



ONCE THERE WAS A GOD WHO LOOKED DOWN UPON THE EVIL OF HIS CREATIONS AND DESTROYED THEM ALL WITH A FLOOD THAT COVERED THE WORLD ENTIRE...


IT IS NO SMALL THING TO BE A GOD AND CREATE THINGS THAT TURN UPON YOU WITH THEIR SCORN AND CONTEMPT.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?



A FLOOD,
VICTOR...



I FEAR SOMEONE LEFT
THE TAPS RUNNING...



THE PORTAL
HAS BEEN USED,
KARLOFF...

WHAT
TREACHERY HAS
TRANSPiRED IN MY
ABSENCE?

MUM'S
THE WORD,
MASTER...

MY LIPS,
I FEAR, ARE
SEALED.

KARLOFF,
I HAVE NEITHER
TIME NOR PATIENCE
FOR YOUR
PETTY--

YES,
THERE'S
THAT.

PERHAPS
YOU REQUIRE
AN *INCENTIVE*
TO RECALL YOUR
LOYALTIES...

MASTER,
PLEASE...

YOU
WOULDN'T.

THERE'S SO
LITTLE OF ME
LEFT TO--

SPLASH



MERCY!



TALK THEN.
AND SPARE NO DETAILS.



SPLASH



D-D-DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD NET THAT FISHY, M-M-MASTER?

INVASIVE SPECIES AN' ALL THAT BUGGERY?



ERIKA.
THAT BEGUILING HARRIDAN.

YOU REVEALED THE PORTAL TO HER AND--



AND SHE WENT **WALKABOUT**, MASTER.

SO I SUPPOSE YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE--



ANOTHER?