

ISSUE #26

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# FUGITIVE FACED

TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED FUTURE WARRIORS  
BATTLE EVIL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE

In this issue

# THARX

THE RUFFIAN



The Return of

# VIOLENT

# VIOLENT

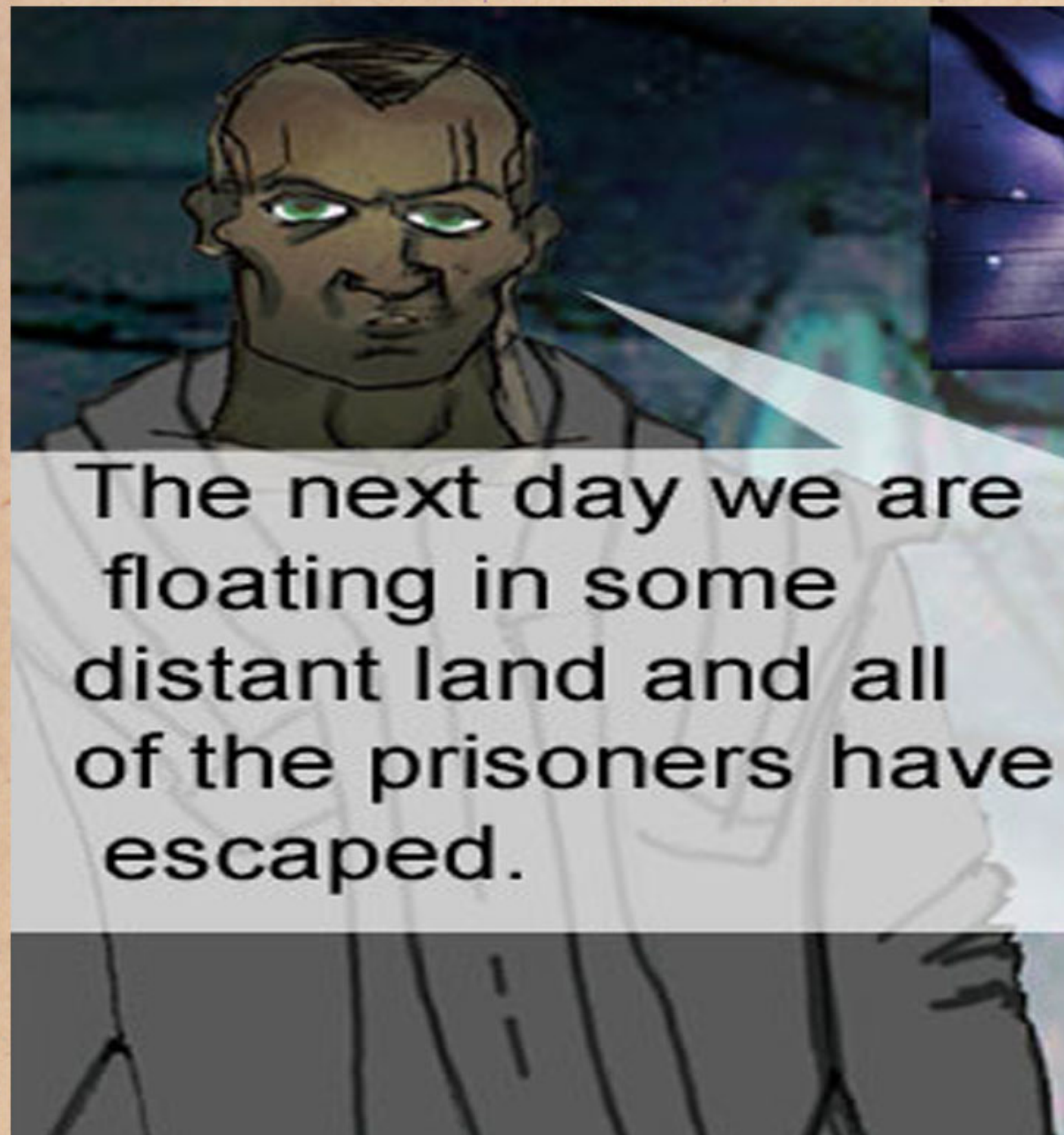
PART 1

The Sand Castle  
Wyzardlund  
Free Zone

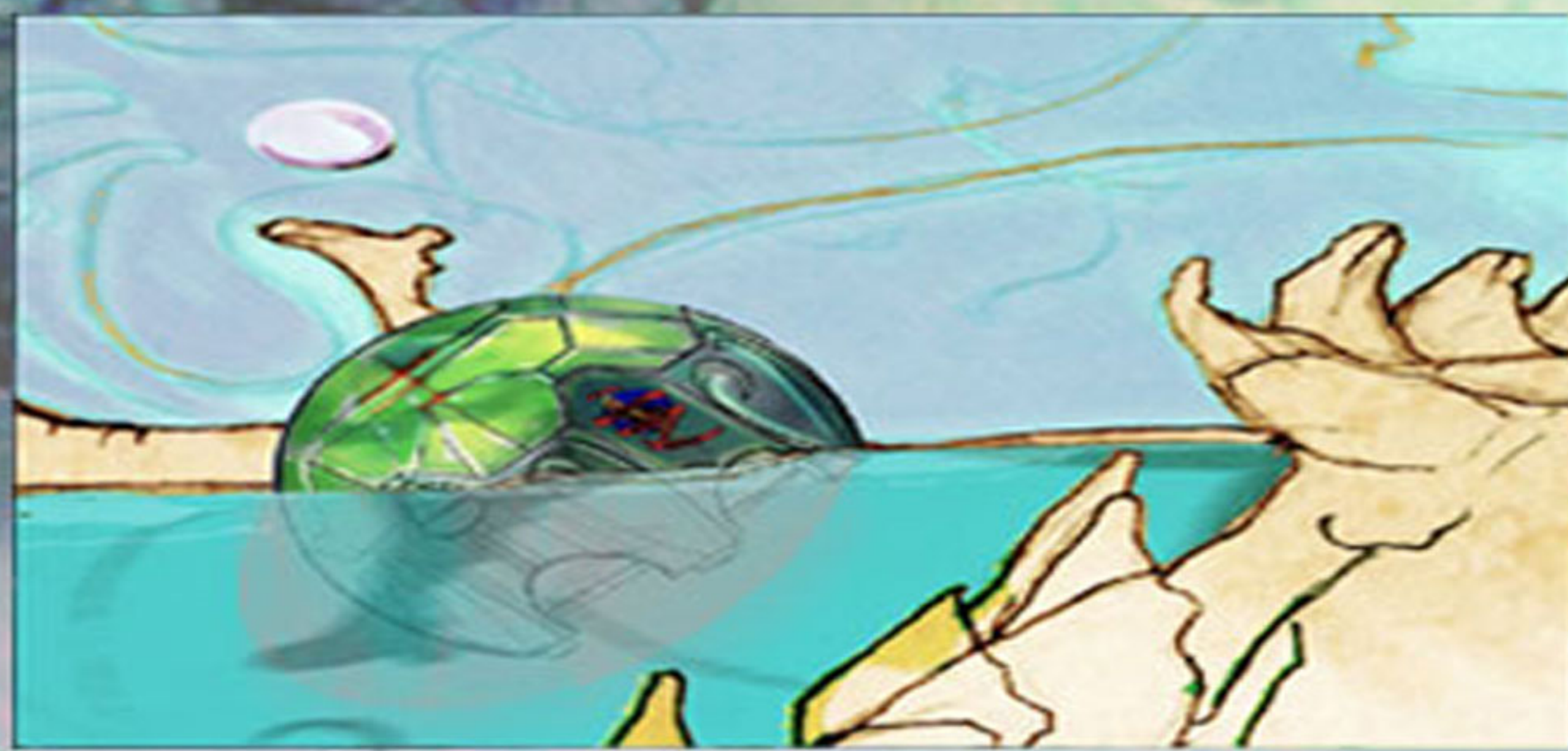


It sure is a mess, one day we're at the bottom of the ocean in one of the safest prison systems ever designed guarding the worst of the worst...

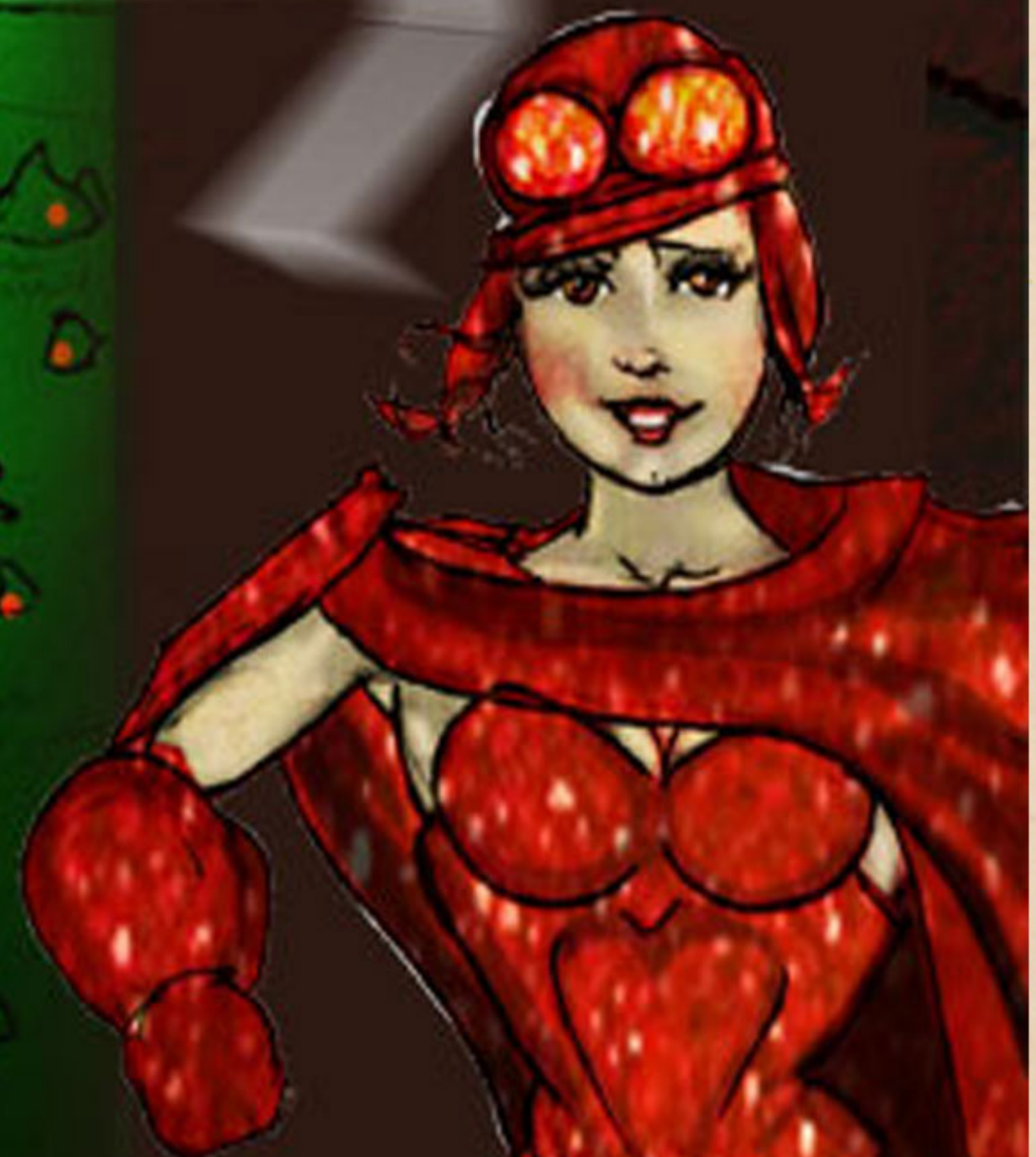
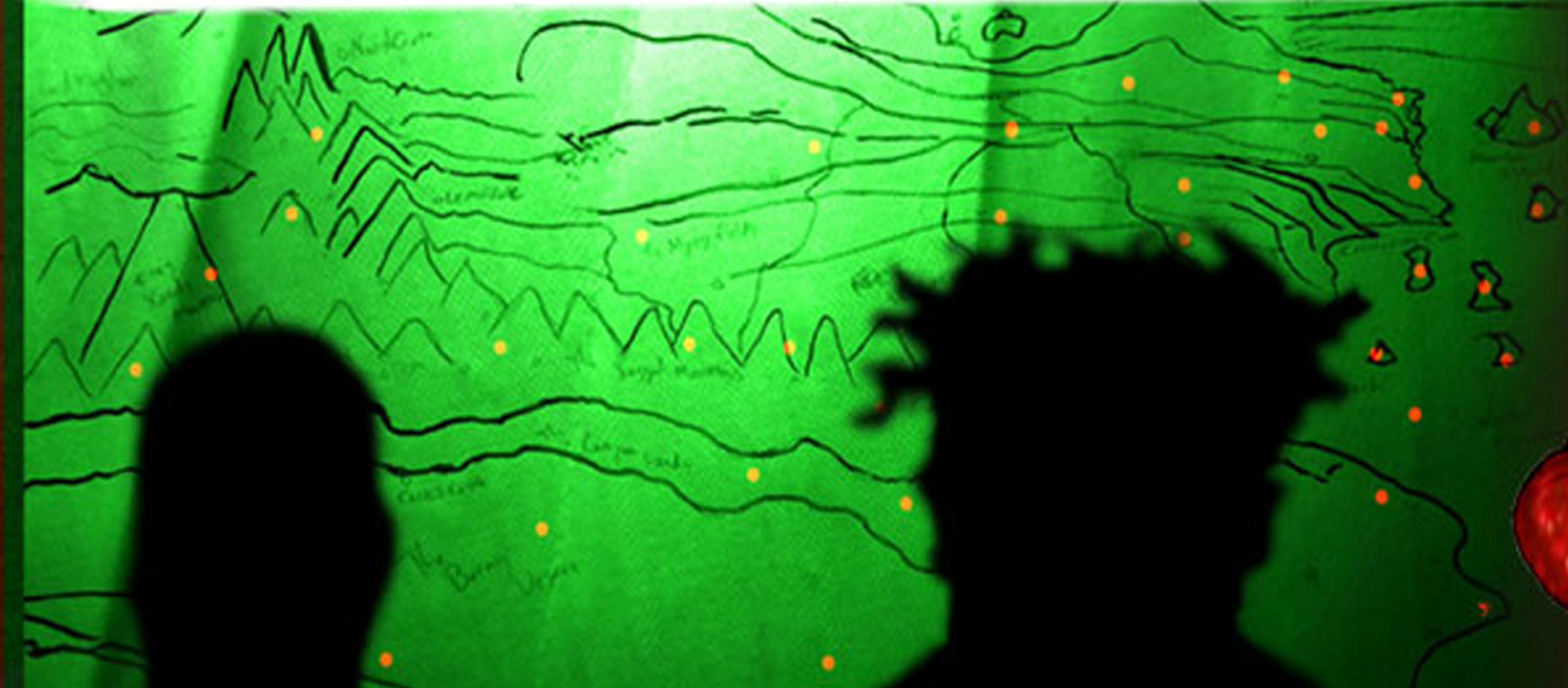




The next day we are floating in some distant land and all of the prisoners have escaped.



I remember that day well, we had been called in, there was a disturbance at the Zartacla prison...



We got there as fast as we could. Everything seemed to be fine...

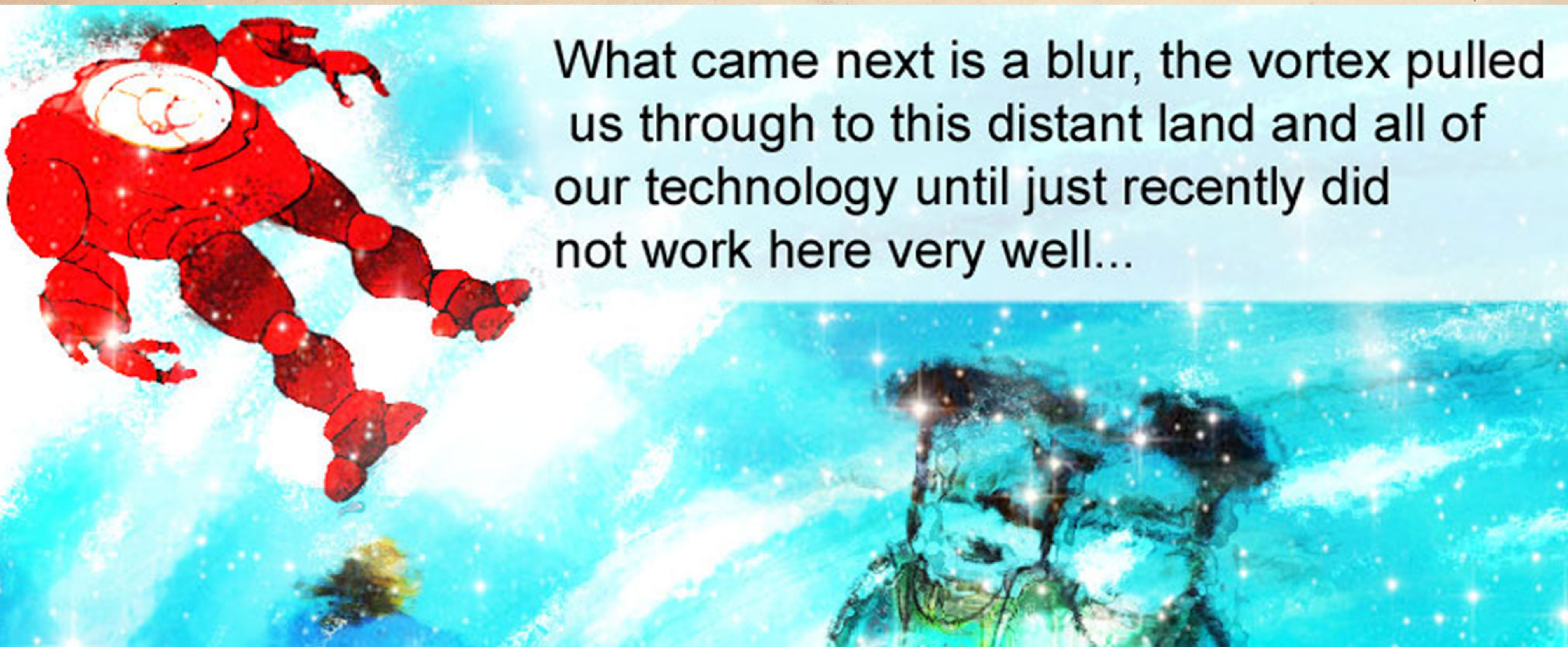




Then something unbelievable began to happen...

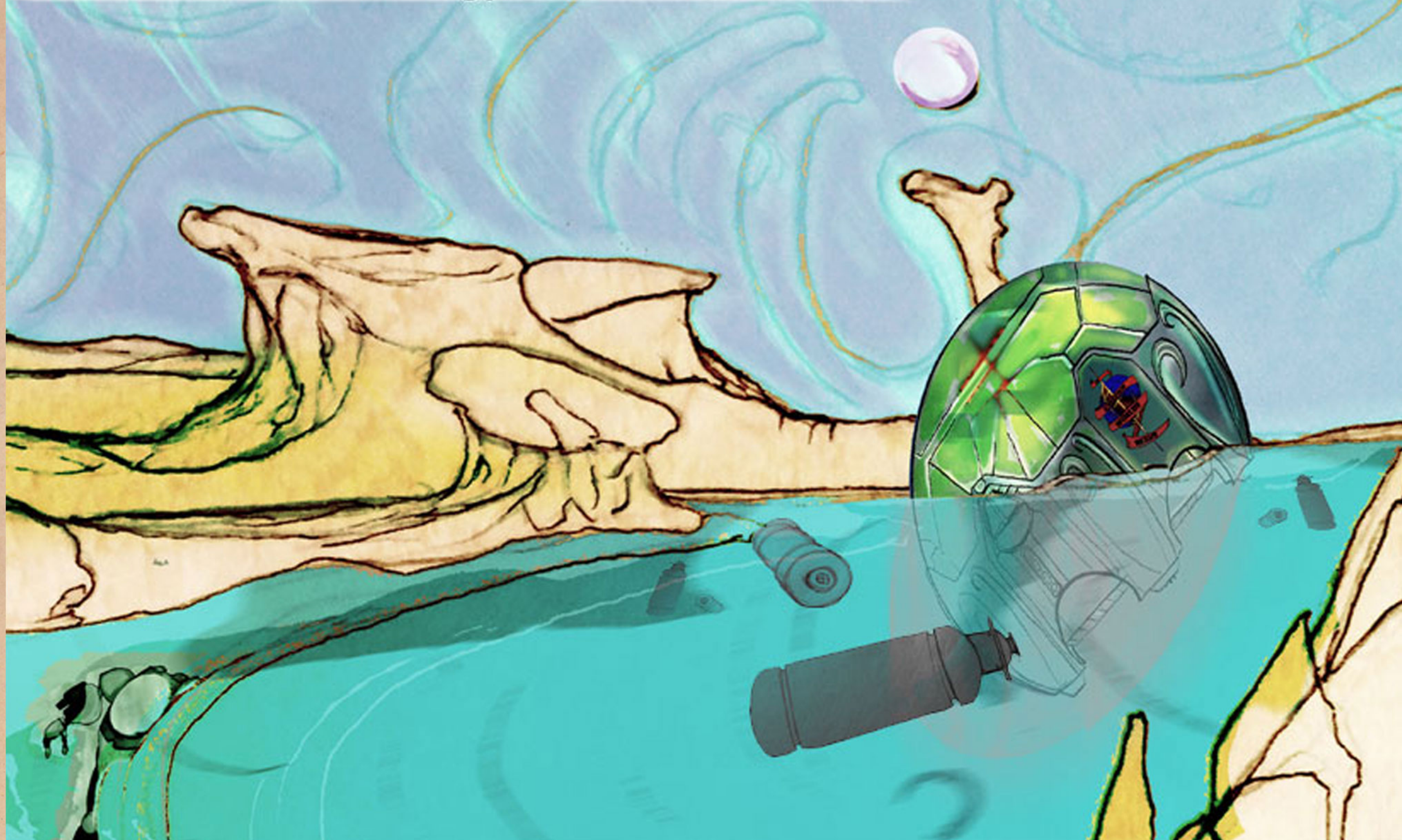


It was as if one World closed down and another opened up...



What came next is a blur, the vortex pulled us through to this distant land and all of our technology until just recently did not work here very well...

All of our technology was taken offline.



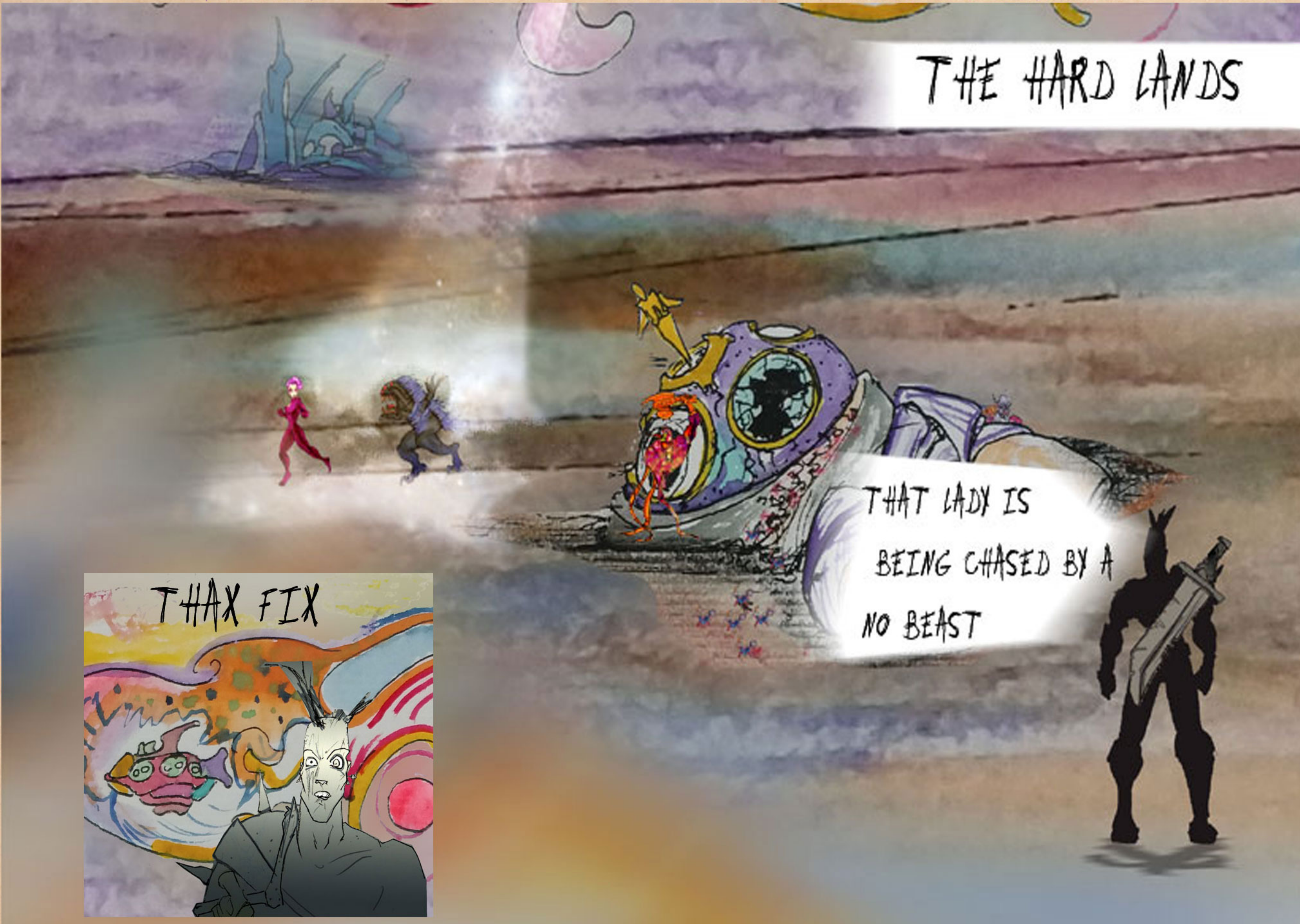
Luckily, We had help from some locals who assisted Us.



I'm going to recruit some outside help with bringing in a few of these dangerous individuals out there.



THE HARD LANDS



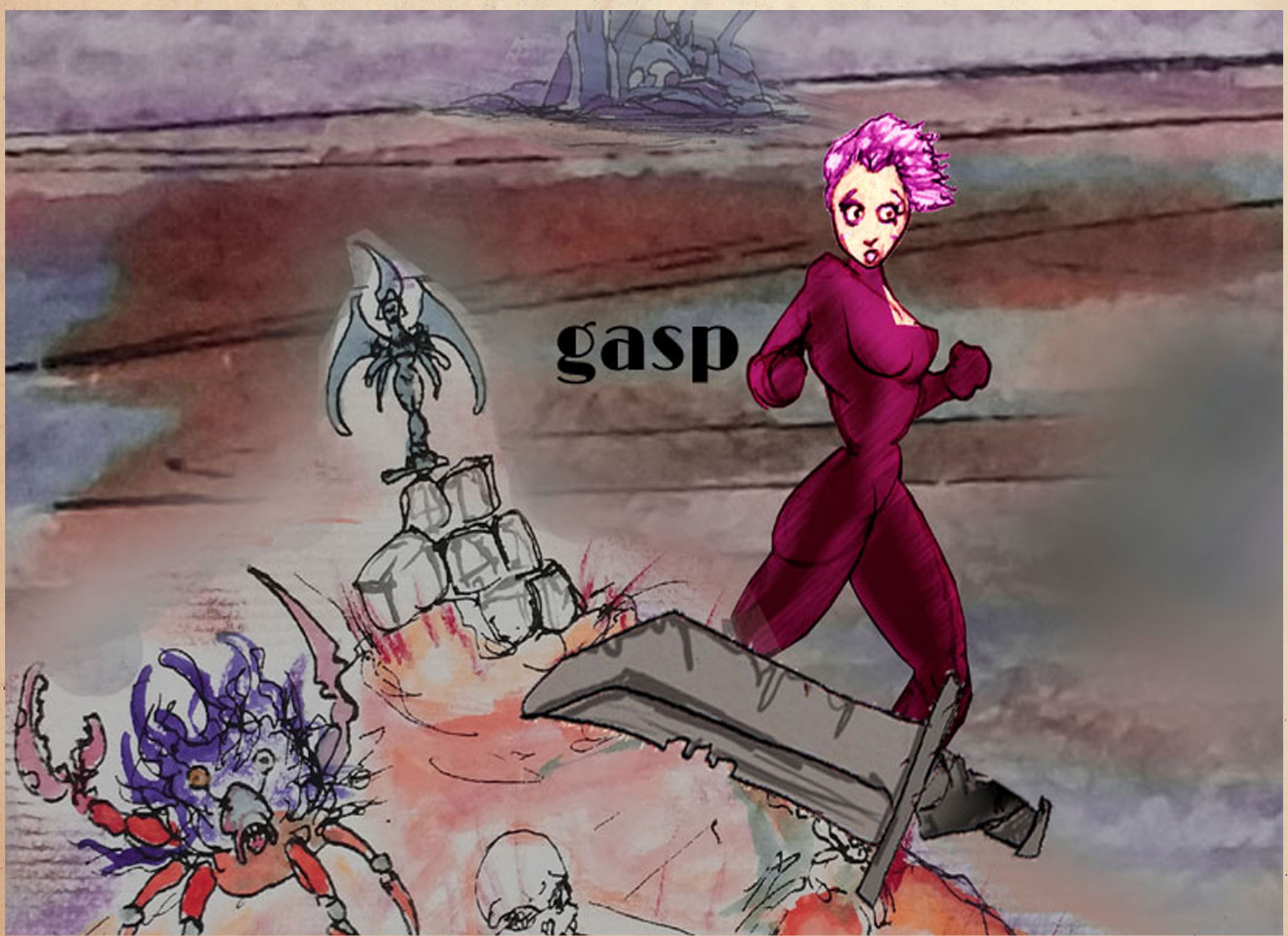
THAT LADY IS  
BEING CHASED BY A  
NO BEAST



THAX FIX

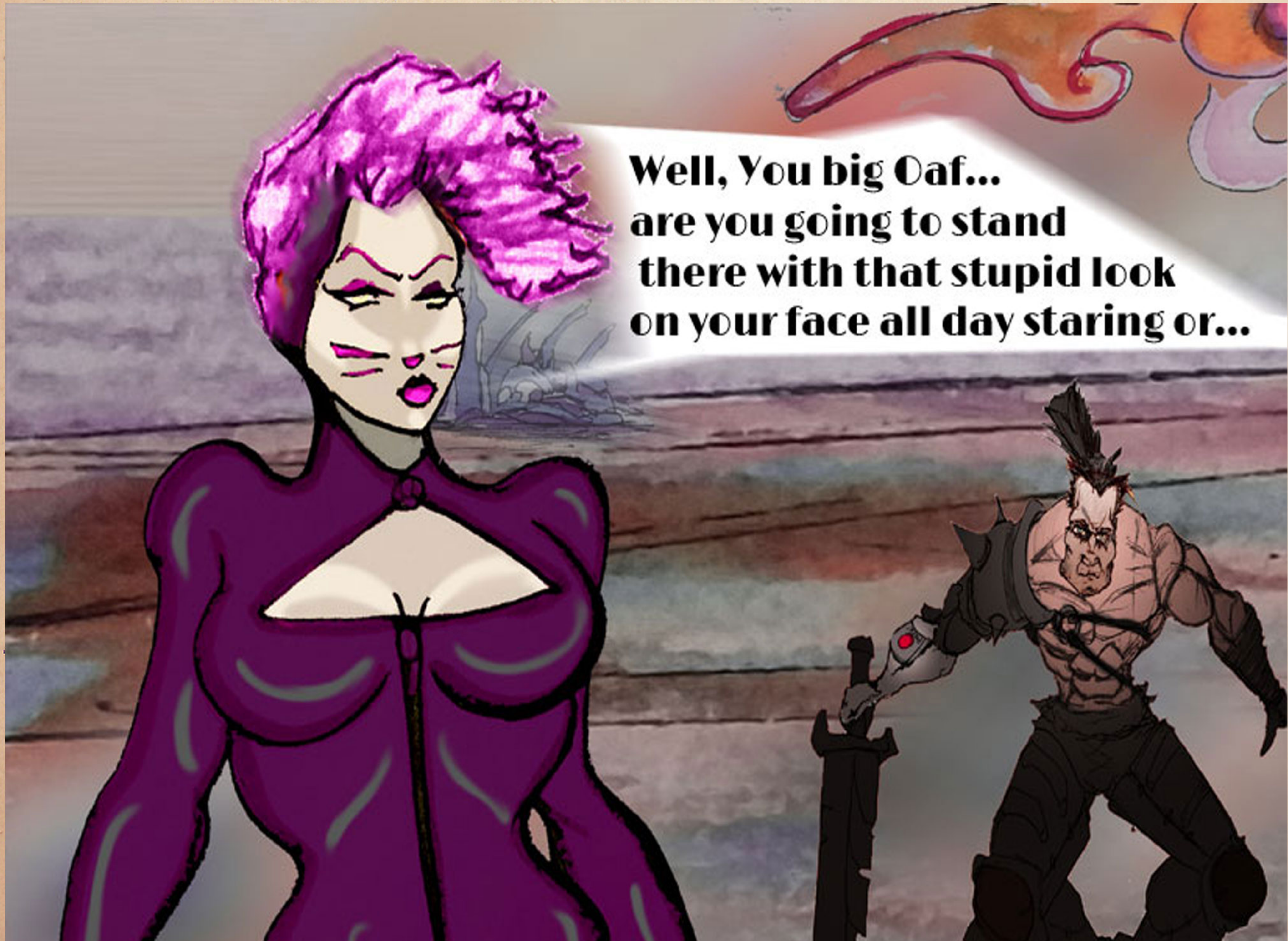


Graggle Snarl Growl





HEY LADY  
YOU SURE IS  
LUCKY I  
SHOWED UP  
WHEN I DID



**Well, You big Oaf...  
are you going to stand  
there with that stupid look  
on your face all day staring or...**

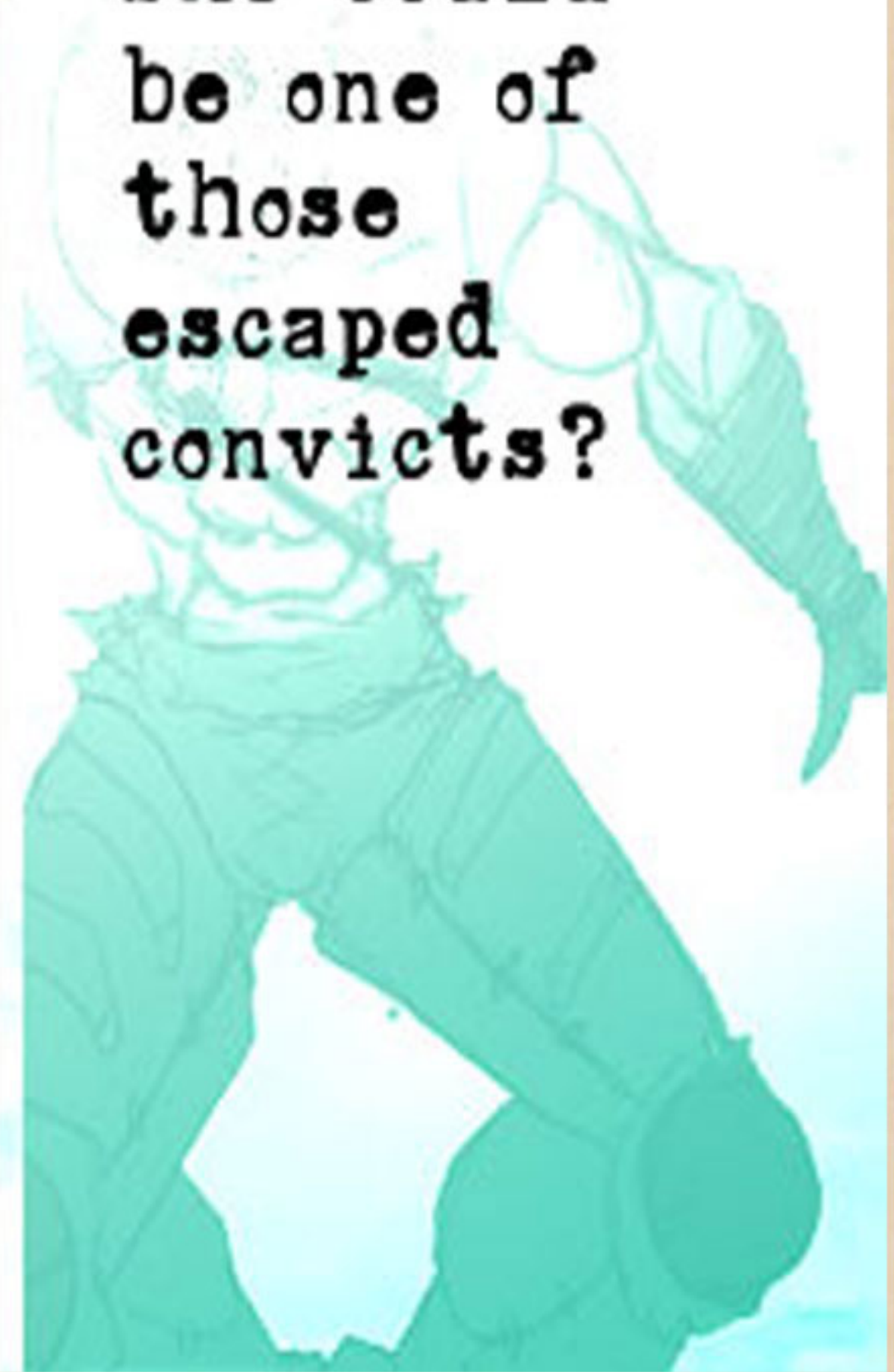




**Or... are you going to escort me safely to the places I've got to be?**

Thax observed the woman. She seemed like she did not fit in to this desolate environment very well.

He began to wonder if she could be one of those escaped convicts?



Then... for no reason... Thax became distracted by how the word Wednesday is spelled... Wed Nes Day?

Later he began to realize that the woman most probably was an escapee as he was following her unique Energy signature.



Soon after that, He began to think about how the month of February was spelled. Feb Ru Ary.



Don't just stand there, ya big lug... Make yourself useful and carry some of this loot!

WOT?



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT STUFF?

Quit askin' stupid questions and take one of these bags! They are heavy!



Stop, Thief!



Fools, You are meddling in affairs in which you know nothing about!  
Drop the stolen property at once!  
You have no idea of the magnitude of your actions!  
Quickly, before it is too late!

Say, I've been meaning to ask ya?  
What's this big red button do?

Stop, Thief!

LADY, DON'T POOSH, DAT BUTTON!





Nexxburg, a flying city of travellers. An inbetween place.  
Home to many adventurers. The Travel Agency operates out of here,  
So does the Fugitive Faction.



Agent Kid  
works at his  
monitoring  
station.

Things have been  
calm lately.  
He doesn't mind.

That was all about  
to change.

Hello Agent,  
There has  
been a  
strange  
Anomalie  
detected  
in City Zone  
Sector 171

Possible  
Threat to  
inhabitants  
if left  
unattended.

Requesting  
decision  
on how to  
proceed?




I'll check it out.  
Send Me the Coordinates and  
I will get right on it.

I wouldn't mind getting away from  
this desk job for a while.

It shouldn't take too long.



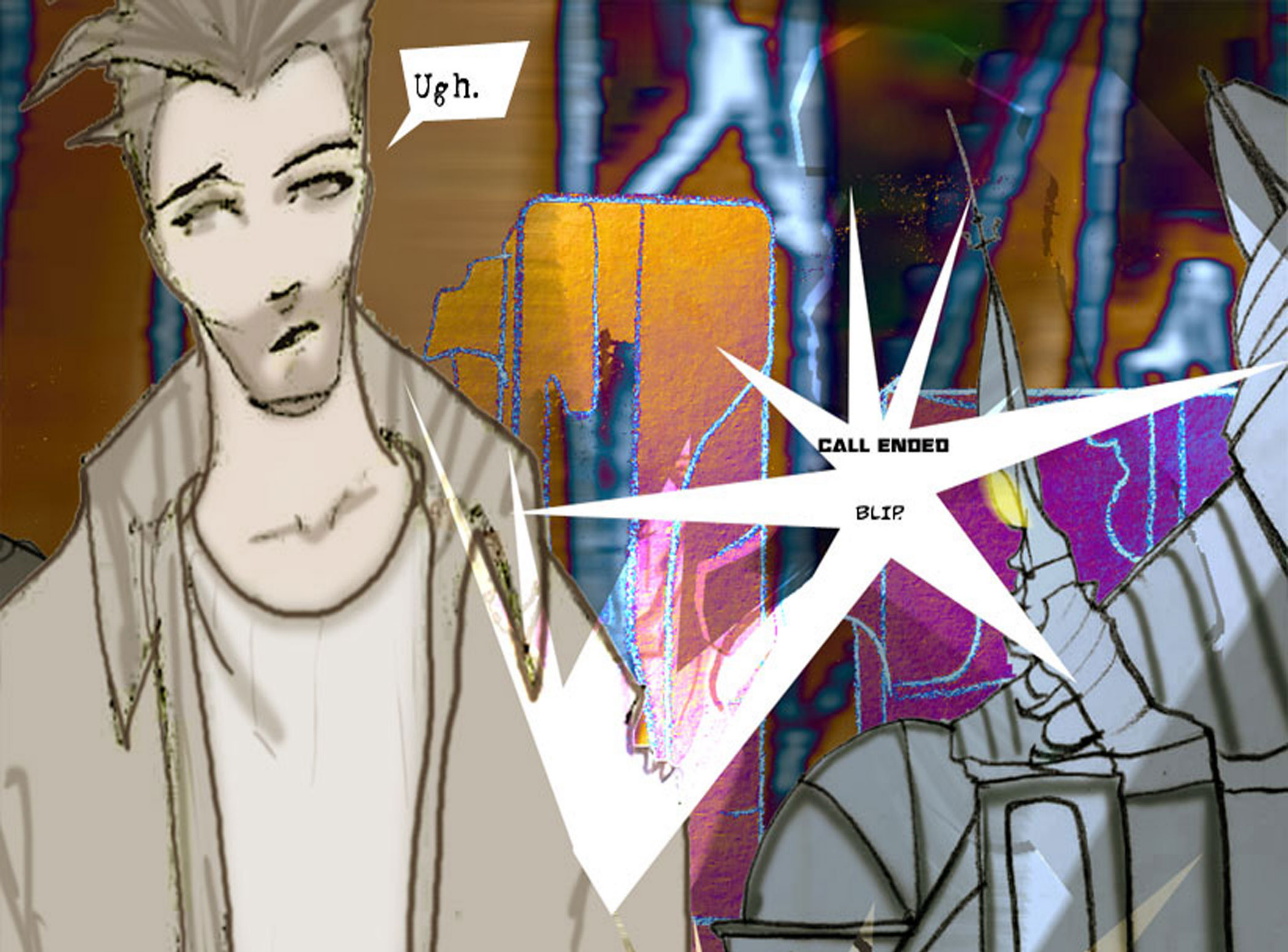


The inner City of Nexxburgh never appealed to me. Something about the heavy traffic and questionable life choices of the many inhabitants.

*INCOMING CALL FROM HEXES*

HEY

I SEE THAT YOU LEFT WORK EARLY, MUST BE NICE! I NEED YOU TO STOP BY LATER TO DEAL WITH ALL OF THESE OLD BOOKS THAT YOU HAVE LAYING AROUND ALL OVER THE PLACE. YOU SHOULD GET RID OF THEM IF YOU ARENT GOING TO READ THEM.



I really need to restrict this channel to only intercept Work transmissions.

Excuse Me, Zone Officer.  
We recieved reports of  
some sort of strange disturbance in  
this area?

YOU MUST BE  
TALKING ABOUT  
WHAT HAPPENED  
EARLIER TODAY.  
GO SEE THE ZONE  
LEADER ABOUT  
THAT.



Greetings, Agent Kid, from Up Town, Heard that there  
was some sort of Anomalie, is the Zone Leader in?

I'M SORRY, SIR.  
I WAS LEFT  
VERY  
SPECIFIC  
ORDERS  
NOT TO  
TALK  
TO  
ANYBODY  
ABOUT THE  
STRANGE  
ANOMALIE  
THAT  
HAPPENED  
EARLIER  
DOWN  
IN TOWN.





Could I please speak with the Zone Leader. This is a Time sensitive Matter. We were notified to...

I'M SORRY, SIR. THE ZONE LEADER TOLD ME TO TELL EVERYBODY THAT STOPS BY THIS AFTERNOON THAT HE IS NOT IN HIS OFFICE. HE DOESN'T WANT TO ANSWER ANY MORE QUESTIONS TODAY.



AGENT KID, EXCUSE MY ASSISTANT. THANK YOU FOR TAKING TIME TO INVESTIGATE THIS PERSONALLY.




What is this all about?



I KNOW THAT YOU VALUE YOUR TIME AS MUCH AS I VALUE MY OWN, SO ALLOW ME TO GET DIRECTLY TO THE POINT OF WHY EXACTLY I SENT A REQUEST TO HAVE SOMEONE INVESTIGATE SUCH A STRANGE OCCURANCE AS WHAT HAS HAPPENED DOWN IN TOWN EARLIER TODAY.

I HAD JUST STARTED MY DAY AND THE FESTIVAL PLANNING COMITEE HAS BEEN AFTER ME TO MAKE A FINAL DECISION ON WHAT THEME WE WOULD BE GOING WITH, AND I WAS ENJOYING A FRESHLY BREWED CUP OF THE FINEST BLEND OF...





As exciting as this story is, could you please get to the point of Why you sent for Us?  
Sir?

**FORGIVE ME, I AM AWARE THAT MY PROFESSION IS NO WHERE NEAR AS DEMANDING AS YOURS, I WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO EXPLAIN THAT THERE WAS A VERY PECULIAR OCCURENCE IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY ZONE THAT I RUN.**

What was the strange anomolie? Where exactly did it occur, I need to make an assessment on how to proceed.

**I WAS GETTING TO ALL OF THAT. YOU KNOW, THE LOST ART OF HAVING A POLITE CONVERSATION REALLY HAS PUT OUR SOCIETY IN A CRUCIAL STATE OF DECLINE...**

**QUIT STALLING.**



**GROG LANE, THEY ARE SAYING THAT IT IS LIKE A LIVING NIGHTMARE. THE PEOPLE WHO WITNESSED IT. THEY AREN'T THE TYPE TO MAKE UP THIS SORT OF THING. TO BE HONEST....I'M SCARED.**

**That gives Me a place to start, I'll check it out.**





# CROSS WORLDS NEXUS



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