



CRACK, THOU  
COAL-BLACK  
SKIES--



--CRACK,  
LET FORCH THY  
ROAR!



HELL'S MINIONS CAPER  
THROUGH EACH SLEEPING  
STREET. A STORMING  
DRUMBEAT'S FIT TO THE  
FURORE OF THE CHAMPION  
PLEDGING THEIR DEFEAT!



A FORNIGHT'S SCHOOLING'S  
TAUGHT THIS RAGMAN MUCH.  
THE BLOODY RESULT  
INDISPUTABLE.



UNDER ETRIGAN'S TUTELAGE,  
HIS TOUCH GROWS IN CRUELTY,  
AS IS SUITABLE.



'TIS NEEDED TO DEFEAT  
TH'INFERNAL CLAN...





HAHAHAHAHA!

...AND 'Z WILL SATISFY  
THE PLAN OF ETRIGAN!





# RAGMAN

CHAPTER FOUR GALATRA

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RAGMAN CREATED BY ROBERT KANIGHA AND JOE KUBERT.



RORY. I DON'T FEEL GOOD ABOUT THIS.

ETRIGAN'S TRAINING-- AFTER HE SHOWED US WHAT'S WAITING TO COME INTO OUR WORLD--IT'S CHANGING YOU. YOU'RE HITTING HARDER AND FASTER BUT YOU'RE THINKING LESS.

I MEAN, YEAH, NOW WE'RE LEARNING WHAT THIS MAGIC CLOAK CAN REALLY DO.

WE KNOW HOW TO DIRECT ITS ENERGY BETTER. YOU'VE GOT THAT DEMON SIGHT NOW. YOU KNOW HOW TO DRAW ALL OF THE SOULS IN HERE AND CHOOSE WHICH ONES TO DRAIN FOR POWER...

YOU'RE MY FRIEND, FRANK. BUT I'VE GOT THIS--

YOU'RE DRIFTING OUTTA TOUCH, TWIG. YOU'RE GETTING WEIRD.

HE'S TEACHING YOU TO BE MORE LIKE HIM. FOR WHAT?

HEY, ETRIGAN. THAT WAS LIKE, SIX DEMONS ALL OVER ME.

I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOU DIDN'T LIFT A FINGER.

I SEE YOU GRINNING AND DROOLING UP THERE WHILE I FIGHT FOR LIFE AND DEATH.

YOU CARE TO LET ME IN ON THE JOKE?

**HAHAHA...**



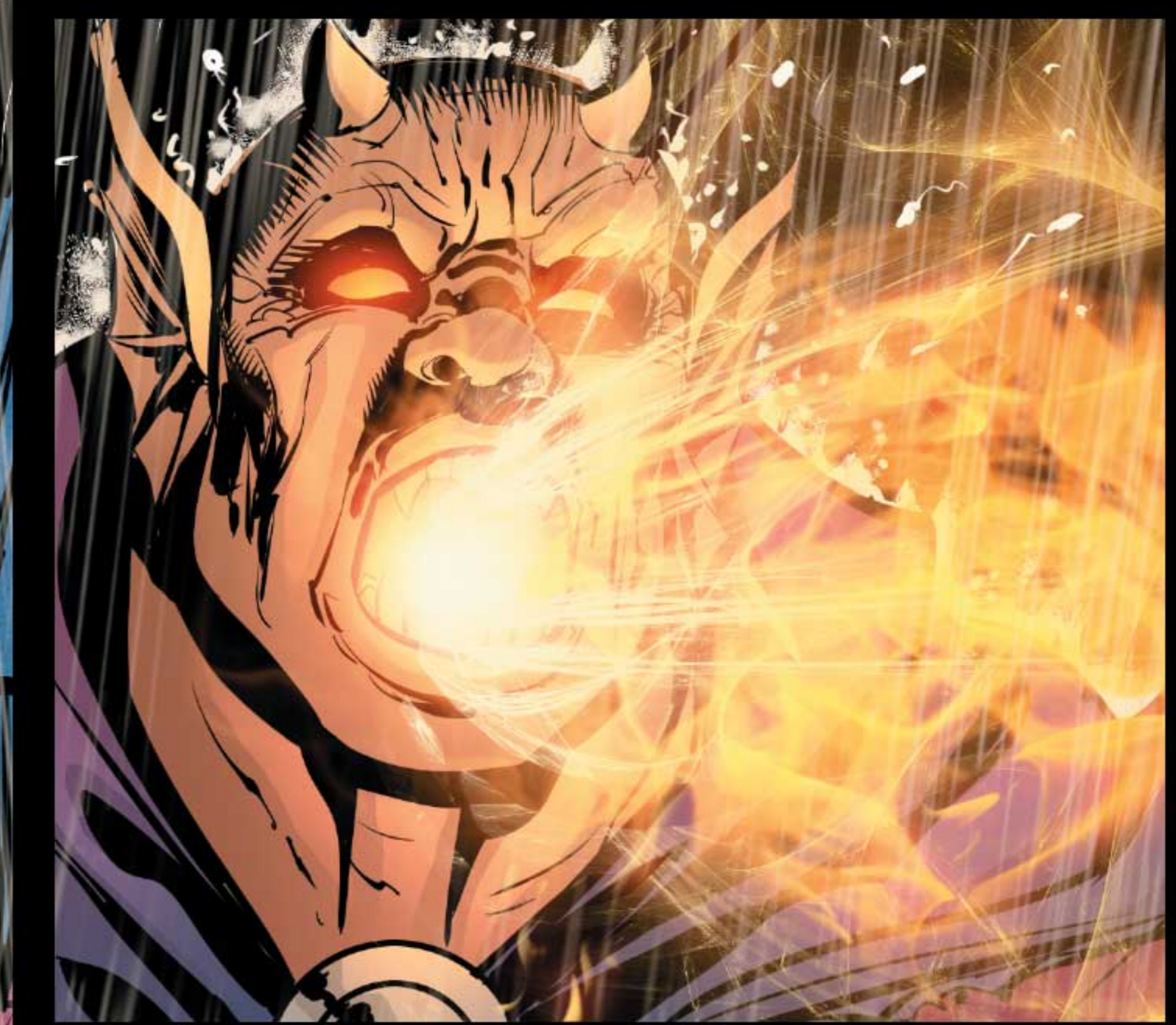


THAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

HAHAHAHA!



LAUGHING AT ME?



PETULANT MORTAL. WOULD YOU LET FOES FLEE? LIVE TO KILL AGAIN, SIMPLY TO SPICE ME?

ETRIGAN DOESN'T CARE ABOUT PEOPLE, RORY. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE HE'S WORRIED ABOUT. HE NEEDS YOU FOR SOMETHING.

YOU THINK IT'S SMART TO KEEP PLAYING HIS GAME WITHOUT FIGURING IT OUT?



NO, I GUESS NOT.