

LOS ANGELES.



WORD ON THE STREET IS YOU CAN GET ANYTHING, FROM ANYWHERE. I NEED TO REACH A DIMENSION CALLED ANHARRA.

EITHER YOU DRAW ME A MAP, OR ALL THIS CRAP YOU'VE SMUGGLED HERE IN VIOLATION OF U.S. INTER-DIMENSIONAL TRADE REGULATIONS GOES BYE-BYE.

CAN'T HELP YOU, SLAYER. ANHARRA'S IN THE DIMENSIONAL BOONIES. NOTHING THERE WORTH HAVING, SO I NEVER SAW A POINT FINDING A WAY IN.



NICE MERCHANDISE YOU'VE GOT. BE A SHAME IF SOMEONE GOT CARELESS WITH IT.





THERE'S NO SIMPLE WAY TO GET TO ANHARRA. NOT WITHOUT GOING THROUGH UNEXPLORED WORLDS FULL OF DANGERS NO ONE'S EVEN CONCEIVED OF.

IF YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH PROVISIONS, AND A COUPLE DECADES TO SPARE, A WELL-ARMED PARTY MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND IT. *MIGHT*.



EXACTLY WHAT EVERYONE ELSE HAS SAID. AND WHAT I SAID, BEFORE WE LEFT HER THERE.

DAMN IT! DAMN IT!



ONE MORE THING. THE MISTRESS AND THE SOUL GLUTTON. WHERE ARE THEY?

IN THE WIND. NO ONE'S HEARD A PEEP OUT OF 'EM SINCE THEY SLAUGHTERED ALL THOSE PEOPLE AT THAT OFFICE PARK IN SILICON VALLEY. POWERING UP, Y'KNOW.



BUT ALL THE DEMONS WHO OWE THEM FAVORS ARE PREPPING FOR WAR. LOT OF 'EM COME TO ME FOR WEAPONS, SPELL INGREDIENTS, STUFF LIKE THAT.

I CAN GIVE YOU A LIST OF THE ONES WHO'VE BOUGHT STUFF LATELY. JUST CUT ME A BREAK, HUH?



FINE. MAKE ME A LIST. LONGER YOU TAKE, THE MORE I BREAK.

FAIR WARNING: MY MOOD IS *NOT* IMPROVING.