

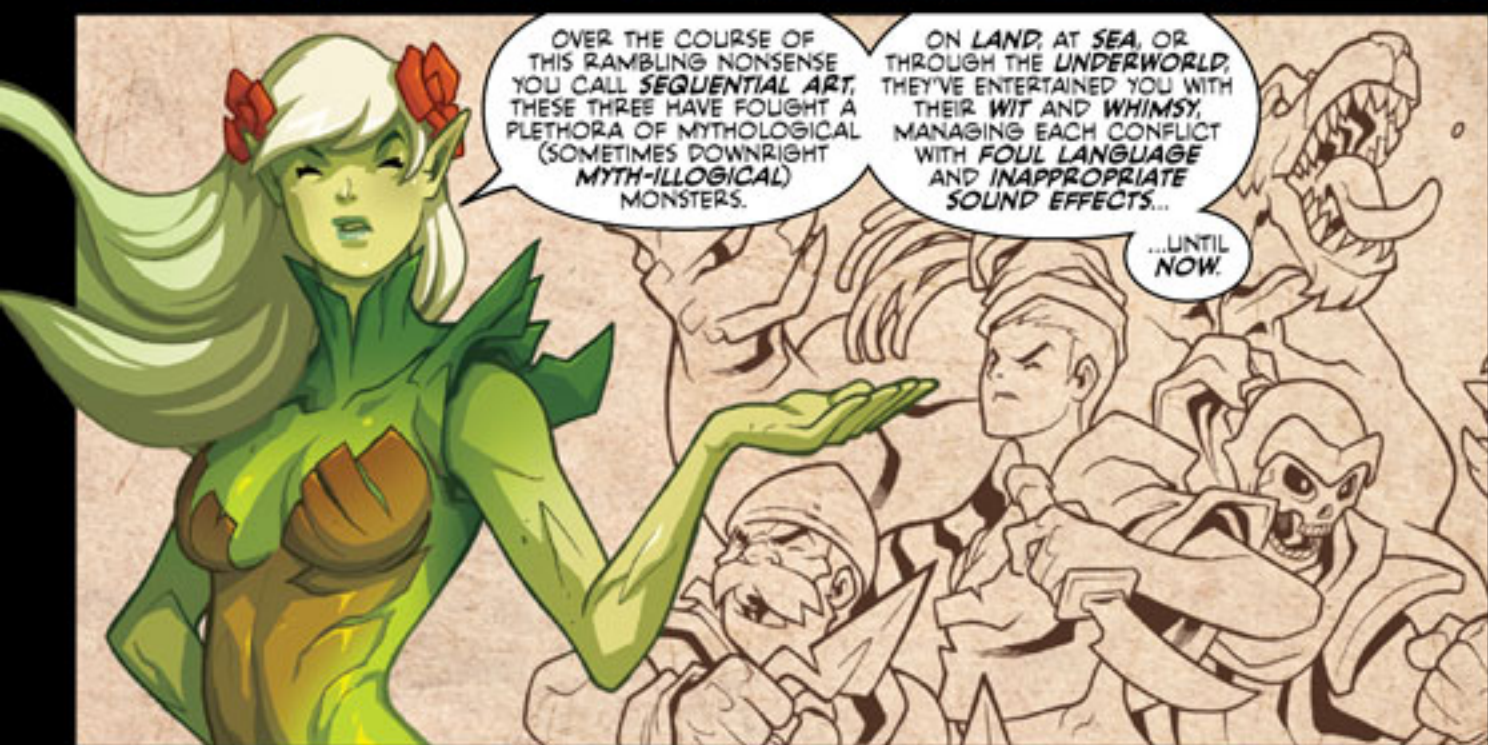


WELCOME, LOYAL READERS.

IF YOU'VE MADE IT TO *THIS* POINT THEN THERE PROBABLY ISN'T MUCH REASON FOR ME TO RECAP THE *STUPIDITY* THAT'S TAKEN PLACE SO FAR BUT, FOR THE SAKE OF *COMPLETENESS*, I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.

THIS IS THE STORY OF THREE FOOLS ON A DATE WITH DESTINY.

AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT ONE OF THOSE NICE DATES WHERE THE OTHER PERSON COMPLIMENTS YOU ALL NIGHT AND PICKS UP THE TAB.



OVER THE COURSE OF THIS RAMBLING NONSENSE YOU CALL *SEQUENTIAL ART*, THESE THREE HAVE FOUGHT A PLETHORA OF MYTHOLOGICAL (SOMETIMES DOWNRIGHT *MYTH-ILLOGICAL*) MONSTERS.

ON LAND, AT SEA, OR THROUGH THE *UNDERWORLD*, THEY'VE ENTERTAINED YOU WITH THEIR *WIT* AND *WHIMSY*, MANAGING EACH CONFLICT WITH *FOUL LANGUAGE* AND *INAPPROPRIATE SOUND EFFECTS*...

...UNTIL NOW.



NOW THE STAGE IS SET FOR A BATTLE LIKE NO OTHER!

REALITY ITSELF IS AT STAKE!



ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!

THINGS ARE SUPER-@#\$\$ED UP THIS TIME!



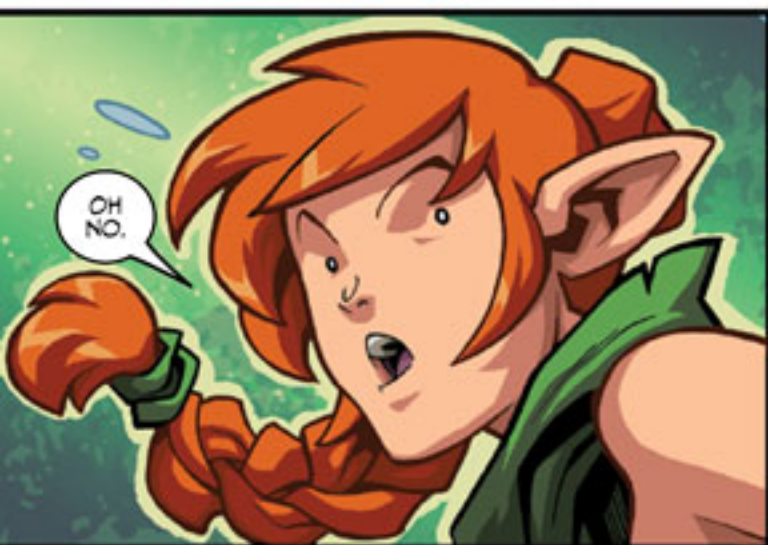
HEY!

THOOL-SPLAT!



ALL MINDS, THOOL...

**AND NOW,
THE FINAL
ADVENTURE...**



OUR TYPICALLY HELPFUL RECAP RECRUIT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S UNDER NEW MIND MANAGEMENT, SO I'M FORCED TO GIVE YOU THE CATCH UP SKINNY MYSELF. HERE GOES!

THE OCTO-UGLY OVER THERE IS CALLED 'THOOL'. IN ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE HE FOUGHT REX, OUR DISPLACED GUNSLINGER. IT DIDN'T GO WELL.

IT'S DOUBTFUL THIS TIME WILL GO ANY BETTER.

...WE FORGOT ABOUT THE GIZZARD.





INFINITE ICONS
OF THE
ENDLESS EPIC
PART ONE



YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME BUT, LEMME TELL YA, I SURE AS \$H@% DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT YOU.

NOPE!



Perfect Pour

THANKS TO DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL DISTORTION AND THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL NATURE OF THIS 'NEXUS PUB', I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE A LONG, LONG TIME.



"HOW LONG" YOU SAY?

LONG ENOUGH TO HATCH A BABY THOOL FOR EVERY BEER-SWIGGING BUFFOON IN THE BAR...



...AND ALSO LONG ENOUGH TO REALIZE I'M NOT ACTUALLY ANGRY AT YOU ANYMORE EVEN THOUGH YOU REALLY @#\$%ED UP MY FAVORITE OCULAR ORB.

SLIIIIIDE



THIRSTY?