

THEN.

YES...

SHRE!

SCRNCH

THE BLOOD...

THE BLOOD...

THE BLOOD!



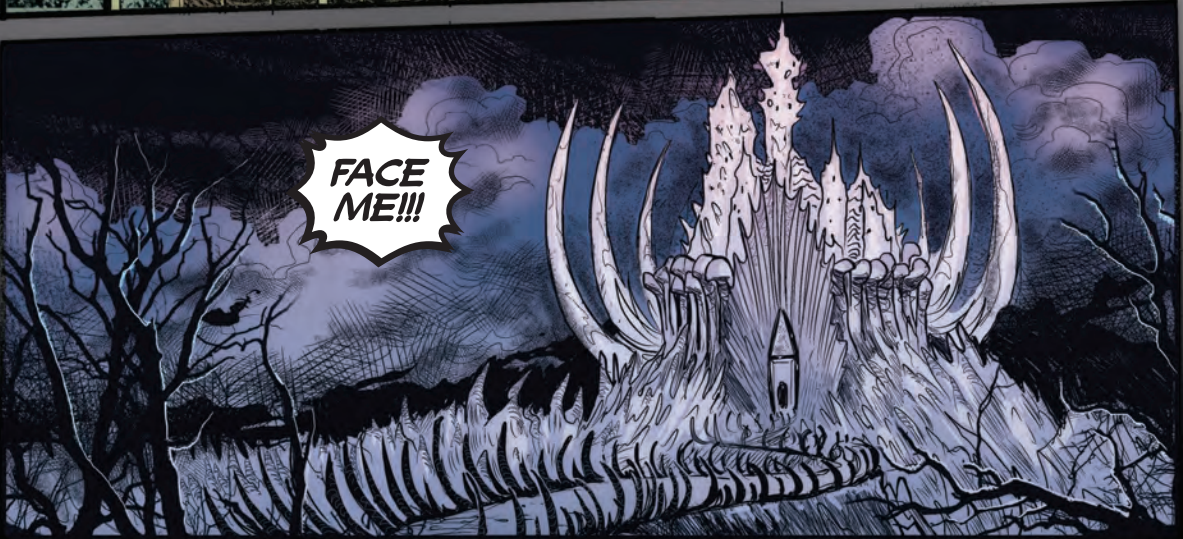


YOU WOULD MAKE A PRISONER OUT OF ME, SAKKARA OF ALEXANDRIA!? WHEN AN EMPIRE MADE ME A SLAVE, I KILLED SLAVE MASTERS! FEASTED UPON KINGS AND QUEENS! FELL NATIONS!

MY TEETH HAVE TORN THE THROAT OF THE DEVIL! NO LITTLE GOD CAN IMPRISON ME! FACE ME, SO YOU CAN SUFFER FOR MY EXILE IN THIS LIVING HELL!



DAMN YOU!
FACE ME, SO YOUR POETS CAN WRITE OF YOUR SUFFERING!



FACE ME!!!

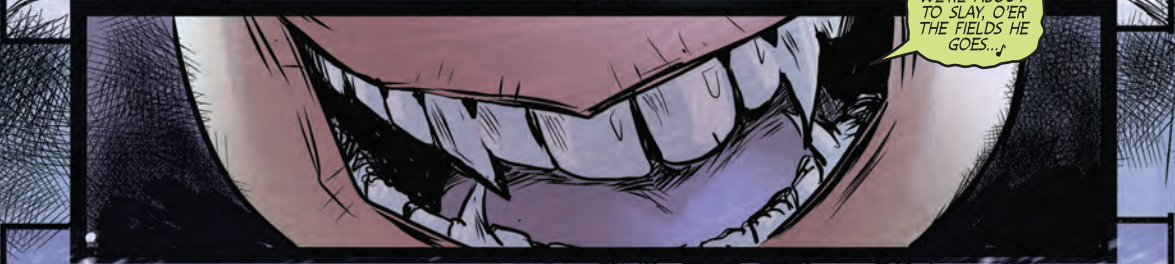
MARTY, SOUTH DAKOTA.
YESTERDAY.



NO NO NO...
PLEASE...

♫DASHING
THROUGH THE
SNOW...♪

♫A FAT GUY
WERE ABOUT
TO SLAY, O'ER
THE FIELDS HE
GOES...♪



I'M
SORRY.
I COULDN'T
STOP MYSELF...

♫HIS
JUGULAR
WILL SOON
SPRAY...♪



HNF!

TAKE IT,
ERNE!

HNGH!

SLUCH



OOOH!
RIGHT IN THE
BOWL FULL
OF JELLY!