



ALICE COOPER IS HIS NAME. ON EARTH, HE IS A ROCK STAR OF SOME RENOWN.



HERE, IN THIS OTHERWORLDLY LAND, KNOWN AS THE NIGHTMARE PLACE, HE ACTED AS THE LORD OF NIGHTMARES.

HE REMINDED US THAT FEAR WAS FUN. THAT WE COULD CONTROL IT.

AS WE SLEPT, HE REMINDED US THAT FEAR WAS PART OF WHO WE ARE. THAT WE COULD REVEL IN IT. RELEASE IT IN OUR DREAMS.



**HEH HEH HEH
HAHAHAHAHA**

BUT NOW, THAT FEAR HAS BEEN OVERFED. BECOME BLOATED. CAPTURED HIM, AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, A GODDESS IN HUMAN FORM.



AND THIS TWISTED, FUNHOUSE MIRROR VERSION OF ALICE COOPER DOES NOT BELIEVE FEAR CAN BE FUN. CAN BE REVELED IN. CAN BE RELEASED. HE SIMPLY BELIEVES...

FEAR WILL CONTROL YOU ALL.

ALICE COOPER.

CHASTITY.

VEX.

OBLIVIA.

VOODOO CHILDE.

RIP.

SERENDIPITY.

CARCASS.

PURGATORI.

SMILEY.

MARY.

EVIL ERNIE.



ELSEWHERE.

THEY ARE
THE
CHOSEN.

IT'S
GETTIN'
BUCK!

MUUUHHNNN.

AND THIS IS A
TREE MONSTER,
CONTAINING
THEIR FRIEND.

SERA'S
CONTROL IS
WEAKENING!
MOVE YOUR
SOUTHERN-FRIED
ASS,
DANNY!

RRUNK!

I-I'M SO
SORRY, GUYS.
MY ECTOPLASMIC
BOD IS USUALLY
PRETTY GOOD AT
THIS POSSESSION
STUFF...

BUT IT LOOKS
LIKE MAYBE THERE'S A
LIMIT ON HOW LONG I CAN
BE THE GHOST PILOT FOR AN
INTERDIMENSIONAL
DOORWAY
WOOD GOLEM, IS ALL
I'M SAYING.



THAT'S IT.
TIME TO MAKE
KINDLING.

I GOT
JUST THE
RIIIIIIP...



AGREED.
THE CHOSEN
PROTECT THEIR
OWN FIRST.
SCREW ALICE
COOPER.



NO!
STOP!

WE'RE FIGHTING
SOMETHING FAR BEYOND OUR
UNDERSTANDING!

IF WE DESTROY THIS
GOLEM IT MIGHT HURT SERA
INSTEAD OF SAVING HER.
WE MIGHT TRAP VEX INSIDE
THE NIGHTMARE PLACE
FOREVER!



WE MIGHT OPEN
UP A DOORWAY TO
THE DEVIL'S OUTHOUSE
FOR ALL WE KNOW.

WE'RE FIGHTING
A MULTIPLE FRONT
WAR HERE, GUYS!

WE HAVE TO
ACCEPT THAT
WE'RE JUST THE
CAVALRY.





"WE WAIT FOR A GENERAL'S ORDERS."



"EVEN IF WE DON'T LIKE WHO THAT GENERAL MIGHT BE."

HUUHHN...

HEY...



YOU GUYS SMELL SOMETHIN' BURNING?



HE JESTS, BUT HIS FLIPPANCY DOES LITTLE TO HIDE HIS AGONY.

SURELY, YOUR REVENGE PLEASES YOU, MY DEAR SISTER HEL.

IT SUFFICES, JORMUNGANDR.



BUT I ONCE LOVED ERNEST FAIRCHILD.

PERHAPS MY TRUE JOY WILL COME IN THE PAIN OF ONE I HAVE ALWAYS HATED.