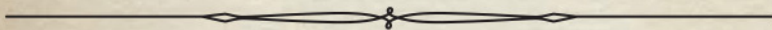


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— CHAPTER IV —

Neverending or Until We Can't (*Let's Go*)



Written by Curt Pires

Illustrated by David Rubín

Colors by Michael Garland

Letters by Colin Bell

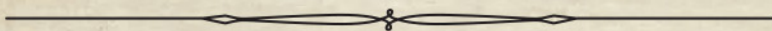
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WELL...



THIS IS BAD.

NO CRAP.



NOW WOULD BE A GREAT TIME TO DO THE WHOLE WRITE OUR WAY OUT OF THIS THING.

YEAH, YEAH-- YOU KNOW SOMETHING?

YEAH, SECONDED.

SCRITCH!



YOU GUYS ARE WHINERS.

WHOA. POINT TAKEN. WHERE ARE WE?

NO IDEA. DIDN'T EXACTLY HAVE TIME TO FIGURE THAT OUT.

TELL ME...



DID YOU REALLY THINK IT'D BE THAT EASY?

DID YOU REALLY THINK IT'D BE THAT EASY?



DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD OTRUN ME?

I WAS MADE IN THIS PLACE. I'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH THAT I KNOW ITS EVERY FIBER, EVERY MICROBE OF ITS EXISTENCE.

I AM THIS PLACE.



CHICK!!



BLA





NO...

YES.

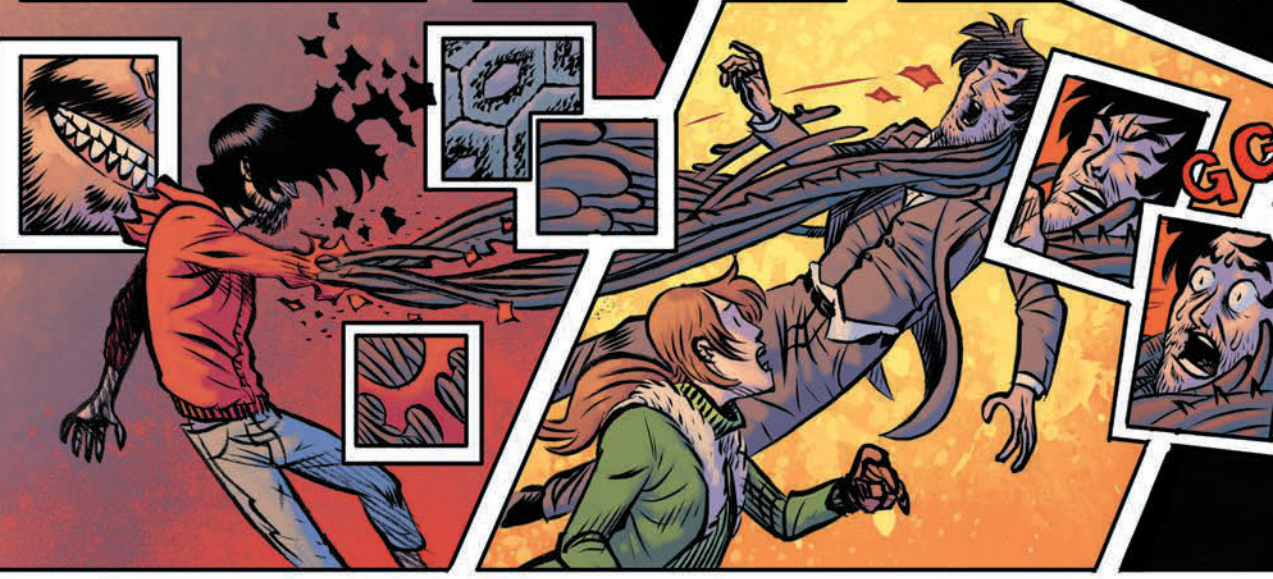
ENOUGH!
YOU WANT TO
KILL US?

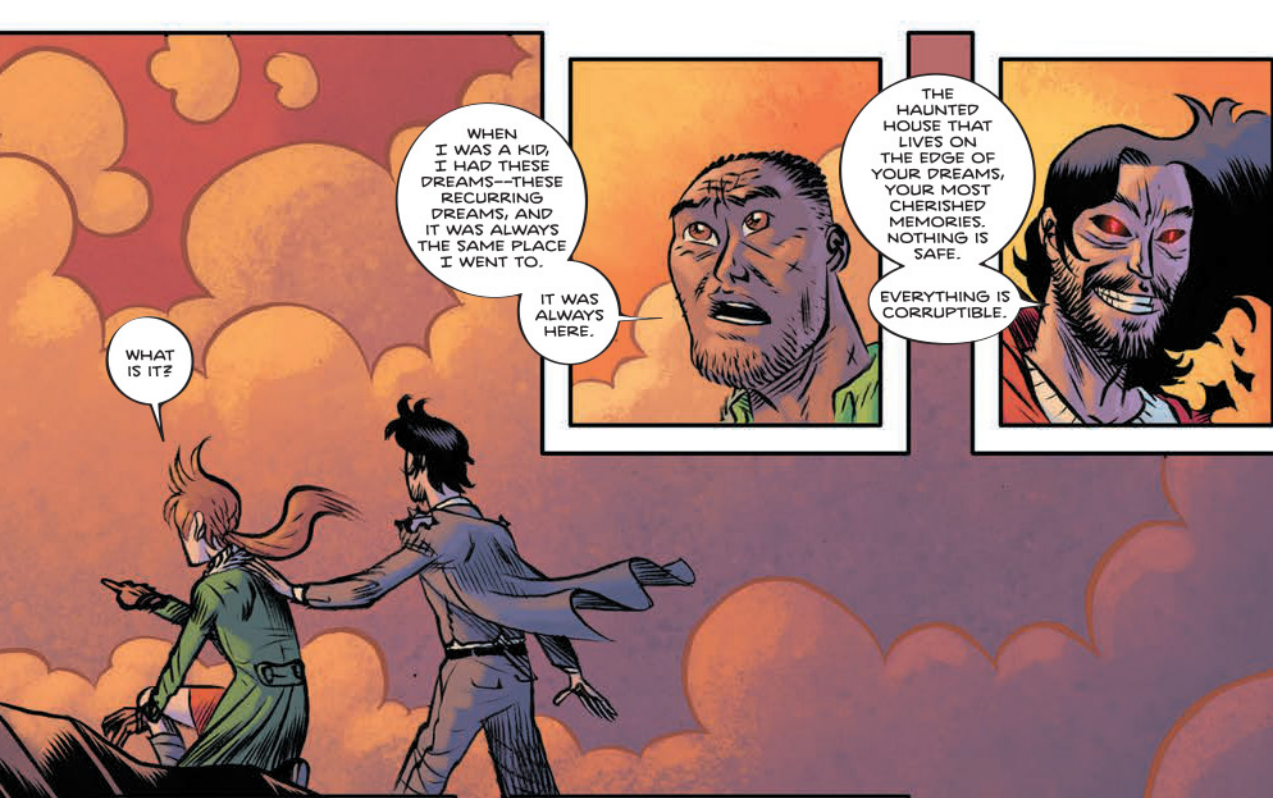


KILL US,
THEN.
GET IT
OVER
WITH.



I'M TIRED
OF YOUR
DAMN
LIGHTSHOW.





WHAT IS IT?

WHEN I WAS A KID, I HAD THESE DREAMS--THESE RECURRING DREAMS, AND IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME PLACE I WENT TO.

IT WAS ALWAYS HERE.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE THAT LIVES ON THE EDGE OF YOUR DREAMS, YOUR MOST CHERISHED MEMORIES. NOTHING IS SAFE.

EVERYTHING IS CORRUPTIBLE.

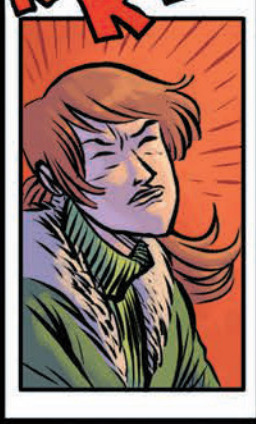
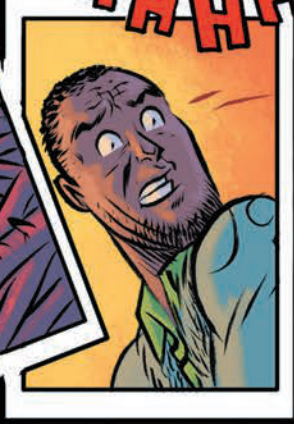


YOU'RE RIGHT, MAX. I'VE BEEN INDULGING MYSELF...

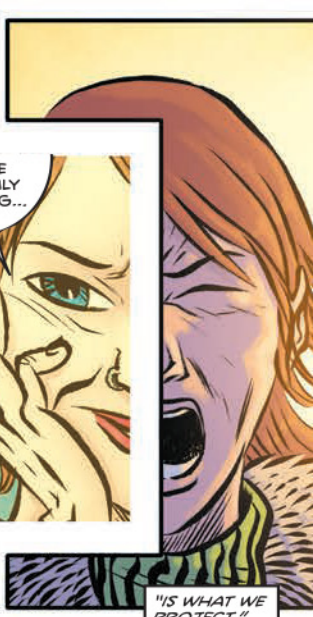


I ALWAYS DID LIKE TO PLAY WITH MY FOOD BEFORE I'D EAT IT.

G A A G G H H H K K K --



MAYBE THE ONLY MEANING...



"IS WHAT WE PROJECT."