

YOU KNOW THOSE WEIRD FEELINGS YOU GET SOMETIMES THAT YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN?

LIKE WHEN YOU'D SWEAR THERE'S SOMEONE WATCHING YOU, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ALONE?

OR MAYBE YOU THINK YOU SEE SOMETHING MOVE IN THE SHADOWS FOR JUST A SECOND, JUST OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE-- BUT WHEN YOU FLIP ON ALL THE LIGHTS, THERE'S NOTHING THERE?

USUALLY WHEN PEOPLE ASK FOR MY PROFESSIONAL OPINION ON THOSE SORTS OF FEELINGS, I TELL THEM THEY'RE NOTHING.



ODDS ARE, YOUR HOME ISN'T HAUNTED. I'M SURE IT'S A LOVELY HOUSE AND ALL, BUT I DOUBT IT'S SO AMAZING THAT PEOPLE WOULD LITERALLY COME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE JUST TO HANG OUT THERE.

AND YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT POSSESSED EITHER, OR A MUTANT OR INHUMAN, OR SOMEONE WHO WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE ANYTHING.

YOU'VE JUST GOT A HEALTHY IMAGINATION IS ALL.



BUT THAT'S NOT ENTIRELY THE TRUTH. IT'S WHAT I TELL PEOPLE WHEN I FIGURE THEY CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH.

THE TRUTH IS... YOU'RE NEVER ALONE.



**BARK
BARK
BARK**

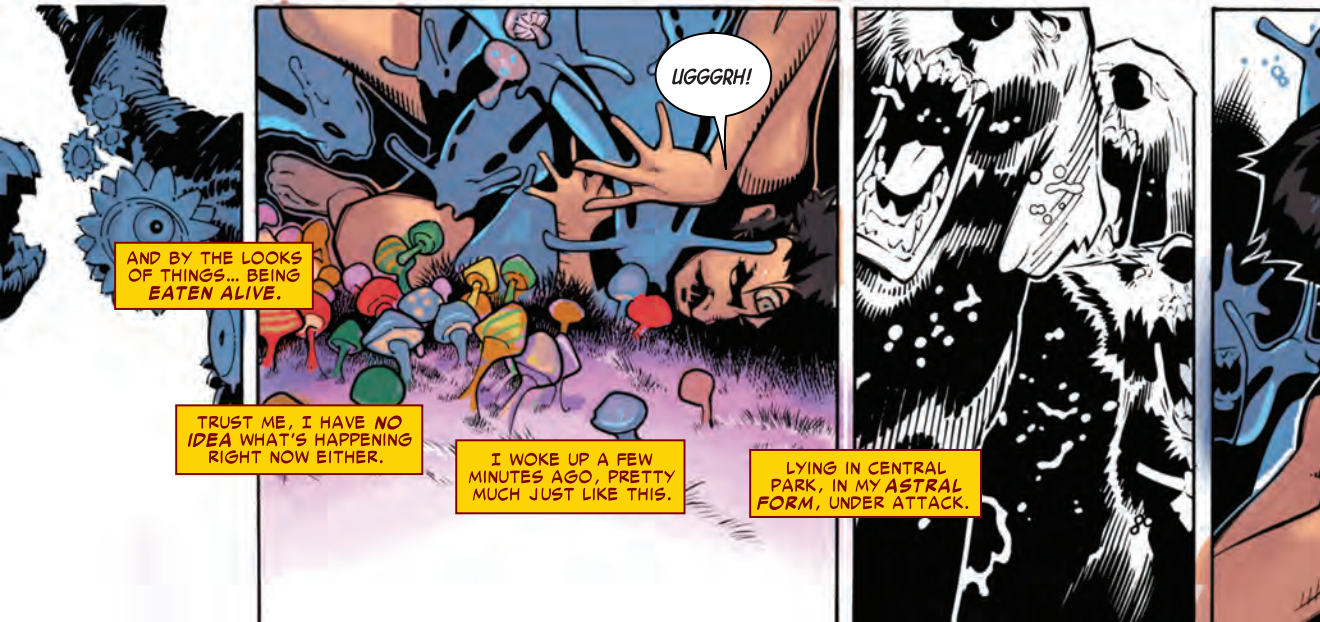


THAT'S WEIRD. WHAT ARE THEY ALL BARKING AT?

STOP IT, RUFUS, THERE'S NOTHING THERE.

THE TRUTH IS, THERE'S MORE TO THIS WORLD THAN YOU CAN SEE WITH JUST YOUR EYES.

BARK
BARK
BARK
BARK



AND BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS... BEING EATEN ALIVE.

TRUST ME, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW EITHER.

I WOKE UP A FEW MINUTES AGO, PRETTY MUCH JUST LIKE THIS.

LYING IN CENTRAL PARK, IN MY ASTRAL FORM, UNDER ATTACK.

UGGGRH!



THAT WEIRD FEELING THAT MAKES YOUR HEART SKIP A BEAT AND THE HAIR STAND UP ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK? THAT MAKES YOU PULL THE COVERS ALL THE WAY UP TO YOUR CHIN?

THAT FEELING...
YEAH...

THAT'S ME.

AAAAAHHRRRRGGHH!!!

THAT'S ME
DOING WHAT
I DO.

WHICH, RIGHT NOW, INVOLVES
LOTS OF RUNNING, SCREAMING
AND FULL FRONTAL NUDITY.



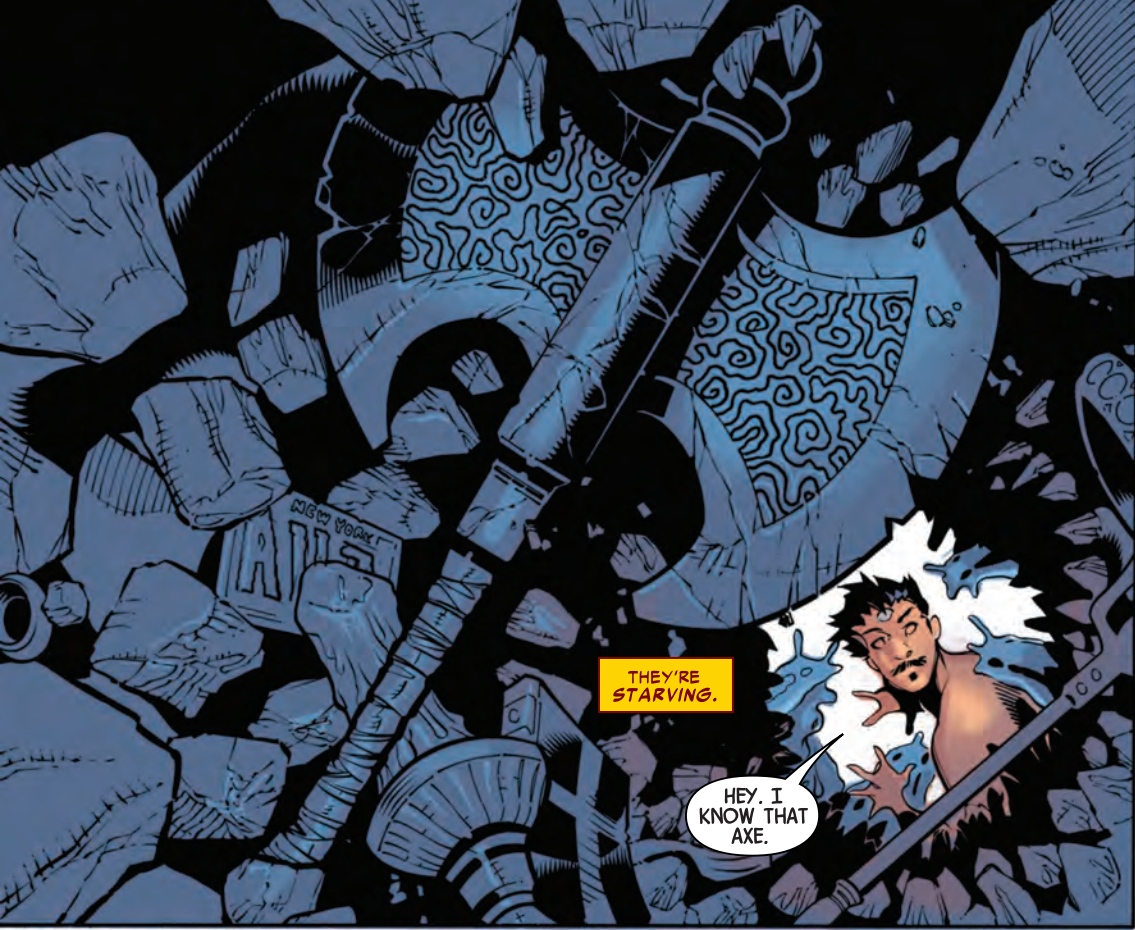
THESE THINGS HAD EATEN
THE PROTECTIVE SPELLS THAT
USUALLY SHIELD AND EMPOWER
MY ETHEREAL FORM.

IN OTHER WORDS,
I'VE GOT NO MAGIC.
ALSO NO PANTS.



THESE ARE *EEN'GAWORI*
SLUGS. CREATURES THAT
AREN'T NATIVE TO THIS
DIMENSION.

THEY FEED ON ALL
THINGS MAGIC.
AND UNFORTUNATELY
FOR ME...

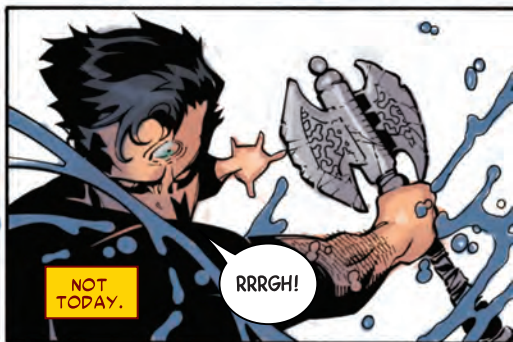


THEY'RE STARVING.

HEY, I KNOW THAT AXE.

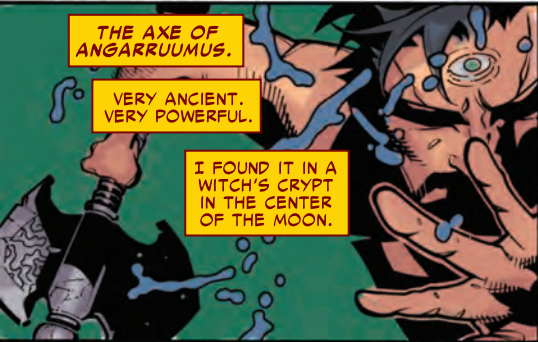


BUT SORCERER SUPREME ISN'T ON THE MENU.



NOT TODAY.

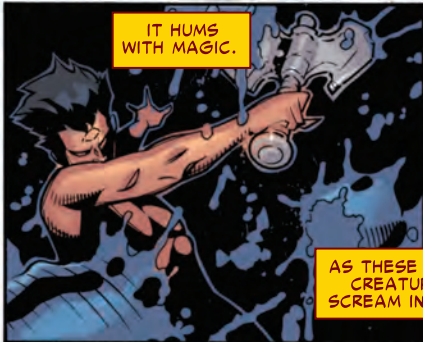
RRRGH!



THE AXE OF ANGARRUUMUS.

VERY ANCIENT. VERY POWERFUL.

I FOUND IT IN A WITCH'S CRYPT IN THE CENTER OF THE MOON.



IT HUMS WITH MAGIC.

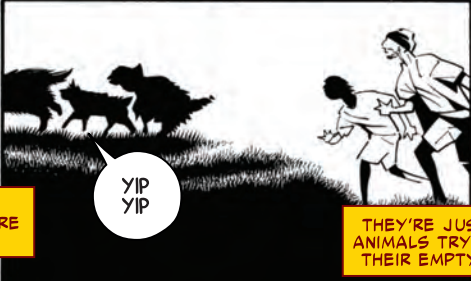


AS THESE POOR CREATURES SCREAM IN PAIN.

WOOF?



THEY'RE NOT EVIL, THESE SLUGS. THEY'RE NOT MONSTERS.



YIP YIP



THEY'RE JUST HUNGRY ANIMALS TRYING TO FILL THEIR EMPTY BELLIES.