

THINGS HAVE BEEN A LITTLE CONFUSING IN MY LIFE LATELY.

I OVERSLEPT BY A THOUSAND YEARS AND WOKE UP IN A TOMB IN A POST-APOCALYPTIC DYSTOPIA RUN BY LUCIFER.

I USED A CAT TO CRASH HELL AND BEAT THE DEVIL, BUT THEN PEOPLE STARTED HATING ME.

AS IT TURNED OUT, FOR GOOD REASON, BECAUSE WITH LUCIFER GONE AND GOD STILL MISSING SOULS HAD NOWHERE TO GO, SO PEOPLE STOPPED DYING.



**SQUEAL
VROOM**



WHICH, FROM A TIMING PERSPECTIVE, WORKED OUT OKAY. VICKI MY...NOT GIRLFRIEND... THAT'S HER THERE.

ANYWAY, SHE GOT IMPALED BY A PIECE OF HOUSE WHEN A LADY WITH A BOMB IN HER RIBS TRIED TO BLOW ME UP.



SO WE SET OUT ON A MOTORCYCLE ROAD TRIP TO FIND THIS FACILITY THAT CAN HEAL THE GAPING HOLE IN HER STOMACH SO I CAN TRY AND FIGURE OUT HOW TO SET ALL OF THIS RIGHT.

THEN WE GOT BESET BY THESE MAD MAX WANNABEES, ONE OF WHOM PUT A HARPOON THROUGH MY CHEST AND RIPPED ME OFF MY BIKE.

NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO GUN DOWN VICKI.

AND IF THAT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH, I'M HAVING A BIT OF A CRISIS OF SELF.

YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU HAVE DREAMS WHERE YOU MEET A FEW DOZEN ALTERNATE VERSIONS OF YOURSELF THAT EXISTED OR MAYBE DIDN'T BECAUSE YOU SLEPT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS?



AND THEN YOU DRINK SOME OF THEIR BLOOD AND ABSORB THEM INTO YOU? SO NOW YOU HAVE A HUNDRED DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF YOUR BIRTH AND LIFE IN YOUR HEAD? NO? IT'S UNNERVING.

THE BAD NEWS FOR THESE GUYS IS THAT ALL OF THOSE STORIES HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON.



WHETHER I CHOOSE TO SAVE THE WORLD, RULE IT, OR DESTROY IT--I AM A WEAPON DESIGNED FOR KILLING.

AND I AM VERY VERY GOOD AT IT.

IF YOU HAVE MUSIC READY, THIS IS WHERE YOU SHOULD CUE IT.



SOMETIMES I WORRY THAT THE MOUTH BREATHERS I KILL DON'T UNDERSTAND MY CLEVER REFERENCES. IT KEEPS ME UP AT NIGHT.



SHE WAS RIGHT ABOUT LETTING HER DRIVE, I WOULD HAVE WRECKED THAT BIKE AND FACEPLANTED ON THE FREEWAY BY NOW.



OH, LOOK WHO IT IS, MISTER "SHE'S HEAVIER THAN SHE LOOKS."

I DECIDED I WAS GOING TO KILL YOU EXTRA HARD.

GET AWAY FROM ME!



NOW I HAVE TO GO RESCUE SOMEONE, SO LET'S MAKE THIS QU--

HEY, LADY!



BANG

GET OFF MY RIG!



!

CRACK

THUNK

OF ALL THE SOUND EFFECTS MY BODY HAS MADE OVER THE YEARS, "THUNK" MAY BE MY LEAST FAVORITE.



THAT HURT!



AH, COME ON!

WHAT PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT BEING AN IMMORTAL MONSTER IS THAT IT DOESN'T MAKE THINGS STOP HURTING.



I KNEW IT. OKAY, THIS IS GONNA STING.

THE REALITY IS, WHEN YOU CAN LIVE THROUGH ANYTHING, YOU GET TO EXPERIENCE NEW THRESHOLDS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.



NNRRRR!

IT'S NOT MY FAVORITE PART.



GAH!

POP

I WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO LAY DOWN, TO STAY HERE. TO REST.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT REST AND THE WICKED.