

**BIG TROUBLE
IN
LITTLE
CHINA**

**OLD
MAN
JACK**

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PALATKA,
FLORIDA.



I GOT
EVERYTHING
I WANT.



BUT I DON'T
FEEL ANYTHING.



HOW THE
HELL DID IT
COME TO
THIS?



SUP.

OH, RIGHT.
THIS
JERKBAG.



NOTHING TO
SAY? MY GOD--
DID I FINALLY
SHUT UP JACK
BURTON?

IF I'D KNOWN I
COULD SHUT YOU UP
JUST BY KILLING ALL
YOUR LOVED ONES, I
WOULD HAVE DONE
SO A LONG TIME
AGO.

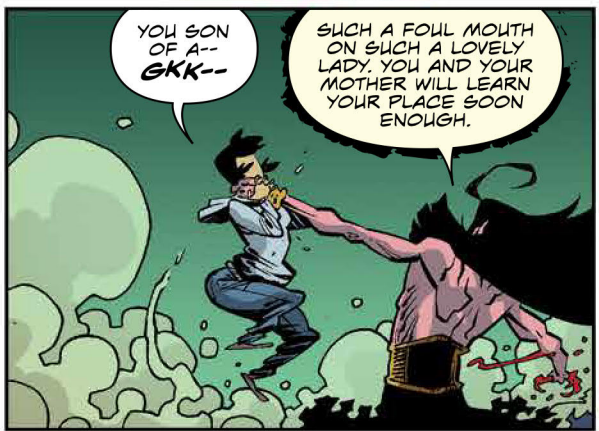


BUT
STILL...



"...BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

DAD!



YOU SON OF A--
GKK--

SUCH A FOUL MOUTH ON SUCH A LOVELY LADY. YOU AND YOUR MOTHER WILL LEARN YOUR PLACE SOON ENOUGH.



THE HELL WE WILL--



CRUMBLE

OH, CRAP--



I'VE GOT YA, MIAO--



NO!



AND NOW, YOU GET TO SPEND ETERNITY IN THIS REDNECK PARADISE FROM WHENCE YOU CAME.



EXCEPT THIS TIME, EVERY SIP OF BEER--EVERY BITE OF BEEF JERKY-- WILL REMIND YOU OF THE FRIENDS YOU FAILED.

WHAT THE HELL IS THE POINT OF ALL THIS, DAVE?

THE POINT IS, MY EYES ARE OPEN.



WHEN CHING DAI TURNED ME MORTAL, I NEEDED TO FIND A PURPOSE FOR MY DISGUSTING, FLESHY LIFE.

AND FOR A BRIEF, HORRIFYING MOMENT, I THOUGHT THAT PURPOSE WAS--UGH--FRIENDSHIP.



BUT THEN I REALIZED THAT CRAP IS FOR NERDS.



SO INSTEAD, I'M GONNA GO KILL GOD.

I JUST WANTED TO SEE YOUR IRRELEVANT, SQUARE-JAWED FACE ONE LAST TIME BEFORE I BECAME THE RULER OF EVERYTHING.



SEACREST OUT.



DAMN. WHAT DO I DO?

I DUNNO, BUT YOU'D BETTER DO IT FAST.



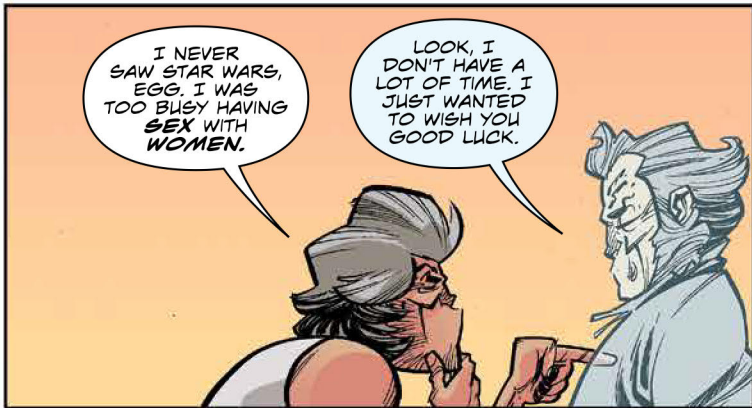
EGG?!



WHAT ARE YOU? A-- A--

I'M A GHOST. HERE TO GIVE YOU SAGE ADVICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

YOU KNOW, LIKE IN *STAR WARS*.



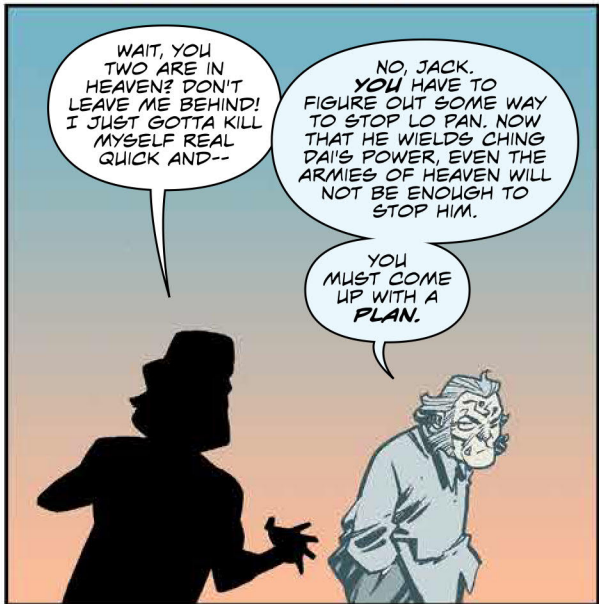
I NEVER SAW *STAR WARS*, EGG. I WAS TOO BUSY HAVING *SEX WITH WOMEN*.

LOOK, I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME. I JUST WANTED TO WISH YOU GOOD LUCK.



GOOD LUCK WITH *WHAT?*

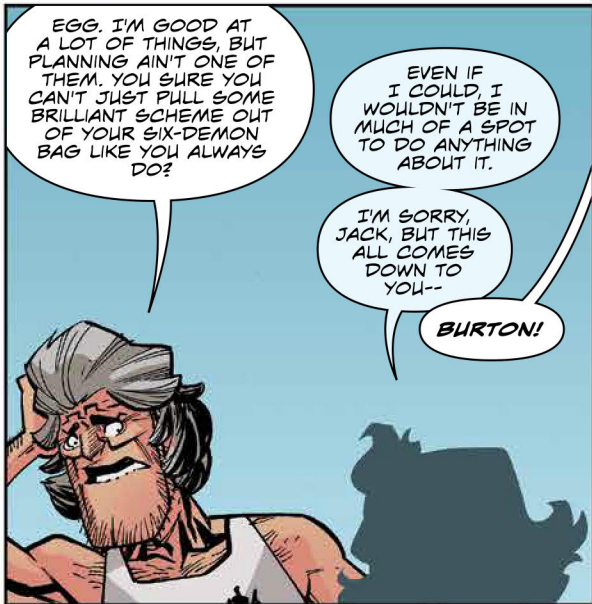
STOPPING LO PAN. IF YOU DON'T, HE'LL INVADE HEAVEN AND DESTROY THE SOULS OF EVERYONE HE FINDS THERE, INCLUDING WANG'S AND MINE.



WAIT, YOU TWO ARE IN HEAVEN? DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND! I JUST GOTTA KILL MYSELF REAL QUICK AND--

NO, JACK. *YOU* HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO STOP LO PAN. NOW THAT HE WIELDS CHING DAI'S POWER, EVEN THE ARMIES OF HEAVEN WILL NOT BE ENOUGH TO STOP HIM.

YOU MUST COME UP WITH A *PLAN*.



EGG. I'M GOOD AT A LOT OF THINGS, BUT PLANNING AIN'T ONE OF THEM. YOU SURE YOU CAN'T JUST PULL SOME BRILLIANT SCHEME OUT OF YOUR SIX-DEMON BAG LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO?

EVEN IF I COULD, I WOULDN'T BE IN MUCH OF A SPOT TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

I'M SORRY, JACK, BUT THIS ALL COMES DOWN TO YOU--

BURTON!

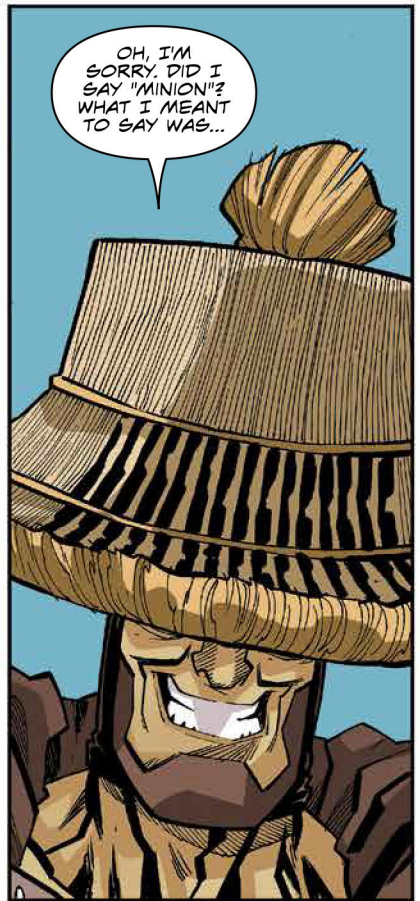


AH, HELL, YOU'RE STILL ALIVE?



I AM. LO PAN WAS GRACIOUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ME ON AS HIS MINION.

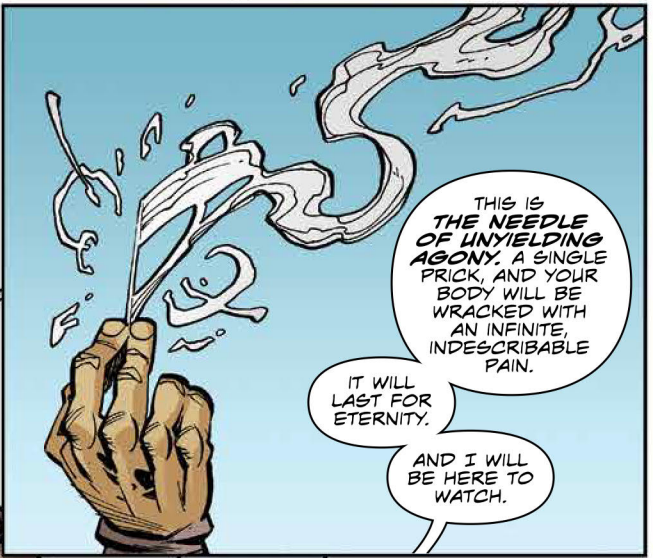
JEEZ LOUISE, THUNDER. THAT'S PATHETIC.



OH, I'M SORRY, DID I SAY "MINION"? WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS...



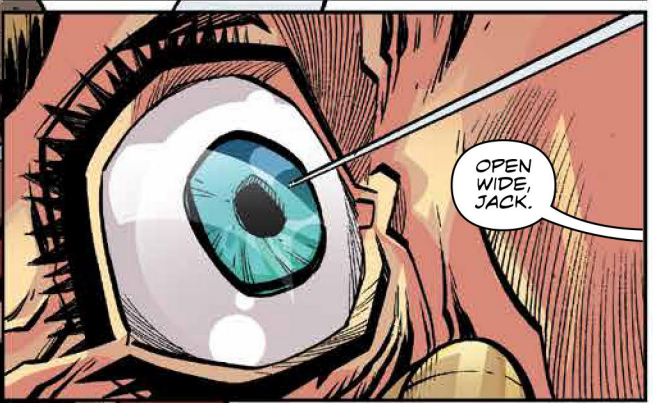
TORTURER.



THIS IS THE NEEDLE OF UNYIELDING AGONY. A SINGLE PRICK, AND YOUR BODY WILL BE WRACKED WITH AN INFINITE, INDESCRIBABLE PAIN.

IT WILL LAST FOR ETERNITY.

AND I WILL BE HERE TO WATCH.



OPEN WIDE, JACK.