

ANCIENT  
POWERS, I--  
**ZARIELLE**  
**THANE**--CALL  
UPON  
YOU!

HONOR THE  
BLEAK PACT,  
MADE AT GREAT  
SACRIFICE WITH  
YOUR FOUL  
CASTE.

HOLD  
TRUE TO  
YOUR VILE  
WORD!

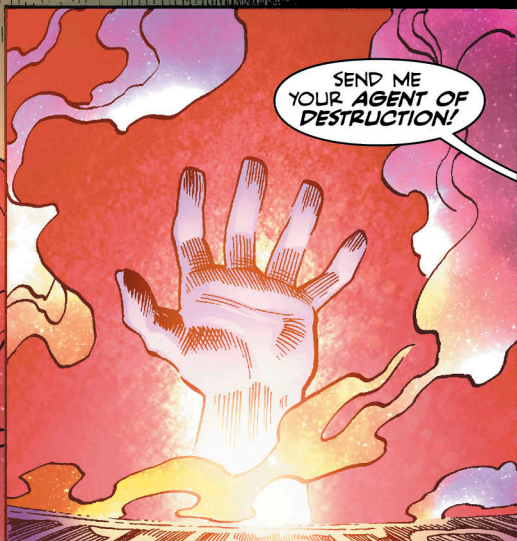
COME  
FORTH!

COME  
FORTH AND  
**MURDER** AT MY  
COMMAND!



I  
**CURSE** THIS  
WORLD!

I  
**CONDEMN**  
THIS PLANET TO  
CHAOS AND  
DEATH!



SEND ME  
YOUR AGENT OF  
DESTRUCTION!



YES!

YES!

**YES!**

## Myths & Legends

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**NO!**

WHO ARE YOU?

YOU'RE NOT--

NOT ONE OF YOUR DEMONIC SERVITORS?

AFRAID NOT.

I HEARD YOU WERE CALLIN' OUT FOR WANTON VIOLENCE AND CALAMITY.



AND HERE I AM.

BUT... HOW?

MY SPELLS HAVE NEVER FAILED BEFORE!



SEE...IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH RESEARCH TO FIGURE OUT YOUR "MAGIC" IS NOTHIN' OF THE SORT.

YOU'RE USIN' COMPUTERS TO RUN COMPLICATED EQUATIONS IN A LANGUAGE JUST THIS SIDE OF BINARY CODE.

USIN' IT TO OPEN DOORWAYS TO OTHER DIMENSIONS AND STRIKE BARGAINS WITH ALL MANNER OF BAD SORTS.

YOU'VE BEEN HACKED, GIRL.



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ME, ARE YOU?

WE ALL HAVE OUR BURDENS TO BEAR.





THAT...  
WAS  
COLD.

GIRL  
WAS A  
KILLER,  
EMILY.

AND EVEN  
IF SHE HAD  
BEEN LILY WHITE AND  
PURE AS SNOW, I  
TOOK A CONTRACT  
ON HER.

SHE **HAD**  
TO DIE.

DO WE  
HAVE A RUN-  
DOWN ON THE  
NEXT MARK?

GUY GOES  
BY THE NAME "**THE  
BUSINESSMAN.**"

I'VE  
HEARD OF  
HIM.

HE HAS  
HOLDINGS  
IN A DOZEN  
SYSTEMS.

EVERYTHING  
FROM RACKETEERIN'  
TO MONEY  
LENDIN'...

...SLAVE  
TRADIN' TO  
COMMERCIAL  
REAL ESTATE.

LEGITIMATE  
OR ILLEGAL...IT'S  
ALL THE SAME  
TO HIM.

IF IT  
TURNS A  
PROFIT, HE'S  
GOT HIS  
FINGERS  
IN IT.

WHATEVER  
HE'S INTO...HE'S  
**LIQUIDATING** ALL  
HIS **EARTHLY**  
ASSETS.

THAT'S  
HOW WE  
FOUND  
HIM.

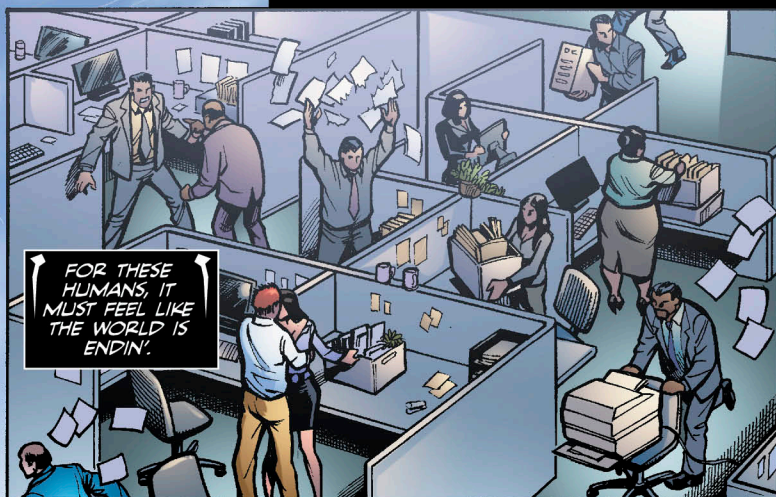
DOZENS  
OF VIABLE  
ENTERPRISES, ALL  
BEING SOLD ON  
THE CHEAP.

SO  
MUCH FOR  
**SMALL TALK,**  
HUH?

YEAH...  
WE'VE  
FOUND  
HIM.



"LOOKS LIKE  
HE'S CLOSING  
UP SHOP."



FOR THESE  
HUMANS, IT  
MUST FEEL LIKE  
THE WORLD IS  
ENDIN'.

THEY STEAL  
OFFICE SUPPLIES...

...THEY LET THAT  
LONG-STANDIN'  
INTERDEPARTMENT  
FLIRTATION TURN  
INTO A FULL-  
BLOWN FLING.

WHY  
NOT?



FOR EARTHERS,  
SHORT-TERM  
SETBACKS OFTEN  
FEEL LIKE THE  
APOCALYPSE.

SORRY TO  
INTERRUPT.

WOULD ONE  
OF YOU MIND  
TELLIN' ME WHERE  
TO FIND YOUR  
EMPLOYER?

TWENTY-THIRD  
FLOOR.

I THINK HE'S  
LOCKED HIMSELF  
IN THERE UNTIL THE  
BACKLASH FROM THE  
LAYOFF BLOWS  
OVER.





