

ERIE STREET,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

RESIDENCE OF
MAXINE YOW.

DOES ANYONE NEED
MORE **SUGAR**
FOR THEIR
TEA?

JORDAN,
SWEETHEART, I'M
SORRY...

...BUT WE'VE
ALREADY USED ALL
THE SUGAR IN THE
HOUSE.

SILLY
GRANDMA!
THAT'S NOT A
PROBLEM!





OH LORD.

OH MY LORD.



911, WHAT'S YOUR EMERGENCY?

I...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS SO YOU'LL BELIEVE ME.



IT'S A WHOLE NEW WORLD LATELY, MA'AM. I PROMISE YOU, WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO REPORT, IT WON'T EVEN BE THE WEIRDEST CALL I'VE TAKEN THIS EVENING.

JUST TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON.

MY GRANDDAUGHTER IS HERE. ONLY...I THINK SHE'S A DEMON OR A WITCH OR SOMETHING.

SHE KILLED MY SON AND THE REST OF HIS FAMILY, BUT THEY'RE STILL WALKING AROUND LIKE...LIKE ROTTING PUPPETS.



I'M SENDING AN OFFICER TO YOUR LOCATION, MA'AM.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.

GLAM IN A CAN
Two to Three Applications

SAN FRANCISCO.

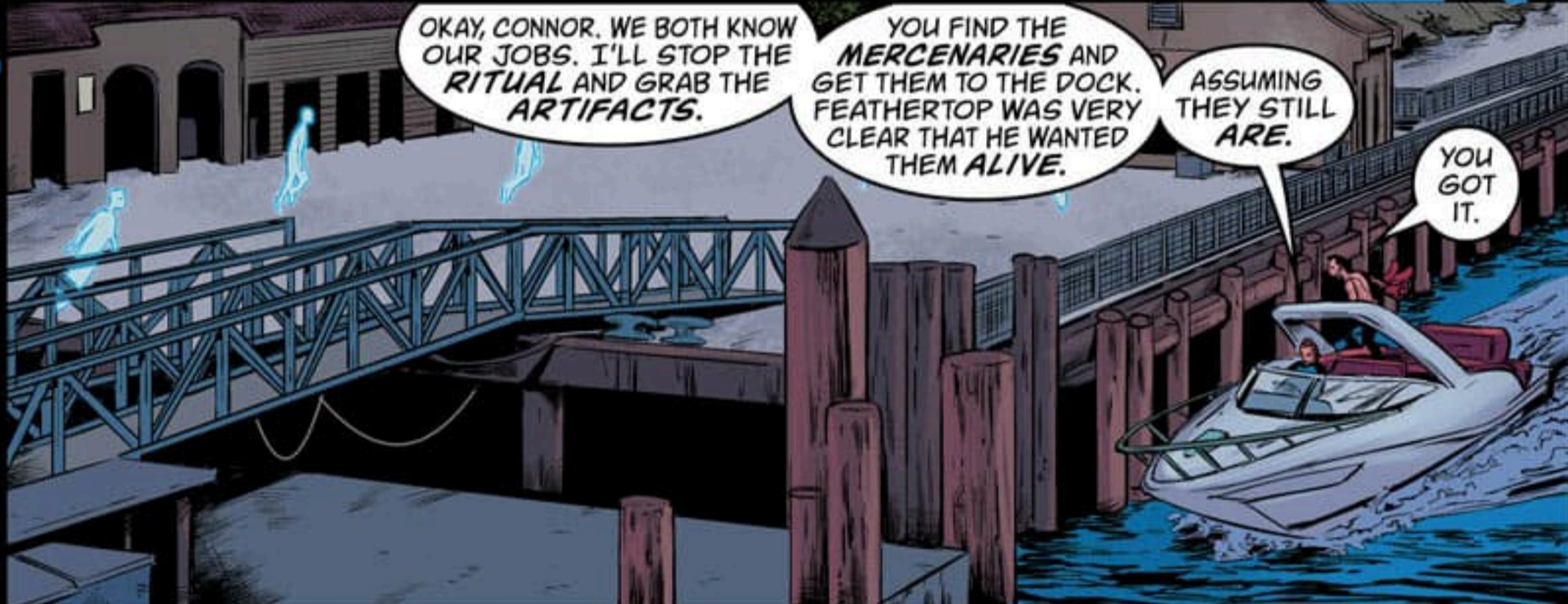


OKAY, CONNOR. WE BOTH KNOW OUR JOBS. I'LL STOP THE RITUAL AND GRAB THE ARTIFACTS.

YOU FIND THE MERCENARIES AND GET THEM TO THE DOCK. FEATHERTOP WAS VERY CLEAR THAT HE WANTED THEM ALIVE.

ASSUMING THEY STILL ARE.

YOU GOT IT.



AND CONNOR? BE CAREFUL!

THANKS, GRANDMA...



...BUT YOU CAN'T BE COOL AND CAREFUL AT THE SAME TIME!

DAMMIT, WOLF!





DAMN, THAT WHOLE FUCKING CITY...

FOCUS UP, PEOPLE!

YOU'VE GOT *EXACTLY* TEN MINUTES TO GATHER YOUR KIT BEFORE WE MOVE OUT.

ANYBODY WHO ISN'T BACK HERE BY THEN GETS LEFT BEHIND LIKE A SINNER IN THE RAPTURE.



YOU'RE LUCKY TANNER DIDN'T *GUT* YOU FOR LETTING THE *SPY KID* ESCAPE.

HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW HE COULD TURN INTO A *BIRD*?



FIVE YEARS IN THE MARINES, THEY NEVER SAID *SHIT* ABOUT WHAT TO DO WHEN THE ENEMY TURNS INTO A *FUCKING BIRD*.

WHAT THE--?



LOOK OUT! *HOSTILE!*



WHAT THE *FUCK*? TANNER SAID THESE *FUCKING AMULETS* WERE SUPPOSED TO *PROTECT* US!