

*WE ARE OUR OWN
DEVILS--WE DRIVE
OURSELVES OUT
OF OUR EDENS.*

*"I AM THE FOURTH
SEAL THROWN OPEN,
FOR I AM THE
PALE HORSE!"*

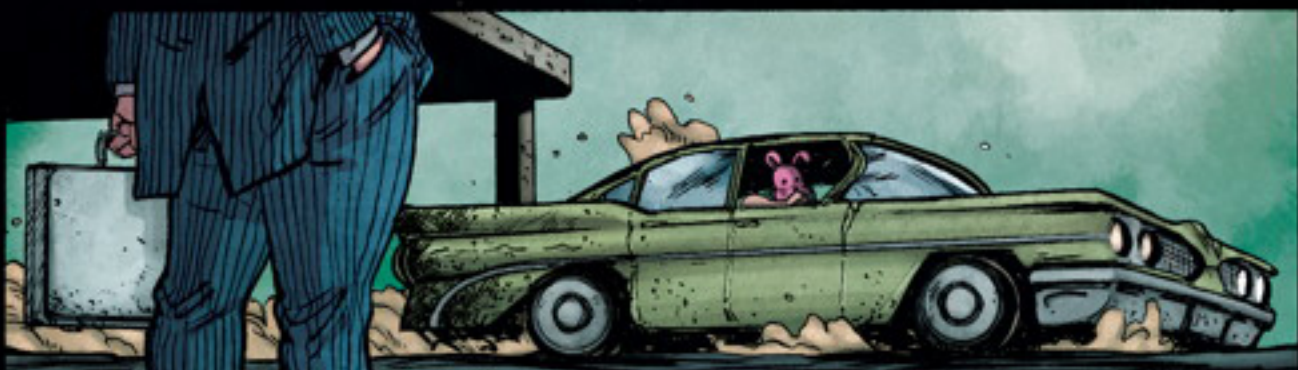
*THE MIND IS ITS OWN
PLACE, AND IN ITSELF,
CAN MAKE A HEAVEN
OF HELL, AND A HELL
OF HEAVEN.*

*"YOU **CAN'T** DIE.
THIS ISN'T THE
WAY THE STORY
ENDS.*

*"I LOVE
YOU.*









YOU ARE, OF COURSE, AWARE THAT YOU'RE TWENTY-SIX MINUTES LATE.



YOU KEPT ME WAITING.



YEAH, AND...?

YOU GOT SOME OTHER PLACE TO *BE*, FAT MAN? YOU GOT SOME OTHER PRESSING *ENGAGEMENT* TO ATTEND TO?



MAY I ASK, MS. ASQUITH, WHY YOU FELT IT NECESSARY TO BRING A SCATTERGUN TO A SIMPLE BUSINESS TRANSACTION?



SLAM

YOU GOT A REPUTATION, *THAT'S* WHY.

PEOPLE SAY DEALS WITH THE BAILIFF, SOMETIMES THEY GO SIDEWAYS. PEOPLE SAY THE BAILIFF, HE CARRIES A PRETTY LITTLE DERRINGER LADY GUN, AND HE AIN'T SO SHY ABOUT USING IT.

HELL IS NOTHING
SHE WAS TAUGHT IT
WOULD BE, NOTHING
FROM SERMONS OR
HYMNS OR ONIONSKIN
BIBLE PAGES.

HELL IS
NOTHING.

HELL IS WHITE.
WHITE FOREVER
AND EVER AND
EVER.



AND IN THE WHITE
NOTHINGNESS,
SHE IS NO MORE
THAN AN UNSIGHTLY,
UNDESIRED SMEAR
OF SOMETHING.



IF NATURE ABHORS
A VOID, HELL ABHORS
EXISTENCE.



"AND I HEARD
A VOICE IN THE
MIDST OF THE
FOUR BEASTS..."



"...AND I LOOKED
AND BEHOLD! A
PALE HORSE."



PERDITION, DAMNATION, **BEING** IS
THE CONFLICT, HER **WRONGNESS**
IN THIS PLACE. HELL IS INCONGRUITY.

"I LOVE YOU."

"WHOEVER IS
UNJUST, LET HIM
BE UNJUST STILL."

