

WE ARE OUR OWN
DEVILS--WE DRIVE
OURSELVES OUT
OF OUR EDENS.

"I AM THE FOURTH
SEAL THROWN OPEN,
FOR I AM THE
PALE HORSE!"

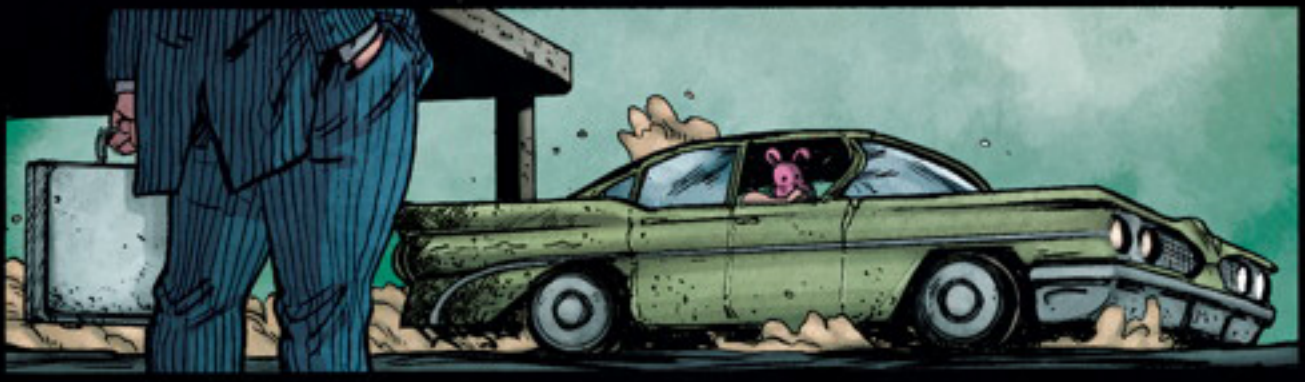
THE MIND IS ITS OWN
PLACE, AND IN ITSELF,
CAN MAKE A HEAVEN
OF HELL, AND A HELL
OF HEAVEN.

"YOU CAN'T DIE.
THIS ISN'T THE
WAY THE STORY
ENDS.

"I LOVE
YOU.









YOU ARE, OF COURSE, AWARE THAT YOU'RE TWENTY-SIX MINUTES LATE.



YOU KEPT ME WAITING.



YEAH, AND...?

YOU GOT SOME OTHER PLACE TO BE, FAT MAN? YOU GOT SOME OTHER PRESSING **ENGAGEMENT** TO ATTEND TO?



MAY I ASK, MS. ASQUITH, WHY YOU FELT IT NECESSARY TO BRING A SCATTERGUN TO A SIMPLE BUSINESS TRANSACTION?



YOU GOT A REPUTATION, THAT'S WHY.

PEOPLE SAY DEALS WITH THE BAILIFF, SOMETIMES THEY GO SIDEWAYS. PEOPLE SAY THE BAILIFF, HE CARRIES A PRETTY LITTLE DERRINGER LADY GUN, AND HE AIN'T SO SHY ABOUT USING IT.

*HELL IS NOTHING
SHE WAS TAUGHT IT
WOULD BE, NOTHING
FROM SERMONS OR
HYMNS OR ONIONSKIN
BIBLE PAGES.*

*HELL IS
NOTHING.*

*HELL IS WHITE.
WHITE FOREVER
AND EVER AND
EVER.*



*AND IN THE WHITE
NOTHINGNESS,
SHE IS NO MORE
THAN AN UNSIGHTLY,
UNDESIRED SMEAR
OF SOMETHING.*



IF NATURE ABHORS
A VOID, HELL ABHORS
EXISTENCE.



"AND I HEARD
A VOICE IN THE
MIDST OF THE
FOUR BEASTS..."



"...AND I LOOKED
AND BEHOLD, A
FALE HORSE."



PERDITION, DAMNATION, BEING IS
THE CONFLICT, HER WRONGNESS
IN THIS PLACE. HELL IS INCONGRUITY.

"I LOVE YOU."

"WHOEVER IS
UNJUST, LET HIM
BE UNJUST STILL."

