







**UNJUDGEABLE SOUL  
HOLDING CENTER**

"SO, Y'KNOW, THAT'S WHERE THEY SEND US. JUST A BIG... LIKE... ROOM. FILLED WITH BABIES. AND WE WAIT FOR PEOPLE TO BE SENT UPWARDS TO, Y'KNOW, ADOPT US, I GUESS."



SO, I MEAN, YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT EVEN MY REAL MOM.

OF COURSE I'M YOUR MOTHER. I KNEW IT THE SECOND I SAW YOU.



YEAH, I DON'T REALLY SEE IT.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU HAVE GROWN SO MUCH. I LOST YOU WHAT FEELS LIKE MONTHS AGO, AND YET, YOU MUST BE ELEVEN OR TWELVE YEARS OLD AT LEAST?

DUDE, I AIN'T NO PRE-TEEN. I'M ONLY SEVEN. I THINK.

TIME MOVES DIFFERENTLY HERE—

essie! There!



THAT WAS THE ROOM. IT JUST CLOSED UP AROUND THEM.

I'M SO SORRY, ESSIE.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, GUNTO-KAN-Z3. YOU DID YOUR BEST.



HEAT. YEAH, THIS IS BAD.



YOU. HELL-SPAWN.

SUP?

WE NEED YOU TO TAKE US TO HELL.



LISTEN, HON, YOU DON'T WANT TO GO THERE.



THEY HAVE OUR FRIENDS. WE'RE GOING.



NAH, I DON'T THINK SO.