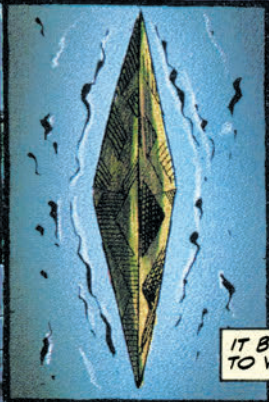


IT NEVER RESTS, SET TO ITS TASK, TURNING LIKE A MILLSTONE, WET WITH BLOOD, GREASED WITH FAT, CRUSHING FLESH, GRINDING BONE AND GRISTLE.

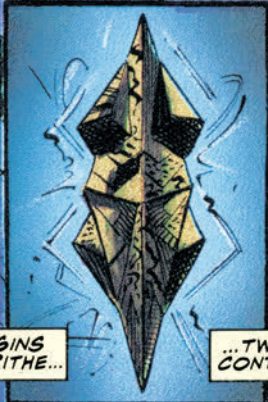
ITS LIGHTS FADE, THEN DIE.

UNTIL, SOMETHING HAPPENS THAT HAS NEVER HAPPENED.

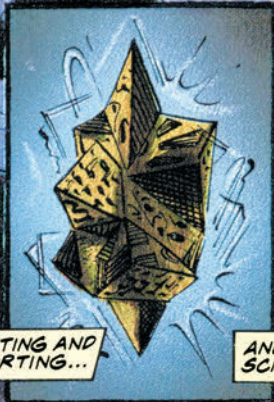
FOR ONE EXCRUCIATING INSTANT, ALL OF HELL HANGS FROZEN, STILL AND SILENT, AS LEVIATHAN SUDDENLY STOPS.



IT BEGINS TO WRITHE...



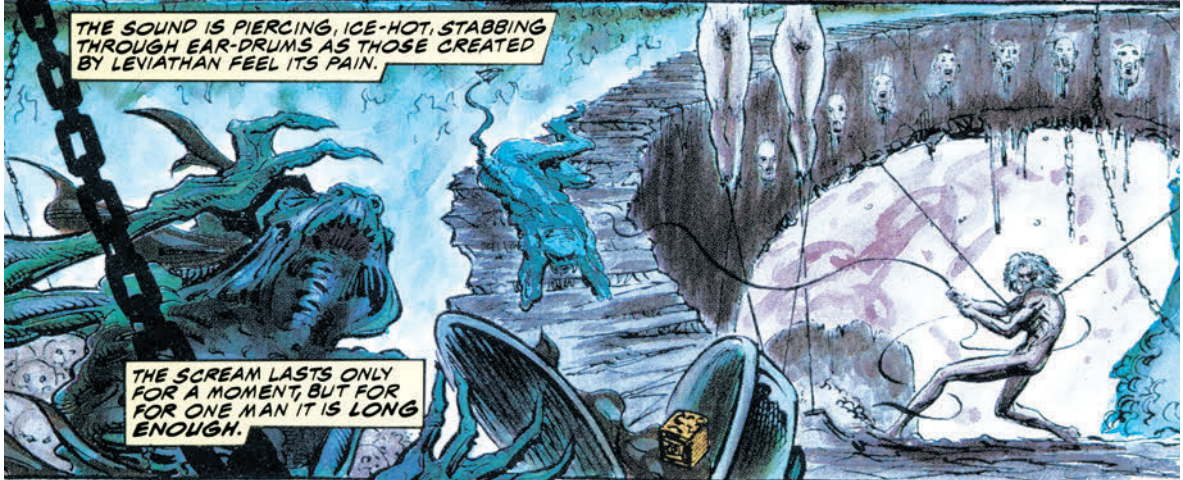
...TWISTING AND CONTORTING...



AND THEN IT SCREAMS.

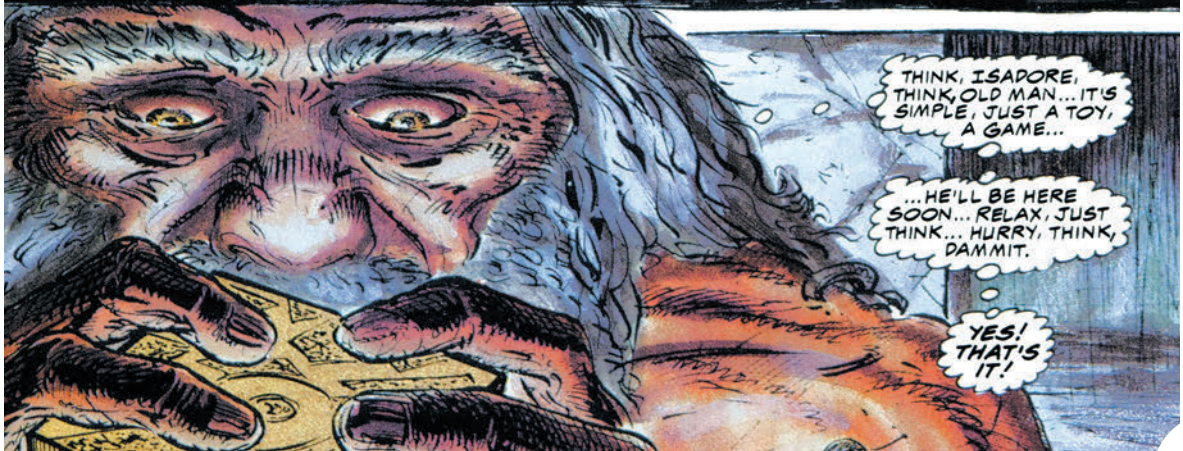


THE SOUND IS PIERCING, ICE-HOT, STABBING THROUGH EAR-DRUMS AS THOSE CREATED BY LEVIATHAN FEEL ITS PAIN.



THE SCREAM LASTS ONLY FOR A MOMENT, BUT FOR ONE MAN IT IS LONG ENOUGH.

PUZZLE IN HAND, HE FLEES FOR SOME DARK CORNER, PRAYING HE'LL HAVE TIME.



THINK, ISADORE, THINK, OLD MAN... IT'S SIMPLE, JUST A TOY, A GAME...

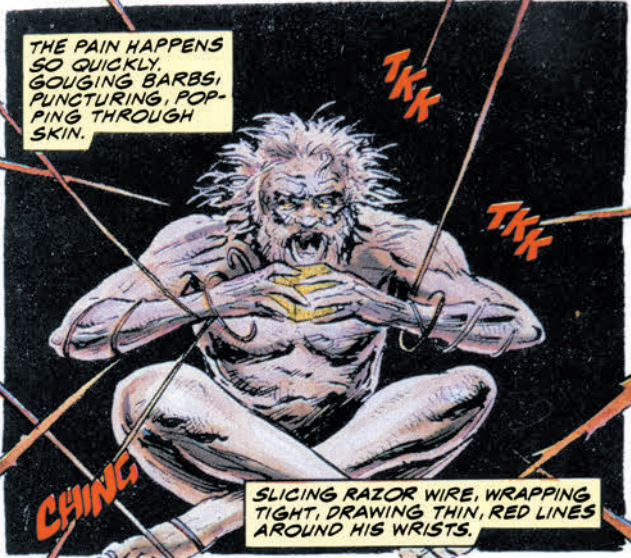
...HE'LL BE HERE SOON... RELAX, JUST THINK... HURRY, THINK, DAMMIT.

YES! THAT'S IT!

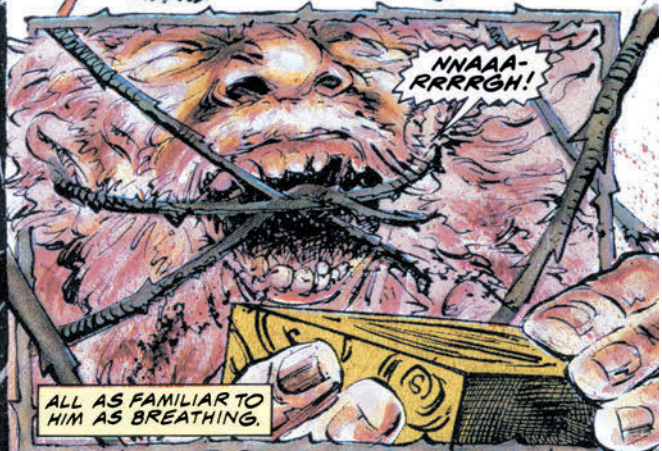




THE PAIN HAPPENS SO QUICKLY, GOUGING BARBS, PUNCTURING, POPPING THROUGH SKIN.

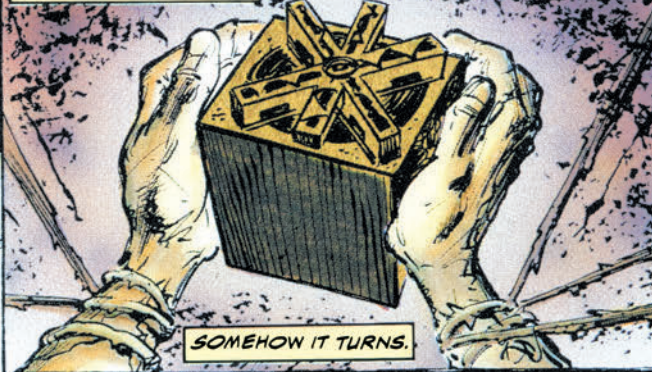


SLICING RAZOR WIRE, WRAPPING TIGHT, DRAWING THIN, RED LINES AROUND HIS WRISTS.



ALL AS FAMILIAR TO HIM AS BREATHING.

TEARS STREAM DOWN HIS FACE AS FINGERS, GROWN NUMB AS DEADWOOD, DESPERATELY PRESS AND SQUEEZE AGAINST THE FINAL PIECE OF THE PUZZLE.







THE REIGHIN SANITARIUM AND PSYCHIATRIC ASYLUM.

WAAAAAAA!

KSSHHH

### RAZING HELL PART I

# STOLEN TIME



A MAN APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE, COVERED IN BLOOD, CLUTCHING A SMALL BOX AND CLAIMS TO BE SOMEONE WHO DIED SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THERE WAS JUST ENOUGH MEDIA COVERAGE TO ATTRACT THOSE WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND.

CERTAINLY, DOCTOR. THESE THINGS HAPPEN. THAT'LL BE FINE. GOODBYE.



THAT WAS DOCTOR PLYERS, HE CAN'T MAKE IT UNTIL THE END OF THE WEEK--

LISTEN TO ME, NURSE BRATCHETT, I CAN'T WAIT--

YOU LISTEN MR. LEE! THE PATIENT--



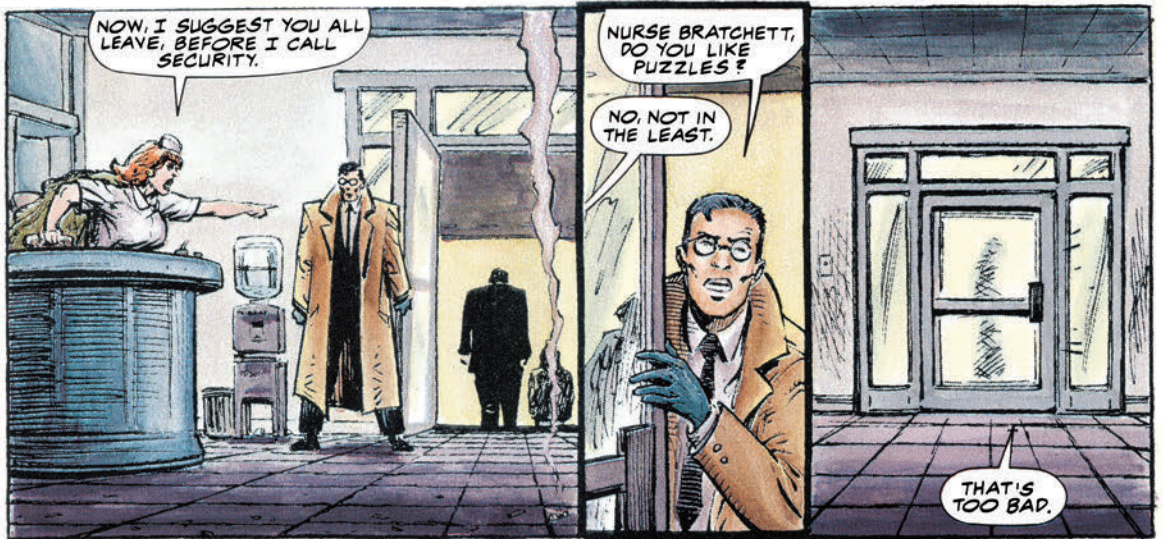
HIS NAME IS KLAUSKI, ISADORE KLAUSKI!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS! IF HE WERE ISADORE KLAUSKI, HE'D BE OVER 160 YEARS OLD!



I REPEAT, HE HAS NOT BEEN IDENTIFIED AND REGARDLESS, HE CANNOT BE RELEASED UNTIL HE HAS BEEN PROPERLY EXAMINED, BUT IF IT WERE UP TO ME, ANYONE WHO WOULD PULL A STUNT LIKE HE DID SHOULD BE KEPT HERE FOR GOOD!



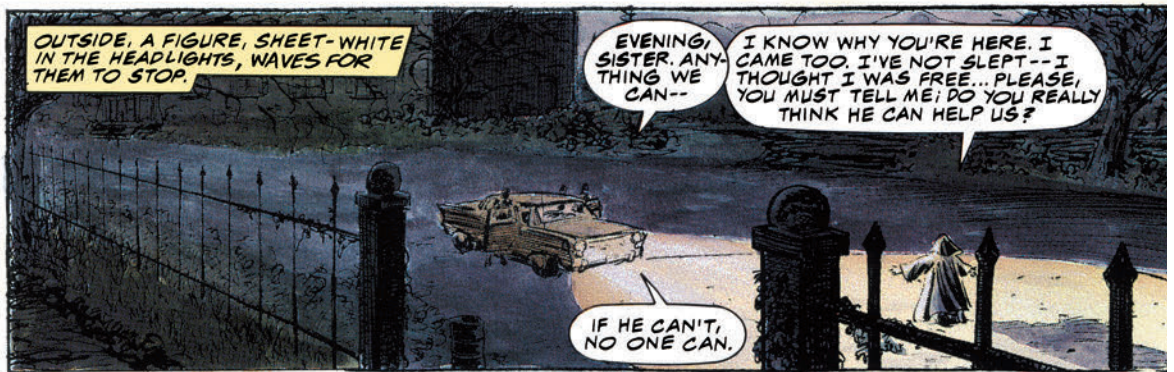


NOW, I SUGGEST YOU ALL LEAVE, BEFORE I CALL SECURITY.

NURSE BRATCHETT, DO YOU LIKE PUZZLES?

NO, NOT IN THE LEAST.

THAT'S TOO BAD.

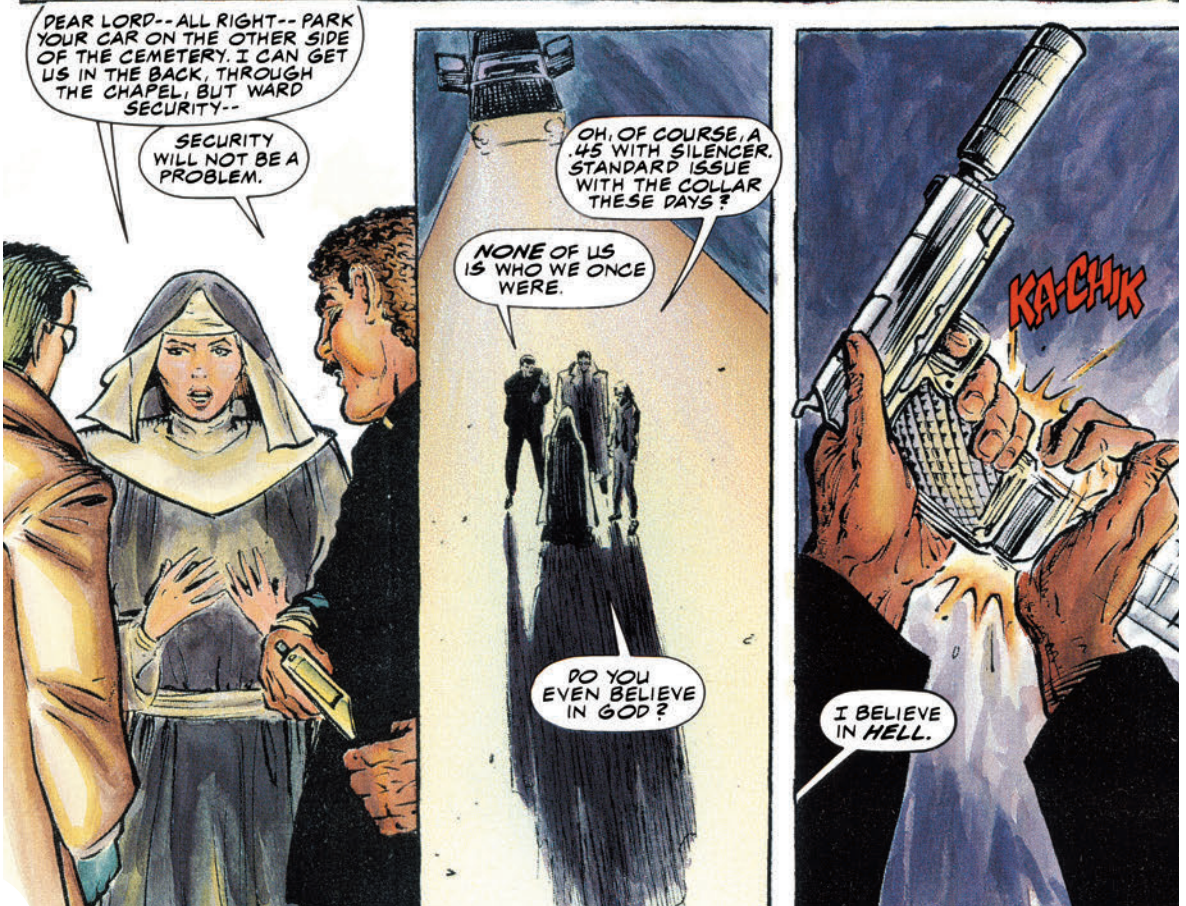


OUTSIDE, A FIGURE, SHEET-WHITE IN THE HEADLIGHTS, WAVES FOR THEM TO STOP.

EVENING, SISTER. ANYTHING WE CAN--

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE. I CAME TOO. I'VE NOT SLEPT-- I THOUGHT I WAS FREE... PLEASE, YOU MUST TELL ME! DO YOU REALLY THINK HE CAN HELP US?

IF HE CAN'T, NO ONE CAN.



DEAR LORD-- ALL RIGHT-- PARK YOUR CAR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CEMETERY. I CAN GET US IN THE BACK, THROUGH THE CHAPEL BUT WARD SECURITY--

SECURITY WILL NOT BE A PROBLEM.

OH, OF COURSE, A .45 WITH SILENCER. STANDARD ISSUE WITH THE COLLAR THESE DAYS?

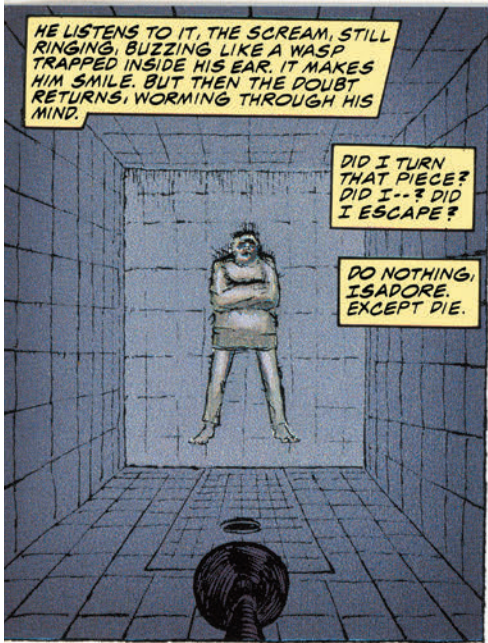
NONE OF US IS WHO WE ONCE WERE.

DO YOU EVEN BELIEVE IN GOD?

I BELIEVE IN HELL.

KA-CHIK





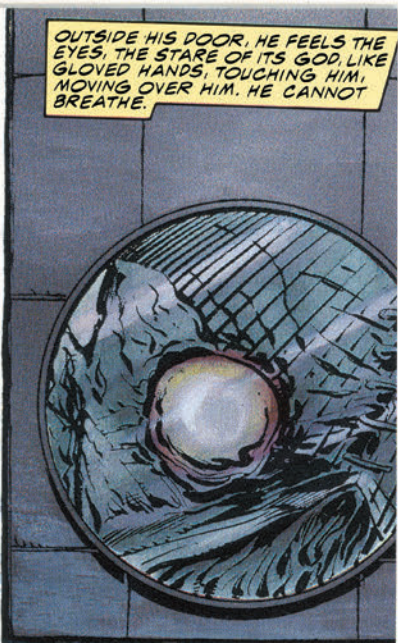
HE LISTENS TO IT, THE SCREAM, STILL RINGING, BUZZING LIKE A WASP TRAPPED INSIDE HIS EAR. IT MAKES HIM SMILE. BUT THEN THE DOUBT RETURNS, WORMING THROUGH HIS MIND.

DID I TURN THAT PIECE? DID I--? DID I ESCAPE?

DO NOTHING, ISAPORE. EXCEPT DIE.



SUDDENLY, A CHILL! A FINGER OF ICE SLIDES ALONG HIS SPINE.



OUTSIDE HIS DOOR, HE FEELS THE EYES, THE STARE OF ITS GOD, LIKE GLOVED HANDS, TOUCHING HIM, MOVING OVER HIM. HE CANNOT BREATHE.



SKRAAAASHH



THE HOOK AND CABLE SEAR THROUGH THE MEAT ON HIS CALF, EMBEDDING IN THE FLOOR.

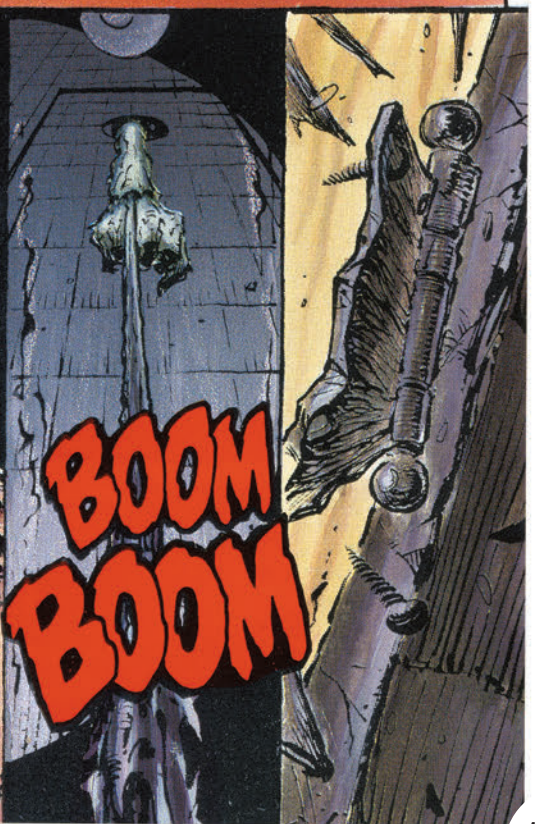
RRRAAGHHH!



HELP!

HEELLPP! SOMEONE!

PLEASE! HELP!



BOOM BOOM