



THE LORD WORKS IN  
MYSTERIOUS WAYS.

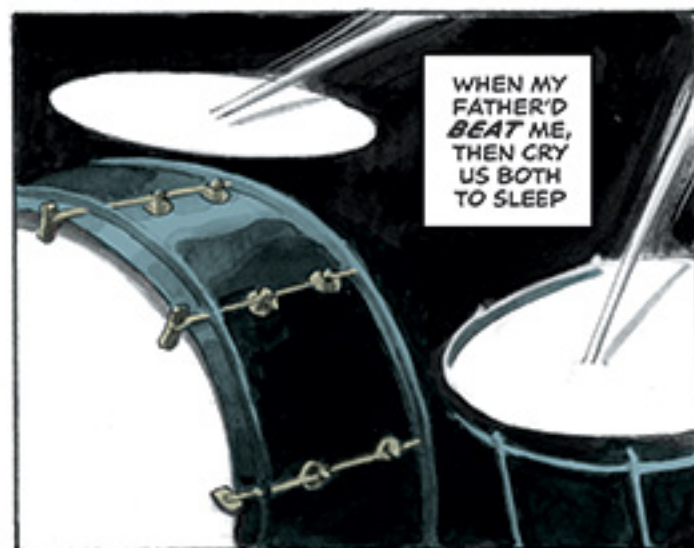
WAS TOLD THAT  
AS A CHILD.



AS AN EXPLANATION  
FOR WHAT I DIDN'T  
UNDERSTAND.



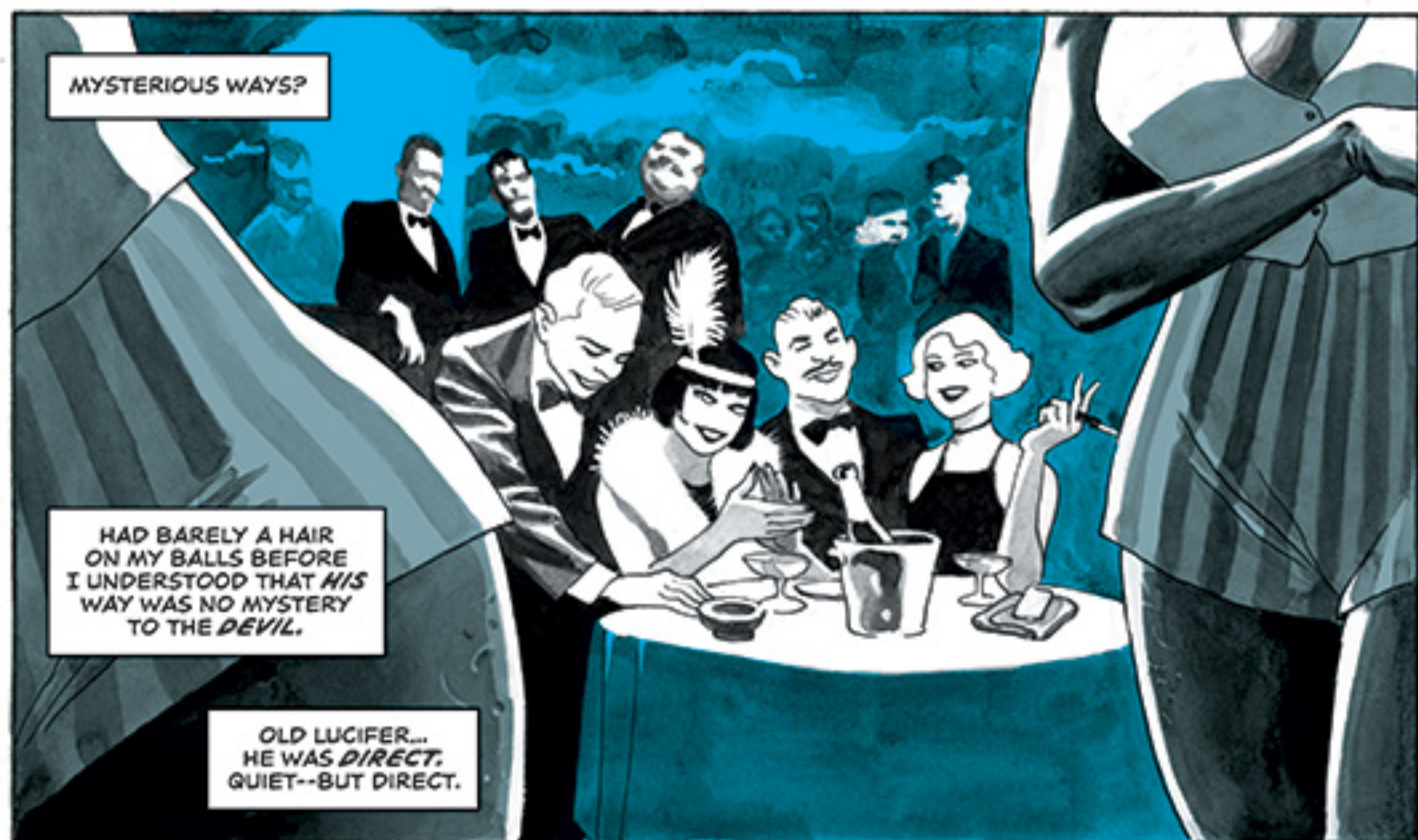
WHY MY MOTHER  
LEFT ME...



WHEN MY FATHER'D  
*BEAT* ME,  
THEN CRY  
US BOTH  
TO SLEEP



HOW I WASN'T  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR MY SISTER  
BELLE'S DEATH.



MYSTERIOUS WAYS?

HAD BARELY A HAIR ON MY BALLS BEFORE I UNDERSTOOD THAT HIS WAY WAS NO MYSTERY TO THE DEVIL.

OLD LUCIFER... HE WAS *DIRECT*. QUIET--BUT DIRECT.



WHEN I SAW HIM--AN' I DID--REGULARLY--



HE'D POINT AT ME, AN' WINK, AS IF TO SAY...



THANKS FOR THE SHOT.



NEXT ROUND'S ON ME.

LOU...



LOU.

WAKE UP.



?



FAT TONY...?



FAT TONY!



KEEP IT DOWN, OKAY? MINCHIA...

YOU COME TO GET ME OUTTA HERE? THANK JESUS.



HE NEVER DID.

WHO NEVER DID WHAT?

JESUS.





AN' NO, I'M NOT HERE TO GET YOU OUT. WHAT I AM THOUGH, IS TO LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE *INSIDE* INFO...



YER GONNA DO SOMETHIN' *TERRIBLE*, BUT WE'RE OKAY WITH IT.



WE FORGIVE YOU.



TWEEEET

UP!  
GIT UP!

GIT--