

A man with long, wavy hair, wearing a dark suit and a long, light-colored trench coat, stands in the center of the frame. He is surrounded by numerous dark, multi-limbed alien creatures with glowing yellow eyes. The background is black with some faint green and yellow spots. The scene is lit from above, creating a bright oval shape at the top of the page.

AWAKE
NOW? THAT'S
GOOD. WE
NEED TO
TALK.

THERE ARE
SOME THINGS
YOU NEED
TO UNDERSTAND. PAY
ATTENTION, I ONLY
HAVE TIME TO GO
THROUGH THIS
ONCE.

THE WORLD OUT
THERE, THE WORLD
YOU *THINK* YOU
KNOW...



"...THAT'S *NOT* THE WORLD. NOT THE WORLD AS IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE.

"THERE ARE THIRTEEN *ARTIFACTS*, THIRTEEN OBJECTS OF SUPERNATURAL POWER, EACH IN THE HANDS OF A BEARER. I HAVE ONE OF THEM.



"THERE WAS A MAN WHO *WANTED* TO DESTROY THE WORLD, THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE, SO HE COULD BRING BACK A UNIVERSE HE'D LOST.

"THE *KEY* TO THAT UNIVERSE WAS INSIDE HIM. WE TRIED TO STOP HIM..."



...BUT WE DIDN'T. NOT REALLY.



"THE THIRTEEN ARTIFACTS CONTROL THE FATE OF THE WORLD. IF THEY'RE BROUGHT TOGETHER, THEY CAN DESTROY THE WORLD."

"THEY WERE."

"AND THEY DID."



TURNED OUT THAT MY DAUGHTER, MY CHILD WITH ONE OF THE OTHER BEARERS... A COP, IF YOU CAN IMAGINE...



"... CONTAINED THE KEY TO OUR UNIVERSE."



"WE DIDN'T
SAVE THE
UNIVERSE..."



"...WE CREATED
A *NEW* ONE."

IT'S
CLOSE ...
BUT IT'S NOT
QUITE THE
SAME.

THE
DIFFERENCE IS,
THIS TIME I GOT
EVERYTHING I
WANTED. I GOT
A *FAMILY*.

AND
ALL I HAD
TO DO WAS
DESTROY THE
WORLD. THE
THING IS,
THOUGH...





...I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS IT.

YOU BEEN SAMPLING YOUR OWN PRODUCT, ESTACADO? THIS IS *CRAZY TALK*.
WHAT DOES *ANY* OF THIS HAVE TO DO WITH THE TERRITORY BEEF BETWEEN YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE?



WHY ARE YOU EVEN *TELLING* ME THIS?



I HAD TO TELL *SOMEONE*...



...AND YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REPEAT ANY OF IT.

