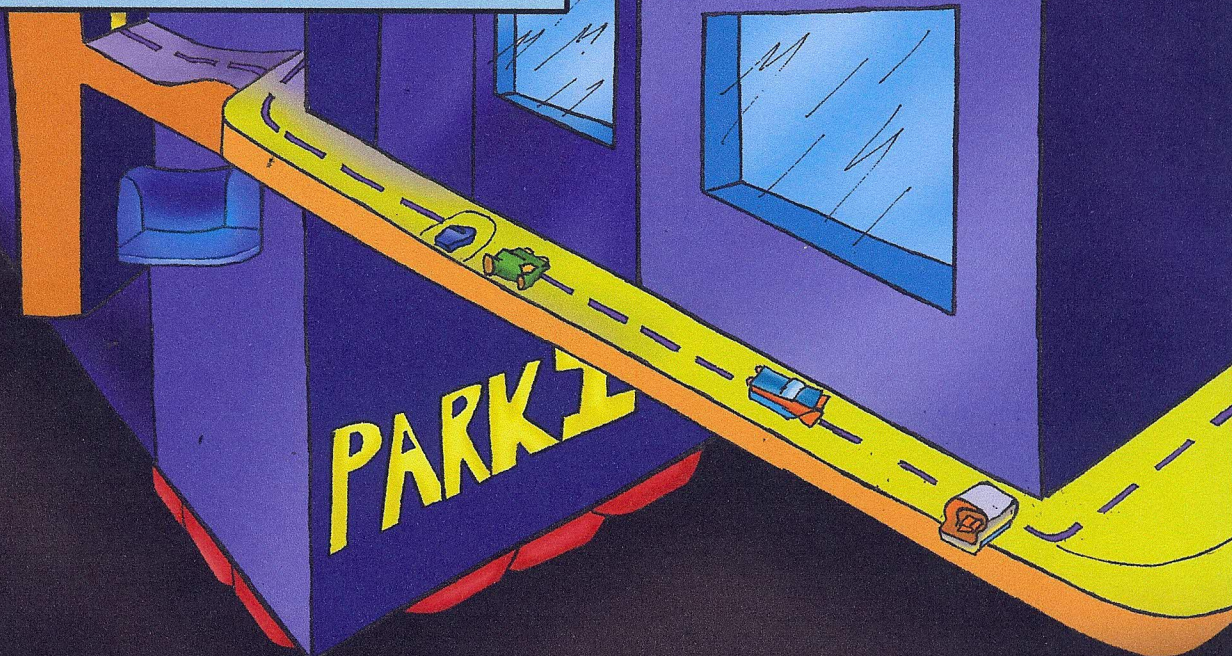
An answer seeking council has convened.
Desperation bloated dignitaries
From diverse walks of life gather and shuffle
Here, in the middle of seeming nowhere,
A dishevelled space port, long abandoned,
To discuss the issue of Merc-Zero.



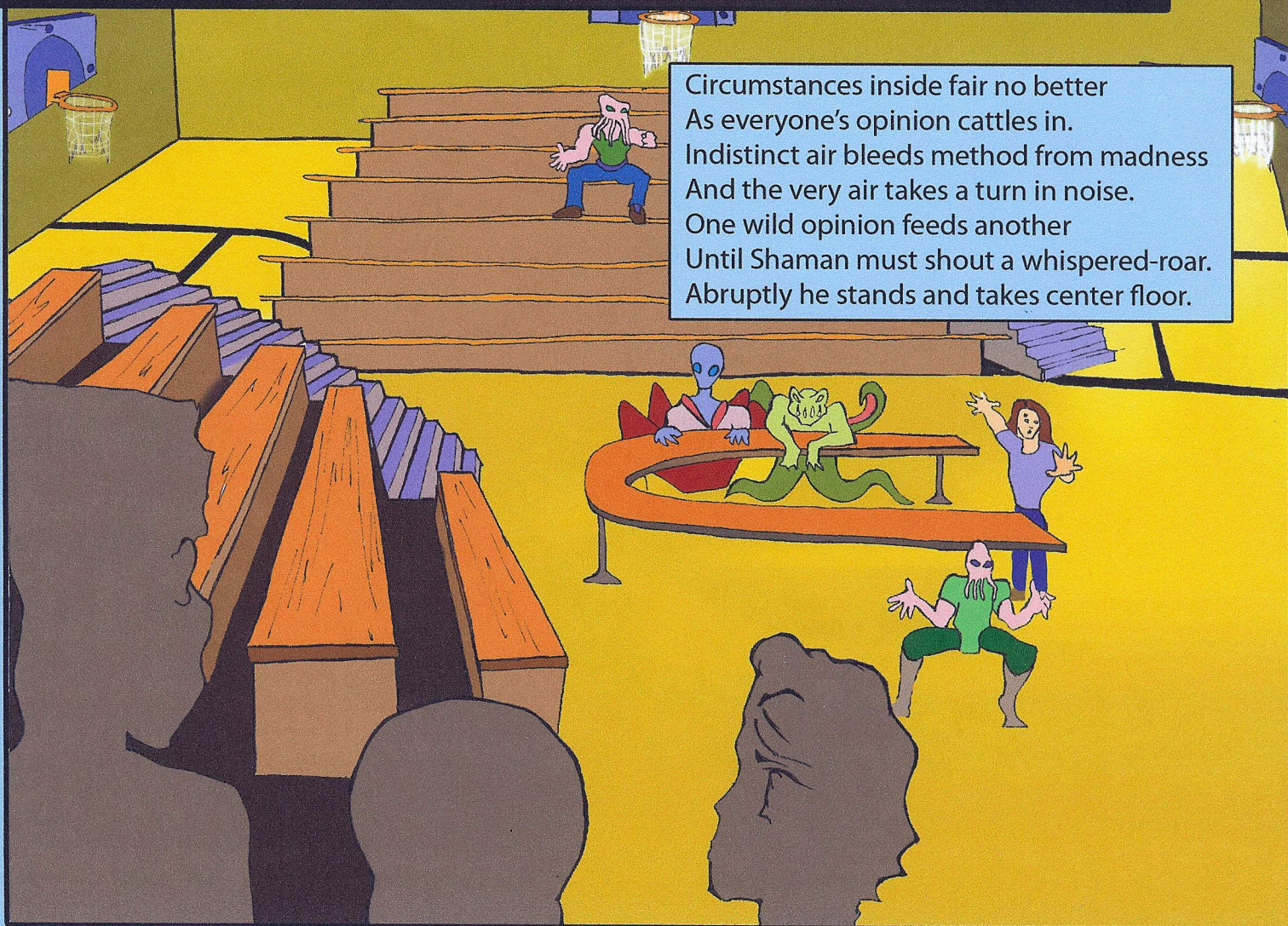
In space's forever landscape,
An exhaust toxic elixir drangons
Smoke that weaves through the knuckles of the ships.
The hanger looms in space with death trap calm.



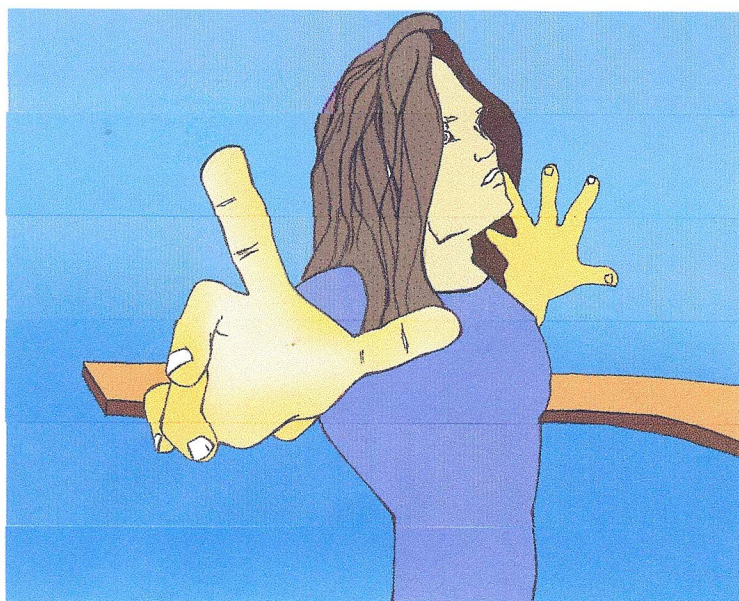
The station, in a growing state of noise,
Heaves, with weary fiction, from chest-tight pain.
It's respiratory health in question,
Like a doomed deep sea diver, life confined
With the shuttles, to the long glowing dark.



Circumstances inside fair no better
As everyone's opinion cattles in.
Indistinct air bleeds method from madness
And the very air takes a turn in noise.
One wild opinion feeds another
Until Shaman must shout a whispered-roar.
Abruptly he stands and takes center floor.



Only when the din settles does Shaman
Settle in to his harrowing account...



"That zombie's preternatural power
Was fueled by energy from his ghost-ship,
The Sepulture, which holds Time powerless.
Listen! The Sepulture does not perceive
Time as anything but mere moments.
Past, present and future do not exist
Within the eyes of the wicked vessel,
As if the ship is the number zero
On a timeline. Therefore the ship can
Inhabit every moment in Time at once:
Now, then, and who knows what will come later!
It pervert the sacred laws of nature
By mixing living energy with dead!"

