

NO HERO™

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO BE A SUPER HUMAN ?

A SERIALISED GRAPHIC NOVEL

ISSUE 3

 **AVATAR™**

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NO HERO™

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO BE A SUPER HUMAN ?

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GRAPHIC NOVEL

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**CHARLES KRAFT INTERVIEW
(1985)**

**PORTION REDACTED
BY LEGAL DEMAND**

YOU EVER
HEARD OF
ALEISTER
CROWLEY?

SURE.

SO ONE
TIME HE WAS
LIVING IN HIS
HOUSE IN SICILY,
WITH ALL HIS
FREAKS AND
GEEKS.

AND HE
HAD THIS
ROOM. THIS
SPECIAL
ROOM.

SO WHEN A NEW FREAK
ARRIVED TO JOIN HIS
PERSONAL FUCKING
CARNIVAL OF LOSERS,
CROWLEY'D DOSE 'EM TO
THE GILLS WITH DRUGS
AND SHUT THEM IN THIS
SPECIAL ROOM.

LA CHAMBRE
DES CAUCHEMARS,
HE CALLED IT. THE
ROOM OF
NIGHTMARES.

SEE, HE'D PAINTED
THE ROOM WITH ALL
THE SICK SHIT HE
COULD THINK OF, AND
THAT'S SOMETHING
HE HAD SOME
PRACTISE AT.

DOSE
SOMEONE AND
LOCK THEM IN A
ROOM LIKE THAT,
YOU GUARANTEE
THEM A REALLY BAD
TRIP. REALLY
BAD.

THE THING...
THE THING IS,
FX7 NEEDS A
BUNCH OF STRESS
CHEMICALS TO
REALLY KICK
OFF.

CARRICK
TRIED ALL KINDS
OF THINGS, BACK
AT THE START, TO
GET IT TO WORK
RIGHT.

BUT
NOTHING
WORKED BETTER
THAN THE ROOM
OF NIGHTMARES
HE MADE.

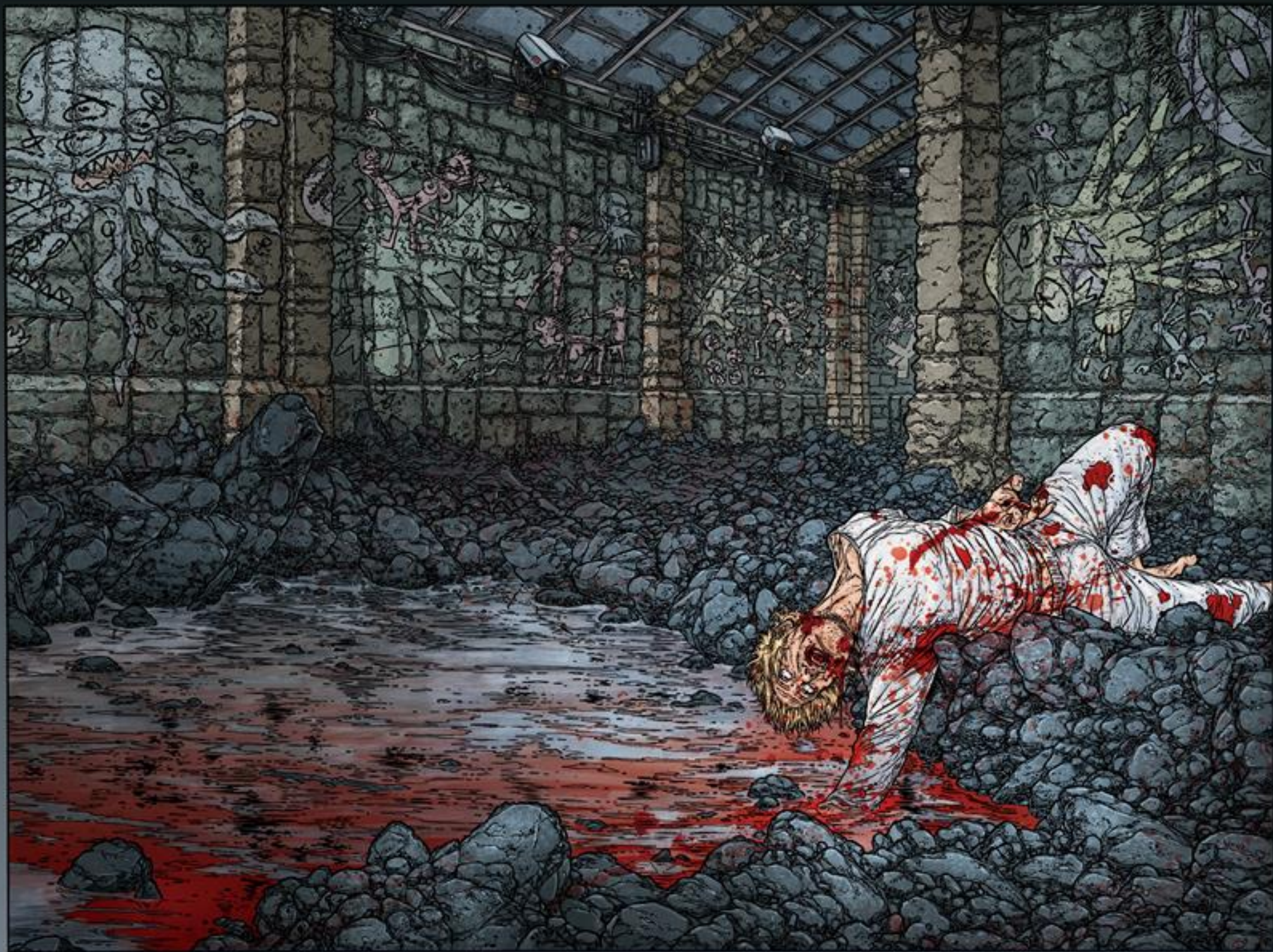
YOU CAN
HALLUCINATE
FOR HOURS ON
FX7.

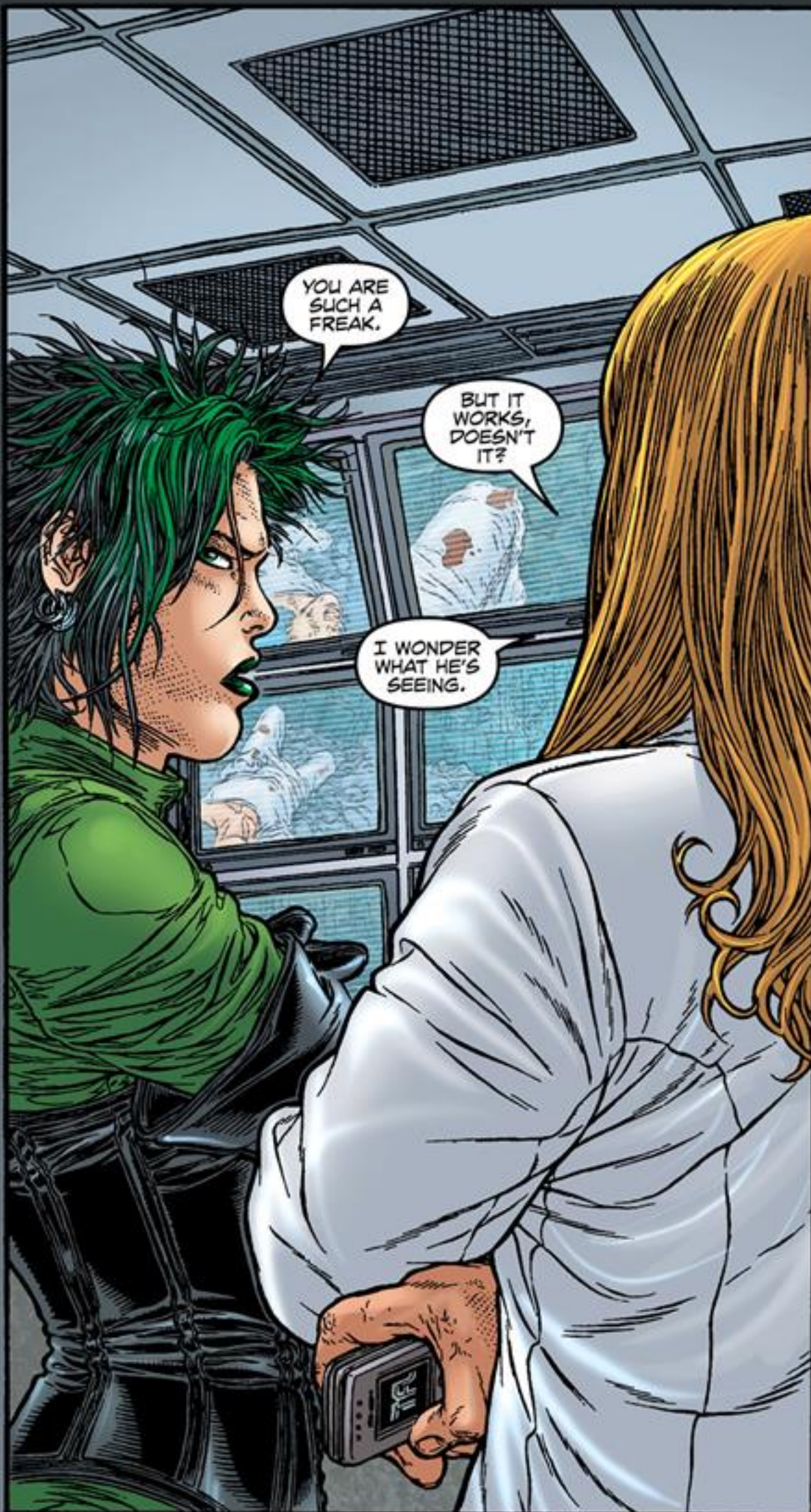
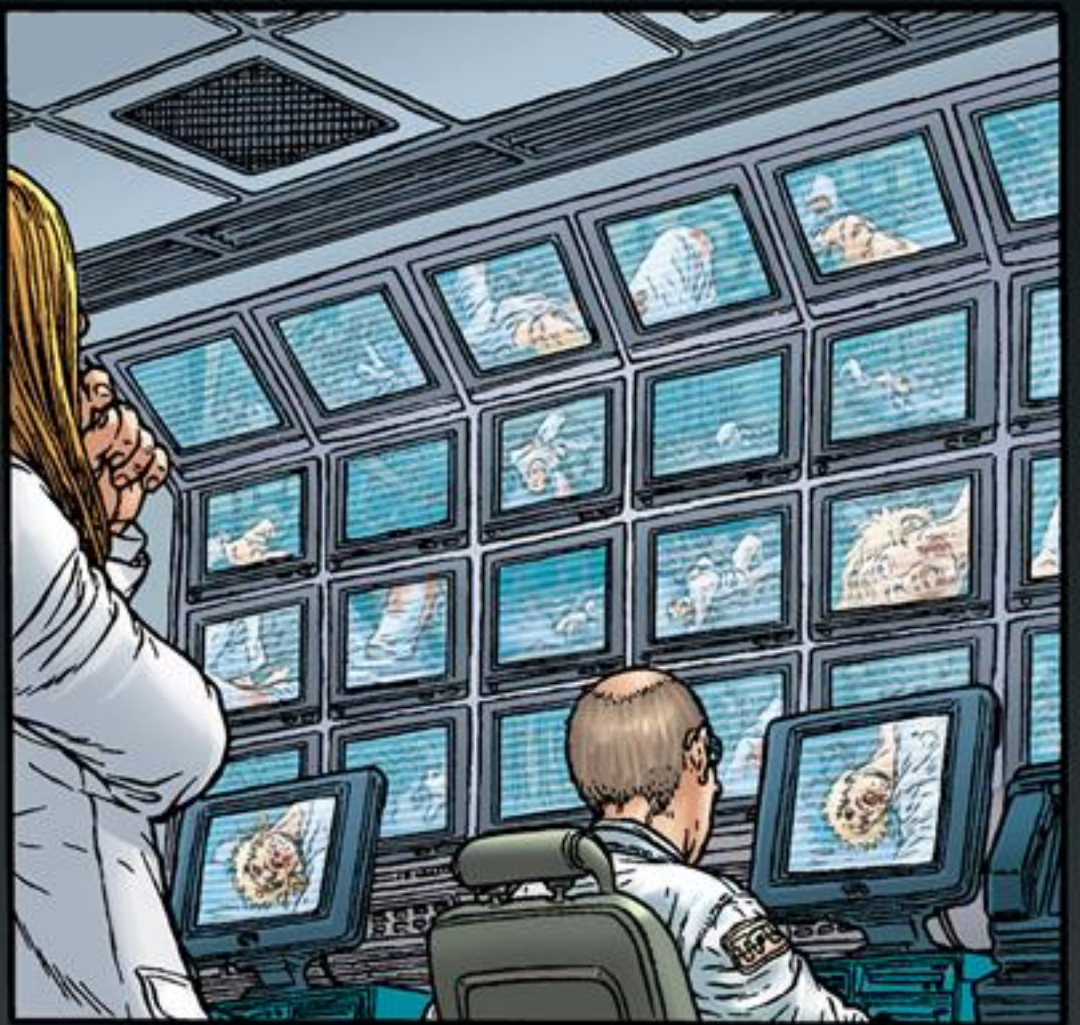
AND
EVERYTHING
FEELS REAL.
EVERYTHING.











YOU ARE SUCH A FREAK.

BUT IT WORKS, DOESN'T IT?

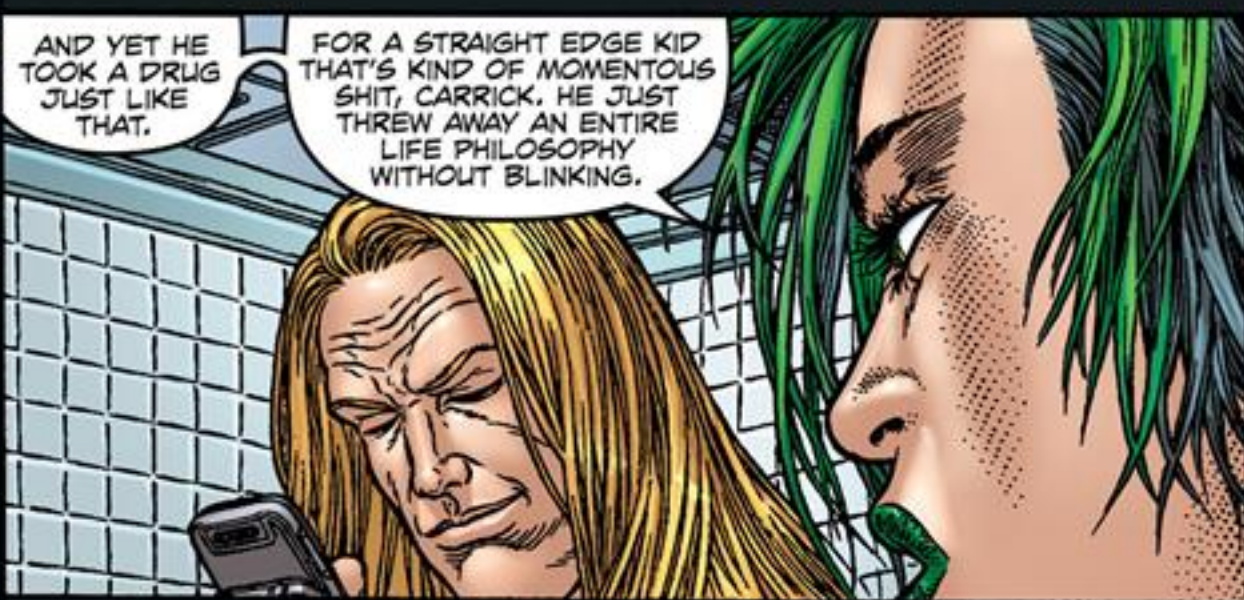
I WONDER WHAT HE'S SEEING.



NONE OF YOU EVER TALK ABOUT WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE FX7 TAKES HOLD DOWN THERE IN MY SPECIAL LITTLE ROOMS.

I DON'T REMEMBER, THANK GOD. PTSD IS OBVIOUSLY MY FRIEND.

CARRICK, YOU MADE A MISTAKE WITH THIS KID. GIVE HIM, I DUNNO, A LETHAL INJECTION BEFORE THE CHANGE GOES TOO FAR OR SOMETHING.





WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

THIS IS YOUR HOME.

JESUS, NOT YOU TOO. I'M GOING HOME, MARSH. THAT KID IS FUCKED, BY THE WAY, BUT I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO LISTEN EITH--



GOD. NO. MY HOME IS AN APARTMENT ON NOB HILL WITH A WARM BOY IN ITS BED.

YOU'RE WELL AWARE THAT WE PREFER YOU TO TAKE OFF FROM THE ROOF OR A BALCONY.

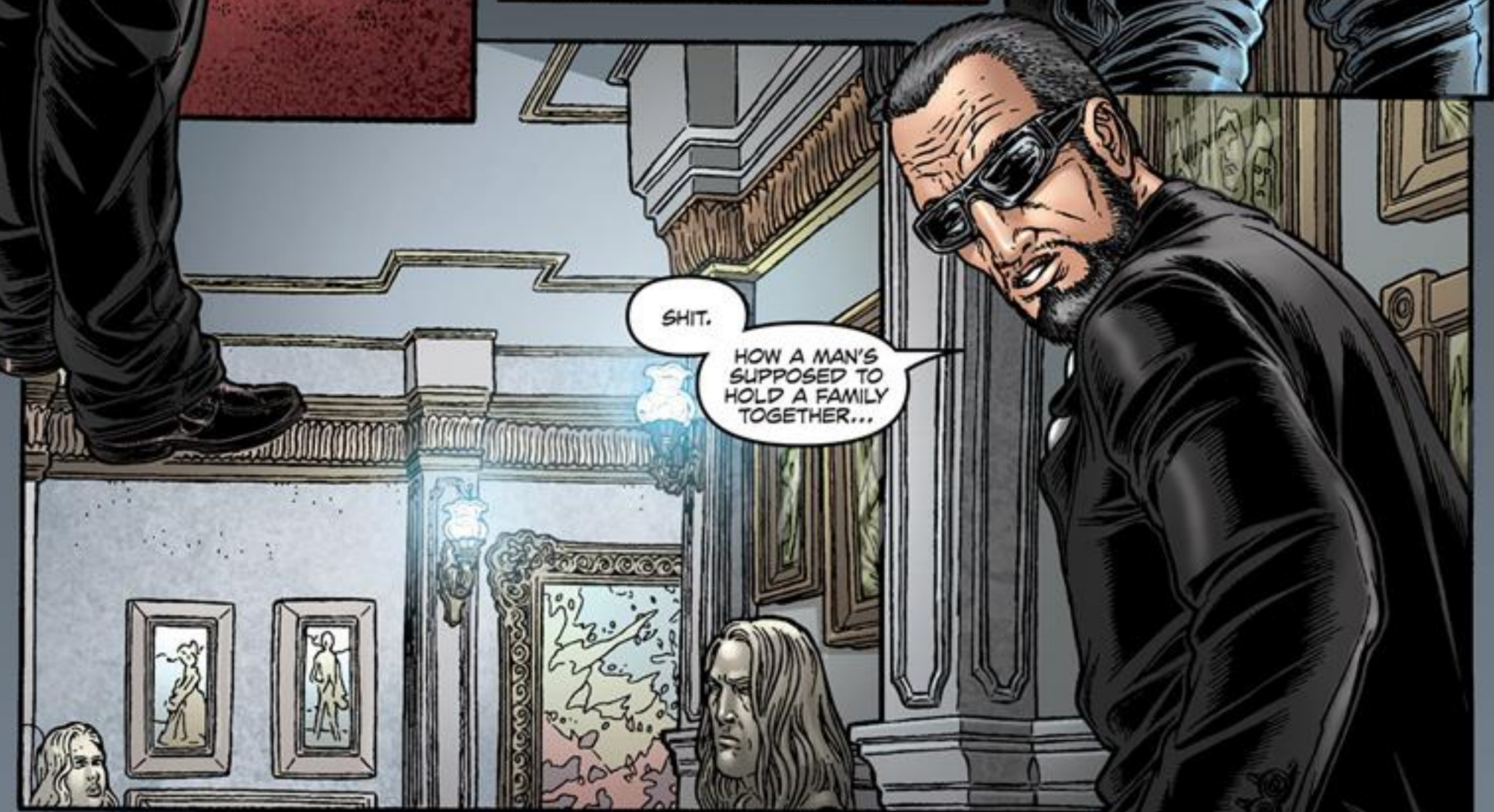
I'M TOO HUNGRY TO FLY. DRIVING HOME. I PARKED AROUND THE BLOCK.



WHAT IN HELL FOR? WE HAVE PERFECTLY GOOD PARKING FACILITIES--

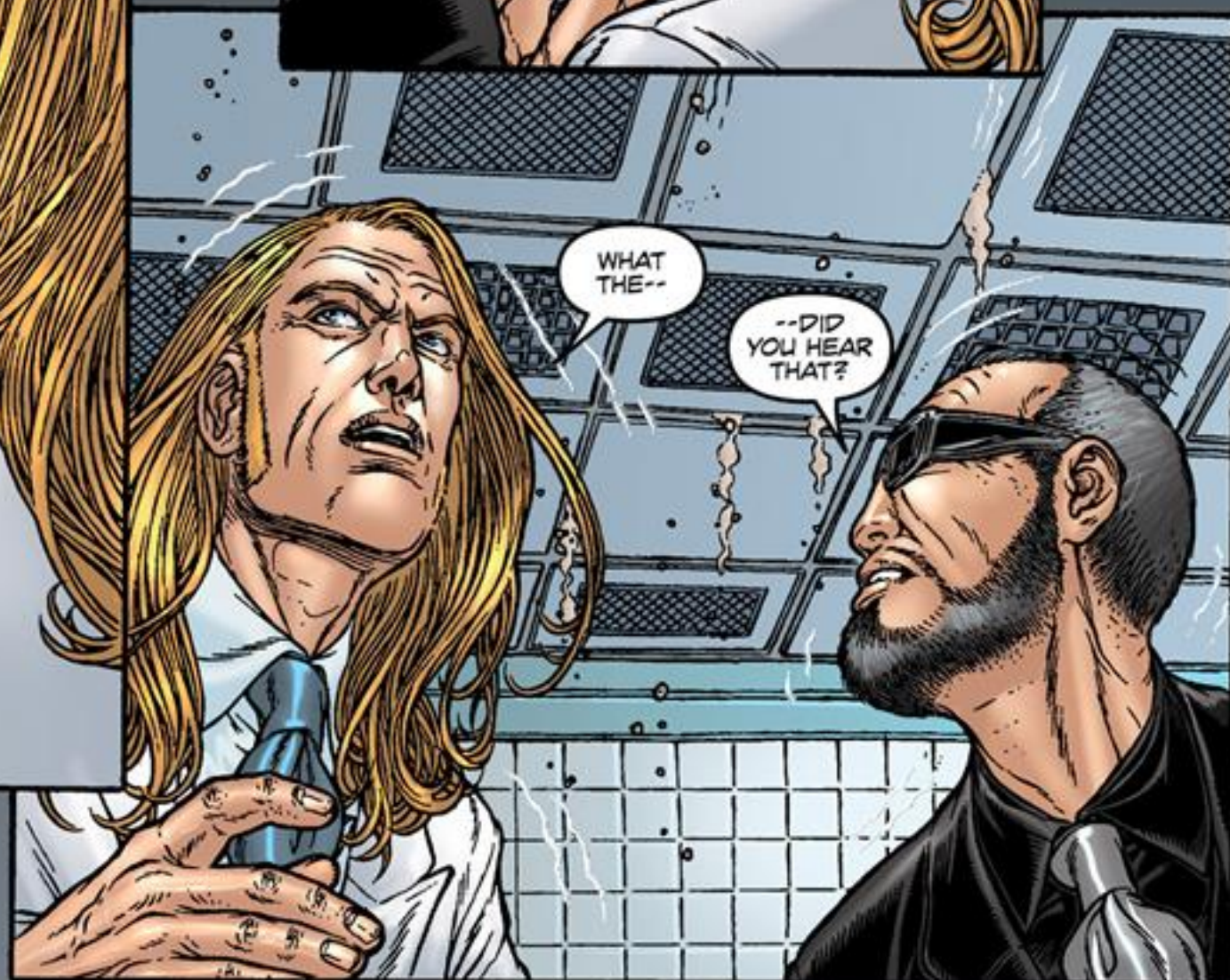
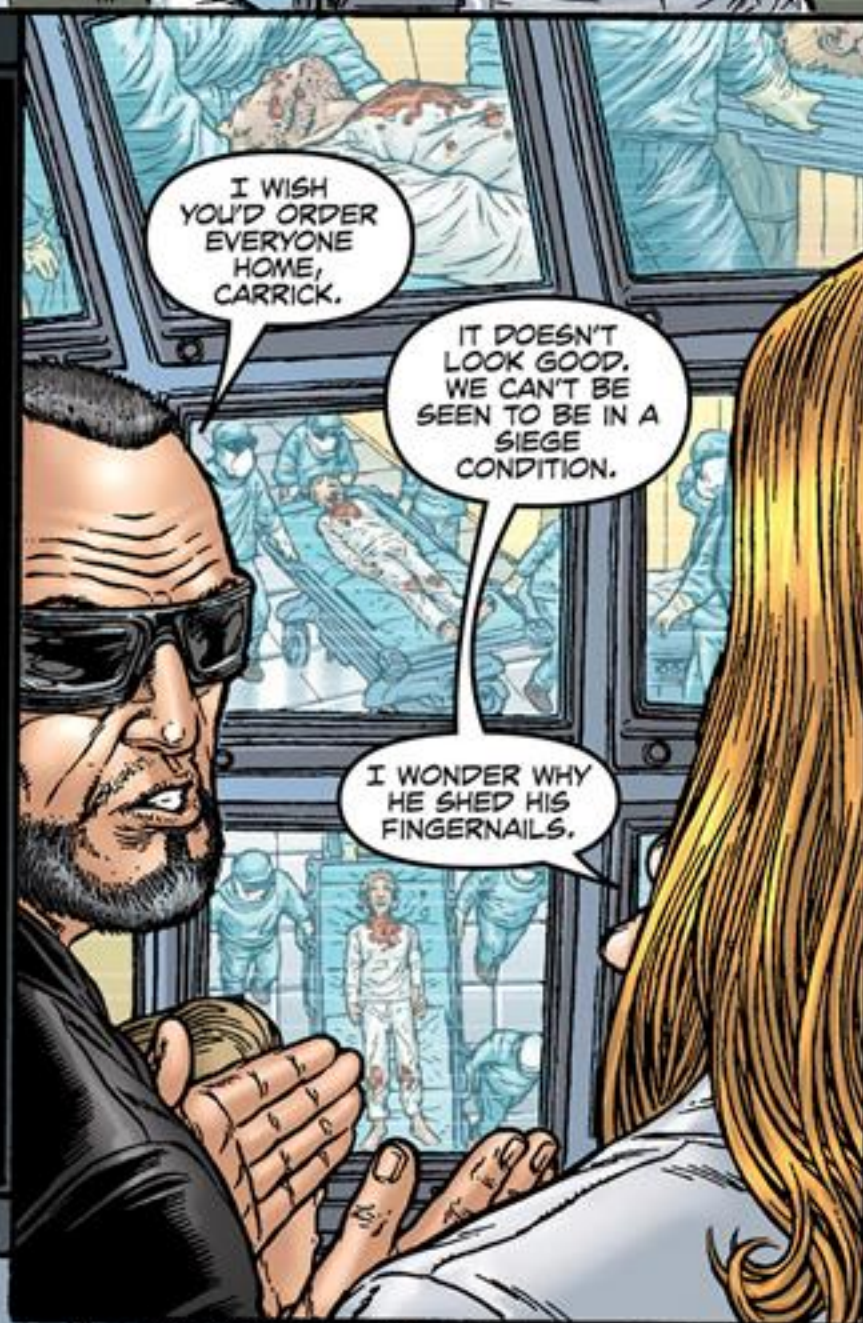
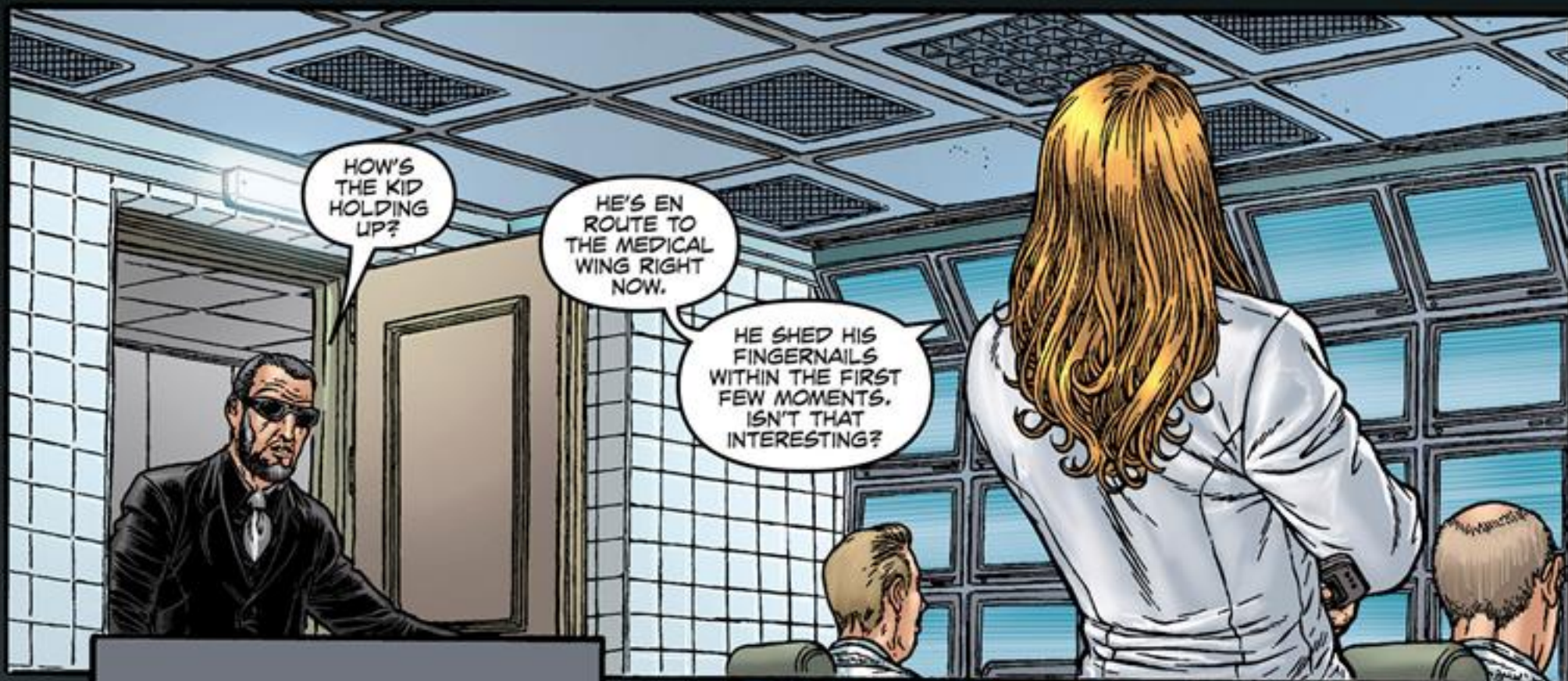
AND I HAVE TO SIGN EIGHT FORMS TO GET A FUCKING IBUPROFEN. SO I PARKED AROUND THE BLOCK TO HIT THE DRUGSTORE FIRST.

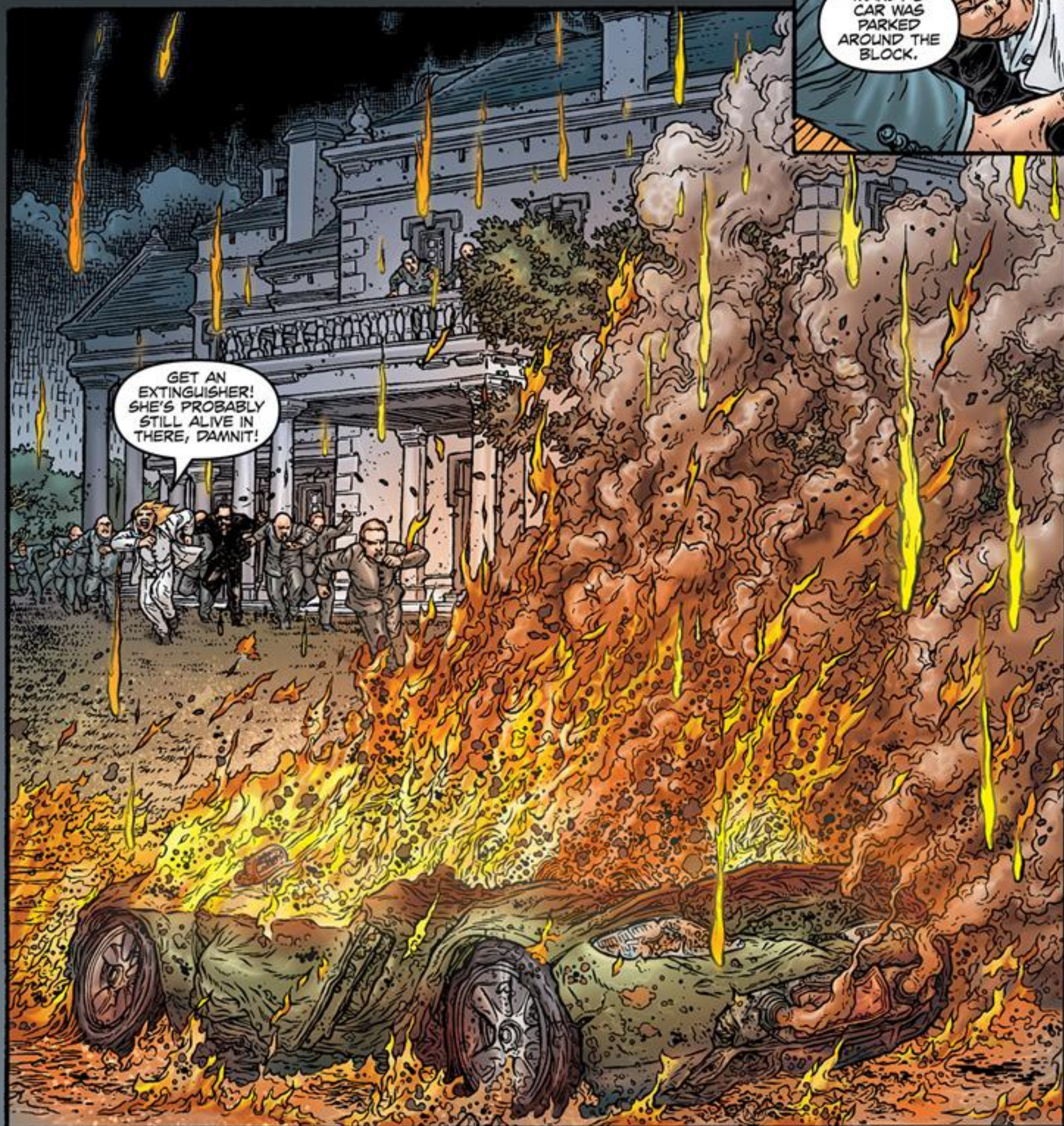
GOOD NIGHT, MARSH. GOOD MORNING. WHATEVER.



SHIT.

HOW A MAN'S SUPPOSED TO HOLD A FAMILY TOGETHER...







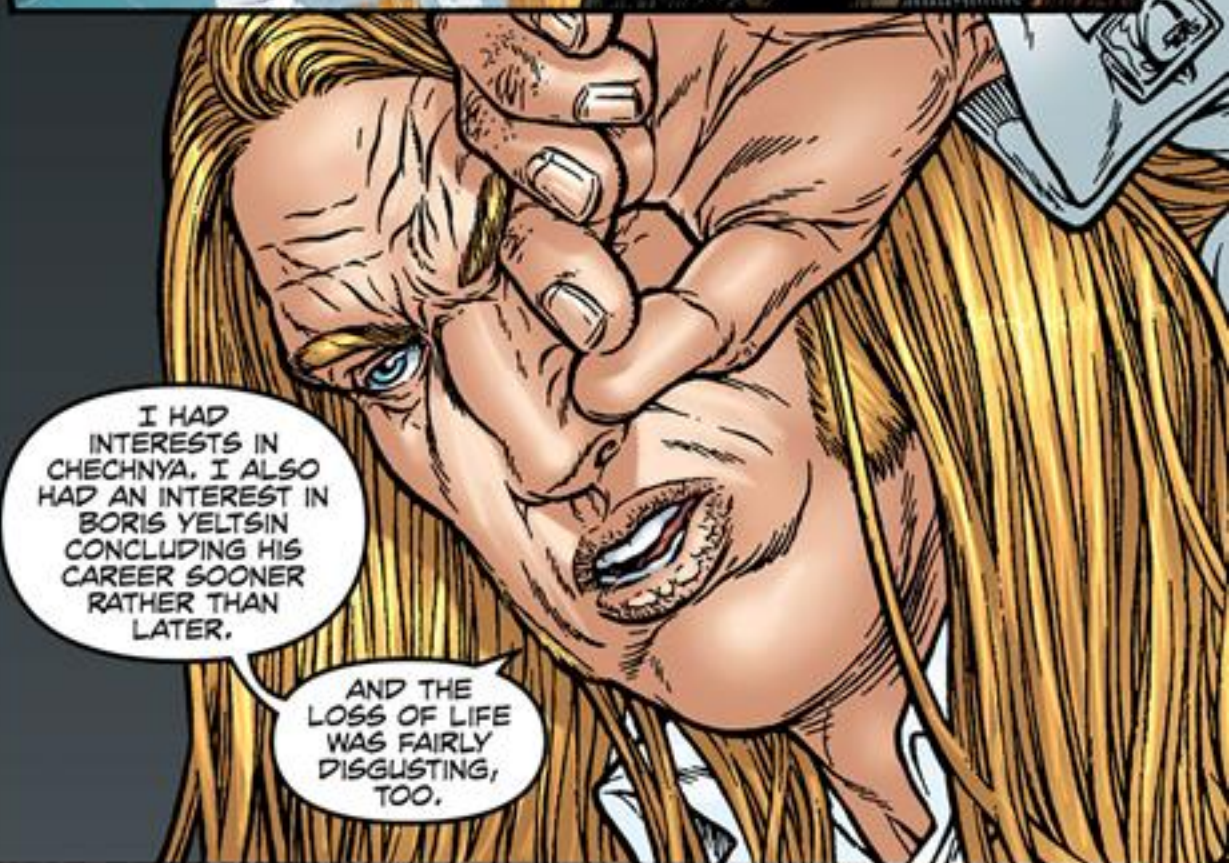


DISGEL,
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN.



NEVER
HEARD OF
IT.

BEFORE
YOUR TIME,
SARA.
CHECHNYA,
IN 1995.



I HAD
INTERESTS IN
CHECHNYA. I ALSO
HAD AN INTEREST IN
BORIS YELTSIN
CONCLUDING HIS
CAREER SOONER
RATHER THAN
LATER.

AND THE
LOSS OF LIFE
WAS FAIRLY
DISGUSTING,
TOO.



I FELT IT
REQUIRED THE
ATTENDANCE OF NO
MORE THAN TWO
OF OUR MERRY
BAND.

THIS TURNED
OUT TO BE
ROUGHLY WHAT
THE RUSSIANS
WERE
EXPECTING.

AND THEY'D
PLANNED IN
ADVANCE. BAKED
US A CAKE, YOU
MIGHT SAY.



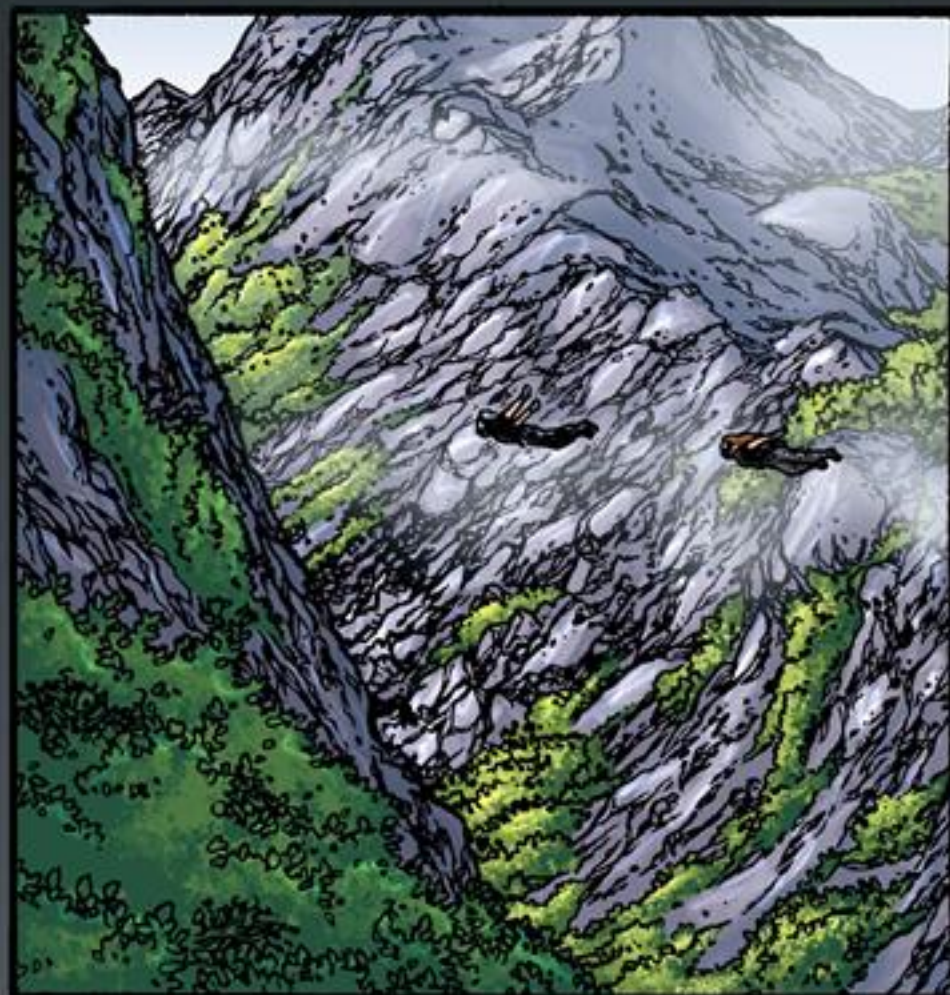
THE
IDEA WAS
SHORT STRIKES
ON THEIR AIR
CAPABILITY. LEAVE
NO EVIDENCE,
LEAVE NO-ONE
ALIVE.

I THINK
WE MUST'VE
GROWN VERY
COMPLACENT.



THIS, BY THE
WAY, IS THE EVENT
THAT CAUSED ME TO
INSIST YOU ALL
WORE NON-POROUS
UNIFORMS.

IF MANDY
HAD BEEN
BUTTONED UP, WE
MIGHT NOT BE
HAVING THIS
CONVERSATION.





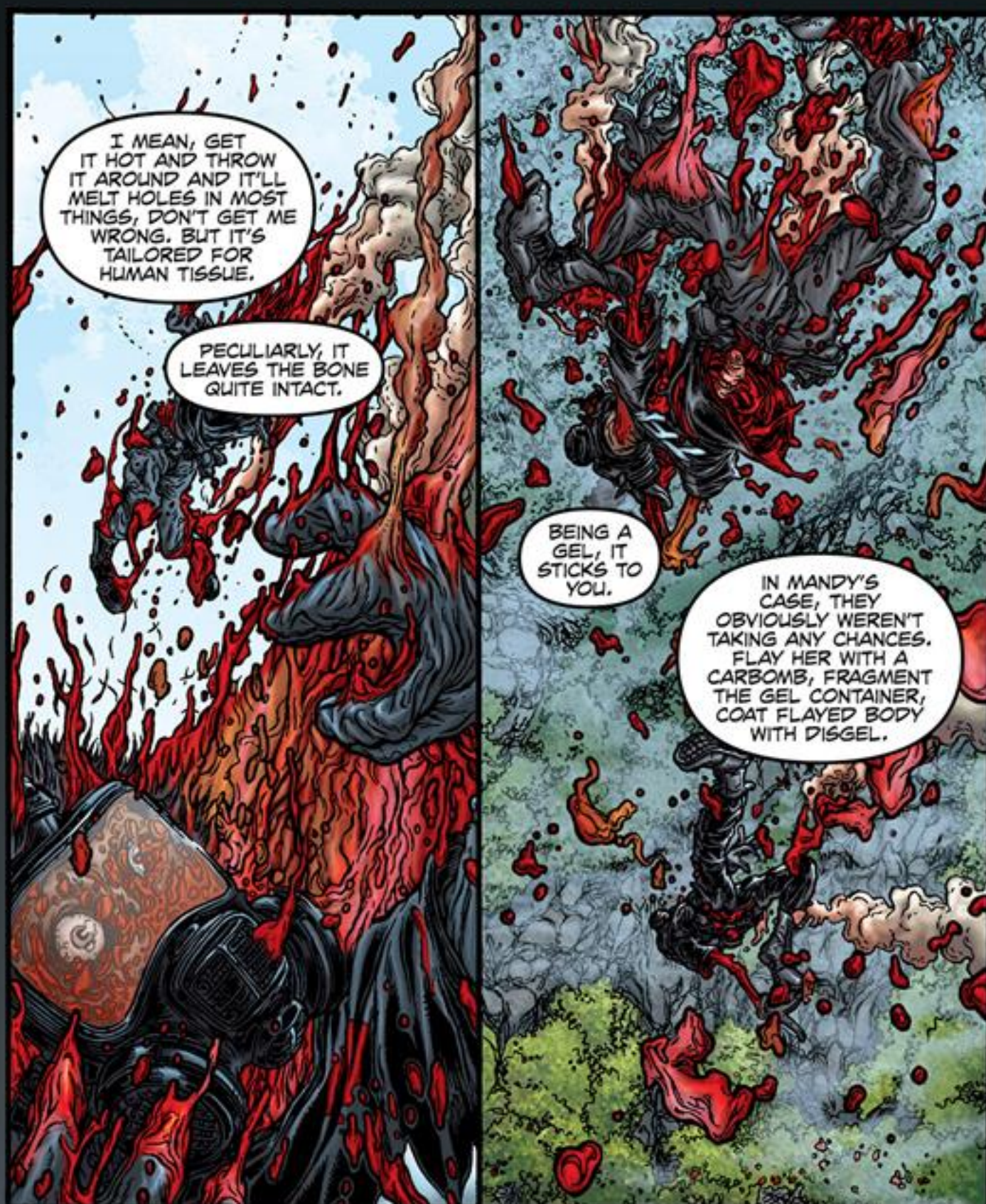
OUR STRIKE TEAM WAS SPRAYED WITH A SUBSTANCE WHOSE FIELD NAME TRANSLATED AS DISSGEL.

I IMAGINE IT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS THEY'VE NEVER USED IN CONVENTIONAL COMBAT THEATER JUST BECAUSE THEY'D RATHER PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THEY HAVE IT.



ALL IT DOES IS DISSOLVE HUMAN TISSUE. COMPLETELY. THERE'S LITTLE LEFT BUT WATER WITH SOME STUBBORN PROTEINS FLOATING IN IT.





I MEAN, GET IT HOT AND THROW IT AROUND AND IT'LL MELT HOLES IN MOST THINGS, DON'T GET ME WRONG. BUT IT'S TAILORED FOR HUMAN TISSUE.

PECULIARLY, IT LEAVES THE BONE QUITE INTACT.

BEING A GEL, IT STICKS TO YOU.

IN MANDY'S CASE, THEY OBVIOUSLY WEREN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES. FLAY HER WITH A CARBOMB, FRAGMENT THE GEL CONTAINER, COAT FLAYED BODY WITH DISGEL.



SO, IT'S THE RUSSIANS.

WELL.

AS WE NOW KNOW, JUDEX WAS TAKEN APART BY SOMEONE WITH INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF POST-FX7 PHYSIOLOGY.



THE THING IS... THE ONLY TIME THE CORPSE OF A FRONT LINER HAS BEEN OUT OF OUR HANDS FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR IS IN 1989.

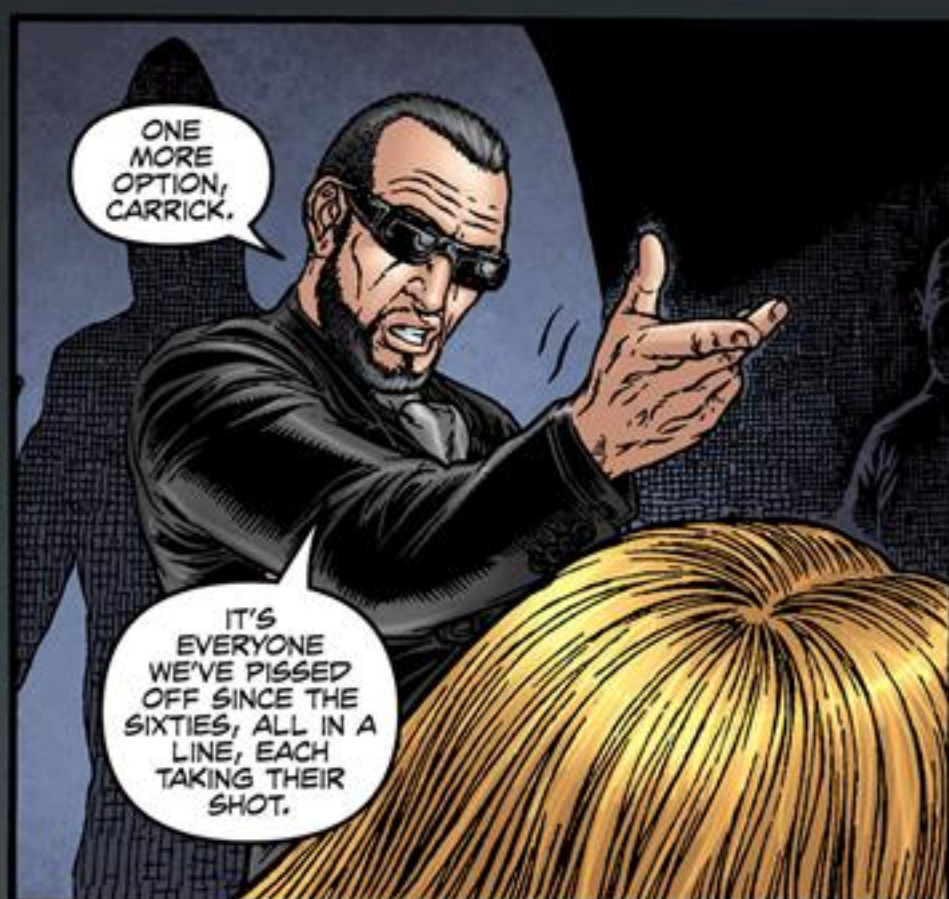
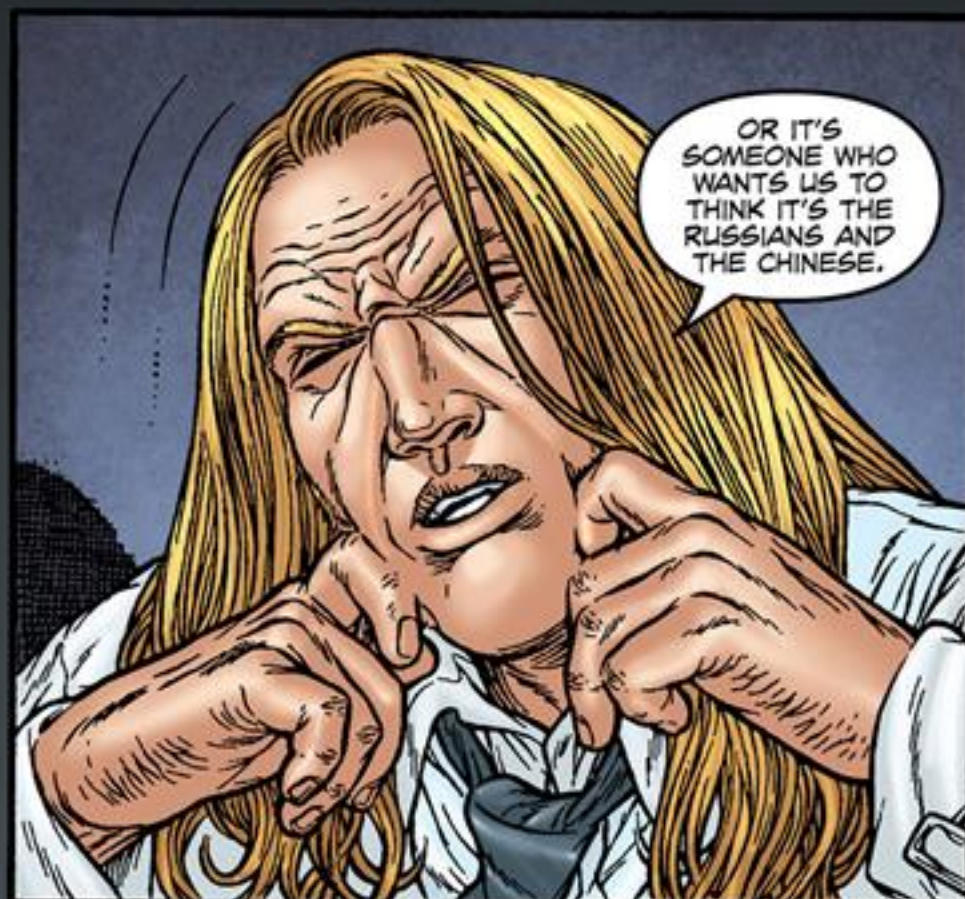
WHERE IT TOOK THE THREAT OF THE LOSS OF BEIJING TO MAKE THE CHINESE GIVE UP THE BODY OF SERGEANT Z FOLLOWING THE POST-TIANANMEN DEBACLE.

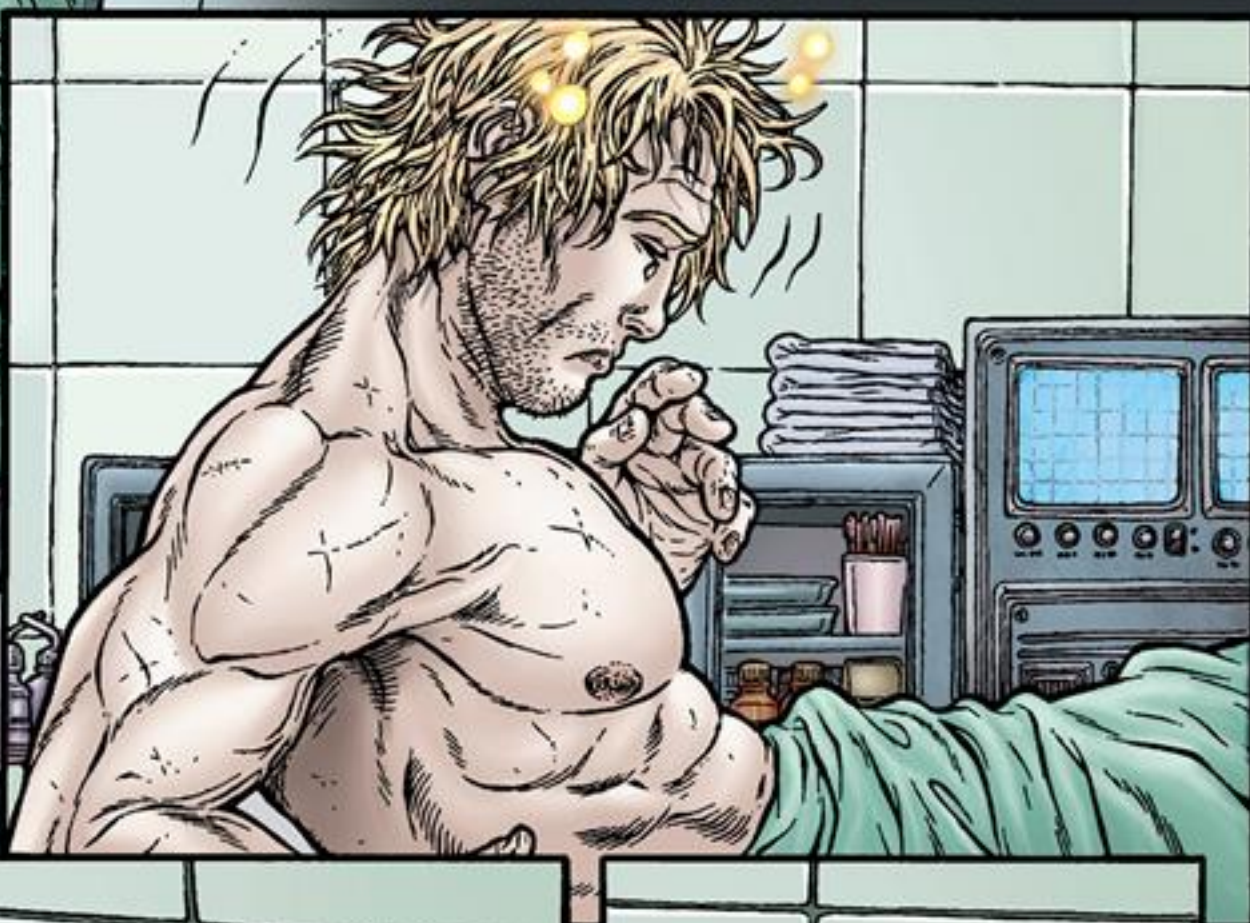


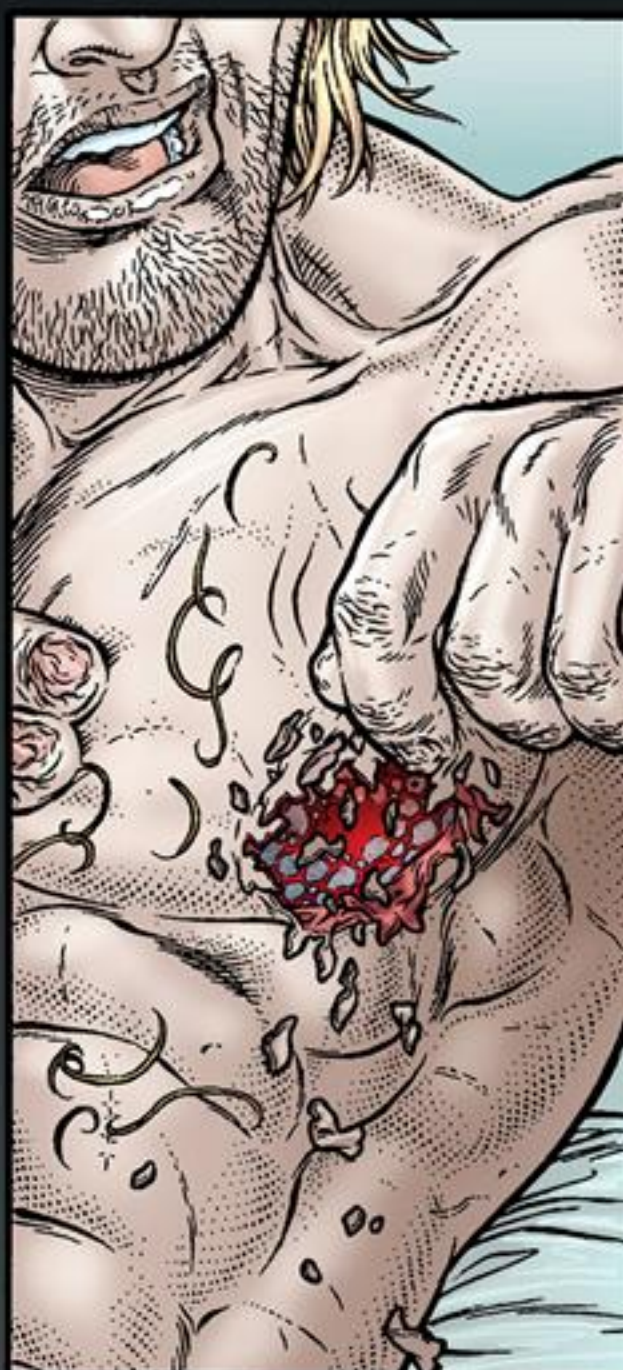
NOT OUR FINEST HOUR, CARRICK.

I BLAME THOSE GI JOE CARTOONS.

THEY QUITE CORRUPTED ME FOR A WHILE THERE.







TO BE CONTINUED