



IT'S TRYING... STRUGGLING
TO GROW. STRUGGLING
TO GET STRONGER.

BUT IT'S **NOT EVEN**
CLOSE TO BEING
READY. THAT'S
A PROBLEM.



IT'S BEEN TWO
WEEKS--I THOUGHT
IT'D BE MORE
ADVANCED THAN IT IS.


I KNOW IT WAS JUST
A SMALL SCRAP OF
COSTUME I CAME BACK
WITH*... BUT IT
SCALED-UP TO FIT MY
BODY WITHOUT MUCH
EFFORT. I ASSUMED IT
WAS NEARLY HEALED.

* Issue 260 (when he
returned from Hell)--Todd



INSTEAD IT'S BEEN
ACTING WITHOUT ANY
RHYME OR REASON. AND
I **SURE AS HELL** CAN'T
CONTROL IT!



A full-page comic book illustration of Spawn hanging from several thick, metallic chains. He is positioned in the center, suspended in the air. He wears his signature black hooded suit with a white 'S' on the chest, a black cape, and black boots. His eyes are glowing yellow. The chains are attached to various points around him, some extending towards the corners of the frame. The background is a detailed, high-angle view of a city street with tall buildings, a fire escape, and a street lamp. The sky is dark and cloudy.

WHICH MEANS EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN PLANNING GETS PUT ON HOLD UNTIL I KNOW WHAT I'M DEALING WITH. AND THE BIZARRE THING IS, IT WON'T RESPOND THE WAY I WANT... OR EVEN COME CLOSE TO DOING WHAT IT USED TO. BUT NOW IT'S DOING SOMETHING I'VE NEVER SEEN.

LIKE IT'S TRYING TO WALK... ON ITS OWN.

SO, NOW I'VE GOT TWO THINGS I'M TRYING TO JUGGLE. TESTING THE COSTUME'S LIMITS AND STAYING ALIVE IN THE PROCESS. I GUESS I HAD TAKEN FOR GRANTED ALL THESE YEARS THAT I'D BE PROTECTED SOMEHOW. NO MATTER WHAT SHIT STORM CAME MY WAY.

AND I WAS SO READY FOR THEM. I HAD MY PLAN--I FINALLY KNEW WHAT THE RULES WERE AND HOW TO PLAY THEM. THEN THEY KILLED WANDA* THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING. BEFORE I COULD EVEN START. IT WAS LIKE THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME.

AFTER ALL MY TIME AWAY, THEY WERE SOMEHOW STILL WAITING FOR ME. LIKE **THEY KNEW** I WAS COMING BACK.**

*Spawn: Resurrection--Todd

**Issue 250--Todd



WHICH IS WHY I NEED TO KNOW
HOW MUCH I CAN TRUST MY COSTUME.
THIS 'CHAIN WALKING' IS COOL BUT I
DON'T KNOW IF IT'LL LAST.



WHICH MEANS I'LL NEED
TO LEAN ON MY MILITARY
SKILLS MORE THAN I HAD
ANTICIPATED.

IN A PERFECT WORLD, I'D
USE MY COSTUME AND MY
OWN SKILLS--TOGETHER.



BUT UNTIL I COMPREHEND WHY
THE COSTUME'S STRUGGLING
SO MUCH, I'M GOING TO
NEED A 'PLAN B.'



THAT PLAN ENTAILS
MORE 'TESTING'.



IN THIS CASE, IT'S WITH PEOPLE. AT SOME
POINT I'M GOING TO NEED HELP WITH MY WAR.
I WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT ON MY OWN. SO
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF SEEING WHO I CAN
TRUST WHEN THE CRUCIAL TIME COMES.

SORRY
TO KEEP YOU
WAITING,
EARL.



DON'T
SWEAT IT.
I APPRECIATE
YOU INVITING
ME IN THE FIRST
PLACE. HOW'S
YOUR DAY
BEEN
GOING?



NOT
TOO BAD. JUST
TRYING TO FIGURE
A FEW THINGS
OUT. HOW ABOUT
YOU?



AS HE TALKS I LISTEN TO
EVERY WORD HE USES.
SEEING IF I DETECT ANYTHING
THAT TELLS ME HE'S ANYTHING
BUT HONEST.

HE'S EX-NAVY, SO MENTALLY
AND PHYSICALLY HE'S BEEN
THROUGH THE MEAT GRINDER.
WHICH IS A GOOD START.



YOU
GENTLEMEN
READY TO
ORDER?

WE NEED
A COUPLE
MORE MINUTES
IF YOU DON'T
MIND?

