

TIMES CHANGE.

SOMETIMES FOR THE BETTER.

CRACK

OTHER TIMES, FOR THE WORSE.

MY NAME IS ASH, AND I HAD A REAL LIFE ONCE.

A JOB.

I HAD A WONDERFUL GIRLFRIEND.

LINDA.

UM, HARDWARE. AISLE 12.

SHOP SMART. SHOP S-MART.





TOGETHER, WE DROVE TO A SMALL CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

IT SEEMS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST HAD COME TO THIS REMOTE PLACE TO TRANSLATE AND STUDY HIS LATEST FIND.



NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS

ROUGHLY TRANSLATED, "BOOK OF THE DEAD."

BOUND IN HUMAN FLESH AND INKED IN BLOOD, THIS ANCIENT SUMERIAN TEXT CONTAINED BIZARRE BURIAL RITES, FUNERARY INCANTATIONS AND DEMON RESURRECTION PASSAGES.



IT WAS NEVER MEANT FOR THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.



THE BOOK AWOKE SOMETHING DARK IN THE WOODS.



IT TOOK LINDA.



AND THEN IT CAME... FOR ME.



IT GOT INTO MY HAND AND IT WENT BAD.



SQUEE!
SQUEE!
SKWAAA!



SO I LOPPED IT OFF AT THE WRIST.



BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP IT. IT CAME BACK.

BIG TIME.



FOR GOD'S SAKE! HOW DO YOU STOP IT?!



SNAP!



WHA-AWA-AH! WHOA! WHOA! WHAAAAAH!



IN TRYING TO DESTROY THE BOOK, SOME SORT OF TIME TUNNEL WAS OPENED.



I DROPPED OUT OF THE SKY...



LANDED IN THE YEAR 1300 A.D.



THERE, IT WAS MORE OF THE SAME.

DEADITES, THE UNDEAD SPAWN OF THE NECRONOMICON.



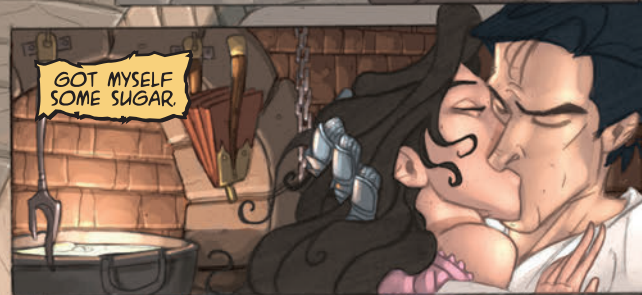
IF THE NECRONOMICON FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE DEADITES, ALL MANKIND WOULD BE CONSUMED BY THIS EVIL.



SO I BUILT MYSELF A NEW HAND.

GROOVY.

I WENT ON A QUEST FOR THE BOOK. NOT BECAUSE I WANTED TO HELP THESE POOR SAPS, BUT BECAUSE IT COULD SEND ME BACK HOME.



GOT MYSELF SOME SUGAR.



AND WENT OFF AFTER THAT DAMN BOOK.

HYAA!