





THE...
THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG WITH
THE STARS.

WAITING FOR THE STARS TO FALL

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SHEE, IT'SH ALL SHTARTED.

THE KATRINA OF BLOOD, ISH WHAT I MEAN.



I DON'T... WELL, YOU KNOW, BOYSH, THAT'SH NOT ME BEIN' A POET.

IT'SH LITERALLY GONNA RAIN BLOOD.



AND THEN YOU'LL ALL EAT EACH OTHER ALIVE.

NOT JUSHT AFRAID. AFRAID ENOUGH TO SHTOMP ON YOUR MOTHER'SH FACE TO GET AWAY.

WON'T THAT BE A SHPECTACLE FOR THE AGES, FELLASH?



WE AIN'T GONNA DO THAT.

WE STICK TOGETHER.



OH? WELL.

YOU THREE **DO** SHEEM TO SHEE THE GOOD IN FOLKSH.

BUT I WONDER ABOUT YOUR NEW COMPADRE, DUNCAN.



I THINK HE MIGHT HAVE A TOUCH OF **USH** IN HIM, I WON'T LIE.