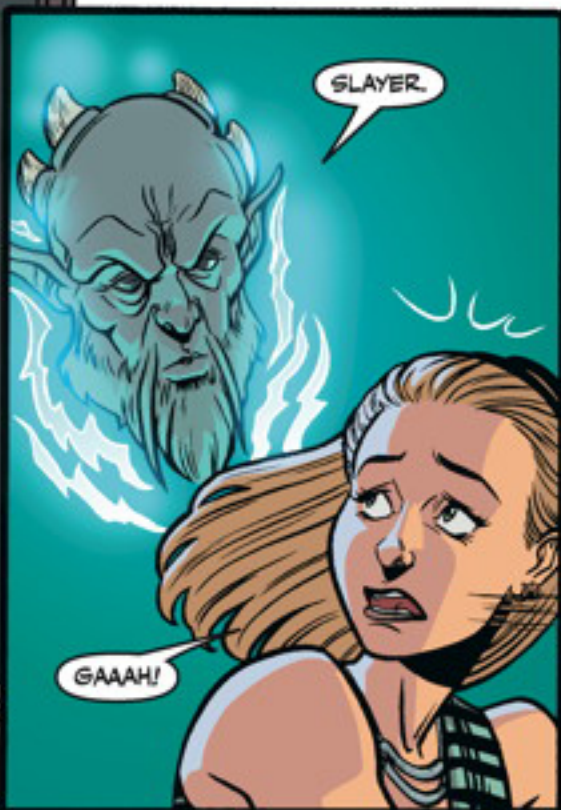


**BUFFY'S BEDROOM.
A BIT LATER.**



SLAYER.

GAAAH!



THIS IS MY BEDROOM. I COULD'VE BEEN DOING BEDROOM ACTIVITIES.

MY INTRUSION WAS NECESSARY. I HAVE DETECTED THE LOCATION OF THE MISTRESS AND THE SOUL GLUTTON. AND, WITH THEM, THE RESTLESS DOOR.



WHAT? THEN LET'S GO GET 'EM!

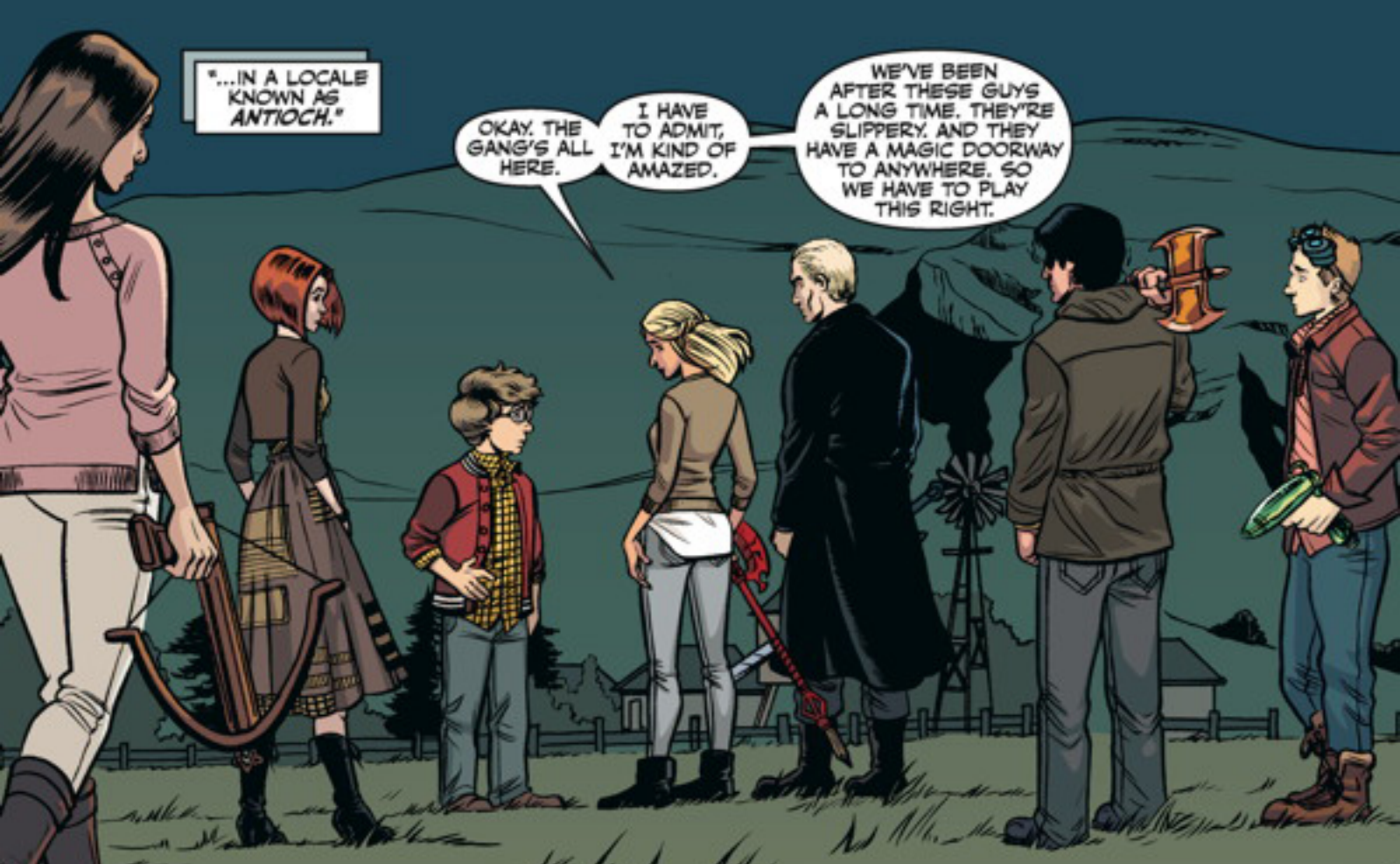
THE COUNCIL IS OTHERWISE OCCUPIED.

WE ARE REPELLING AN INVASION FROM THE HELL OF SCREAMS. ALL OF US ARE REQUIRED.

HOWEVER, WHILE THE RESTLESS DOOR IS BEING USED TO OPEN THE PORTAL THAT CURRENTLY OCCUPIES US, OUR ENEMIES CANNOT USE IT TO ESCAPE EARTH.

GATHER YOUR ALLIES. STRIKE NOW. YOU WILL FIND THEM IN A PLACE CALLED THE BLACK DIAMOND MINES...





"...IN A LOCALE KNOWN AS ANTIOCH."

OKAY. THE GANG'S ALL HERE.

I HAVE TO ADMIT, I'M KIND OF AMAZED.

WE'VE BEEN AFTER THESE GUYS A LONG TIME. THEY'RE SLIPPERY. AND THEY HAVE A MAGIC DOORWAY TO ANYWHERE. SO WE HAVE TO PLAY THIS RIGHT.

LAKE'S STANDING BY WITH A RAPID-RESPONSE TEAM IF WE NEED THEM.

GOOD. THEY'LL BE HANDY IF THE BAD GUYS TRY TO BRING IN A HELL DIMENSION INVASION FORCE. BUT HAVE 'EM KEEP THEIR DISTANCE FOR NOW.



IF OUR TARGETS FIGURE OUT WE'RE ON TO THEM, WE WANT THEM THINKING IT'S A FIGHT THEY CAN WIN.

BUT, UH, THEY CAN'T, RIGHT?

THE SOUL GLUTTON'S POWER DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH HE'S FED. HIS PHYSICAL SIZE REFLECTS THE AMOUNT OF SOUL ENERGY HE CONTAINS. CLEARLY, WE'D PREFER HIM SMALLER.

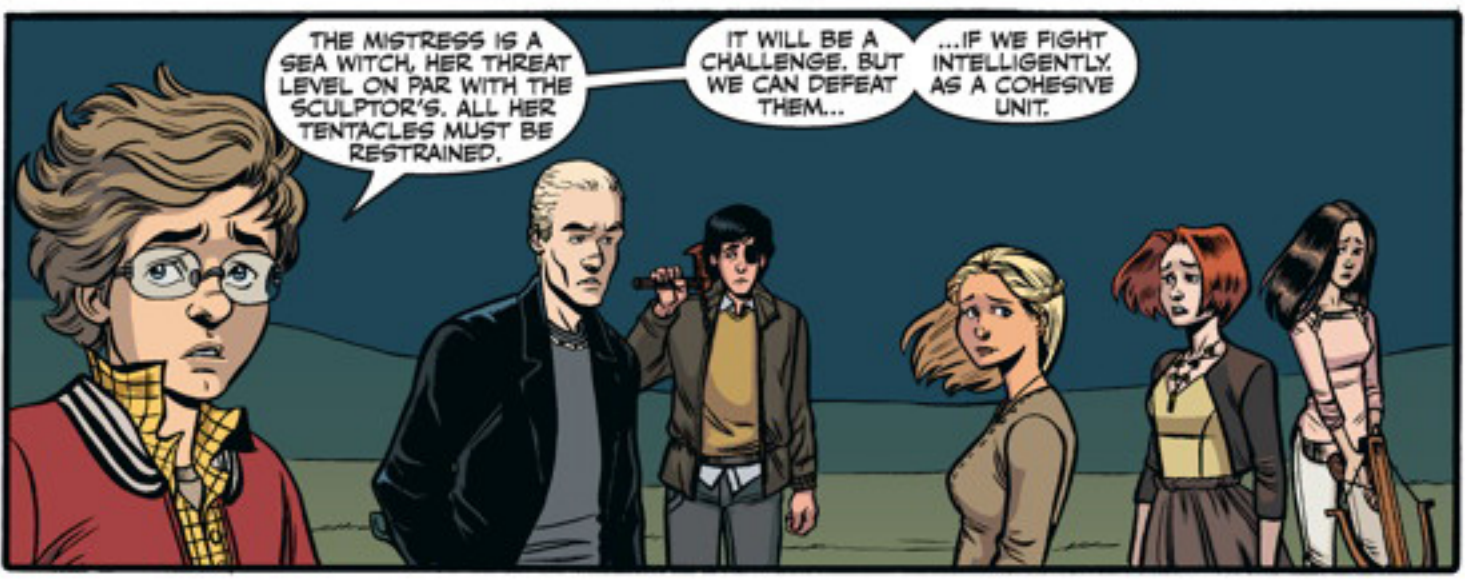


IF HIS SIZE-- AND STRENGTH--ARE GREAT, WE MUST FORCE HIM TO EXPEND THE ENERGY. MAKE HIM MORE...MANAGEABLE.

THE MISTRESS IS A SEA WITCH, HER THREAT LEVEL ON PAR WITH THE SCULPTOR'S. ALL HER TENTACLES MUST BE RESTRAINED.

IT WILL BE A CHALLENGE. BUT WE CAN DEFEAT THEM...

...IF WE FIGHT INTELLIGENTLY. AS A COHESIVE UNIT.



OKAY,
THEN.

ANDREW,
LEAD THE WAY.
WHEN YOUR X-RAY
SPECS SAY WE'RE
CLOSE, GIVE
THE WORD.

ONCE
AGAIN, THEY'RE A
MULTISPECTRUM...
Y'KNOW WHAT, X-RAY
SPECS IT IS.



Y'KNOW
WHAT THIS PLACE
REMINDS ME OF?
THE TUNNELS UNDER
SUNNYDALE. THE
TOWN WHERE I DIED
FIGHTING FOR YOU
AND YOUR FRIENDS!

AFTER YOU
LEFT ME AT THE
ALTAR! AND ALWAYS
STOLE THE COVERS!
AND ASKED ME TO
DRESS UP IN THAT
RIDICULOUS CATWOMAN
SUIT TO KEEP THE
SPARK ALIVE!

ARE WE
THERE
YET?

IT'S
GETTING HARD TO
READ. THEY OBVIOUSLY
SPEND A LOT OF TIME
HERE. THE SOUL
GLUTTON'S SLIME IS ALL
OVER THE PLACE. CAN'T
PINPOINT HIS EXACT
LOCATION.

THAT
WALKING PILE
OF SICK NEARLY
DID ME IN LAST
TIME. MORE SOULS
HE EATS, THE
BIGGER HE
GETS.



LET'S
HOPE HE'S
GONE HUNGRY
LATELY.

