



AVCH2012



My meta-metabolism gave me everything...

...Fame, power, excitement. But it was also tearing me apart.

I would store energy in my sleep, wake up two hundred and fifty pounds...

I could run it off in an hour--but if I ran too hard, used too much power...

My body would break like dry twigs.

I don't know how it works, really. I just know that it does...



And it allows me to kick some major Pucking ass!

MOVE IT! MOVE IT! MOVE IT!

GOOD TIMING, D.D.!



This ain't good...

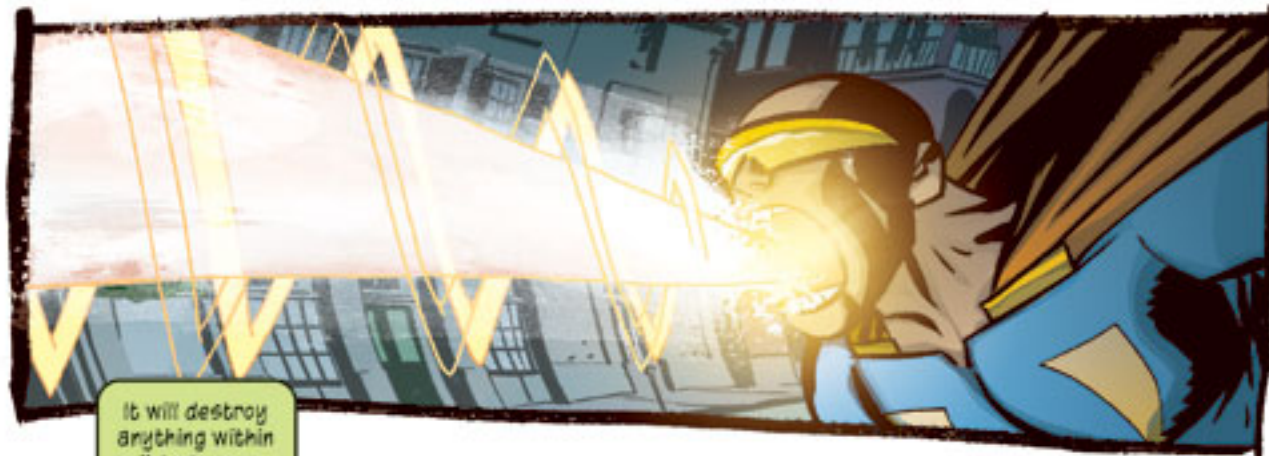
Metatron is up, and he's making that *SOUND*...

The sound he's *NAMED* after. The voice of God with a big "G," or some shit.

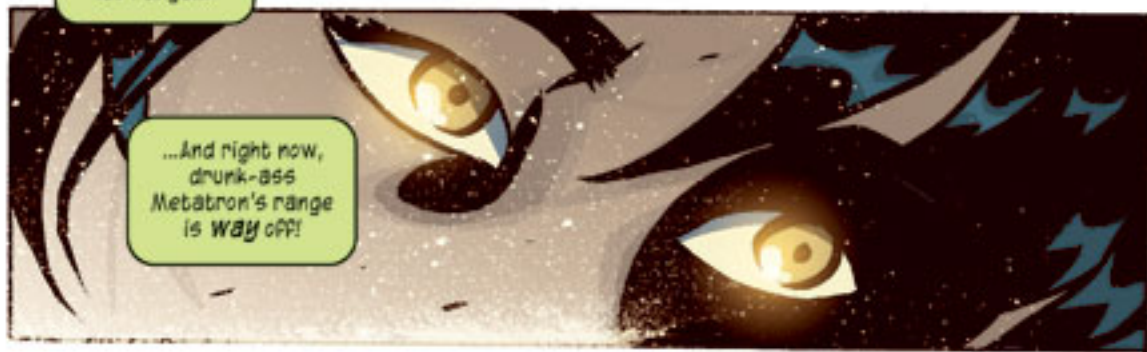
I don't believe in God, but I believe in his voice thingy.



HHHHHHHH



It will destroy anything within its range...




...And right now, drunk-ass Metatron's range is *WAY* off!



He's saved my ass more times than I can count.

Time to return the favor.

It'll take all my power at *ONCE* to move this fast.



I push *gay-wad*
into the path
of the Voice.

I hope he's as *God-like*
powerful as he brags,
or he'll get *ashed*, and
everything behind him
for miles will too.

Including
me.

But this stunt
might kill me
anyway.

I empty out
my powers.

I'm dying near the
speed of light.