

insane clown posse™



CHAOS!
COMICS

#7 (of 12)

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THE
PENDULUM

WARNING
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Psychopathic
Records™

ICP THE PENDULUM

#7 (of 12)

"Pendulum's Promise"

WICKED
SLUM
LORDS

THE
DARK CARNIVAL
APPROACHES

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Boo-yaah! After escaping from a Wichita jail, Violent J and Shaggy are distracted from their mission (that is, to bust the creature Killnor's sorry ass) by spending a particularly wicked night at The Carnival of Carnage. But the clowns and their faith-healing priest partner Jesus have a grand time at the Carnival, only to be bitch-slapped into submission by those sneaky shadow-dwellers, Twistid. Now our heroes are woozing in a world of hurt and wildly wonderin' what's next?! Time to get down with the clowns, homies...

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THE NETHER-
WORLD...

GOD...
GOD...
GOD?

CAN...
CAN... CAN
YOU... YOU...
YOU HEAR...
HEAR... HEAR
ME... ME...
ME?

I NEED
YOU... YOU...
YOU.

YOUR
GOD? HEH,
HA HA HA
HA!

IN YOUR
WORLD OF
SUFFERING,
WHEN
HAS HE **EVER**
HELPED ANY
OF YOUR
KIND?

I AM
YOUR GOD
NOW. FOR YOUR
SALVATION
RESTS WITH
ME!

7
PENDULUM'S PROMISE!



DO YOU
FEEL THE VOID
PULLING FOR YOU?
IT IS NO DOUBT THE
TORTURED SOULS OF
THOSE YOU HAVE
KILLED, DEMANDING
RETRIBUTION.

I CAN HEAR
THEIR GHOSTLY CRIES
CARRIED IN THE WIND.. AS YOUR
LIFE EBBS AWAY YOU SHALL
BEGIN TO HEAR THEM, TOO.
SOON YOU WILL BE OF THIS
WORLD NO MORE, AND YOU
WILL SUFFER AS WE DO.



FWOMP

FROM
THE VOID YOU
WILL CURSE US FOR
ETERNITY WITH AN
INHUMAN HATRED-
AND WHATEVER IS LEFT
OF YOUR SANE MIND-
KNOWING THAT WE
PUT YOU THERE.



KNOW THIS, WE WERE
SUMMONED FOR THIS
PURPOSE, AND ARE
BOUND BY THE VOID
TO FOLLOW OUR
DESTINY.

YEAH,
WHAT IS THAT?
TO BE A COUPLE
OF -COUGH- PUNK-ASS
BITCHES WHO GET
PIMPED ALL THE TIME?



WHAT IF YOUR BOSS
-COUGH- TELLS YOU TO
BEND OVER AND BUTT PLUG
EACH OTHER. -COUGH- YOU
GONNA STAND THERE AND
ASK WHERE'S THE KY
JELLY? WHO SENT YOU,
ANYWAY?"

KILLNOR.
BUT I THINK
YOU ALREADY
KNEW
THAT.



YEAH...
WELL... TELL 'IM
THANKS FOR THE MEAT
HOOK TO THE DOME. I
WAS ALWAYS WONDERIN'
WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO
HAVE A TEN POUND
STEEL HOOK BASHED
INTO MY SKULL.
NOW I CAN DIE
HAPPY.

OH, I ALMOST
FORGOT. TELL 'IM
TO FUCK HIMSELF
TO. TELL 'IM WE KNOW
ALL ABOUT HIM LIVIN'
AT HIS GRANDMA'S
HOUSE AND RUNNIN'
AROUND SPORTIN'
HER PANTIES
AT NIGHT.

AND
HOW HE FITS
NICELY INTO THEM
ON ACCOUNT OF HIS
LARGE WOMANLY
HIPS AND THAT...
UGHN!

RUNNT



THEY ARE SO AMUSING, EVEN IN DEATH. THEIR FEARLESSNESS IS A PRODUCT OF THEIR INSANITY. INTRIGUING HOW MUCH ALIKE WE ARE... YOU, I AND THESE CLOWNS.



IN A DIFFERENT WORLD WE MAY HAVE BEEN ALLIES.



BROTHER, I FEEL WE ARE BEING WATCHED.



I HAVE A CLEAR TARGET, MR. GRAY, BUT I CANNOT SEE THE CLOWNS.

THEIR BODIES ARE LYING JUST BELOW THAT SLOPE. LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE A LITTLE LATE.





HOLD
YOUR FIRE,
HUCK. LET'S JUST
WAIT A MOMENT,
AND LET THEM DO
OUR WORK. SILO,
BAKER, ANY-
THING?



MR. GRAY,
WE'VE SEEN A
LOT OF STRANGE
THINGS IN THE LAST
FEW MINUTES THAT
MIGHT DISTORT
ONE'S ABILITY
TO REASON...

BUT
THERE'S NO
DOUBT IN MY MIND --
THERE'S SOMETHING
CLOSE TO US- I CAN
ALMOST SMELL IT.
EVEN THE WIND AND
THE FOREST
SOUNDS AREN'T
NATURAL.



I DON'T
LIKE THIS.
THERE'S SOME-
THING OUT THERE.
I CAN'T SEE IT,
BUT I GOT TO GO
WITH MY GUT
FEELIN'.

IT'S
CLOSE...
WHATEVER
IT IS... REAL
CLOSE.



IT'S
AS IF THE
ENEMY WAS
THE NIGHT
ITSELF.



BRACE UP,
GENTLEMEN. WE
ALL KNOW WE ARE
FACING AN ENEMY
THAT DEFIES REALITY
AS WE KNOW IT, BUT
WE HAVE ALL SEEN
THINGS ON THE
BATTLEFIELD THAT
DEFIED LOGIC
BEFORE.

THIS IS
NO DIFFERENT --
IT IS JUST MORE
INTENSE. IT IS A TIME
FOR US TO ADAPT,
IMPROVISE, AND OVER-
COME. THE PLAYING
FIELD AND PLAYERS
HAVE CHANGED, BUT
THE GAME IS
STILL THE
SAME.



THEY
BLEED JUST
LIKE US. YOU
ARE ALL SOLDIERS;
YOU KNOW
WHAT WE
MUST DO.

THOSE
CLOWNS
ARE NOT TO
LEAVE THIS
FIELD
ALIVE.





YOU
DO NOT
RECOGNIZE
ME!



YOU ARE
JAXXSIN, THE
SHADOW LORD. I
DID NOT RECOGNIZE
YOU AT FIRST,
BROTHER, BUT I SEE
YOU CLEARLY
NOW.

YES, AND
YOU ARE THE
SHADOW DEMONS,
JAMIE MADROX AND
THE MONOXIDE CHILD.
YOU HAVE COME FROM
MY STOCK, BUT HAVE
BEEN SUMMONED BY
KILLNOR... NO DOUBT
BECAUSE OF YOUR
BLOODTHIRSTY
AND ELUSIVE
NATURE.

I HAVE
BEEN WATCHING
YOUR PROGRESS.



YES, MY LORD, BUT WHY
DO YOU NOW IMPEDE IT?
STEP ASIDE, LEST YOU
HAVE TO DEAL WITH
KILLNOR'S WRATH FOR
INTERFERING... LET
ALONE OURS!

FOOLS.
YOU KNOW
WHAT KILLNOR
WILL DO WITH YOU
ONCE HE IS DONE WITH
YOUR SERVICES?
HE WILL SEND YOU
BACK TO THE
VOID...

TO BE
LEFT THERE
FOREVER TO ROT.
TO HIM YOU ARE
NOTHING BUT
SLAVES.

BUT WE
CANNOT FORGET
THAT IT IS YOUR
VOID THAT WE SHALL
RETURN TO. HOW CAN
YOU, WHO BEARS THE
WHIP, SPEAK DOWN
ON ANOTHER WHO
OPERATES THE
PENDULUM?

STEP
ASIDE AND LET
US FINISH OUR
TASK, OR YOU SHALL
FEEL THE WRATH
BROUGHT ON BY A
FEW THOUSAND
YEARS OF
SUFFERING.



NOW, NOW. LET'S
NOT GET SO COCKY...
YOU FORGET WHO
YOU ARE TALKING
TO.

HEED ME, NOW... I
NEED YOUR SERVICES.
JOIN ME. BE AT MY SIDE
AND I WILL GRANT YOU
THE ONE THING YOU
MOST DESIRE...
FREEDOM.

YOU SHALL
BE ABLE TO STALK
THE DARK STREETS OF
HUMANITY AND FULFILL
ALL YOUR PLEASURES
HERE IN THE PHYSICAL
WORLD.

THINK OF IT, A
CHANCE TO BE BORN
AGAIN, OR PERHAPS
MORE TO THE POINT,
BORN INTO THE
LIVING DEAD.



SURELY YOUR TASTE
OF THE MORTAL WORLD HAS
MADE YOU HUNGER FOR MORE.
WHY SETTLE FOR A SHORT
VISIT WHEN YOU CAN STAY
AND BECOME THIS WORLD'S
NEWEST ABOMINATIONS
OF TERROR?

YOUR
TONGUE IS LIKE
THAT OF A SERPENT
WHOSE WORDS ARE
LIKE FOOL'S GOLD.
BUT OUR BARGAINING
POSITION IS HIGHLY
QUESTIONABLE.

WE HAVE
BEEN WITNESS TO
KILLNOR'S OVERBEARING
THREATS OF ETERNAL
SUFFERING SINCE WE
HAVE BEEN UNDER HIS
LEADERSHIP. WE KNOW
ALL TOO WELL WHAT
BECOMES OF HIS
SERVANTS.

WE ARE DEAD MEN BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE SO THAT WE CAN WALK ALONG A SHORT PATH TO OUR GRAVES. WE ACCEPT YOUR ALLIANCE.

LIKE MOTHS TO THE FLAME WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO HEAD TOWARD THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF DAMNATION.

I ASSURE YOU, SHADOW DEMONS, I WILL NOT BETRAY YOU. ONCE MY PLANS ARE COMPLETE, I SHALL HAVE MORE POWER THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE! YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR FREEDOM ONCE MORE.

MY DEMONS WILL TAKE THESE CLOWNS TO THE NETHERWORLD. THEY MUST LIVE OR ALL IS LOST.

COME, I SHALL EXPLAIN ALL.

KRAC
KOOV

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

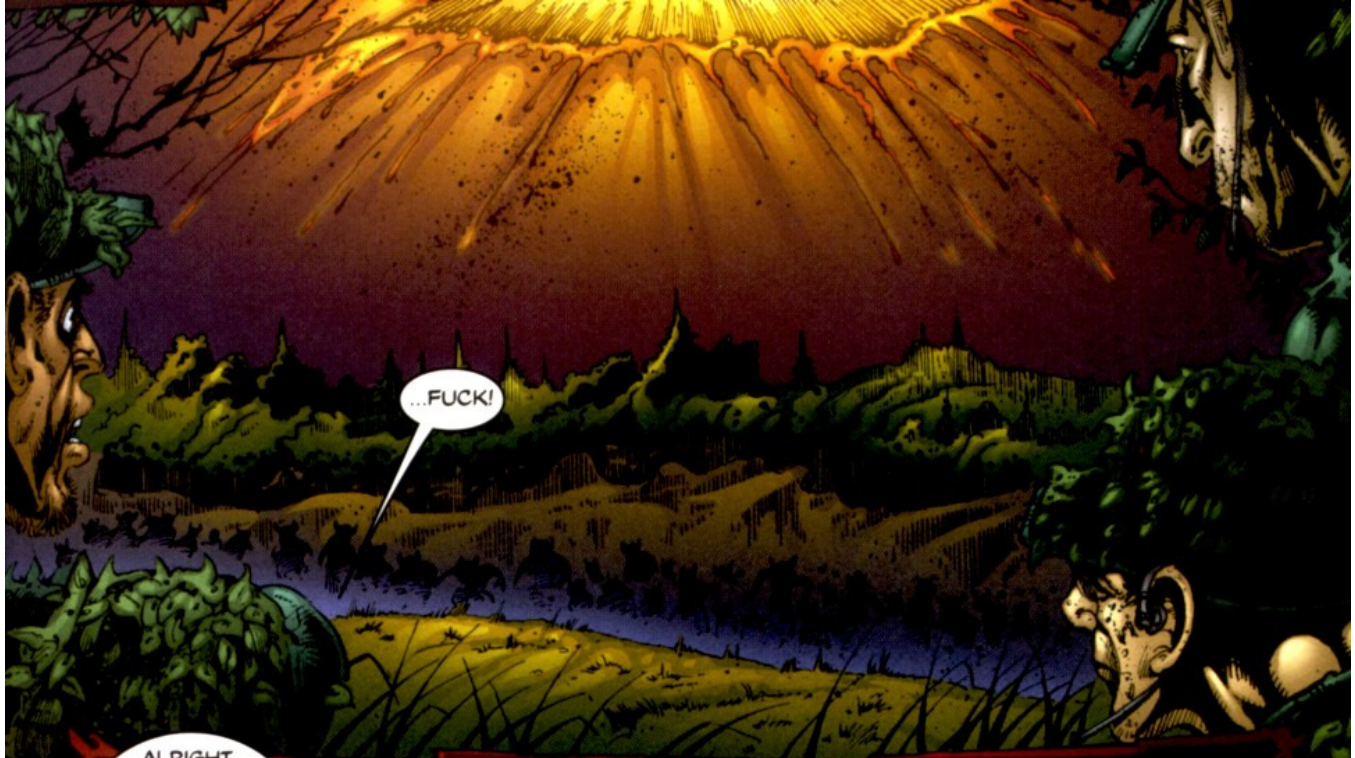
ZZZZZIP

PING PING PING

AH, YES. I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM.

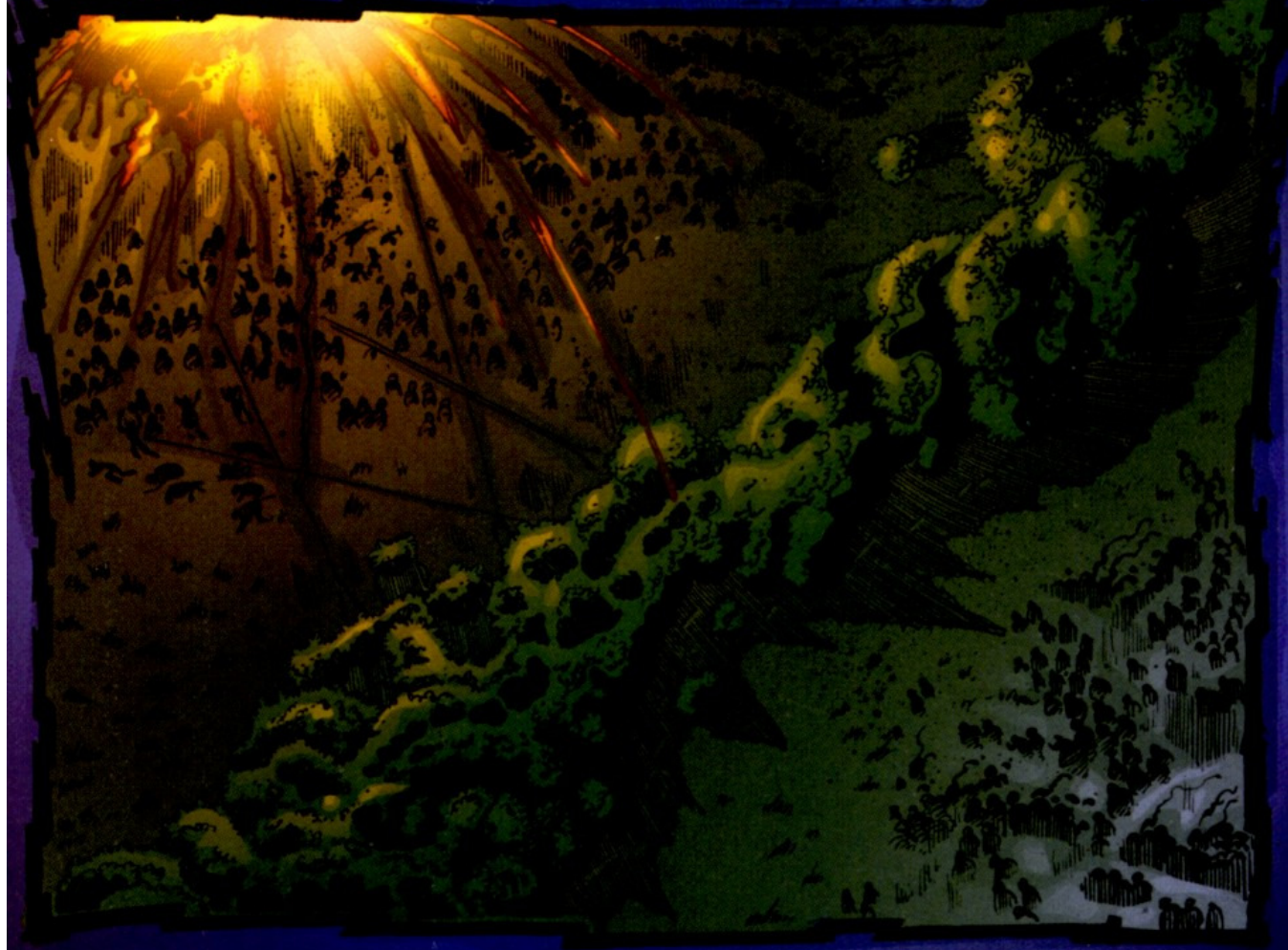
FEAST MY DEMONS! MAKE SURE YOU EAT WELL.





ALRIGHT,
GENTLEMEN.
LET'S MAKE IT
HOT. I WANT
INTERCONNECTING
FIRE DOWN RANGE.
COMMENCE
FIRING.







OP-4, 100
YARDS AND
CLOSING
BEHIND
US, MR.
GRAY.

SELECT
FIRE, DOWN
RANGE. KEEP
YOUR GROUND.
BAKER, READY
THE CLAY-
MORES.

TEN
CLAYMORES
READY, MR.
GRAY, ON YOUR
COMMAND.



THEY...
NO... SEE
US.

WE
ALMOST...
GET...
THEM.

A
LITTLE...
FURTHER...
BLOOD
SOON!



YOU
KNOW,
BAKER, IT IS
ONLY AT TIMES
LIKE THESE
THAT I FEEL
TRULY
ALIVE.

DETONATE THE
EXPLOSIVES.

FIRE
IN THE
HOLE!

BOOM!





HUCK,
FLARE! WE
NEED MORE
LIGHT.

BUDDA



HRRM!
TASTY!



FWOOSH

AAAAIIIEE!



HSSS!



CHUDD







THAT
REMAINS TO
BE SEEN, BUT
IT'S DAMN GOOD
TO HAVE YOU
MEN ON MY
TEAM... DAMN
GOOD!

WE HAVE
A CAPTIVE,
SIR. LOST A LOT
OF BLOOD, BUT
WITH OUR HELP
I THINK HE
MIGHT PULL
THROUGH!

GOOD,
MAYBE HE
CAN TELL
US SOME-
THING.

BUT,
BASED ON THE
CONVERSATION I
HEARD EARLIER, I'M
SURE KILLNOR CAN
TELL US A LOT MORE.
IT APPEARS HE IS NOT
WHAT HE SEEMS.
WE'LL HAVE TO
CONFRONT HIM ON
THIS SUBJECT.



STRANGE
THAT NO
POLICE ARE
HEADING HERE.
IT'S LIKE THE
WHOLE DAMN
TOWN IS
ASLEEP.

THEN
AGAIN, OVER
THE PAST COUPLE
DAYS, STRANGE
SEEMS TO BE THE
NORM AROUND
HERE.



LET'S GO.
WE ARE
HEADING
OUT.



NO
QUESTION...
A DAMN FINE
TEAM.



WHERE AM I? IT'S COLD AS FUCK.



YEAH, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? THERE A BATHROOM AROUND HERE?



YOU ARE IN THE NETHERWORLD. YOU ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO, AT THIS POINT, ARE STILL LIVING.



YEAH? WELL, WHAT THE FUCK? MOTHERFUCKERS CAN'T PAY THEIR LIGHT OR HEAT BILLS AROUND HERE.

YOU NEED A NEW BUSINESS, BROTHER, THE NETHERWORLD THING JUST AIN'T WORKIN' OUT FOR YA.

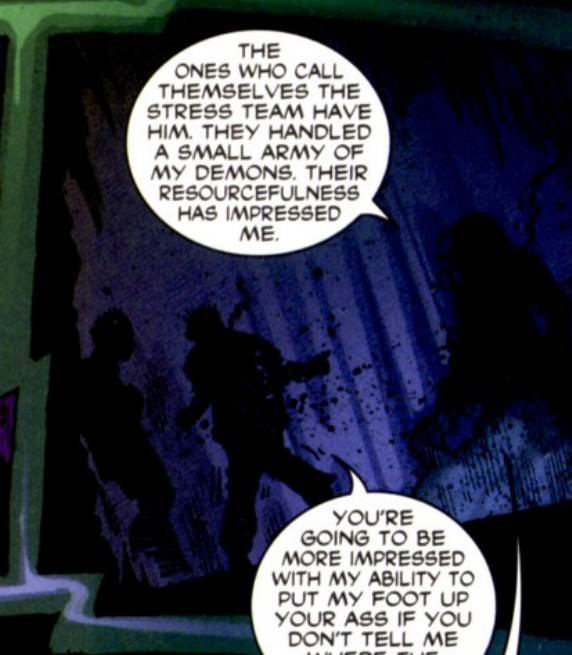
FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE, ALMOST ALL PATHS LEAD HERE... A PLACE YOU KNOW AS HELL.



YEAH, WELL, COOL... I GUESS. LOOK, CAN YOU SHOW ME THE BATHROOM?

EVEN THOUGH THIS WHOLE PLACE LOOKS LIKE ONE BIG SHIT-HOLE.

WHERE'S OUR FRIEND, JESUS? WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT US HERE?



THE ONES WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE STRESS TEAM HAVE HIM. THEY HANDLED A SMALL ARMY OF MY DEMONS. THEIR RESOURCEFULNESS HAS IMPRESSED ME.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE MORE IMPRESSED WITH MY ABILITY TO PUT MY FOOT UP YOUR ASS IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHERE THE BATHROOM IS!

SILENCE! I HAVE NO PATIENCE FOR YOUR VERBAL BABBLE. YOU WANT LIGHT, SO BE IT.



FWOOSH
CRACKLE
SNAP

IS THAT
BETTER?...
YOU WILL
NOW LISTEN
TO ME.

I HAVE
BEEN WATCHING
YOU FOR SOME TIME.
I DELIGHT IN THE GRIEF
THAT YOU HAVE CAUSED
MY ASSOCIATE, MR.
KILLNOR. IT IS THIS
SOLE REASON THAT
I HAVE SPARED
YOUR LIVES.

YOU HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT YOU'RE
UP AGAINST. KILLNOR IS
LIKE ME. HE, TOO, IS FROM
THE NETHERWORLD. HE IS
WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A
DEVIL. THE MAIN MISCONCEPTION
OF HELL IS THAT THERE IS ONLY
ONE. THEY ARE WRONG. THERE
ARE MANY SPIRITS WHO TURNED
ON GOD AND DESCENDED
TO THIS PLACE. LUCIFER
IS JUST ONE...
THE FIRST.

HEAVEN,
BEING AN IMPERFECT
PLACE, IS FAR FROM A
PARADISE. BUT ONLY
BECAUSE IT IS RUN BY AN
UNCARING GOD. JUST LOOK AT
YOUR WORLD OF SUFFERING
AND YOU TELL ME IF YOUR
GOD IS MERCIFUL! MOST OF
US, LIKE KILLNOR, WISH TO
WAGE WAR WITH HEAVEN
IN AN ATTEMPT TO
RETURN THERE.

THE ONLY
PROBLEM IS THAT
NONE OF US KNOWS
WHAT WILL HAPPEN
SHOULD GOD DIE.
MOST THINK IT WILL
BE THE END OF
ALL CREATION.



THAT IS WHY KILLNOR MUST BE STOPPED. OVER THE PAST HUNDRED YEARS HE HAS BEEN BUSY SPREADING THE CHAOS AND TERROR OF HIS "SOLUTION" THROUGHOUT THE WORLD -- TURNING HUMANITY INTO A SCARED CESSPOOL OF EVIL.

THE EARTH IS LIKE A FIELD OF DYING GRASS. NOW THE VOID IS ALMOST OVERFLOWING WITH THE SOULS OF THE DAMNED. HEAVEN'S ARMY OF ANGELS IS WEAK COMPARED TO THE MONSTROUS ARMY WE NOW HAVE BELOW.



LISTEN WELL: WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, KILLNOR WILL LEAD HIS ARMY ONTO THE WORLD AND IT SHALL BE THE APOCALYPSE -- WHERE THE DEAD SHALL RISE AND EAT THE LIVING. THERE ARE MANY OF US DOWN HERE WHO DO NOT AGREE WITH KILLNOR'S DABBING IN THE MORTAL WORLD. WE ARE CONTENT WITH THE NETHERWORLD AND ALL IT HAS TO OFFER, BUT WE DO NOT WISH TO RISK CHANGE.

IN THE MORTAL WORLD HE IS IN CONTROL OF KILLNOR INDUSTRIES, A GIANT, EVIL, MEGA-CORPORATION THAT SPREADS PAIN, STRIFE AND TREMENDOUS EVIL THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. HIS POWER OF SUGGESTION HAS INFLUENCED MANY KEY HUMANS WHO ARE IN POSITIONS OF POWER. THEY SPREAD MORE EVIL AND FEAR. YOU HAVE KILLED SOME OF HIS SO-CALLED PUPPETS AND THUS GAINED KILLNOR'S ATTENTION. YOU HAVE SLOWED HIS PROGRESS, AND NOW HE WANTS YOU DEAD.

YOU CLOWNS HAVE POWERS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. YET, IT IS MY HOPE THAT WITH THEM, YOU SUCCEED IN DESTROYING HIS PLANS. YOU TWO ARE PERHAPS THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN. IF THOSE FEW WHO OPPOSE KILLNOR TRIED TO KILL HIM, IT WOULD ONLY START A WAR DOWN IN HELL THAT WOULD END QUICK WITH ME DESTROYED. THERE ARE TOO MANY HERE WHO THINK LIKE KILLNOR.

I WILL HELP YOU, LIKE I JUST HAVE. WHENEVER POSSIBLE I WILL BE YOUR SHADOW. I WANTED YOU TO KNOW SO YOU WERE BETTER PREPARED.

SPEAK THEN! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WHAT I HAVE JUST TOLD YOU?

VERY WELL, YOU FOOLS HAVE CHOSEN YOUR PATH... SO BE IT!

SUCCEED OR FAIL, THE NETHERWORLD WILL BE BETTER OFF.

THAT BITCH! TALK ABOUT THE FUCKING BUM'S RUSH.

FORGET ABOUT IT SHAGS. THOSE SHADOW DEMONS ARE GONNA PAY FOR THEIR BACK-STABBING TACTICS. PAYBACK'S A BITCH --

ZZZZZZZZ



LET'S GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE. WICHITA IS ONE FUCKED-UP PLACE.

YEAH.





ARIZONA SHOULD BE A LOT MORE CALM

YEAH, RIGHT... WHAT-EVER

