



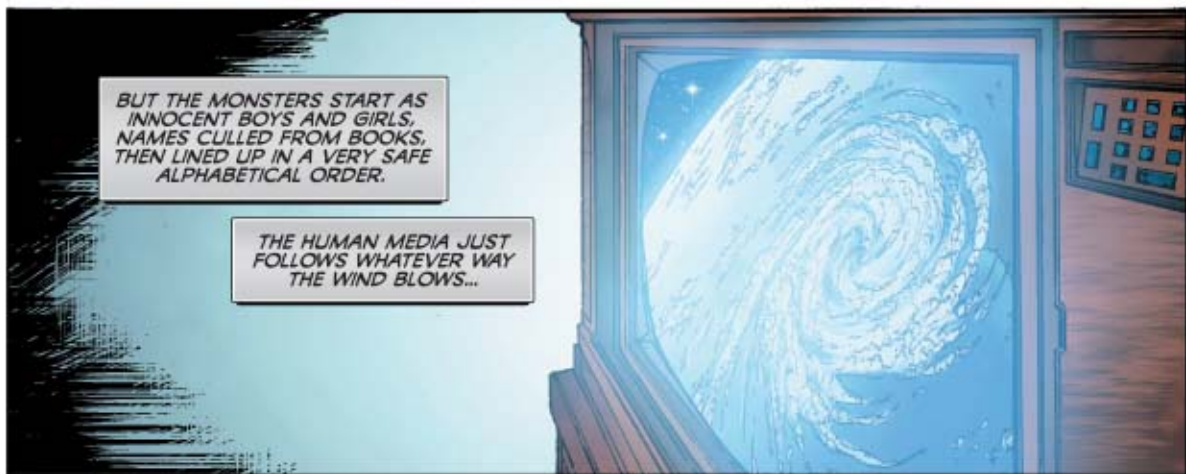
THEY'RE RUNNING
OUT OF TITLES FOR THE
REALLY BIG ONES...



THE PERFECT STORM.



STORM OF THE
CENTURY.



BUT THE MONSTERS START AS
INNOCENT BOYS AND GIRLS,
NAMES CULLED FROM BOOKS,
THEN LINED UP IN A VERY SAFE
ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE HUMAN MEDIA JUST
FOLLOWS WHATEVER WAY
THE WIND BLOWS...

PART ONE OF SIX

MANDATORY EVACUATION PROTOCOLS

I THINK THEY GIVE
HUMAN NAMES TO STORMS
BECAUSE THEY THINK IT
GIVES THEM CONTROL.

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE
PUT IN AN ARBITRARY
ORDER.

BUT NO ONE CAN
CONTROL A FORCE
OF NATURE.







PERHAPS
IT IS EASIER
TO BEAT ME IF YOU
BELIEVE ME ALREADY
ANESTHETIZED--



THE
LIGHTNING
MAKES
US--



KRAKOOM

AND IT UNMAKES
US ALSO...

I AM NOT AFRAID
OF THE DARK,
VICTOR...



AND I AM NOT AFRAID
OF YOU, EVEN THOUGH
YOU HURT ME SO...



VICTOR?

HAVE YOU
RETURNED?



YOU ARE MY
MAKER, VICTOR...

BUT I WILL NOT LET
MYSELF BE UNMADE
BY YOU.

NOT LIKE THE
FOUR ERIKAS THAT
CAME BEFORE ME.



IDEAS DO NOT JUST
COME FROM BOOKS...



JUST
NAMES.

STORIES.