





THERE ARE MOMENTS IN THE DARK WHERE IT CONSUMES YOU WHERE YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE DROWNING AND HOPE IS FAR OUT OF REACH.



THAT DAWNING HORROR THAT YOU DO NOT WANT TO SEE THE LIGHT, BECAUSE ALL IT WOULD DO IS ILLUMINATE THE TERRIFYING THINGS SURROUNDING YOU.



IT'S HOPELESSNESS. IT'S GIVING UP. IT'S KNOWING THAT THE WORLD WILL NEVER BE A BETTER PLACE.



THAT THE ONLY THING PROTECTING YOU IS NOT KNOWING WHAT NEW HORROR WILL COME AROUND THE BEND.



MOMENTS LIKE THAT, IT'S WAGER ARE THE CLOSEST THING TO FEELING HELL ON EARTH.

BUT IT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO THE REAL THING.

THE CIT OF SIS.

HELL.

HELL BATS IN DEEP. IT'S NOT A PLACE OF MAGIC BECAUSE MAGIC ULTIMATELY COMES FROM A PLACE OF CREATION, A PLACE OF CHAOTIC JOY.

HELL IS CHAOTIC MADNESS AND DESTRUCTION. HELL IS THE LUTTER ABSENCE OF EVERYTHING THAT CAN GIVE YOU MEANING, GIVE YOU DEFINITION, THE SOUL. TRADING IS THE ONLY OUTLET FOR EMOTION HERE, EVEN FOR DEMONING.

NO PLACE EMBODIES THAT MORE THAN THE CALLED PARADISE OF COMMERCE THAT IS THE CITY OF SIS. NOT THAT IT'S BEEN BEFORE, BUT A PLACE LIKE THIS GETS A REPUTATION.

DEMONS PASS OFF THE HUMAN SOULS LIKE COINS IN EXCHANGE FOR PETTY, MELLOW ENTERTAINMENTS.

THERE'S LITTLE POWER IN BEING A DEMON OTHER THAN THE POWER TO MAKE A DEAL FOR A SOUL, BUT ALL THEY CAN DO IN SIS IS PASS THEM OFF FOR MOMENTS OF HORROR.

ALL THEY HAVE IS THE THRILL OF THE TRADING SO THEY KEEP TRADING, KEEP BEYOND MEANINGS THAT WILL NEVER COME THEIR WAY. THEY'RE TRAPPED IN A VICIOUS SYSTEM AS MUCH AS ANY OF US.

HELL ISN'T A PLACE WHERE YOU WIN, THE AIR BURS YOU GREAT AND STRIPS YOU OF EVERYTHING YOU ARE. THE ONLY WAY TO FIGHT BACK IS TO KEEP MOVING, KEEP TRADING, KEEP MOVING ANY OF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANYTHING.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN SOME DEMONS HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO BEND THE MARKET IN THEIR FAVOR.

THERE IS REAL POWER IN HELL.

THE ART OF THE DEAL

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yes, you feels that, doesnt you? so deep youd gives anything to stops it, wouldnt you?

It can all stops, of course. all I needs you to do is make the deal. yer soul, and it all endees now.

gives you a nice pretty room, with a nice pretty bed, and a nice pretty girl and a nice pretty boy to make you feels all sortee of fancy feeefeelings.

and for all of that, you just needs to gives one itey tiny thing... You wouldnt even feels it.

SOUNDS... PRETTY... NICE...

yeesssssss... now just makes the deal, gives usses your soul, gives us *everything*.

HERE, LET ME JUST GET MY PEN.



OH, SORRY. THAT WASN'T A PEN, NOW WAS IT?

JOHN!





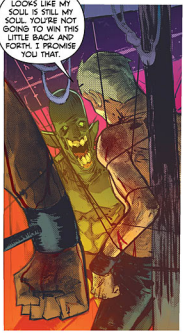
I WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IF YOU STOPPED ANTAGONIZING OUR TORTURERS.

OH, WE DON'T MINDS, DO WE, BOBBYBOY? WE GETS TO DO THIS EVERY DAY FOR EVER AND EVER. IS OUR JOBS, AND WE LIKES OUR JOBS, DON'T WE?

WELL, ISN'T THAT JUST PEACHY?



BUT IT LOOKS LIKE MY SOUL IS STILL MY SOUL. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WIN THIS LITTLE BACK AND FORTH. I PROMISE YOU THAT.



MILARIOUS.

I ALWAYS FORGET HOW PROFOUNDLY STUPID HUMANS CAN BE.



WELL, ISN'T THAT JUST PEACHY?