

LOCATION:

BARSOOM, CALLED MARS, THE HOMEWORLD OF DEJAH THORIS.

IT'S UP AHEAD. I KNOW IT'S UP AHEAD.

THE PORTAL THAT DEJAH THORIS, WARLORD OF HELIUM, SAW FROM AFAR--

THE PRINCESS HAD TO RETURN TO HER CITY AND HER PEOPLE, BUT I WAS MADE FOR A BUSINESS MESSIER THAN MARTIAN POLITICS.

SOME CRUEL TYRANT IS CARVING THESE PORTALS, THESE BLEEDING WOUNDS ACROSS LAND AND TIME...

I WILL FIND HIM.

I WILL END HIM.

AND HIS TERROR CROWS MAY PICK HIS BONES WHEN I AM THROUGH.


WHAT IS THIS?

SCALDING HEAT, THEN BITING FROST--

AND MELTED ONCE MORE...

HEAT AND COLD, SURGING AND TUGGING LIKE THE TIDE--

AND HERE IS THE SHORE OF THE SEA WHERE I MIGHT FIND MY FOE--



THOUGH
WHEN IT COMES
TO FOES...

I SUPPOSE
I'D EARNED MYSELF
MORE THAN
ONE.

SWORDS OF SORROW

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HHHYUP

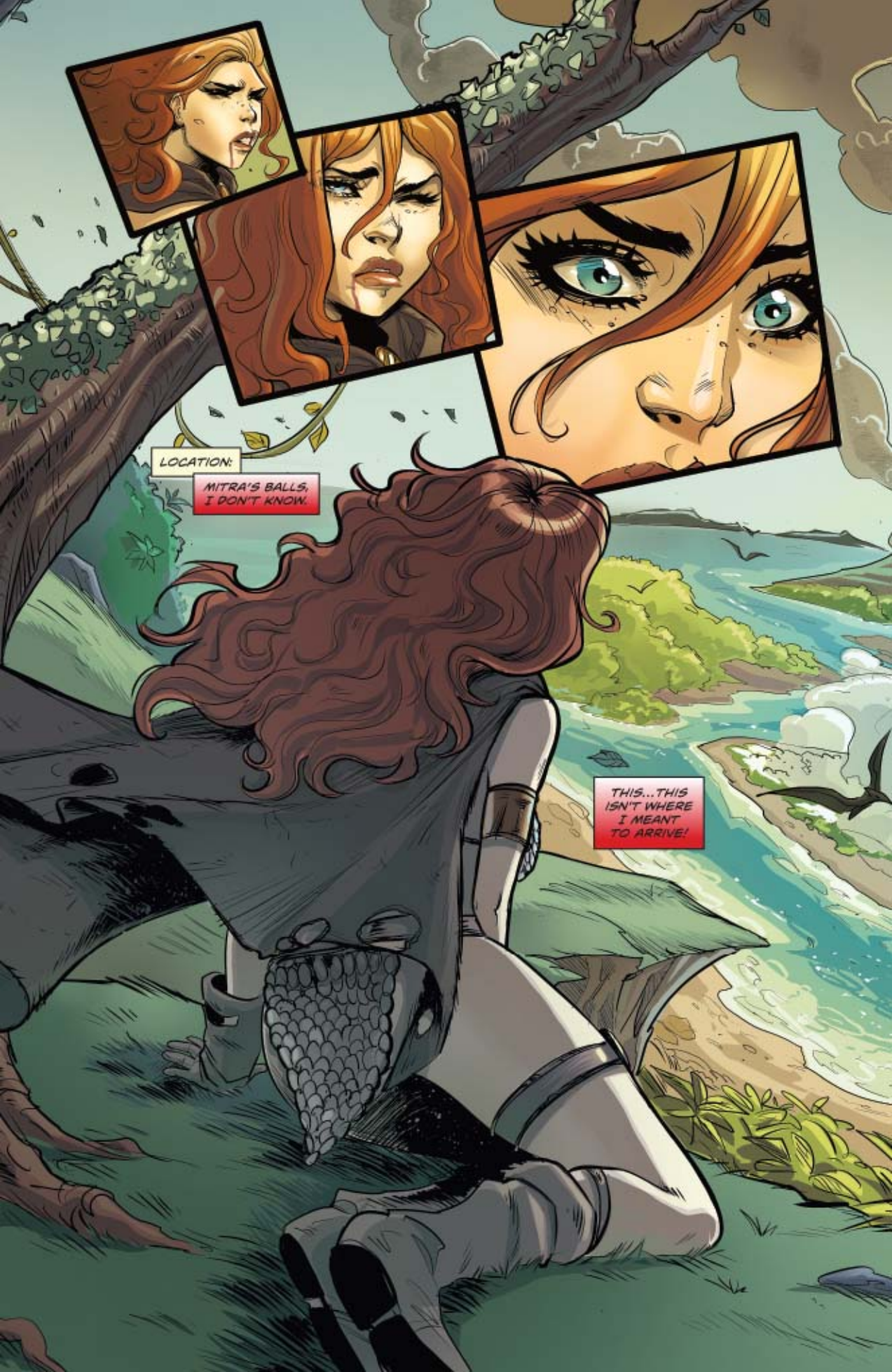
YOU'RE NOT THE ENEMY I SEEK, PUSSYCAT.



AND YOU WON'T LIKE WHERE I'M GOING.



KICK



LOCATION:

MITRA'S BALLS,
I DON'T KNOW.

THIS...THIS
ISN'T WHERE
I MEANT
TO ARRIVE!

