

"VEGAS VACATION" SOUNDS GREAT,
UP UNTIL THE POINT YOU'RE GETTING
THROWN THROUGH A DOOR BY A DEMON.

AND LET'S GO AHEAD AND
GET THIS OUTTA THE WAY:

I HATE F@#\$% DEMONS.
ALSO, MY FEELINGS ON VEGAS
HAVE TAKEN A NOSEDIVE.

CRASH



The Heart is a
Lonely Killer
Part 2







YOU'RE PROBABLY ASKING YOURSELF, "YO, CASSIE, WHY THE HATE FOR DEMONS?"

HOLD HIS FEET, VLAD?

FIRST OFF, THEY SMELL LIKE BURNING PIG S#@#.



SECOND, EACH KIND HAS A DIFFERENT WAY TO KILL IT. IT'S ALL GUESS WORK, UNLESS YOU'RE A DEMONOLOGIST OR SOMETHING STUPID LIKE THAT.

LIKE, DO YOU STAB IT IN THE EYE? IN THE HEART?

RAARGH!

SPLOP



DO YOU HAVE TO RECITE A MAGIC INCANTATION?

KRSH



MAKE IT DRINK FROM A GOBLET FILLED WITH A VIRGIN'S PISS?

YOU DIE NOW, YES?

SHUNK



WHO THE F#@# KNOWS?

NO.



YOU DIE NOW.

AT LEAST WITH SLASHERS, KILLING THEM IS PRETTY STRAIGHTFORWARD-- MASSIVE BODILY HARM, MAYBE BURN THE DEAD BODY.

