



EVERYONE KNOWS
HOW **CREATIVE**
THE SCOTS ARE.

THEY'RE ALWAYS SCULPTING,
PAINTING, SINGING SONGS
AND WRITING PLAYS.



THEY INVENTED **TELEVISION**,
THE TELEPHONE, BICYCLES AND
DEEP-FRIED MARS BARS.



AND TELL
ME, THORN. HOW
MANY ALBA GODS
DO YOU HAVE
LEFT?

FORTY-
FIVE OF THE
STRONGEST.

IN ALL MY YEARS OF BEING
OBSESSED WITH SCOTLAND--

--I'D NEVER THOUGHT
TO WONDER **WHY**...

the castle of Belatucadros.

Britain, 410 A.D.

MORE THAN ENOUGH TO TAKE THAT **THRONE** OFF YOU, CADROS.

AND WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?

DISMANTLE IT. THROW ITS RIVETS AND STRUTS INTO THE SEA.

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WORSHIPPED.

THE LAND BEYOND THIS FLAG IS UNDER MY **PERSONAL** PROTECTION.

THUNK

THINGS CHANGE.

NOT ALL THINGS.

YOU WOULD HAVE GODS LYING WITH MORTALS... DILUTING OUR DIVINE BLOOD? THE VERY **THOUGHT** DRAWS BILE INTO MY THROAT.

SO **WAR** IT IS.

I'LL EAT THE **EYES**...
...OF EVERY GOD WHO STANDS **WITH** YOU THIS DAY.

SINCE WE USED TO BE FRIENDS...

...I'LL WARN YOU ONCE, AND ONCE **ONLY**, BELATUCADROS.

STAY WHERE YOU **ARE!**

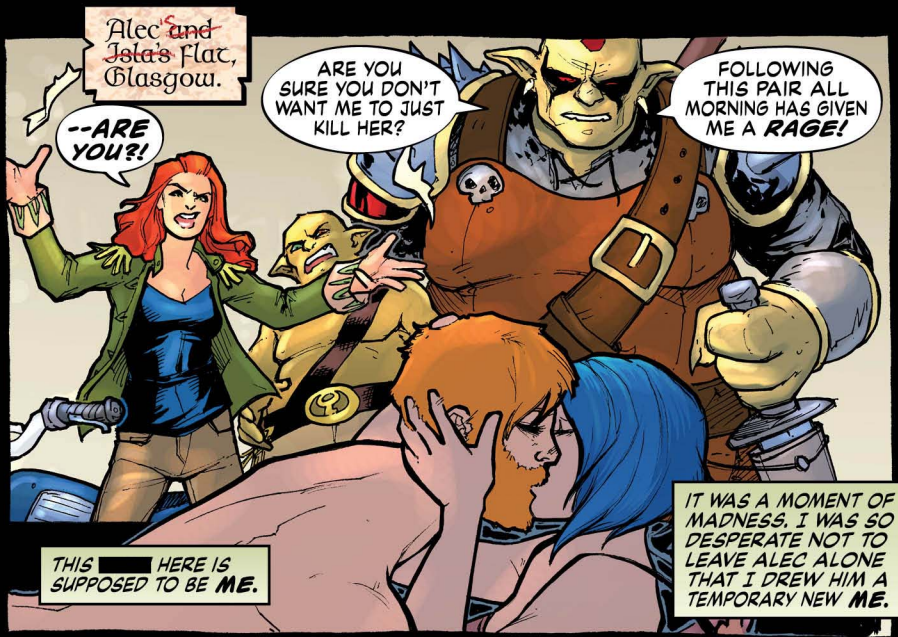
HEY...JUST BECAUSE **YOU** CAN'T GET ANY SWEET **HUMAN** ACTION...!

I'M GLAD WE AGREE.



WHO THE [REDACTED] --

RIGHT, WHERE WERE WE?



Alec and Isla's flat, Glasgow.

--ARE YOU?!

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO JUST KILL HER?

FOLLOWING THIS PAIR ALL MORNING HAS GIVEN ME A RAGE!

THIS [REDACTED] HERE IS SUPPOSED TO BE ME.

IT WAS A MOMENT OF MADNESS, I WAS SO DESPERATE NOT TO LEAVE ALEC ALONE THAT I DREW HIM A TEMPORARY NEW ME.



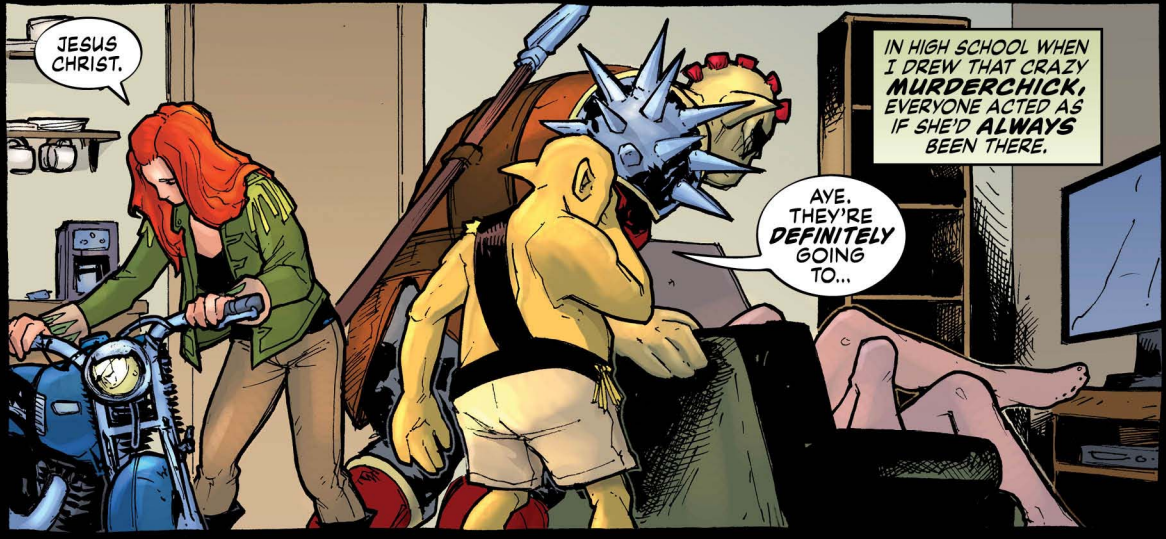
I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS **BOY** ANYWAY.

SURELY THERE ARE **THOUSANDS** OF SKINNY PALE ONES WITH BEARDS?



A [REDACTED] PLAN, I KNOW...

OH NO. I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO--



JESUS CHRIST.

IN HIGH SCHOOL WHEN I DREW THAT CRAZY **MURDERCHICK**, EVERYONE ACTED AS IF SHE'D ALWAYS BEEN THERE.

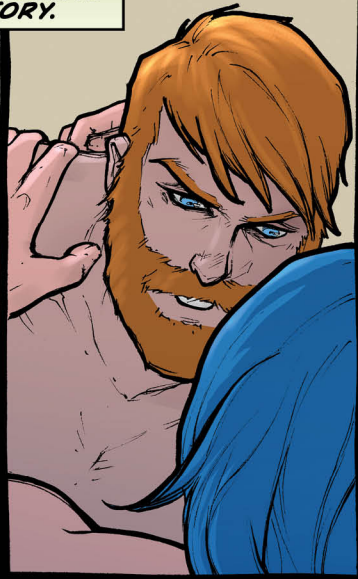
AYE, THEY'RE DEFINITELY GOING TO...



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

SAME WITH STANASH... EVERY TIME--EXCEPT THORN--MY DRAWINGS OF PEOPLE SEEM TO SOMEHOW REWRITE HISTORY.

ALEC DOESN'T EVEN REMEMBER ME NOW.



BACK TO REDCAP CASTLE IT IS.



NO--FRANINT. YOU STAY.

I DON'T TRUST THIS CHICK.



...[REDACTED]'S SAKE!



GOD... WHAT HAVE I DONE?