



COLD?



THAT'S WHAT I SAID, YOU COLD?



DAMP DOWN HERE, STAYS COLD NO MATTER THE TIME OF YEAR, ESPECIALLY ABOUT NOW.





THE UNMISTAKABLE STENCH OF FEAR... DESPERATION... MMM-- RESIGNATION.



THAT WOULD BE YOU, THOUGH.



SEE, LANEY, MAN IS THE ONLY BEAST THAT WILL DO ALMOST ANYTHING TO PRESERVE THE WEAK.

YOUR MISPLACED SYMPATHIES INSTINCTUALLY COMPEL YOU TO SAVE THE INFIRM, TO CURE THE ILLS OF THE SICK, TO DEFY NATURE'S WILL.



IN TURN, YOU MERELY ENSURE THE MEEK SHALL INDEED INHERIT THE EARTH.

SO, WHATEVER IT IS YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING HERE, FOR ONE THING, IT'S NOT GOING TO WORK.



AS FOR YOUR OFFSPRING, HE'S INFECTED WITH THE SCENT.

THERE'S NO GOING BACK.

*Before.*

"WEBB TAKES THE  
HANDOFF FROM  
SMITH."



"WEBB CUTS TO THE  
OUTSIDE, HE HAS A  
BLOCKER!"



"WEBB HAS  
DAYLIGHT!  
HE--"



**BDRROOM  
BDRROOMBDRROOM**



**KRKK**



"LANEY GRIFFIN BLOWS UP WEBB! THE ALL-AMERICAN ISSUING YET ANOTHER DEVASTATING HIT!"



"WISKY CONTINUES ITS MARCH TO A NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AND GRIFFIN TO THE FIRST PICK IN THE PRO DRAFT."