

The place: somewhere in time.

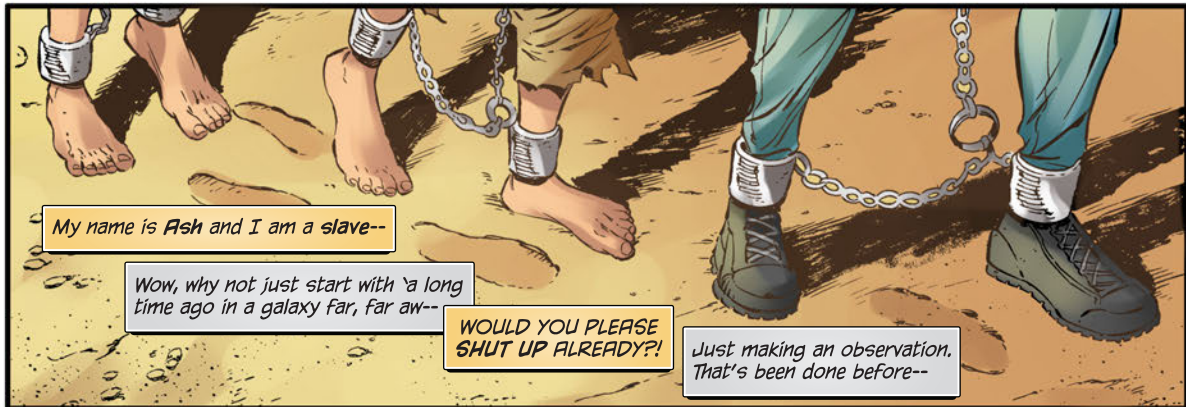
That's kind of vague, don't you think?

Who's telling the story, here?

Sigh. Go ahead. But you really need to work on your set up.

Look, when you come into the story you can tell it your way.

Deal. Proceed.

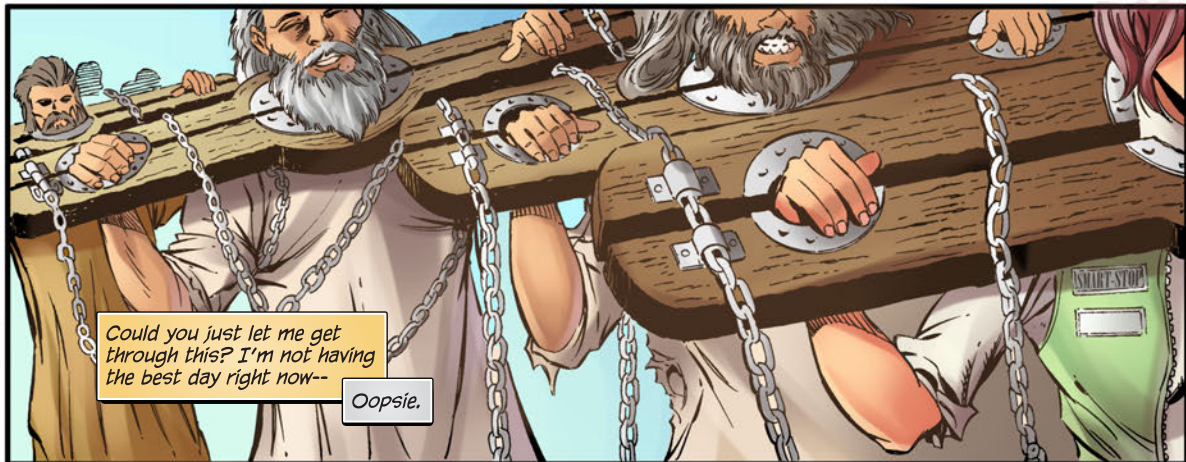


My name is Ash and I am a slave--

Wow, why not just start with 'a long time ago in a galaxy far, far aw--

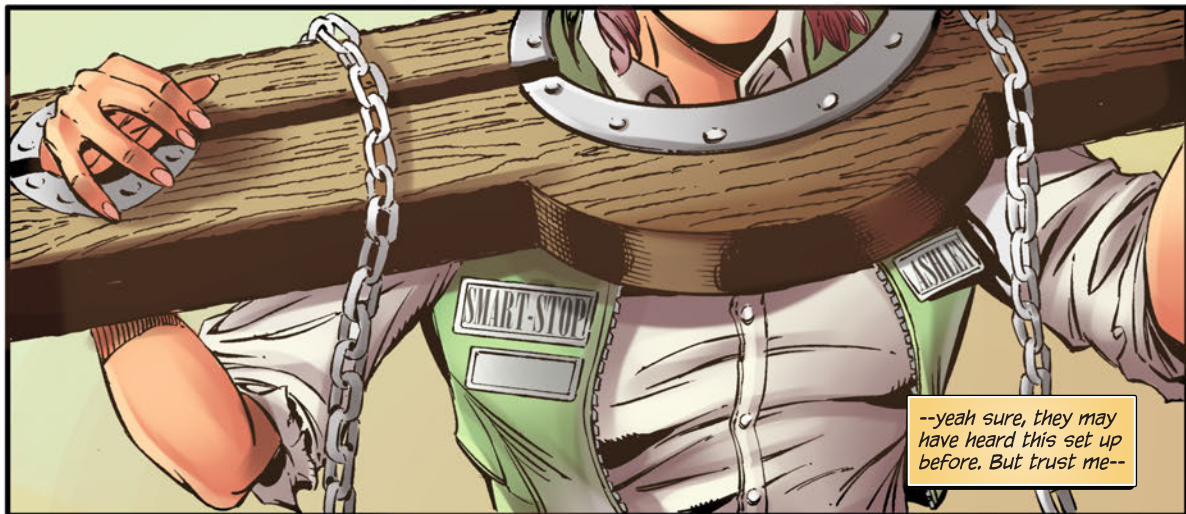
WOULD YOU PLEASE SHUT UP ALREADY?!

Just making an observation. That's been done before--



Could you just let me get through this? I'm not having the best day right now--

Oopsie.



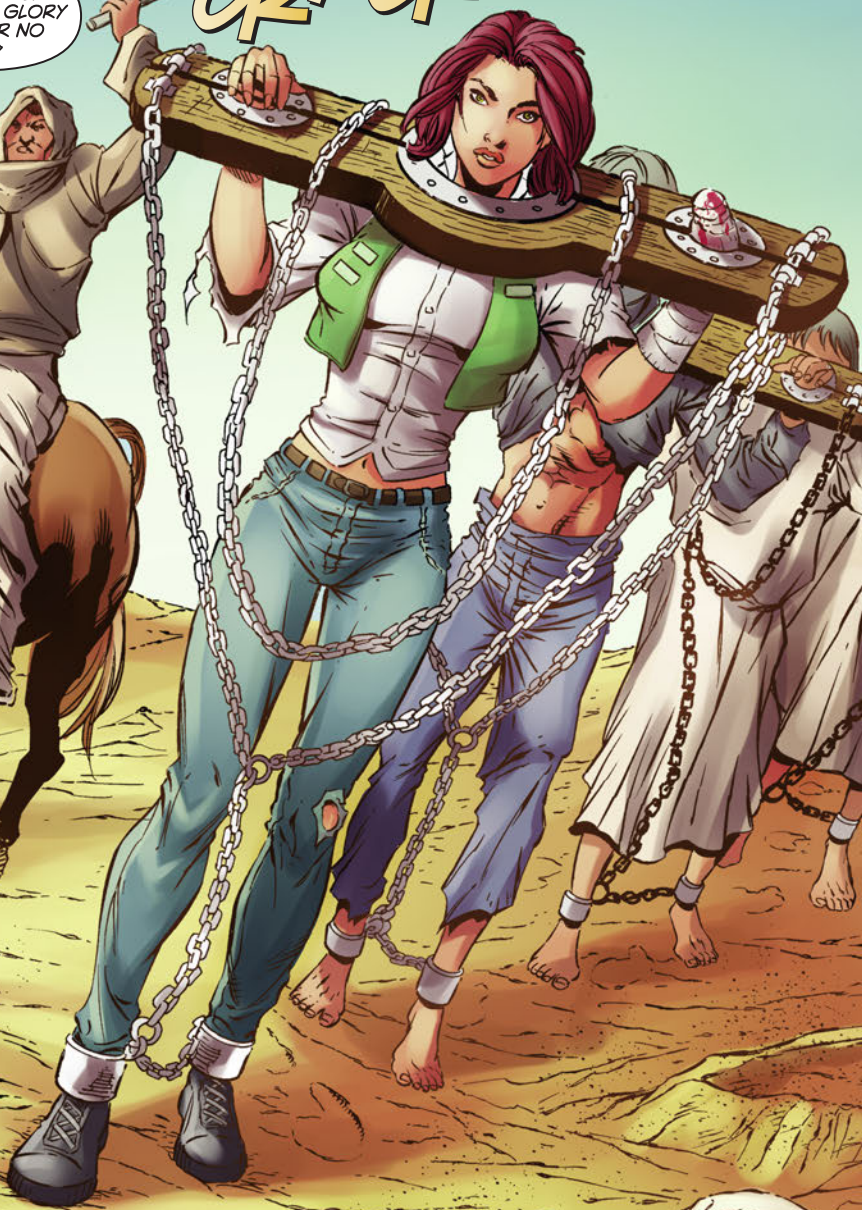
--yeah sure, they may have heard this set up before. But trust me--



This joke has a completely different punchline.

<MOVE CURS! PHAROAH'S GLORY WAITS FOR NO ONE!>

CRACK



First chance I get, I am so gonna stick that whip of his where the sun don't shine.

Okay, where was I? You can see that it's pretty obvious that I'm not from around here.

So how did I end up in this mess?





I was just an ordinary "Jane sixpack" trying to make a living, putting myself through school while working at the local "Smart Stop"--



--and dating the town mimbo, Brad. It was a life none too extraordinary--



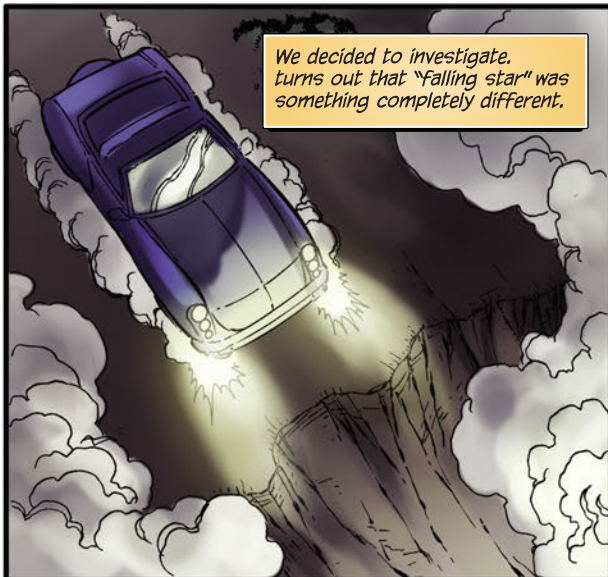
Until the night Brad and I went on one of our "dates" to "Lookout Point."



We saw what we **thought** was a falling star. After it appeared to land somewhere close by--



We decided to investigate, turns out that "falling star" was something completely different.

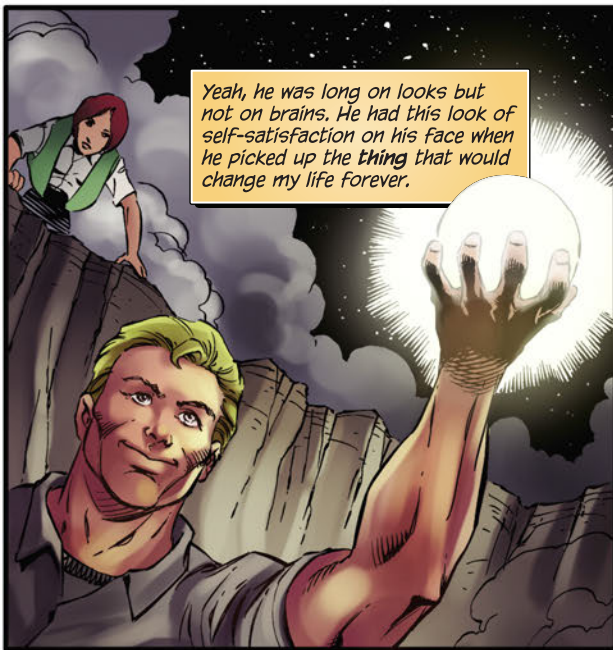


Ever the impulsive one, Brad climbed down into that crater--

The whole time muttering something about "the voices calling him."







Yeah, he was long on looks but not on brains. He had this look of self-satisfaction on his face when he picked up the **thing** that would change my life forever.



Poor, dumb Brad.



I stood helpless as whatever he heard calling to him changed him into--something vile--



Something that wanted to get at me in the worst way.



But Ashley K. Williams is nobody's fool and 12 years of going to an all-girls school taught me a thing or two.



Although I probably could have thought it out a bit better. Whatever got Brad also got into me and it went b--



