

NOW.
LOKI BURNS.

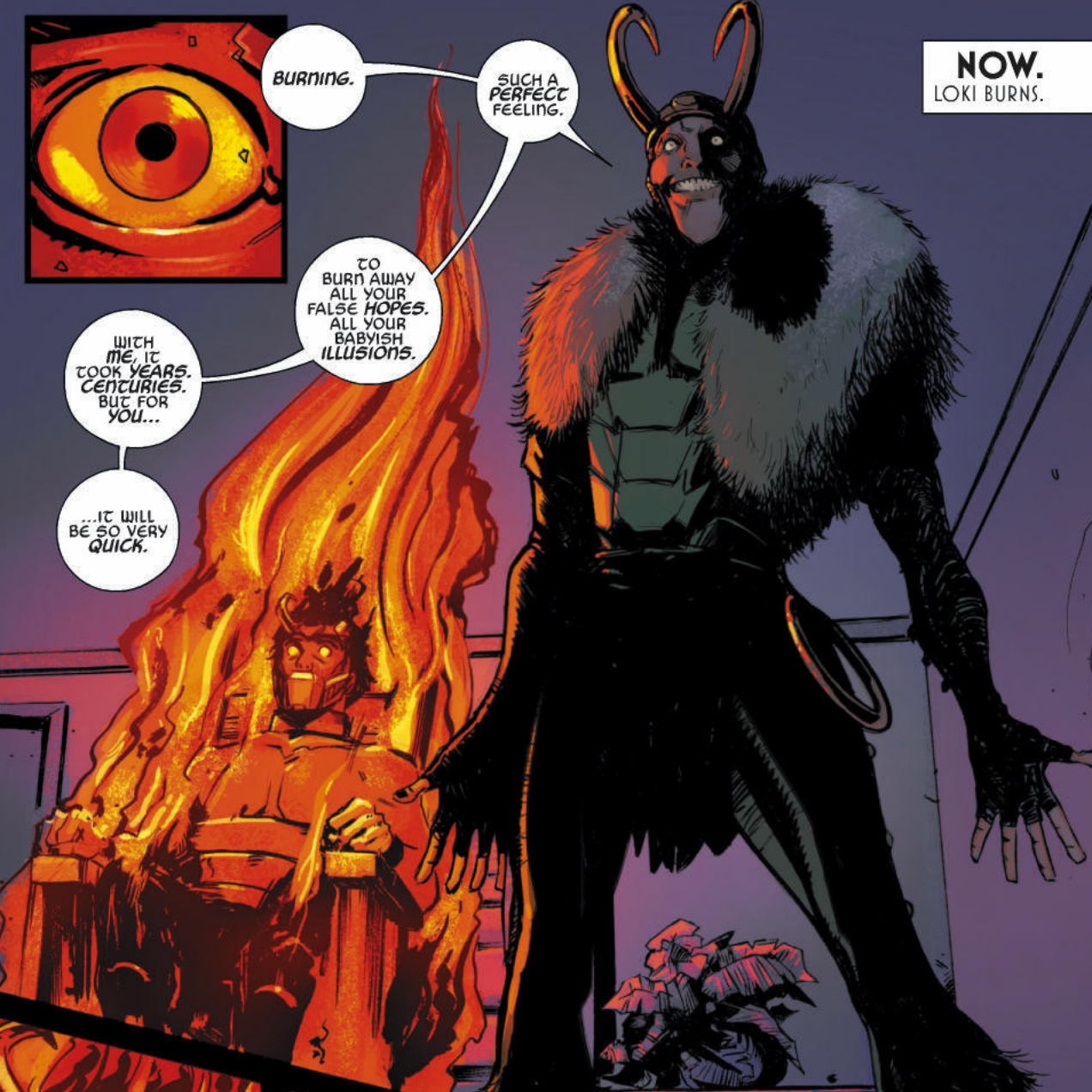
BURNING.

SUCH A PERFECT FEELING.

TO BURN AWAY ALL YOUR FALSE HOPES. ALL YOUR BABYISH ILLUSIONS.

WITH ME, IT TOOK YEARS, CENTURIES. BUT FOR YOU...

...IT WILL BE SO VERY QUICK.



YOU



SHOULD



THANK



ME

ELSEWHERE.

UNNH!

WHERE...?

AH.



I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE.



I LAID **SCHMES** UPON **SCHEMES**, ALL TO **FREE** MYSELF FROM THE YOKE OF DESTINY.

not some **REINCARNATION** OF MYSELF-- MYSELF, me. not you.



BUT MY TRICK TURNED BACK ON ME. WHEN THE **VOID** TOOK ME, I DIED **FOREVER**.

AND FROM THAT MOMENT ON, ANY **LOKI** IN MY SHAPE CAN ONLY EVER BE A **WORTHLESS COPY**.



I AM DONE. I AM **GONE**.

"I'M **SORRY**, BROTHER."

THIS IS A METAPHORICAL SPACE--HIDDEN BEHIND A WHIM, BURIED IN A DAYDREAM.

THE PLACE WE LOKIS ALWAYS GO... FOR THE FINAL ACT.

RRAARRK!

O NOBLY BORN.

LISTEN WELL--

BE SILENT, BIRD. THIS IS NO PLACE FOR OMENS AND PROPHECIES.

THIS IS A PLACE OF DECISION.



I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE.



I WAS A FRESH SCARC. WHAT EVERYONE SAID THEY WANTED.

BUT THE OLD WAS DEEMED PREFERABLE TO THE GOOD, AS IS ALWAYS THE WAY.



SO MY TRICKS WERE TURNED BACK ON ME. THE VOID TOOK ME. I DIED FOREVER.



BUT I DIED AS MYSELF, NOT AS A WORTHLESS COPY. I WON AN ENDING.

I AM DONE. I AM GONE.

"I WIN."

