









I
ASK YOU,
WITCH.

WHO ARE
YOU?

SHOULD I SHOW
YOU WHAT IT IS THAT I
DO? MAKE YOUR MEN
TURN ON ONE ANOTHER,
AGAIN AND AGAIN?

IT DOESN'T EXHAUST
ME A DAMN BIT. IT'S NOT
LIKE RIDING, OR WALKING,
OR EVEN *THINKING*.

IT COSTS ME
NOTHING.



I DON'T
SLEEP.

I JUST
DO.



AAAAHHH!

KLANK

HHHHH--



ENOUGH!!

WHY
ARE YOU
HERE?



THAT'S A
GREAT @#%*ING
QUESTION.

ONE I'VE
NEVER REALLY
THOUGHT OF,
IF I'M BEING
HONEST.

