





THERE WERE FOUR WORLDS BEFORE THIS ONE. THEY ALL ENDED. NOW THIS ONE'S GOING.

REY'S OLD, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THIS STUFF AS WELL AS MY FATHER.



FFFT. LAST FOUR TIMES THE WORLD ENDED, A GOD CREATED A NEW SUN--THAT'S HOW THEY START THE NEW WORLD...



"QUETZALCOATL, GUCUMATZ, EL DIOS BLANCO VIRACOCHA, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A RACE OF GIANTS..."

"THE AZTECS CALLED THE GREAT MOTHER COATLIQUE, LADY OF THE SKIRT OF SNAKES, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO COYOLXAUHQUI, THE GODDESS OF THE MOON."



ANYWAYS--A SUN IS TOO BIG A THING TO JUST **CREATE**, EVEN FOR A GOD.



IT ONLY GETS MADE BY SACRIFICE.



THIS TIME, THERE'S NOT GONNA BE ANY MORE GODS SACRIFICING THEMSELVES.

NOT FOR MAN, FLIES.



"SO WE WON'T COME BACK AFTER THIS ONE."

I WANNA GO GOLFING.



WHAT?

I WANNA GO GOLFING.

I AM SICK OF THIS. I WANT TO SEE SOMETHING NICE AND FAKE AND GREEN, AND I--

SHHH.



SH.

