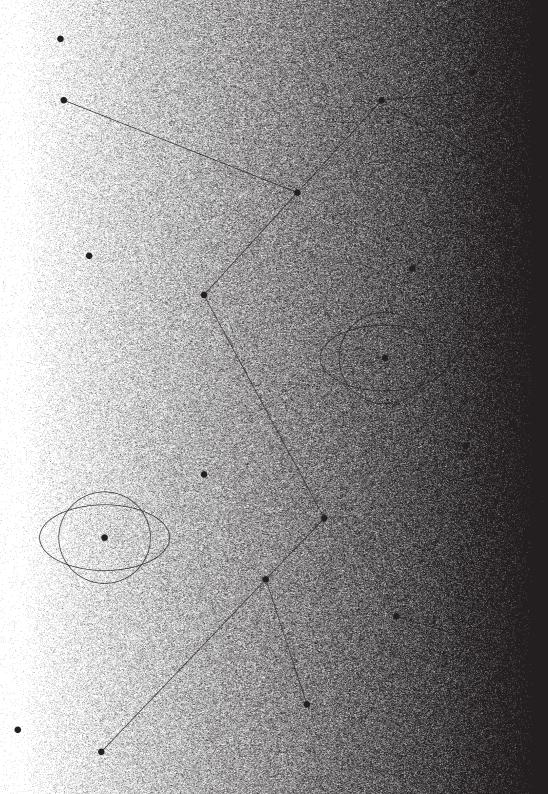


MechaDeath created by **Austin Armatys** & **Corey J White**MechaDeath Magazine written by **Corey J White**

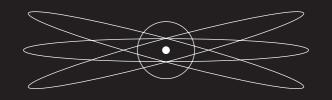
Kamak artwork on page 9 by **Megan Mushi**Tzemeger artwork on page 17 by **Dan Comerci**Gaidan One artwork on page 23 by **6VCR**Ikamulum artwork on page 31 by **Septian Fajrianto**

MechaDeath Magazine designed by Trash Been





Beyond death itself, Karmakz lurks.



Black holes devour stars.

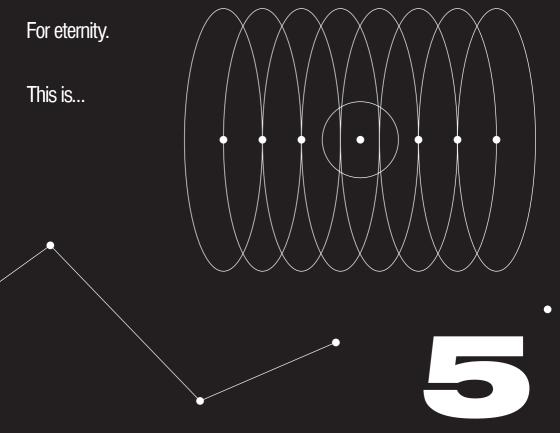
Supernovae bloom
and fade, reflected in his billion
eyes. Transcendent, immortal,
the dread entity grows bored of
entropy.

He craves blood, carnage, death.

Karnak grins, teeth as hard as stars. A plan forms within his mind: a tournament. Warriors are plucked from countless scattered dimensions, souls snatched from corporeal forms at the moment of death.

Heroes of a billion planets, transplanted into strange hulks, biomechanical vessels that do not live, but cannot die.

Karnak's will is simple: fight for his entertainment... or die, over and over again.







Karnak surrounds himself with pilot souls, each one harvested from the moment of death. They are glinting obsidian shards caught in his orbit, each one etched with the raging essence of a fearsome warrior.

Karnak sends demonic hordes to distant dimensions, to worlds flooded by water, acid, and blood, worlds engulfed in flame, worlds of perfect fascism and brutal domination.

Another harvest, this time of weaponry and machines, pilfered from highly advanced civilisations, long-since perished.

From these scraps, Karnak forms machines of war. Vertebrae of densest metal held together by muscle and sinew. Tall as cities, these biomechanical weapons drip with ichor and hate.

Formed from inanimate matter and writhing flesh, each horrifying aspect is a shade from Karnak's imagining. They are mindless engines of teeth and claw, steel and flame, tentacle and plasma cannon.

Warrior-pilots give each machine will, but fuel is needed. Pain to drive Karnak's machines of revulsion.



There is no spectacle without an audience.
Karnak knows his tournament needs viewers fluent in the languages of murder, death, havoc.

With an inhalation like solar wind, Karnak reaches forth, fingers piercing the veil of reality in five space-time locations. Coordinates clawed from the depths of hatred that churn in place of the deprayed entity's heart.

Five worlds.

Five worlds snatched from their home dimensions and flung into orbit around Karnak's dread red star. Earth, Novi, 哥, Stakaria, and Incitmək – home to a race with no name for themselves, but with twenty-three different words for torture.

Karnak dispatches his legions once more.



"Bring me their pain.

Harvest their fear," he says, voice like

planets cracking. "Their torment will

fuel my mecha of death!"

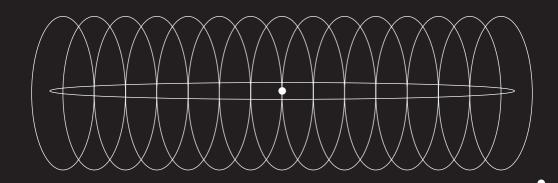


THE RED SUN LOOMS MASSIVE IN THE SKY OVER SYDNEY. CLOUDS BURN WHILE BIRDS DROP IN THEIR THOUSANDS. BENEATH THAT BLOODY FIRMAMENT, MONSTERS EMERGE FROM BLACKEST SHADOW.

THEY BITE, SCRATCH, STAB, WHIP, AND BURN.

SCREAMS PIERCE THE AIR, THE TERROR OF DEATH BRINGING LIFE TO KARNAK'S MACHINES. DREAD MECHA FALL TO THE GROUND, TERROR PULSING THROUGH THEIR LIMBS WITH A SHARP CRACKLE AND THE SMELL OF OZONE.

AS THE FIRST BATTLES BEGIN, MILLIONS DIE ACROSS THE EARTH. HUMANITY COLLAPSING BENEATH THE BURNING EYE OF KARNAK WHILE OCEANS BOIL AND COLOSSAL LIVING MACHINES TRASH ENTIRE CITIES.

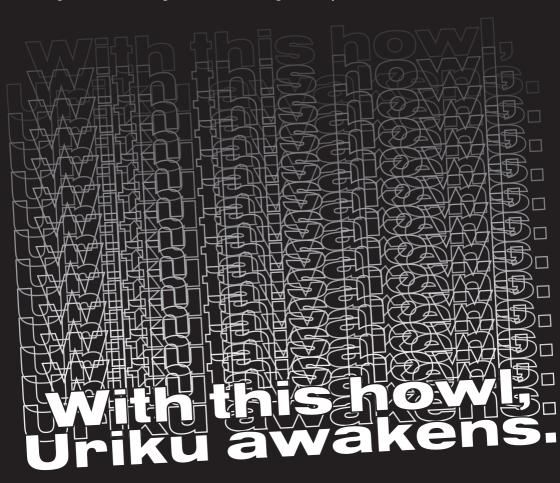


The spirit-people of 引 emerge after millennia of stasis. Never before tall as human skyscrapers, planetary biomass linked by intertwined This garden is perfect.

Killagandr pierces the stratosphere at terminal velocity. The atmosphere burns as the death mecha falls through the sky.

With a head like a wolf's, Killagandr breaths fire, verdant greenery charring before it burns, thick clouds growing while the bio-mech howls and thumps its hollow chest with bone claws scavenged from a decaying god. The pilot within screams endlessly, sentience lost to the bestial nature of the mech.

Killagandr's challenge echoes through red space.



Armoured in the skin of a celestial shark demon, Uriku can move only forward. It cuts through the atmosphere of $\exists \exists$ and lands with an echoing dhoom. It charges ferocious, jaw snapping sharp on Killgandr's arm, wolf howl turns to shrill scream.

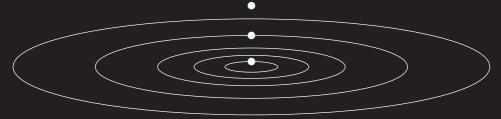
Fire spreads up trunks, across branches.

Forests the size of continents burn.

Killagandr and Uriku battle unperturbed, watched by a billion anguished souls.



Mecha blood stains the waters of Novi black.



Tzemeger leans on its massive club of corrupted flesh and pushes up from shallow waters. The humanoid mech sways, punch-drunk, and rests the club across its bony shoulders. Black blood runs down its other hand in rivulets, dripping and hissing when it meets the once-clear canals that criss-cross the Capitol.

Broken buildings jut like jagged teeth. Novins flee the carnage in all directions, necks craned to see the machines that tower over the Capitol. The Novins' subsonic screams are inaudible, but fuel the mechs all the same.

Tzemeger punches itself in the head, berserker rage building, black blood pumping hard through its mechanical heart.





Zugaikotsu waits, watching the berserk Tzemeger bruise and break its Von flesh.

Sugaikotsu, the tri-horned, skull-faced mecha that shimmers and refracts to the dying stars.

Out of and the tri-horned stars twisted by the density of the dying stars. Own flesh. Out of existence, event horizon this void can send Zugaikotsu, the trihorned, skull-faced mecha the density of the dying star trapped with the contraction that the density of the dying star trapped with the contraction that the density of the dying star trapped with the density of the dying star trapped with the density of the dying star trapped with the density of the dying star that the density of the dying star trapped with the density of the density of the dying star trapped with the density of the density of the density of the dying star trapped with the density of the density o trapped within its chest. To gaze upon this void can send Sloughs aways cancerous and sloughs aways the property of the contraction of the contrac enemies insane! Monstrous flesh grows cancerous and sloughs away to make the months of the strong flesh grows the undead machine's me in massive chunks, constantly replaced by the undead machine's meat factories. It is multi-limbed pilot, issues a challenge is away and a machine's meat factories. factories. Beussa, Zugaikotsu's multi-limbed pilot, issues a challenge horrible voice booming from a from her cockpit prison, Zugaikotsu's horrible voice booming from a Ten dimensions all at once.

Remeger points its club at Zugaikotsu in response.

CHALLENGE • ACCEPTED

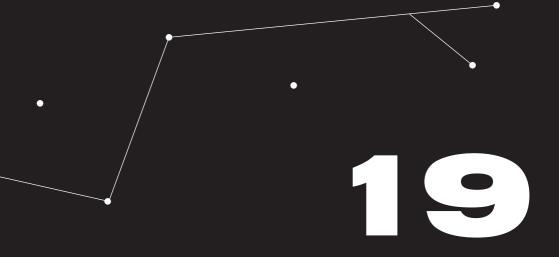


Tzemeger charges forward, burst of speed taking it across three demolished city blocks.

Tzemeger strikes, its club breaking Zugaikotsu's ribs. The machine screams in pan-dimensional pain while Beussa wrestles for control. She slashes for Tzemeger's belly, but the berserker leaps back. It swings its club, connects with the side of

Zugaikotsu's head – sharp crack of skull fracture.
Tzemeger shifts its weight from one foot to the other, hands gripped tight around its gargantuan club.
From her vantage beyond reality, Beussa can see her own death in a million configurations.
One path.
Only one path leads to

VICTORY.



Tzemeger crouches low and leaps, its massive club held high overhead. It brings the weapon down.

Beussa doesn't dodge, only tilts Zugaikotsu's head and its antler-like crown of horns.

Branching horns shatter beneath Tzemeger's club. Zugaikotsi twists its head and wrenches the club from Tzemeger's grip.

But Zugaikotsu doesn't strike. Instead, its hands move to its chest. Long fingers phase through ribs, grab hold and pull. With a crack like tectonic plates, Zugaikotsu's chest opens, revealing its void heart to Tzemeger. The city of innocents watch from a distance, enthralled by the terrible carnage enacted for Karnak's sole amusement.



The pilot within Tzemeger's ghastly head claws out his own eyes. Madness borne of the void, nameless evils reaching from horrors condensed behind the walls of reality.

Insanity becomes rage.

Tzemeger strikes mindlessly, long limbs reach out and grasp Zugaikotsu's head.

But the void hungers still.

With a wet crack, Tzemeger's torso collapses. Black blood pours to the ground, flesh compressed, swallowed



People of Novi shriek in terrified Cabital is devoured by the

The people of Asia watch mechs battle across the flat expanse of the Australian continent, destroying cities, trampling sacred sites older than history. They know only one thing can stop encroaching monsters: a monster of their own.

A secret lab in China, buried deep beneath the Earth. Engineers and Scientists from across Asia gather in labyrinthine mine shafts transformed into weapon testing grounds.

Korean design, Japanese tech, Chinese production expertise. Centuries of tensions forgotten in the shadow of this larger threat.

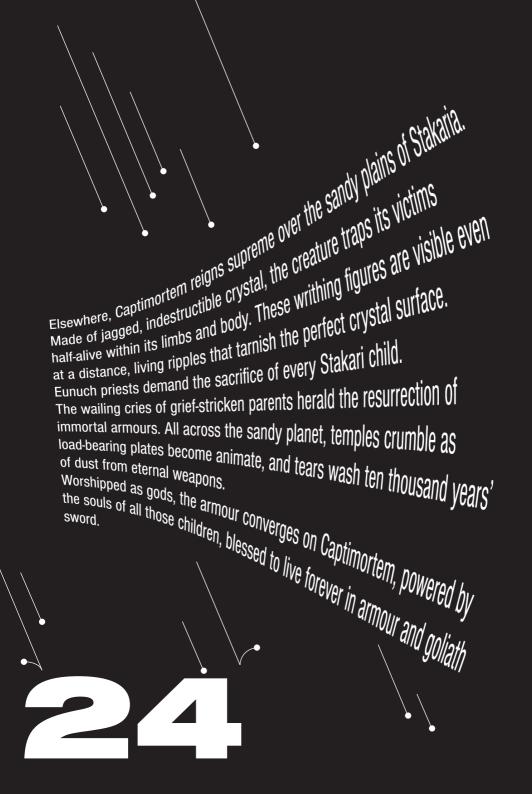
Three months of apocalypse gripping the Earth as Gādian One is painstakingly constructed.

The scientists and engineers stand beneath the mech. Silhouette of a sumo wrestler, armed with enough weaponry to cause a dozen Hiroshimas.

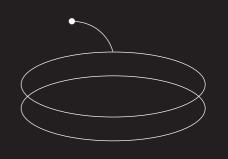
But one piece is missing.
The body in the mech.
The soul of the machine.
The spect in the machine.







AS THE LIVING GOD-ARMOURS OF STAKARIA SURROUND CAPTIMORTEM.



COLOSSAL STEPS THROW SAND INTO THE AIR. PRAYERS FORM A WIND OF HUNGER; SANDSTORMS HOWL ACROSS THE DUNES. CAPTIMORTEM'S CRYSTAL CARAPACE MAY NEVER CRACK, BUT IT CANNOT WITHSTAND A PLANET'S WRATH! THE MAGICKAL SIGILS THAT POWER THE MASS OF LIVING CRYSTAL ARE WORN AWAY BY THE CONSTANT HISS OF SAND.

THE

GOLEM

FALTERSI

GOD-ARMOURS ATTACK WITH CEREMONIAL DAGGER, FIST, AND FOOT. EACH STRIKE A RESOUNDING GONG, THE MUSIC ENDING ONLY WHEN CAPTIMORTEM FINALLY DISINTEGRATES. THE WIND SPREADS FINE GEMS OF HATRED ACROSS THE PLANET'S EVERY PLAIN. BEFORE THE PEOPLE CAN REJOICE, KARNAK SENDS ANOTHER HUNDRED DEATH MACHINES DOWN TO THE SURFACE. UNHOLY SCREAMS CARRIED ON THE HOT DESERT BREEZE.

ANOTHER



Zhang Xin climbs into Gādian One, his face lit dimly by the switches and read-outs glowing on the control panel. Bright staccato flashes light the cockpit paparazzi-white.

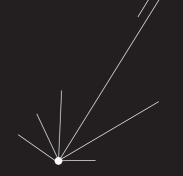


He grins. One third of the assembled crowd laughs. The rest join in a moment later once the joke is translated:

"It has that now car small."

He smooths his hair back, shiny with grease, and pulls the fighter jet helmet over his head.





Reinforced composite armour, an experimental railgun and laser, 200mm tank gun mounted to one shoulder, and three heavy-autocannons embedded into each fist. A five-hundred horsepower engine powers each limb, and both legs are fitted with a jet propulsion system. A nuclear micro-reactor burns hot in the centre of Gādian One's chest.

The engineers assure Zhang the cockpit is sealed against radiation.

He doesn't care. He has seen the horrors assaulting the Earth.





The press conference ends abruptly. Distant thuds reverberate through the subterranean cavern.

Klaxons blare a warning.

Screens along one wall



with distorted images. A new death mecha captured in phone camera footage.

Ikamulum.

Half-robot, half-squid, an endlessly undulating mass of tentacles and steel.

Zhang jolts forward in his seat. His vision burns with arcane runes of some forgotten order. He sees it then: another evil to equal Karnak. As the runes blaze bright with unholy flame,

Ikamulum's master, the monstrosity beyond the veil of the all-dimension, draws ever closer!

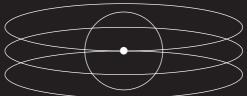
Zhang vomits in his mouth, swallows it, and punches the ignition. Gādian One rumbles to life beneath him.

It is time.

G-forces pummel Zhang as Gādian One rockets through the ascent tube.

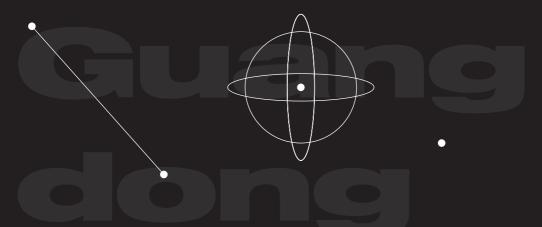
Light-headed, body jolted rapid, the mech rattling as though the whole contraption could fall apart.

And maybe it will.



Viewscreen, then brilliant, red-tinged daylight.





Guangdong Province stretches out, the horizon a smudged line at the edge of perception.

Ikamulum sweeps a massive tentacle, and the skyscrapers of Shenzhen collapse in slow motion. Bodies fall screaming, surrounded by glittering shards of glass.

It's almost beautiful.

Gādian One slams onto the ground, earth compacted beneath its staggering weight.

"Gādian One, reporting for duty," Zhang says in English, imagining himself the Hollywood hero.





Gādian One charges into the city, following the trail of Ikamulum's destruction.

Engine red-line, reactor dumps waste heat, mech runs ahead, wake like shimmering mirage.

"Target locked," the machine tells Zhang in its stilted, artificial English. Ikamulum is bound in target reticle prison. Zhang squeezes the trigger.

Boom of the heavy tank gun, followed by the steady rattattatt of auto-cannon **fire**.

Ikamulum shrieks and Gādian One's chassis vibrates with that inhuman frequency. The death mecha turns, tentacles coil and flop, shifting endlessly. Its blinking electronic eye falls on Zhang, and a massive gun emerges from between the undulating flesh.

Zhang stares down the barrel of the weapon. Sees his life, sees his death.

Ikamulum fires.



Gādian One dodges right. Concrete melts where the blast struck.

Laser fire afterimage flares across Zhang's vision. He fires blindly, auto-cannons churning, a rapid fire sound like the flutter of wings.

Ikamulum moves closer. A tentacle lifts high, uncoils in an instant, snakebite-fast. Zhang triggers his jets and Gādian One soars. The tentacle slams, cracks city foundations with the force of its strike.

Zhang's hands move fast over the controls - safeties off, experimental weapons primed.

"去下地狱""

''Gotofell'

Zhang fires. Whomm and blat of railgun and laser cannon. Laser burns black across lkamulum's metal torso, rail-slug punches through a tentacle which drops onto stalled traffic, crushing cars and trucks.

Zhang pushes thoughts of human causalities from his mind, keeps the mech moving. He punches the manual reload and hears the chank of the railgun cartridge ejecting.

He aims again, fighting against Gādian One's every jarring step.

He sees it too late: another tentacle, sweeping wide, slicing through skyscrapers as though they were paper.

He hits the jets. A futile gesture.

With a tentacle wrapped around its legs, Gādian One is trapped. Metal croaks and pings beneath the pressure.

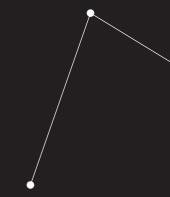
Ikamulum grows larger as it lifts the smaller human mech. Its dead metal face fills Zhang's vision, eyes boring into his soul with primitive consciousness.

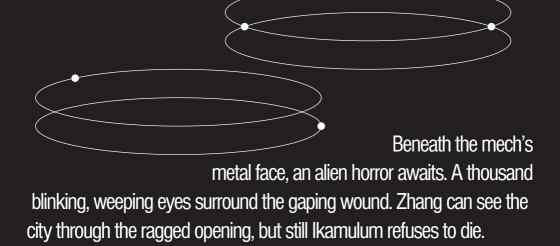


* "You are a thing that has no shame!"

Zhang initialises every weapon and pulls the trigger. Gādian One rocks and shudders within Ikamulum's grip – the bright flash of heavy weapons blinds Zhang again. His sight clears. Ikamulum lives.







The monster shrieks again. Zhang cries out in pain as his eardrums burst; hot fluid runs down his neck.

He pulls the trigger again and again, but Ikamulum wraps a tentacle around each gun. Zhang doesn't hear the metal tearing, but he feels his mech shudder, sees the flash of warnings on every panel.

With another scream, Ikamulum throws Gādian One into the sky.

Reddish sky fades grey, then **black.**Gādian One leaves the atmosphere, keeps ascending.

Darkness surrounds Zhang on all sides, broken only by impossibly-distant alien constellations. A shape <u>moves</u> within that **infinite** space, unfolding from a hidden dimension.



Gādian One drifts past Karnak's wretched face - Zhang too stunned to pull his impotent trigger.



Karnak smiles a void of stars and takes Gādian One in his hand, a quaint curiosity.

Created in the image of his own death mecha, Karnak can almost appreciate the human machine.

A L M O S T

With
a sneer, he
tears a hole in reality
and throws Gādian One
through folds of dimensional
space, Zhang's mind
stunned by the impossible
geometries waiting
beyond.

An instant pas Zhang intersects hurtles down to But this is not h

THIS IS NO

Re-entry burn black Parachutes open and Zhan Gādian One slows. Zhang a down to meet t Zhang opens the airloc



All around him, limbs, tor over the wreck a graveyard for me Zhang stares in awe at the

But with eardrums burst, h skitter of locals



ses, an infinity, with space-time, oward a planet, is space-time.

OT EARTH.

ens the viewscreen. g jolts forward in his seat as nd his broken machine drift his alien world. k and gasps. A miracle:

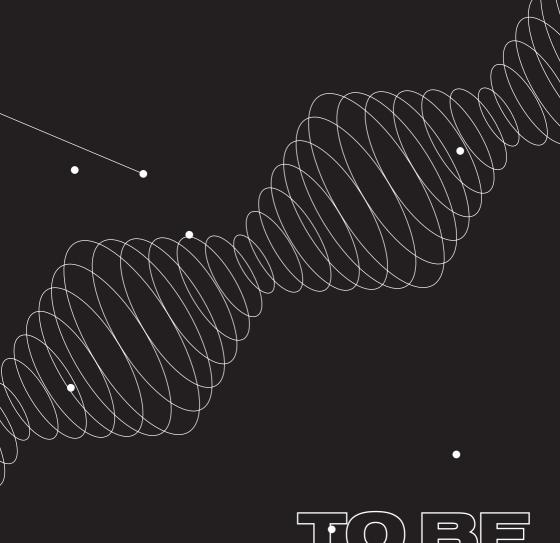


sos, and weapons tower of Gādian One, cha older than time, marvels that surround him:









TO BE CONTINUED...



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