

To him was given the fields,  
and the tilling thereof.

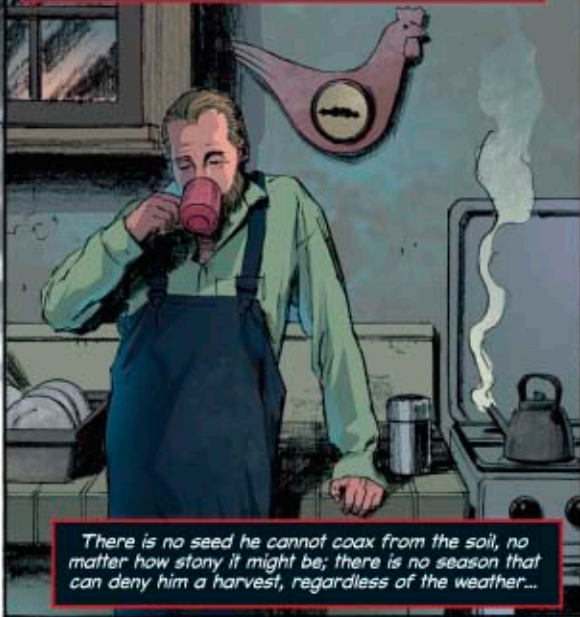
**BRRRING... KLIK**



History and legend knows him as  
"murderer," "fratricide," and "Accursed"...  
But he is first, and foremost, a farmer.



Indeed, there is no human alive who knows more  
about the planting, tending and harvesting of crops.  
His knowledge stretches back beyond that of recorded  
history, to the very Cradle of Civilization itself...



There is no seed he cannot coax from the soil, no  
matter how stony it might be; there is no season that  
can deny him a harvest, regardless of the weather...

And, yet, it was never good enough to win the  
favor of He who had created his parents.  
That honor always fell to his brother...



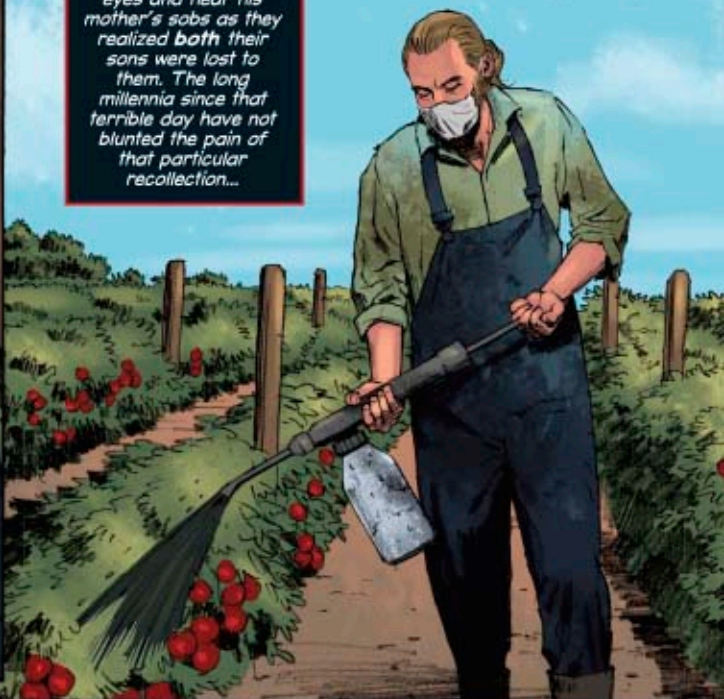
Still, although he **lacked** his sibling's gift for animal  
husbandry, he has enjoyed a moderate amount of  
success with livestock over the centuries...



The truly sad thing about the whole affair is that he still *misses* his family. Not the scores of wives he married or the legions of children he sired over the millennia since his exile to the east of Eden, but his *parents* and *siblings*...



He can still see the horror in his father's eyes and hear his mother's sobs as they realized *both* their sons were lost to them. The long millennia since that terrible day have not blunted the pain of that particular recollection...



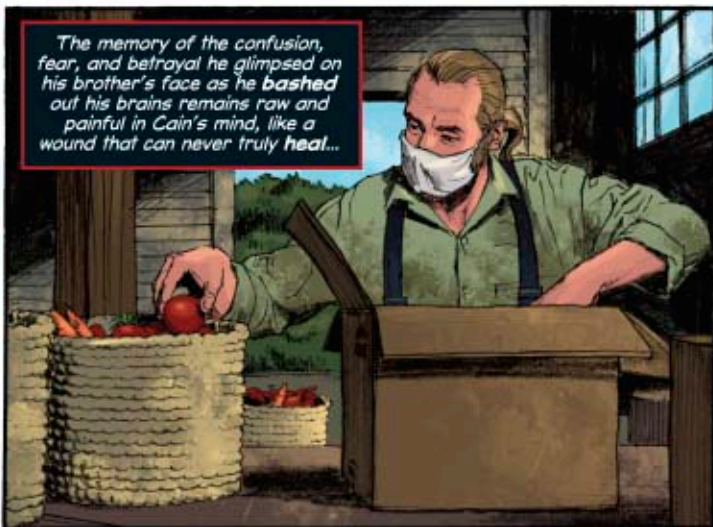
But, most of all, he misses his brother...



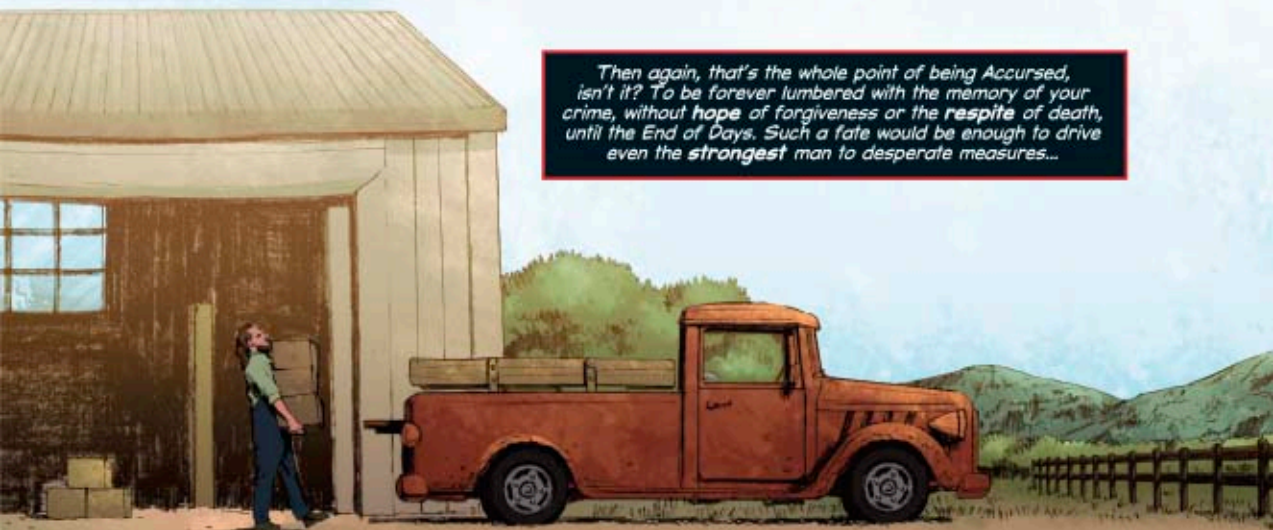
For, until that fatal flash of sibling rivalry, their relationship had been a close one. After all, had not Abel followed his older brother without qualm, like a lamb to the slaughter?



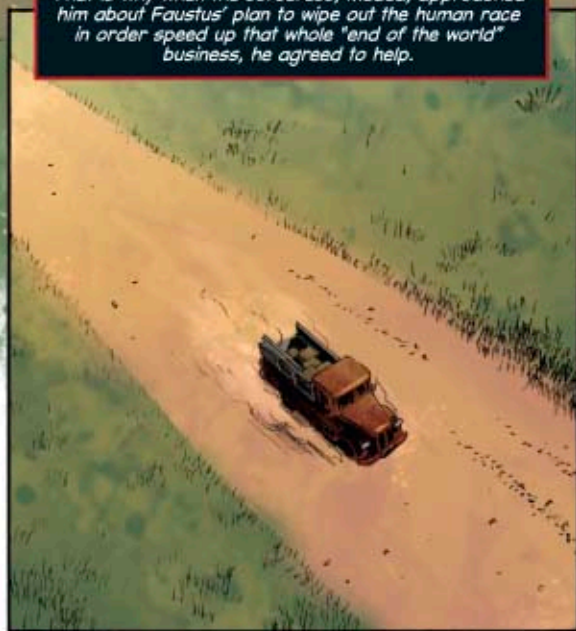
The memory of the confusion, fear, and betrayal he glimpsed on his brother's face as he *bashed* out his brains remains raw and painful in Cain's mind, like a wound that can never truly *heal*...



*Then again, that's the whole point of being Accursed, isn't it? To be forever lumbered with the memory of your crime, without hope of forgiveness or the respite of death, until the End of Days. Such a fate would be enough to drive even the strongest man to desperate measures...*



*That is why when the sorceress, Medea, approached him about Faustus' plan to wipe out the human race in order speed up that whole "end of the world" business, he agreed to help.*



*All it cost him was a pint of blood—enough for Medea to extract the curse laid upon it and turn it into a potion, which she then gave to Dr. Faustus, who used his alchemical knowledge to transmute it from a supernatural affliction into a highly communicable natural disease that could be—what was the word?*



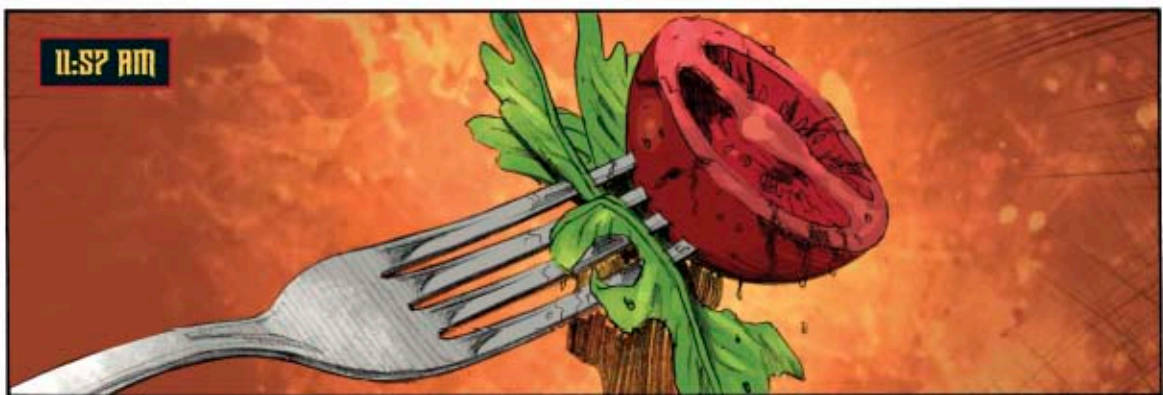
*Ah, yes: "Weaponized."*



*Cain is not completely convinced that the alchemist's scheme will work as planned, as the good doctor strikes him as more than a little senile, as Faustus was already quite elderly when he joined the ranks of the Accursed...*



*But, then again, what has he to lose if they fail?*





noon

--UP\*RRK!

NYYAARRRHH!

**LOCALLY GROWN**