

AT TIMES
LIKE THIS...

...I CAN UNDERSTAND
WHY POLITICIANS
MIGHT WANNA DEFUND
THE SPACE PROGRAM.

FIGHTING FOR MY
LIFE AT 200+ MILES
ABOVE THE EARTH?

JUST ANOTHER DAY IN
THE LIFE OF ASHLEY
J. WILLIAMS.

BUT YOU
MIGHT
WONDER...

...HOW IN THE NAME OF ALL
THAT IS SANCTIMONIOUS DID
I GET HERE?

I GUESS I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE CHOSEN ONE. THAT'S HOW MUMBO JUMBO LIKE PROPHECIES AND DESTINIES WORK.

BUT I DIDN'T ALWAYS KNOW IT.

WHAT STARTED AS A ROMANTIC WEEKEND GETAWAY TURNED INTO A TERRIFYING, ENDLESS BLOODBATH.


ANCIENT DEMONS... THE DEADITES... TURNED MY WORLD ASS-SIDE-UPWARDS.

BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HIT ME, I WAS FLUNG BACK THROUGH TIME INTO THE DARK AGES...

...WHERE MAMA WILLIAM'S LITTLE BOY BECAME A SAVIOR OF THE PEOPLE.

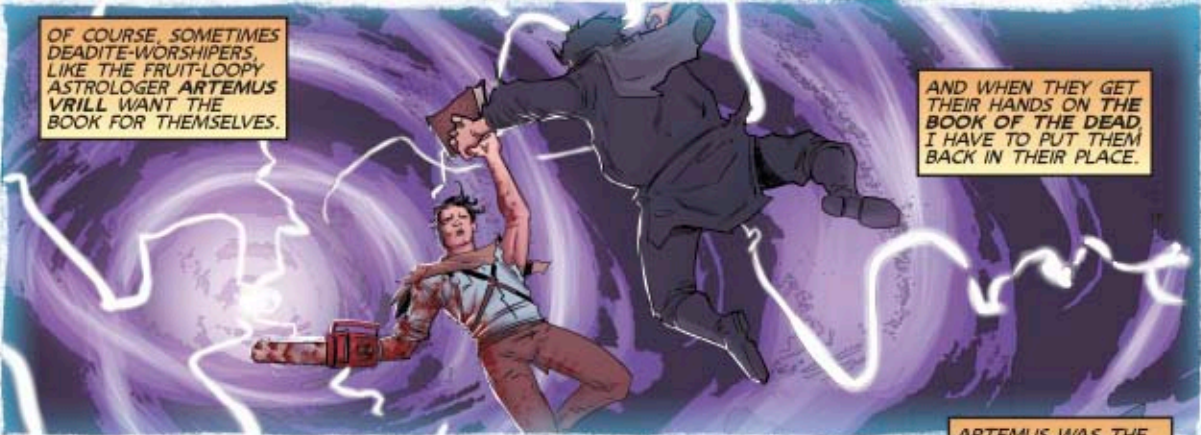
ALL IN ALL, I MADE THE BEST OUT OF IT. I'VE SAID IT BEFORE AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN.

I COULD HAVE BEEN KING.



THAT'S NOT TO SAY I DON'T OCCASIONALLY FIND MYSELF LOST IN THE TIME STREAM AGAIN.


AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS...I NEED THE NECRONOMICON TO GET MYSELF BACK HOME.




OF COURSE, SOMETIMES DEADITE-WORSHIPERS, LIKE THE FRUIT-LOOPY ASTROLOGER ARTEMUS VRILL WANT THE BOOK FOR THEMSELVES.

AND WHEN THEY GET THEIR HANDS ON THE BOOK OF THE DEAD I HAVE TO PUT THEM BACK IN THEIR PLACE.

ARTEMUS WAS THE KIND OF FREAKSHOW I HATE MOST--THE KIND WITH BIG IDEAS.



LET'S JUST SAY THE STARS WERE HIS DESTINATION.



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

WHY NOT JUST LET VRILL BLAST OFF INTO SPACE AND BE RID OF THAT ACCURSED BOOK?

BUT LETTING
SOMETHING LIKE
THIS SLIDE...

...THAT'S JUST NOT
HOW THIS CHOSEN
ONE IS WIRED.

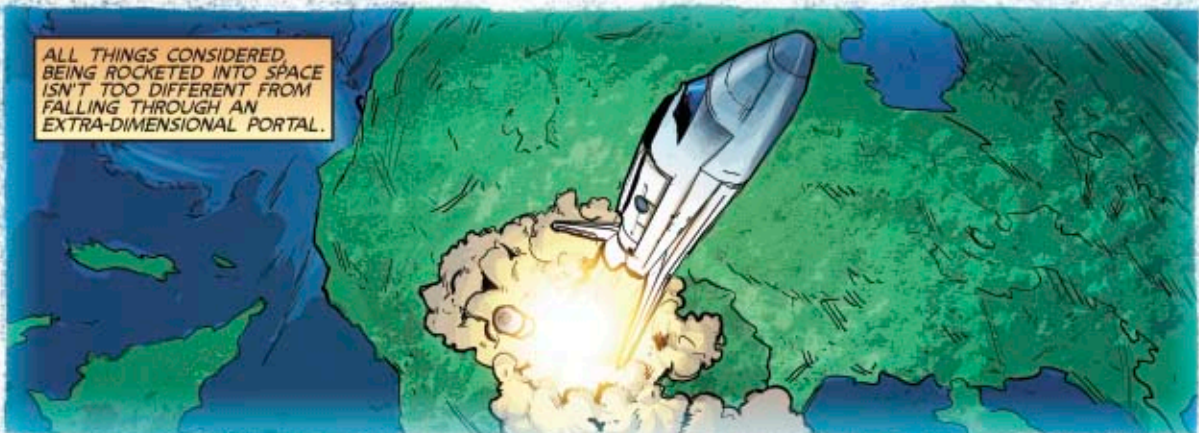


OF COURSE BEING SMART'S
NEVER BEEN A REQUIREMENT
FOR THE JOB.

10... 9... 8... 7... 6...



ALL THINGS CONSIDERED,
BEING ROCKETED INTO SPACE
ISN'T TOO DIFFERENT FROM
FALLING THROUGH AN
EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL.



MEANING
IT SUCKS.





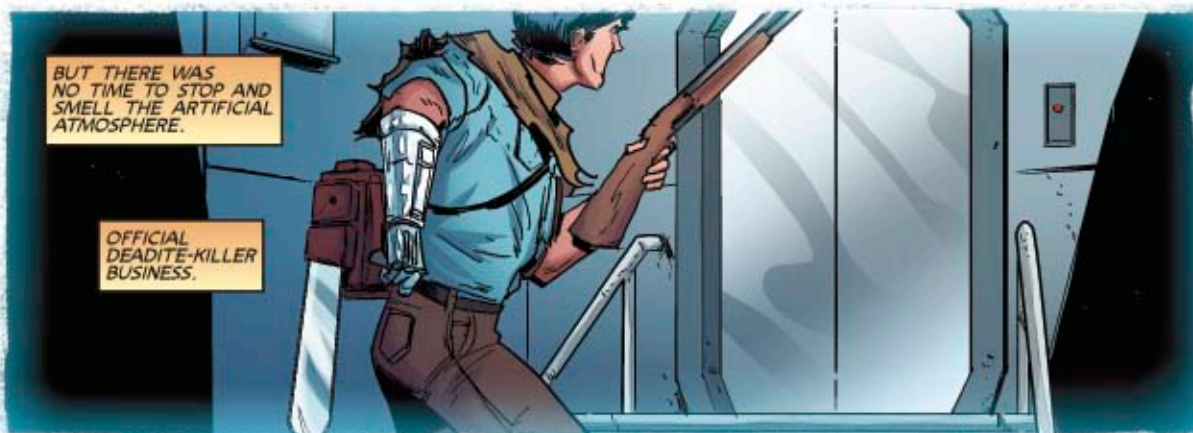
SO...

...THAT WAS DIFFERENT.



I ADMIT IT...

...I COULDN'T HELP BUT WHISTLE "THE FINAL COUNTDOWN."



BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO STOP AND SMELL THE ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE.

OFFICIAL DEADITE-KILLER BUSINESS.



DEATH AND SOUL-SWALLOWING WAITED AROUND EVERY CORNER.

ONE LAPSE IN JUDGMENT OR CONCENTRATION, AND I'D BE--

OH-HH, SPACESUITS.

GROOVY.