



GRUNCH RD.

THERE ARE PLACES ON THE  
OUTSKIRTS OF NEW ORLEANS  
WHERE NO SANE PERSON  
WOULD DARE TREAD...



...WHERE YOU DON'T STOP  
EVEN IF YOU'RE A BLEEDIN'  
HEART ANIMAL LOVER SPOTTIN'  
AN INJURED HOUND LIMPIN'  
ALONG THE ROAD...



...BECAUSE THAT'S  
HOW THEY GET YOU...



...AND BLEEDIN' HEARTS  
ARE THEIR BLOODY  
FAVORITE TREAT.

GRUNCH ROAD IS WHERE  
THE WORST OF THE WORST  
COME OUT TO PLAY.



COME OUT,  
COME OUT,  
WHEREVER  
YOU ARE.

MUST BE WHY I LIKE  
THE PLACE SO MUCH.

TAKE LOCAL LEGENDS WITH A GRAIN OF SALT.

BUT IT'S SAID THAT THE GRUNCH WERE CAST OUT FROM SOCIETY DECADES AGO...

ABANDONED BECAUSE OF THEIR DEFORMITIES.

ANSEBEE AND GROWN MORE TWISTED AND CRAZY OVER THE YEARS.

KILLIN' AND EATIN' ANYONE BACDY ENOUGH TO TRY THEM'S VISIT.

THESE YOU ACE.

YOU LOT HAVE BEEN CAUSIN' A BIT OF A STIR, YEAK?

I MIGHT NOT HAVE BOTHERED WITH YOU IF YOU HADN'T REACHED BEYOND YOUR MEANS.

DUMPED AND MISLECTED BY THE WORLD AROUND THEM.

THE GRUNCH ACE ALMOST PUNK THEMSELVES.

I ALMOST RESPECT THEM.

BUT I STILL WANT TO SWIS THEM UP.



ARRRRROOOOOOO!

SH CRAY

GERRRGGGGKWW

KRAX

RIGHT.

IF YOU DONT GET ENOUGH YES, YOU MIGHT GET SCURRY.

I CAN HANDLE MYSELF IN A SCUFFLE BUT I'D HAVE TO BE DRAFT TO COME OUT HERE AGAIN.

AND THESE DAYS  
I ALMOST NEVER  
FLY SOLO.

AYEZAN—AYE  
FOR SHOOT—IS THE LOA OF  
DOORS AND BARRIERS AND  
RELENTLESS BEATINGS.

SHE  
BELONGS  
TO ME.



MOST OF THE  
TIME, WHEN A LOA  
MANIFESTS ON  
THIS FLAIN, IT  
POSSESSES OR  
'RIDES' A HOST.

THAT'S NOT HOW  
IT WORKS WITH  
ME, THOUGH.



IN THIS CASE, I POSSESS  
THE LOA, AND THERE'S  
NOT A BLOODY THING SHE  
CAN DO ABOUT IT.

