





KISS

ONE NIGHT ONLY

PERFORMING LIVE IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD
THE KNIGHTS IN SHEILA'S SERVICE INVITE YOU
TO A MUSIC EVENT LIKE NO OTHER

THE BASH IN THE BONEYARD
COME ONE COME ALL

FEAT. ROBERT THE SEGER



THAT'S THE
LAST ONE. THINK
ANYBODY'LL
SHOW?

NO.

I DON'T KNOW,
MAYBE. DON'T
YOU THINK THEY
LOOKED A LITTLE
LESS TERRIFIED
OF US THAN
THE VILLAGE
BEFORE 'EM?



BUT IN
TRUTH, 'TIS HARD
TO BLAME THEM.
YOU FOUR FELL OUT
OF THE SKY AS THE
DEAD BEGAN TO
WALK. SMALL
WONDER THAT THEY
THINK OF YOU AS
DEMONS.



DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT GAVE 'EM
THAT IDEA.



AND WITH
MY *ACCURSED*
DOUBLE AT THE
HEAD OF THEIR
ARMY, THEY'RE
NOT LIKELY TO
TRUST *ME*,
EITHER.




WHOA
WHOA
WHOA.

I NEED YOU TO
RUN THAT BY ME
AGAIN, *SHEILA*.
YOU'VE GOT SOME
KINDA *EVIL TWIN* IN
CHARGE OF THE
GANG THAT FED ME
TO THAT *WICKED*
WITCH BACK AT
THE CASTLE?




YES.

THEY
CALL HER
BAD SHEILA.
A WALKING
REMINDER OF
OUR -- OF MY
GREATEST
FAILURE.




WE WAITED FOR THE **PROMISED ONE** FOR AS LONG AS WE COULD, BUT AS THE ARMY OF THE DEAD MASSED AT OUR GATES, I REALIZED SOMEONE HAD TO TAKE ACTION.


I DECIDED TO QUEST FOR THE **NECRONOMICON** MYSELF.




THE JOURNEY WAS... DIFFICULT. THE FOREST WAS **TAKEN** WITH SOME **EVIL FORCE** THAT PURSUED ME RELENTLESSLY.



I TOOK REFUGE IN AN ABANDONED WINDMILL, BUT EVEN THOUGH I SEVERED MY OWN HAND, THE EVIL WOULD NOT BE DENIED.




IT FORMED ITS OWN **TWISTED MOCKERY** OF ME FROM DEAD FLESH AND WICKEDNESS, A BODY IT WOULD USE TO DAMN THIS WORLD.



I COULDN'T STOP HER FROM SEIZING THE **NECRONOMICON**.

WERE IT NOT FOR **KISS**, I WOULD HAVE **PERISHED** IN THE GRAVEYARD. ON MY DARKEST DAYS, I WISH I HAD.



I WAS ABLE TO REPLACE MY HAND THANKS TO THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF **MECHANICS** AND **SORCERY**, BUT WE WERE FAR TOO LATE.

THE CASTLE HAD FALLEN. MY LORD ARTHUR WAS DEAD. OUR ONLY REMAINING COURSE WAS TO RALLY THE PEOPLE, TRY TO RESIST THE FOUL **DEADITES** FOR AS LONG AS WE COULD.

