

PLYMOUTH,  
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

TODAY.



"OCCULTIST"?  
WHOEVER THE  
HELL YOU  
ARE---

--WHAT  
DID YOU  
GET ME  
INTO?!



LOS ANGELES.

THREE DAYS AGO.

HELLO? MR. BECK?



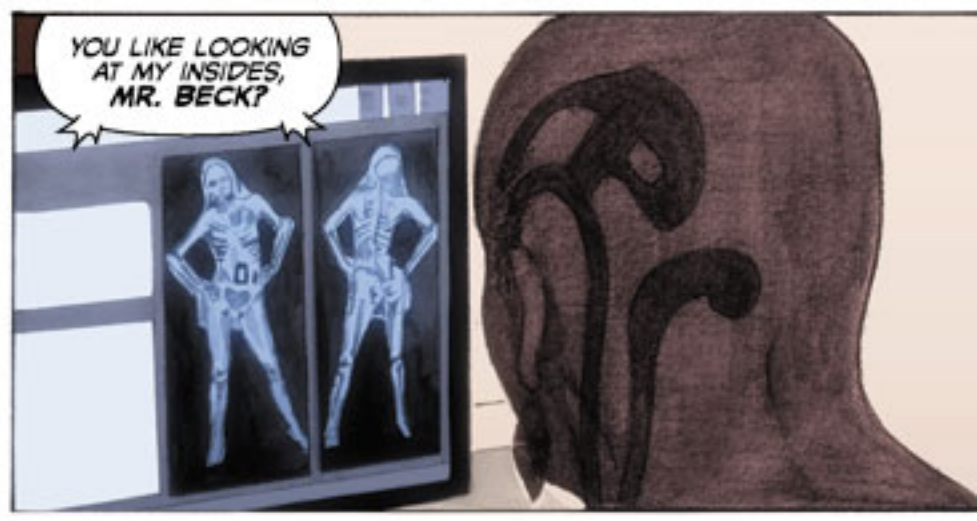
GUESS I MUST BE YOUR FAVORITE, huh? THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH.

KEEP TALKING AND YOU'LL DROP DOWN ON MY LIST. NOW, YOU KNOW THE DRILL.



NO SILVER. NO SYMBOLS. NOT EVEN A LABEL ON MY UNDERWEAR.

FINE. THEN YOU MAY WALK THROUGH.



YOU LIKE LOOKING AT MY INSIDES, MR. BECK?



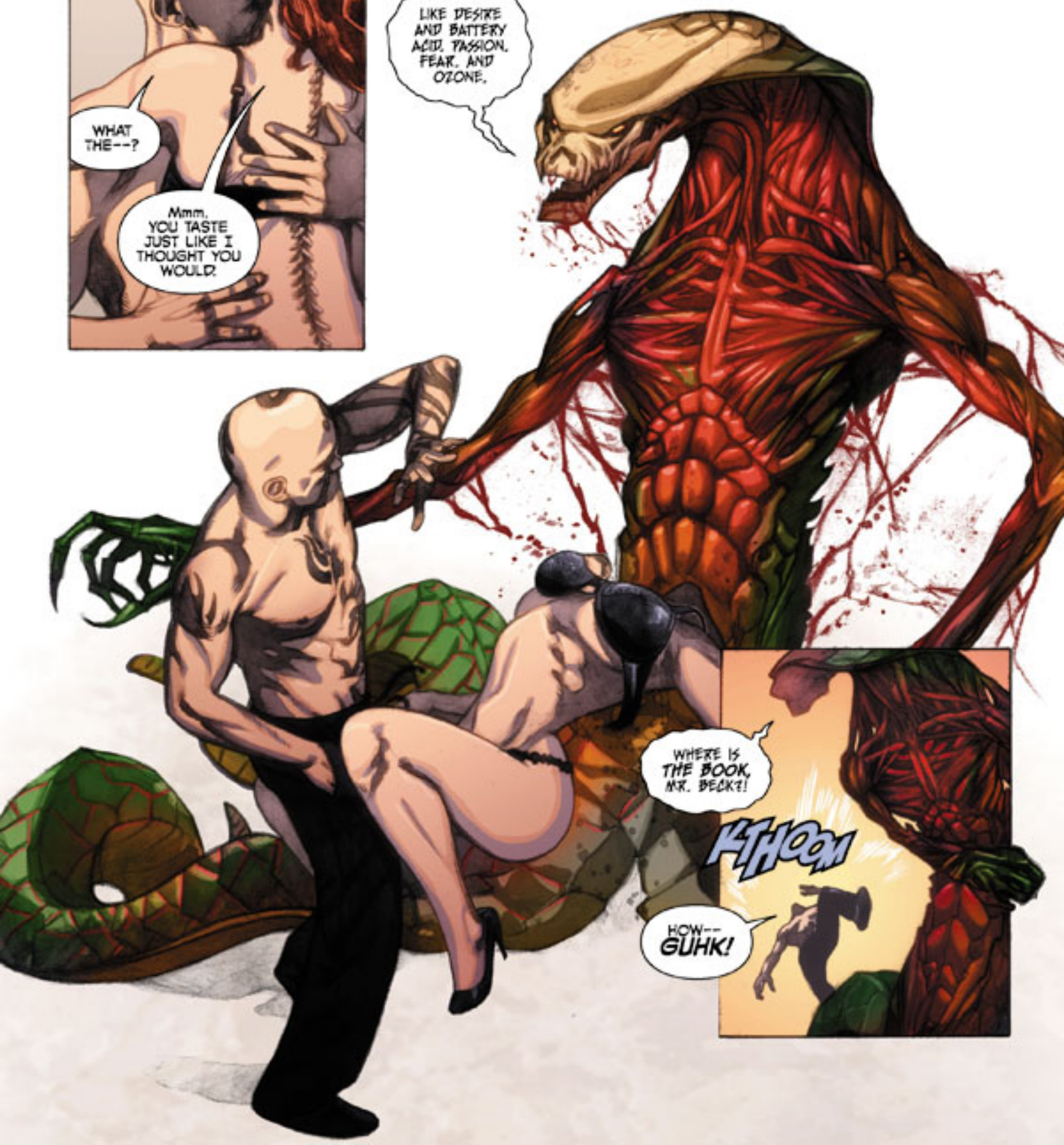
NOT AS MUCH AS I LIKE LOOKING AT YOUR OUTSIDE.



LIKE DESIRE  
AND BATTERY  
ACID, PASSION,  
FEAR, AND  
OZONE.

WHAT  
THE--?

Mmm,  
YOU TASTE  
JUST LIKE I  
THOUGHT YOU  
WOULD!



WHERE IS  
THE BOOK,  
MR. DECKE!

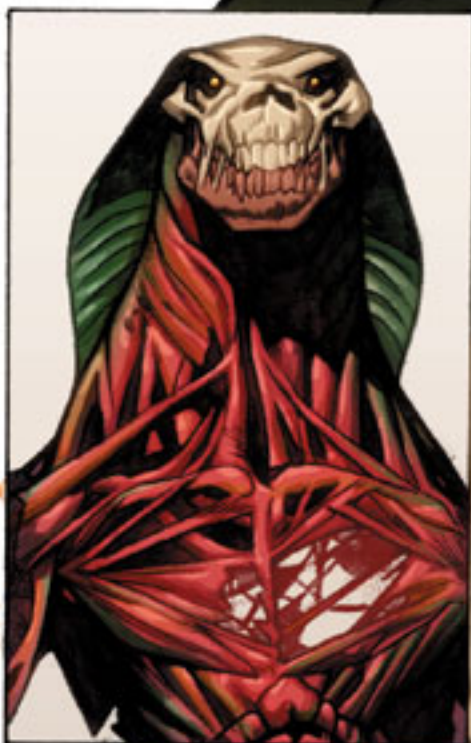
**KTHOOM**

HOW--  
GUHK!



THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOU NEW SHAMANS. YOU USE MACHINES AS TOOLS. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT BOOKS AND WANDS WERE ONCE ALIVE. WOOD UNDERSTANDS TIME.

YOUR SECURITY MACHINE DOES NOT. I CAN SHOW IT THE GIRL FROM THE LAST TIME SHE WAS HERE AND IT BELIEVES ME.



YOU DO NOT KNOW MY NAME, AND WITHOUT MY NAME YOU CANNOT EVEN ADDRESS ME, MUCH LESS HOPE TO KILL ME WITH YOUR PRECIOUS "PHONE WAND."



ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT I AM THE SWORDBREAKER.



**SHUNK**

**ARGHH!**