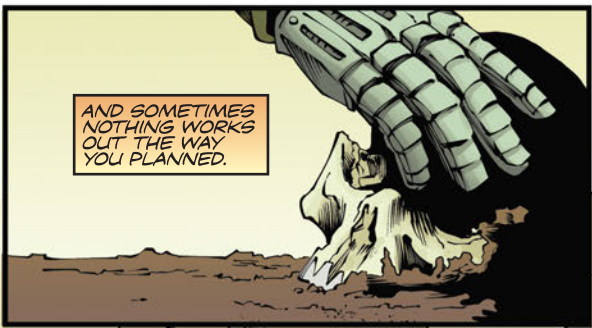


YEAH, SO SOMETIMES THINGS DON'T WORK OUT THE WAY YOU PLANNED.



AND SOMETIMES NOTHING WORKS OUT THE WAY YOU PLANNED.

THINGS CHANGE. I DIDN'T KNOW I'D FALL IN LOVE. I DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D MAKE ME A FREAKIN' KNIGHT.

I NEVER EXPECTED I'D WANT TO STAY HERE.



THE PLACE PRETTY MUCH SMELLS LIKE POOP AND BODY ODOR 24/7, BUT HELL, MAYBE IF I STICK AROUND, I CAN TEACH THEM A THING OR TWO ABOUT PLUMBING AND DEODORANT.



BESIDES THIS IS WHERE THE EVIL ORIGINATED AND I VOWED TO FIGHT UNTIL IT'S OVER, UNTIL THE LAST DEADITE HAS BEEN SENT BACK TO HELL.

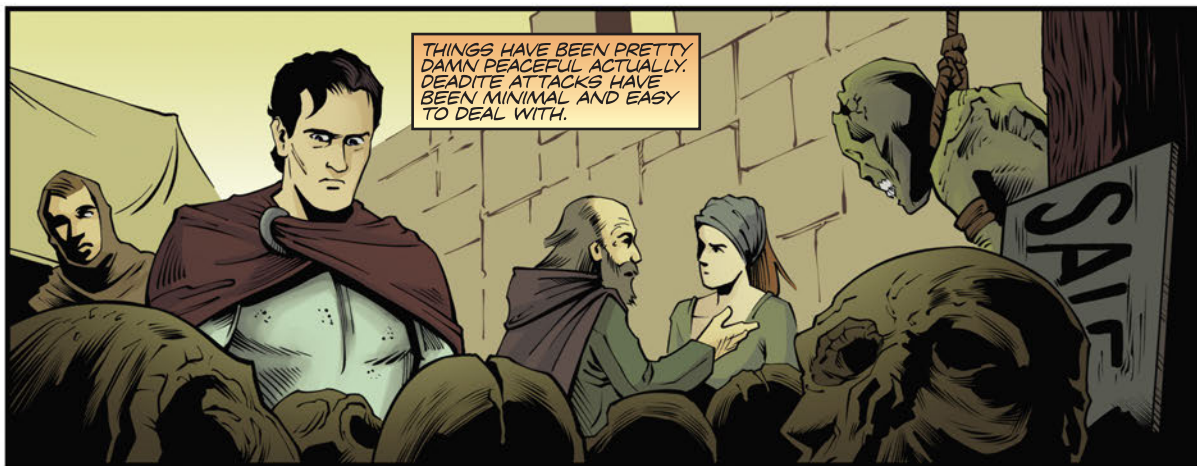
HOW'S IT SHAKIN', GUYS?

PARDON?

SKIP IT.



Turns out the hippie lady who kissed me was full of it too. I said the dreaded words three times and nothing at all happened.



Things have been pretty damn peaceful, actually. Deadite attacks have been minimal and easy to deal with.



Crops were starting to come back.



It seemed like life was returning to normal and the road to our wedding would be a smooth one.



YIKES.

Operative word here is **seemed**.

I SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO THINK MY LIFE WOULD EVER BE NORMAL AGAIN.



I'LL SWALLOW YOUR SOUUUUULS!



