



GO AHEAD;  
PUNCH ME.

KICK ME, STAB ME, SHOOT ME,  
MAKE MY SKULL INTO A BOWL AND MY  
INNARDS INTO PARTY STREAMERS.



BUT DON'T  
TOUCH MY DOG.

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# The Bone Hunters

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FOLLOW  
ME!

WAIT, TARANTULA!  
WHAT ABOUT  
GEORGE?

YOU CAN'T  
HELP HIM IF  
YOU'RE DEAD.



THE SKELETONS DIDN'T SPEAK. THAT WAS THE WORST PART.



IF YOU THREATENED TO CUT SOMEONE, KILL SOMEONE...



...IF YOU PROPHEZIZED DOOM, IF YOU BRAGGED ABOUT THE MONEY YOU WOULD STEAL...



...THEN THAT MEANT YOU HAD AMBITIONS, JEALOUSIES...



...HATE IN YOUR HEART.



IT MEANT YOU WERE  
MADE OF SOMETHING,  
NO MATTER HOW NASTY.



THE SKELETONS SAID  
NOTHING, AND IT MADE  
THEM SEEM HOLLOW.

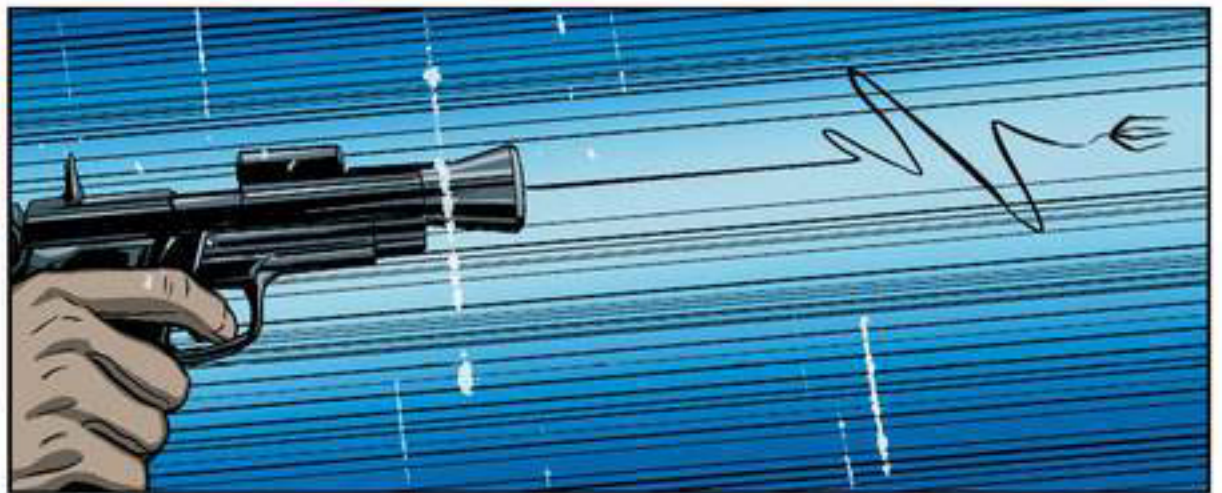


DEAD TO  
THE CORE.

POCKETED WITH  
SHADOWS.



FILLED WITH  
ASHES AND  
SPIDERS.





GRAB  
HOLD OF ME,  
ARROW.

NOT REALLY  
IN THE MOOD, BUT  
IF YOU INSIST.



A SKELETON HAS NO  
VOICE EXCEPT THE WIND  
MOVING THROUGH IT...



...WHISTLING AND  
HUSHING A TERRIBLE  
SONG.

