

SOMEONE'S
BEEN A NAUGHTY
BOY...



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W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

WELL, OBVIOUSLY I'M GOING TO KILL YOU...

Oh DON'T WORRY, IT WON'T BE TODAY, BUT EVENTUALLY...

--AND BELIEVE ME, IT WILL BE GORE-IOUS!
HAH!

PLEASE JUST LET ME GO! I'M NOT LIKE THE REST... I'M NOT LIKE TUDLEY OR SAMMY!

I THINK YOU FAIL
TO SEE THE WEIGHT
OF THE MATTER.

THINGS NEED TO
RUN SMOOTHLY
AROUND HERE.

WHAT HAPPENED
IN YOUR CELL...

WELL, WE
CAN FORGET
ABOUT THAT.

NO!
PLEASE
DON'T DO
THIS!

RIGHT,
MR. SULLIVAN?

UGHHAAH!



YOU'RE
TEARING OUT
MY FUCKING
SHOULDER,
YOU SON OF
A BITCH!

MY, OH MY!
SUCH HARSH
LANGUAGE
MR. SULLIVAN!



WHAT A PITY.
IT APPEARS
HE'S PASSED
OUT FROM
THE PAIN.

IT'S
ALWAYS SUCH
A SHAME WHEN
THAT HAPPENS...



GUARDS...!
RETURN
MR. SULLIVAN
TO HIS CELL
AT ONCE.

I'VE HAD
ENOUGH FUN
FOR ONE DAY.
HEH...



YOU SEE WHAT
THIS GUY DID
TO JOHNNY THE
CLEANING GUY?

YEAH...
POOR GUY
NEVER HAD A
CHANCE.

THAT'S LIFE, HUH. ONE DAY YOU'RE
MOPPING UP SOMEONE ELSE'S CRAP... AND
THE NEXT DAY YOU'RE LYING IN IT.



THIS ASSHOLE'S LUCKY WE DON'T TEAR HIM APART.

Poor dead Sammy...



I heard them carving him up piece by piece, every day.

The worst part was smelling his burning flesh when they'd cauterize the wounds...



I guess he had it coming though... being a child killer.

The scary thing is there's a part of me that agrees with all of this...

But these guards and the Warden want me dead! They think I'm just like Sammy...

And if that's what they did to him--

Then what the hell are they gonna do to me?!

