




BODY
CRIPPLED BY
BATTLE...



...HANDS
BROKEN ON
BONES...



...FACE SCARRED
BY SWORDS...



...FLESH
STAINED BY
BLOOD.



SO MUCH BLOOD,
IT WILL **DROWN** ME
BEFORE I TRULY
GROW OLD.



THE ACHE IN
MY GUT WILL
NEVER BE
CANCER...



...BUT A BULLET
OR A KNIFE OR
AN ARROW.



I WILL NEVER
BE CHOKED TO
DEATH BY A
FISTFUL OF
PILLS...



...BUT MY ENEMY'S
BLADE BURIED DEEP.
RIGHT TO THE HILT.



...BUT BY A NOOSE
OR PIANO WIRE
OR CHAIN.



AND THE SHARP
PAIN IN MY CHEST?
NEVER A HEART
ATTACK...



I'VE NEVER
ADMITTED THIS
TO ANYONE...

...BUT YOU
WERE ALWAYS
BETTER THAN
ME, ELEKTRA.