

Now.

THE RANDALL GATE PULLS ME APART AND PUTS ME BACK TOGETHER AGAIN LIKE A NOODLE HOUSE.

TELEPORTING THROUGH THE BRUTAL SCIENCES CAN FEEL LIKE A NIGHTMARE.

BUT THIS TIME...

...THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE I'M GOING.

WHEN BUDDHA WAS TWENTY-NINE YEARS OLD, HE FELL INTO A DEEP DEPRESSION.

SO SHELTERED WAS HE FROM THE WORLD AROUND HIM THAT HE LOST ANY CONNECTION TO IT.

AND SO, AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISHES, HE JOURNEYED OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF HIS CASTLE TO FIND SOME MEANING...

DOOM.

WHAT HE FOUND WAS PAIN.

SUFFERING.

DOOM.

DOOM.

DOOM.

AND DEATH.



I EMERGE INTO A  
WORLD OF CLIFFS  
AND FIERY TURMOIL.

DEATH STRUNG UP  
ALL AROUND ME.

THE ONLY OTHER  
LIVING THING,  
PERCHED LIKE A  
VULTURE.

WAITING  
FOR ME.

HELLO...?

YOU!  
UP ON THE  
RIDGE.  
HELLO?

THE CLICK-CLACK  
OF HIS WOODEN  
SANDALS ECHO  
ABOVE ME.

**TCH-TICK!**

OUTSIDE OF HIS CASTLE WALLS, BUDDHA STUMBLED  
ACROSS A FRAIL MAN WHOSE SKIN WAS CREASED  
WITH WRINKLES, HANGING OFF OF HIS BONES.

HE HAD NEVER MET AN  
OLD MAN BEFORE.

AND HIS SERVANT  
EXPLAINED TO BUDDHA  
THAT, EVENTUALLY, WE  
ALL GROW OLD.

WE ALL  
WITHER.

WE ALL  
DIE.

WHERE  
THE HELL DID  
FOOH SEND  
ME?

WHEN BUDDHA LEARNED HIS  
FATHER HAD LIED TO HIM,  
THAT HE COULD NEVER BE  
PROTECTED FROM AGE AND  
EXPIRATION, HE FLED HIS  
KINGDOM OF OPULENCE....

...TO LOOK FOR  
TRUTH IN A WORLD  
OF THE UNKNOWN.  
NO MATTER HOW  
HORRIBLE IT MAY BE...

YES...

**WHUMP!**

YOU HAVE COME A LONG WAY, DANIEL RAND-K'AI. IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

AGAIN?

ALL HAVE BEEN. ALL RETURN. FOR DIYU IS WHERE SOULS ARE CLEANSED FOR REBIRTH.

DIYU, THE REALM OF THE DEAD. IN CHINESE MYTHOLOGY EVERY SOUL MUST BE PUNISHED, EVERY SIN ATONED FOR, CLEANSED TO PREPARE FOR REINCARNATION.

I DIDN'T COME TO BE REBORN...I CAME TO FIND SOMEONE.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?

HIS EYES PIERCE THROUGH ME LIKE HOT IRONS. HE KNOWS IF I'M SPEAKING THE TRUTH. EVEN IF I DO NOT.

A WOMAN. MY MOTHER...

THE AMOUNT OF TIME A SOUL SPENDS HERE IS AT THE DISCRETION OF THE YAMA.

IT IS DEPENDENT ON THE SEVERITY OF THE SINS.

TELL ME ABOUT THIS SINNER. IT WILL HELP IN YOUR SEARCH OF THE EIGHTEEN LEVELS...

THE FIRST LEVEL, "THE CHAMBER OF TONGUES," RIPPED OUT FOR GOSSIP AND LIES. TELL ME, WAS YOUR MOTHER A LIAR?

**DOOM!  
DOOM!**

