

ONCE UPON A TIME, SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME. SOMEONE LOCKED ME IN MY COFFIN AND I WAS ROBBED OF CENTURIES OF MY LIFE.

I'M STILL TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO DID IT, BUT I WAS SOUGHT OUT AND REVIVED TO HELP SAVE THE HUMAN RACE.

AS IT TURNED OUT, PEOPLE HAD BEEN CORRUPTED AND LED ASTRAY BY LUCIFER. IMAGINE THAT.

HE CREATED A HEAVEN AND PROMISED TO LET IN THOSE WHO HAD THE MEANS TO PAY.

OF COURSE, IT WAS A TRAP, AND WHAT REALLY AWAITED THEM WAS A FRESH NEW HELL MADE FROM SOFTWARE AND SUFFERING. I FOUGHT THE DEVIL AND SAVED MANKIND.

WHEN PEOPLE ARE USED TO LIVING THE EASY LIE OF AN ATTAINABLE HEAVEN AND YOU TEAR IT DOWN...

IT DIDN'T GO AS WELL AS I'D HOPED. I RAN AWAY AND SLEPT AGAIN.

AND IN MY DREAM, I FED ON A HUNDRED DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF ME, FROM A HUNDRED DIFFERENT REALITIES. I BECAME A MORE WELL-ROUNDED...WELL, NOT A PERSON.

I'M VAMPIRELLA, DARLING. THAT'S MUCH BETTER THAN ANY MERE "PERSON."

BUT I'M FORGETTING TO MENTION THE MOST IMPORTANT ASPECT OF ALL OF THIS.

VICKI.

I INADVERTENTLY RUINED HER LIFE. SHE SHOULD HAVE HATED ME, BUT SHE DIDN'T. SHE HELPED ME. SHE RISKED HER LIFE FOR ME ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WHEN I SLEPT, SHE CAME INTO MY DREAMS. WHEN I AWOKED, SHE MADE ME BREAKFAST. I REALIZED, THOUGH I NEVER SAID IT, THAT I HAD A...UGH...A CRUSH ON HER.

WE WERE TOGETHER FOR MONTHS AND IT ONLY GOT WORSE. BUT I NEVER TOLD HER, WHY? BECAUSE IT'S GROSS, OKAY? ONE NIGHT STANDS ARE EASY, BUT REAL RELATIONSHIPS...ANYWAY...

SOME LADY WITH A BOMB IN HER CHEST SHOWED UP LOOKING TO BLOW ME UP, AND THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK TO DO WAS PUT MYSELF BETWEEN VICKI AND THE BOMB.

YOU CAN GUESS HOW THAT WORKED OUT.

**EVENTUALLY, I WILL THINK TO WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR CAT, GRIT. SHE'LL BE FINE. SHE LITERALLY WENT TO HELL WITH ME.**

VICKY, CAN YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU OKAY?

WHAT? MY EARS ARE RINGING. I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

ARE YOU OKAY?

I DON'T THINK SO. MY STOMACH HURTS. CAN YOU SEE IT?

OH, [REDACTED]. OKAY, YOU HAVE A LARGE PIECE OF WOOD STICKING OUT OF YOUR STOMACH. WE NEED--

WOOD? OH NO! DID IT GET YOU TOO? ARE YOU STAKED?

HUH?

VICKI, YOU BEAUTIFUL IDIOT, WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS. I'M NOT THAT KIND OF VAMPIRE. STAKES DON'T BOTHER ME.

YEAH, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW UNTIL IT ACTUALLY HAPPENS? YOU COULD--ARGH!

YOU OBNOXIOUSLY CUTE WOMAN. HOW DARE YOU BE WORRIED ABOUT ME WHEN YOU HAVE A LOG STUCK THROUGH YOUR MIDSECTION?

I'M NOT IMPORTANT. YOU ARE.

YOU'RE IMPORTANT TO ME, VICKI.

HA, THAT'S STUPID.

YOU'RE BASICALLY A GODDESS. I'M JUST [REDACTED] SOME GIRL. WHY WOULD YOU--

[REDACTED] IS SOMEONE SINGING?

AND WITH THAT, HER EYES ROLL BACK IN HER HEAD AND, WITH A FAINT SIGH, SHE'S GONE.

BUT SHE'S RIGHT. I DO HEAR SINGING.

AND JUST WHEN I'M IN THE MOOD TO RIP OUT SOMEBODY'S TONGUE.

THOUGH SINGING IS GENEROUS. IT'S MORE LIKE... CHANTING.

HANC DEAM PARDUM SACRIFICARET.

I HATE CHANTING. IT'S ALWAYS IN LATIN.

MAGNANIME FELIS MORTEM NOBIS.

I LIVED THROUGH LATIN THE FIRST TIME. IT WAS A PAIN TO CONJUGATE THEN, TOO.

OH JOY, A WHOLE CABAL OF DOUCHEBAGS.

CADAVERA PUTRIDA ORAMUS PERFUGIUM.

I'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME AND EFFORT TRYING TO KEEP THE HUMAN RACE ALIVE.

QUAESO MITTE ANIMABUS NOSTRIS DE HOC MUNDO.

I'M STARTING TO THINK I MIGHT HAVE HAD THE WRONG IDEA. KILLING IS SO MUCH EASIER.

IT'S HER!

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT IT'S ME, YOU LATIN-CHANTING JUICEBOXES.

YOU JUST MURDERED MY ALMOST SORTA GIRLFRIEND AND BLEW UP MY ALMOST SORTA HOUSE.

AND YOU PROBABLY KILLED MY CAT.

THERE IT IS! I GOT TO IT EVENTUALLY.

IF YOU'VE GOT AN EXPLANATION--

--I HOPE YOU CAN SAY IT WITHOUT THE BOTTOM HALF OF YOUR JAWS.

ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M GOING TO FIND A WAY TO HIT PEOPLE SO ALL THEIR BLOOD JUST POPS OUT THE TOP, LIKE POPEYE AND SPINACH.

STOP  
RIGHT THERE!  
I'LL SHOOT!



NOT  
LIKELY!



TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL GIVE  
YOU ONE SHOT FREE, THEN  
I'M GONNA BASH YOUR  
BRAINS IN WITH THAT  
THING.

AIN'T  
NOTHING  
CAN SURVIVE  
GETTING SHOT  
AT THIS  
RANGE.



I NEVER  
SAID YOU'D  
HIT ME,  
DUMBASS.

*SPLORCH*  
**BANG**

HOLY  
[REDACTED]!



RIGHT? NOW, SAY GOODBYE  
TO YOUR TEETH.

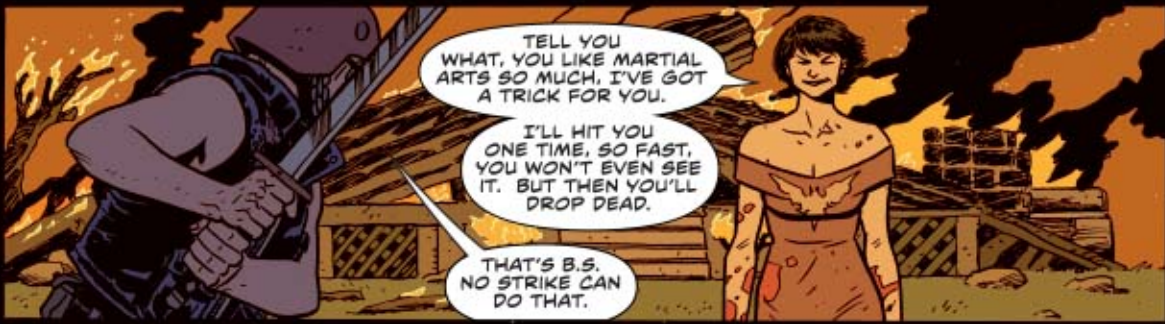


TASTE  
MY CHAIN,  
DEMON!

YOU'RE  
GONNA REGRET  
THAT LAST SENTENCE.  
I'M A FAN OF  
SITUATION IRONY  
IN MURDER.



*THIS FEELS SO GOOD! I MISS TEARING [REDACTED] LIMB FROM LIMB.  
WHY DID I EVER WANT TO SAVE THE WORLD, ANYWAY?*



WOULD YOU BELIEVE I WAS ONCE FRIENDS WITH BRUCE LEE? HE TAUGHT ME THIS. TRUE STORY.