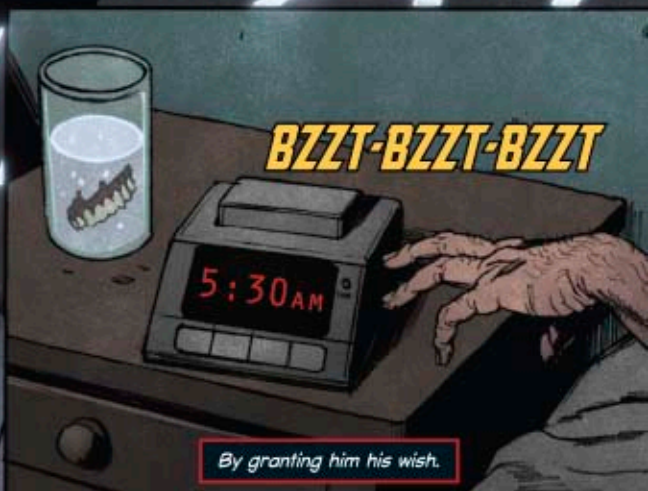


While the ancient gods are not as **powerful** as they once were, and no longer interact with mankind, they **still** exist...

And when Zeus learned a mere mortal had dared **defile** his daughter, he **punished** the transgressor as only a god of **Justice** could:



BZZT-BZZT-BZZT

By granting him his wish.

For the better part of five hundred years Dr. Faustus has remained as he was the day he offended the gods: an old man.



Five hundred years of swollen joints, dimming eyesight, an enlarged prostate, and false teeth...



Being fried by a lightning bolt would have been an act of mercy compared to this living hell...



*But now, after years of work, he finally has the instrument of his **deliverance**. And from here on out it's just a matter of **fine tuning** it...*



*His initial batch of contagion incubated **quickly** and manifested quite **dramatically**...*



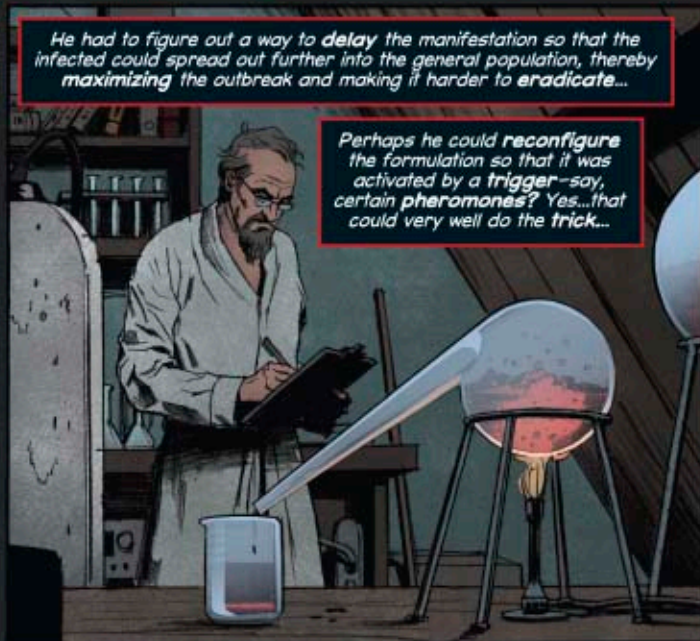
*If anything, it worked **too** well. While the chaos it spread was **instantaneous**, it meant the outbreak didn't have much time to **build** before the local government mobilized.*



*Perhaps if he had chosen Europe, instead of a developing country, the military would not have stepped in so **quickly**. But that was the whole point of field trials, wasn't it? To learn from your **mistakes**...*

*He had to figure out a way to **delay** the manifestation so that the infected could spread out further into the general population, thereby **maximizing** the outbreak and making it harder to **eradicate**...*

*Perhaps he could **reconfigure** the formulation so that it was activated by a **trigger**—say, certain **pheromones**? Yes...that could very well do the **trick**...*



*It will take some **tinkering** on his end before the formula is **perfected**—but he is in no **hurry**...*



He has *all* the time in the world to get it right...

A dramatic comic book illustration showing a doctor in a white lab coat and glasses leaning over a patient. The patient is lying on a wooden table, completely immobilized by thick, dark restraints that wrap around their neck, arms, and legs. The patient's face is contorted in pain or fear, with their mouth wide open. The doctor is focused on the patient's chest, holding a surgical instrument. The scene is set in a clinical or laboratory environment, with a table in the background holding various medical supplies, including a cup and a tray labeled "HOT MACE". The lighting is moody, with strong shadows and highlights, creating a sense of tension and horror.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND:

THE KABAL'S FILES ON DR. FAUSTUS INDICATE, LIKE MOST ACCURRED, THAT HE HAS LEAD A PERIPATETIC LIFE THE LAST FEW CENTURIES, OPERATING UNDER VARIATIONS OF HIS ORIGINAL NAME: "DR. FAUSTINO," "DR. FAUST"....OFTEN WORKING AS A "MAD SCIENTIST FOR HIRE," AS WITH THE NAZIS AND OTHER OCCULT-MINDED DESPOTS...

THANKS TO VAMPIRELLA'S MAN-SERVANT'S CONTACTS WITHIN THE ACCURRED COMMUNITY, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE THE GOOD DOCTOR'S CURRENT LOCATION...

AFTER THE OUTBREAK IN SAO PAULO WAS PUT DOWN, HE RELOCATED TO PATNA, IN THE INDIAN STATE OF BIHAR, WHERE IT'S ASSUMED HE'S PLANNING TO INFECT THE POPULATION AS HE DID IN BRAZIL.

GIVEN YOUR PAST AFFILIATIONS, VAMPIRELLA, I ASSUME YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED TO WORKING WITH OTHERS. THAT IS WHY I HAVE ASSIGNED MONSIEUR CAILLET TO ACCOMPANY YOU.

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU DON'T TRUST ME TO HANDLE THIS BY MYSELF...

I NEED YOU TO CAPTURE FAUSTUS. I WANT TO KNOW WHY HE IS TRYING TO UNLEASH A PLAGUE OF HOMICIDAL MADNESS ON THE WORLD...

MOST ASTUTE. YOU'RE SMARTER THAN YOU DRESS.

HERE IS A SAMPLE OF THE CONTAGION PURGED FROM THE INFECTED HUMAN TRISTAN BROUGHT BACK FROM BRAZIL. I HAVE ANOTHER KABAL OPERATIVE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE AIRPORT. HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO IT IS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MEET AT THE AIRFIELD?

YES. HE'S THE KABAL'S PRIVATE BLOODHOUND: THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN'T TRACK DOWN.

SO OFFENSE-BUT SHOULDN'T YOU BE ABLE TO HANDLE SOMETHING LIKE THAT?