

MY NAME'S
ASH WILLIAMS.

I'VE SEEN A HELL
OF LOT IN MY TIME.
LITERALLY.

BEEN THROUGH A
SCRAP OR TEN.

CLINK!

CLINK!

AND I'VE LEARNED
A FEW THINGS
ALONG THE WAY.

ONE:
THEY DON'T
MAKE PUBLIC
RESTROOMS
FOR LEFTIES.

THOOO
THOOO

KLOCH

TWO: DON'T SWEAT
THE PETTY STUFF.
AND NEVER PET
THE SWEATY STUFF.

THREE (AND THIS KIND OF
RELATES BACK TO ONE, IF
YOU THINK ABOUT IT): YOU
CAN'T EVER BE AFRAID TO
GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY--



EVEN WHEN YOU
KNOW IT'S GONNA
TEAR YOU APART.



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?!

THOSE
ARE MY
STUDENTS,
ASH!

MINE TOO,
BABY. OR THEY
WERE, AT LEAST!
NOW THEY'RE JUST
DEADITES WITH
A BIG APPETITE
FOR SOULS, AND A
METABOLISM TO
MATCH.

DOESN'T
MATTER! YOU'RE
NOT CUTTING
THEM UP--

EXIT

THERE
HAS TO BE
ANOTHER
WAY.

NOW
RUN!





