

AND OF COURSE, LIKE ALL GOOD FINALES, A STORM IS COMING.

FATE MUST WATCH A LOTTA MOVIES, HUH?

STRIX.

YOU SURVIVED.

YOU FOUGHT MY PRETEND SECRET SIX, MY DELIGHTFUL IMPOSTERS.

AND YOU KILLED THEM ALL.

YOU ARE PRECOCIOUS, SISTER OF BLOOD.

AND AS AGREED, FOR EACH OF MY DOPPELGANGERS YOU DEFEATED...

...THE AUTHENTIC VERSION LIVES.

WELL DONE.

AND YOU ARE HALFWAY TO THAT GENUFLECTION YOU OWE ME, CHILD.

MISTRESS SHIVA, WE ARE UNDER ASSAULT.

FORGIVE ME FOR NOT TURNING, MILLIFORD.

I HAVE THIS FEELING IT WOULD NOT BE WISE TO MOVE MY EYES FROM HER, AT THIS MOMENT.

WHO IS ATTACKING OUR VENERATED HOME?

IT'S A BIT AWKWARD TO SAY, MISTRESS.

IT APPEARS TO BE A 70-FOOT GOTH.



PEOPLE HAVE THIS JOKE IDEA THAT PEOPLE LIKE ME DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING.

WHEN MY FAMILY DIED, MY WHOLE FAMILY DIED, IN A CAR CRASH, AND I, ONLY ME, I SORTA SURVIVED...

...I WANTED TO LIVE.

AND I WAS ALONE AS CRAP.

THEN I FOUND THESE PEOPLE, THESE AWFUL, HILARIOUS PEOPLE WHO LOVE ME.

AND MAYBE DYING TRYING TO SAVE ONE OF THEM WOULDN'T BE THE WORST THING.

SO, DEAR LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS, LET ME SHOW YOU THE LAST, MOST TERRIFYING THING YOU WILL EVER SEE IN YOUR SHORT, MEAN, MURDERING LIVES, OKAY?

# EVERYONE SAYS GOODBYE, SOMETIMES

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A BLACK ALICE WHO CARES.



THEY USED TO SAY IT TO ME—PARENTS, TEACHERS, EVERYONE.

"SMILE, KID, YOU'RE SO MUCH PRETTIER WHEN YOU SMILE."

NO. WAIT. NO.



!GLKKKE!

MAYBE THEY WERE ALL RIGHT, BECAUSE I'M SMILING RIGHT NOW.

AND I'M FEELING ESPECIALLY PRETTY TODAY.



DOES THIS BUILDING NOT HAVE AN ARSENAL OF EXTERIOR DEFENSES?

YES, MISTRESS. AT ONCE, MISTRESS.

I'LL SUPERVISE THE COUNTERMEASURES PERSONALLY.

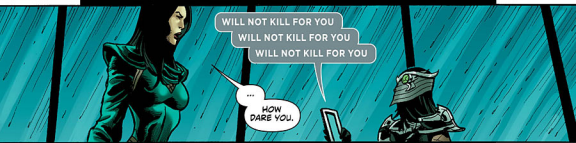


HAVE YOU SOMETHING YOU WISH TO SAY, SISTER?

TAP TAP TAP

WILL NOT KILL FOR YOU.

WILL NOT





SHIVA IS A TURD BIRD.



YOUR BREATH SMELLS LIKE POOP.

YOU...  
NO ONE HAS EVER DARED...



YOUR HAIR LOOKS STUPID.



...  
I SEE.



YOU WILL KILL FOR ME, SISTER. YOU'LL BEG TO KILL FOR ME.

I AGREED TO SPARE YOUR FRIENDS, BUT IT'S CLEAR TO ME NOW THAT THEY HAVE BEEN A CANCER IN YOUR LIFE, AND MUST BE CUT OUT.

REST WELL, STRIX. IN THE MORNING...?



YOU WILL AGAIN HAVE LOST A FAMILY TO TERROR.