

ONE WOULD THINK
THAT STONE COULD
RESIST FIRE.

IT DOESN'T BURN,
MOSTLY. IT'S NOT
USUALLY FLAMMABLE.

AND WE EQUATE STONE
WITH PERMANENCE.

BUT THE HEAT CAN CRACK IT
OPEN LIKE THE THUNDERING
HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD.
NO ONE YOU KNOW, NOTHING
YOU OWN, NO PLACE YOU
HIDE CAN PROTECT YOU.

AND ALL MEN ARE FOOLS
WANDERING NAKED AND
ALONE IN THE NATURAL
WORLD.

A BRIDGE TO NOWHERE

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COME ON,
GET OUT OF
THE--

LET ME
THROUGH,
GODDAMN IT.



BUDDY, DON'T,
MAN. YOU CAN'T GO
IN THERE. IT'S
ON **FIRE.**

IT'S
OKAY.
IT'S...

I'M
A COP.
I'M A
COP.



IT DON'T MATTER.
FLAME ON TWO
FLOORS AND
SPREADING.

FIRE
DOGS ARE
ON THE WAY,
YOU GET
IT?

LOOK.

MY
GIRLFRIEND'S
IN THERE.

MY
SORTA
GIRLFRIEND,
I MEAN.



YOUR
FUNERAL,
PAL.

YEAH.

IN ALL
LIKELIHOOD.



GET
CLEAR OF THE
BUILDING.

EVACUATE
THE AREA
NOW!





