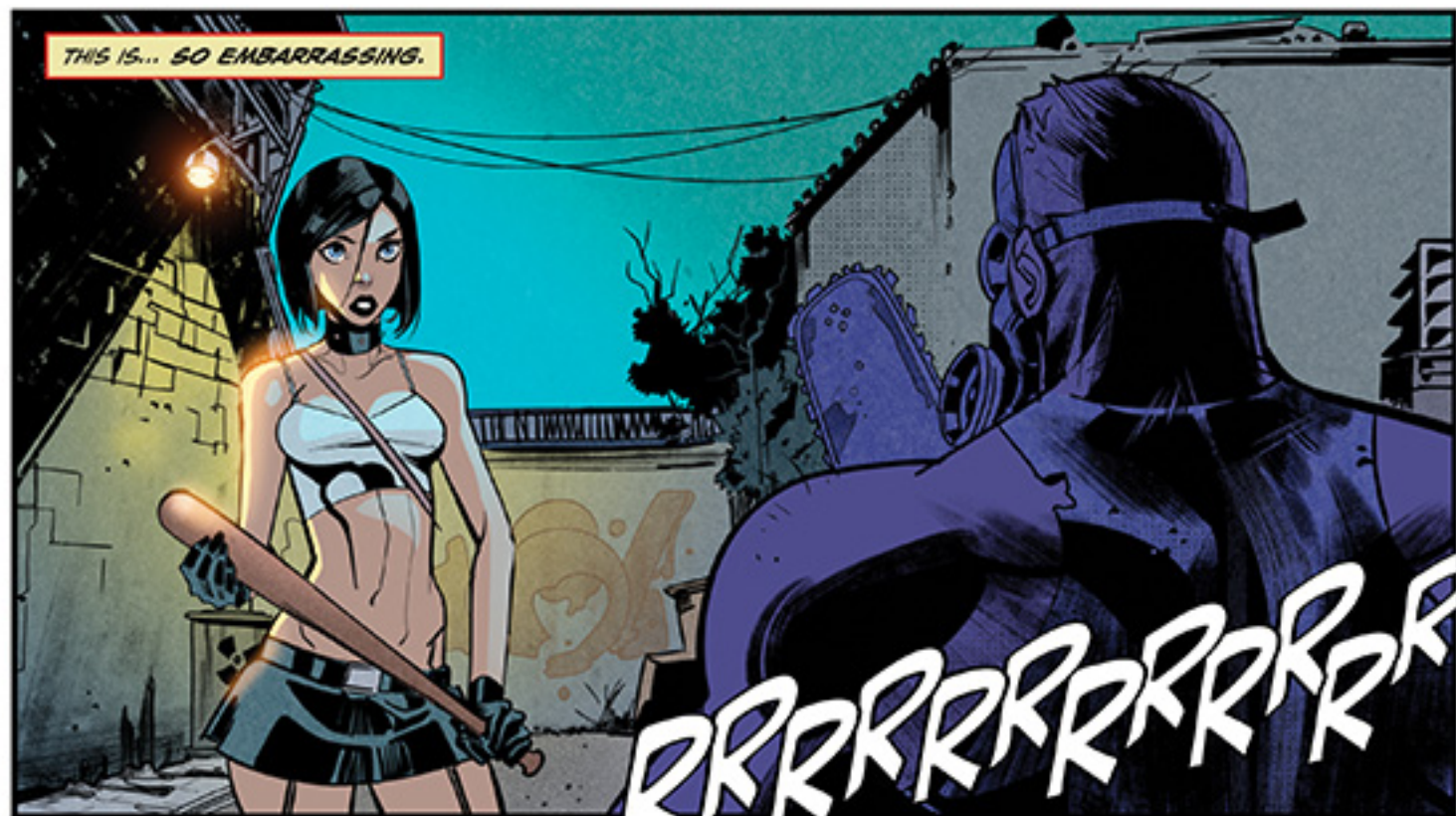


THIS IS... SO EMBARRASSING.





SO, I DON'T REALLY HUNT MONSTERS ANYMORE. NOT REAL ONES, AT LEAST.



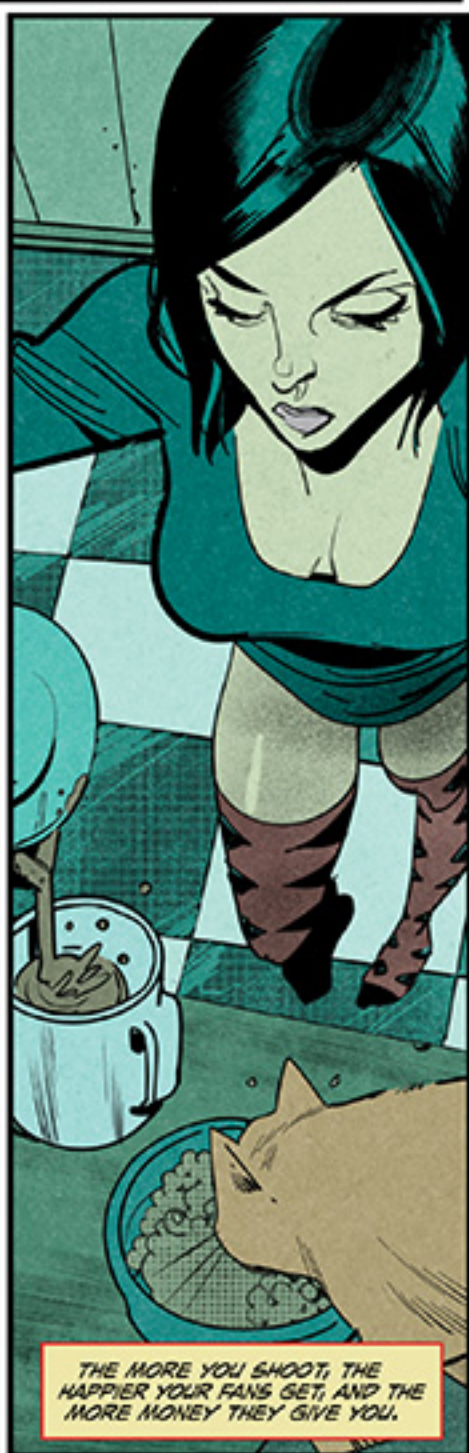
CAN I BE FRANK? I ACTUALLY KIND OF HATE VIDEO GAMES.

BUT ALL THOSE YEARS OF IRL MONSTER HUNTING GAVE ME RIDICULOUSLY GOOD HAND-EYE COORDINATION, ALONG WITH A PAIR OF COMPLETELY FRIED ADRENAL RECEPTORS, SO I NEVER CHOKE UNDER PRESSURE.



SO HERE WAS MY PLAN--LIVE OUT HERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WITH A TRAILER AND A CAT. I WASN'T ABOUT TO TRY THE BOUNTY HUNTING THING AGAIN, AND I SURE AS HELL WASN'T GOING TO DO ANY JOB THAT REQUIRED ME TO WEAR AN APRON, A UNIFORM, OR LIPSTICK.

I SPENT A LOT OF TIME ON THE INTERNET, EATING BOWLS OF CEREAL IN MY UNDERWEAR AND CONSIDERING SOME OTHER QUICK WAYS TO MAKE MONEY; WHEN I HAPPENED TO FIND OUT THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE LITERALLY MADE THEIR LIVING PLAYING VIDEO GAMES WHERE YOU SHOOT ENDLESS HORDES OF ZOMBIES.



THE MORE YOU SHOOT, THE HAPPIER YOUR FANS GET, AND THE MORE MONEY THEY GIVE YOU.



HELL, I DIDN'T MAKE MONEY PER ZOMBIE WHEN THEY WERE REAL ZOMBIES.

IT'S NOT A GREAT LIVING, BUT I'M NOT FANCY. I BOUGHT THE TRAILER OUTRIGHT AND THANKFULLY; DARIO EATS THE CHEAP KITTY KIBBLE. WHEN I WANT TO TREAT MYSELF, I DRIVE TO THE TRUCK STOP FOR BURGERS.



AND NOBODY GIVES A [REDACTED] WHAT I DO WITH THE REST OF MY TIME. IT'S AMAZING.



BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS, SOMETHING IN THE AIR MAKES ME THINK ABOUT RETURNING TO HUNTING SLASHERS.



RAAAUGUUGH...

I TOLD YOU AN HOUR AGO, HOLD THE [REDACTED] ON; I AM STILL DECIDING!

BAM

BAM

BAM