

Dearest John, my  
love, my Targan,

What a terrible den the  
end of the world makes.

I fear I may never  
gaze upon you again,  
my darling husband,  
nor our son, Jack.

If by some roll of fortune's  
dice, you both yet live and I do  
not return, tell him to never be  
ashamed of the jungle inside.

It is the best part  
of us all. Let him be  
Korak, if he chooses.

I have been assigned to the  
Southwest Stair, of the tower  
which guards Snow White.  
And yes, I realize how  
whimsical that sounds.

Our appointed leader, a Jungle  
Girl named Jana, lost her  
courage and abandoned us.

A Mexican champion,  
Lady Zorro, has taken the  
mantle with some ferocity.

My other colleagues in this doomed  
endeavor are called Black Sparrow,  
and one, simply known as Red.

They seem used to  
war, the Sparrow seems  
almost to enjoy it.

Yes, love, I said 'doomed'. The  
Shard Men, resurrected corpses  
of men who specifically died at  
the hands of women and crave  
revenge, are far, far too many.

However, it is my great  
pleasure to note...

*...that rare compatriot,  
PANTHA, has managed to greet  
them with a salutation MOST  
appropriate to the occasion.*

*John, I fear we will not see each  
other again and this, in my most  
selfish iteration, causes me more  
pain somehow than Armageddon.*

*I love you, Viscount Greystroke  
Lord of the Jungle, Faithkeeper of  
the Waziri, and owner of my heart.*

*Your wife,  
Jane*

THE EAST STAIR, TEAM LEADER:  
JENNIFER BLOOD.

IS THIS ALL  
YOU HAVE?

ARE THESE  
SORRY SACKS  
OF SHIT ALL  
YOU GOT,  
'PRINCE'?

BRING IT  
THE SHIT  
ON, THEN!

YOU KNOW, I HATE  
TO MENTION IT...

BUT OUR  
DELIGHTFUL CAPTAIN  
HAS A BIT OF A FOUL  
MOUTH, EVA.

SHE DOES  
INDEED, MISS  
FURY.

I RATHER  
LIKE HER.

THE NORTH STAIR, TEAM LEADER:  
IRENE ADLER

TRAVELLER!

SOME OF THE  
SHARD MEN ARE  
AIRBORNE.

YES.

I BELIEVE I WILL  
REMINDE THEM THAT  
THEY WERE NOT  
INVITED.

ELSEWHERE, THE  
PATCHWORK WORLD

OH, MY.

THIS IS  
UNFORTUNATE,  
ISN'T IT?

TO COME ALL  
THIS WAY FOR  
NOTHING?

HONESTLY,  
YOU ALL COULD  
BE SIMPLY FURIOUS  
WITH ME, AND I  
WOULDN'T BLAME  
YOU A BIT.

WE'RE  
NOT DONE,  
PURGATORI.

KILLING  
ONE OF  
US--

--IS ALL I  
NEED, DEAREST  
RED SONJA.

REMEMBER THE  
PROPHECY?

YOU NEED  
ALL THREE  
OF YOUR  
SWORDS TO  
HARM THE  
PRINCE.

AND IT TURNS OUT,  
YOUR PATHETIC LITTLE  
WANNABE BLOODSUCKER  
DROPPED THIS WHEN  
SHE DIED.

LIKE I SAID, SO  
UNFORTUNATE.



FACE ME, DEMON!  
SHOW YOUR  
WORTH.

HUH,  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT?

I DON'T  
THINK SO.

WITHOUT THIS,  
YOU'RE SCREWED,  
'SHE-DEVIL.'



NO NEED TO  
HUMILIATE  
YOU, AS  
WELL.

HAVE FUN  
WITH THE TANKS,  
LADIES.



SHE'S RIGHT,  
YOU KNOW.

I KNOW,  
DEJAH  
THORIS.

BUT I WANTED  
AT LEAST TO GUT  
THAT [REDACTED]  
FOR  
SATISFACTION'S  
SAKE.



I HAVE A HOPELESS  
QUEST TO FINISH.

JOIN ME?

HAVE YOU  
FORGOTTEN THE  
SMALL MATTER  
OF THE WAR  
MACHINE?

I DON'T THINK  
EVEN THE SWORDS  
WILL DO IT MUCH  
REAL DAMAGE.



NO.  
I HAVE NOT  
FORGOTTEN.