



YEAH... I
KNOW HOW
THIS LOOKS.

YOU'RE THINKING TO YOURSELF,
"I'VE POPPED INTO ONE OF ASH'S
CRAZY DAYDREAM!"

HERE I AM ABOUT TO TAKE DOWN
A HALF DEADITE/HALF MUMMY
DRESSED UP IN ELVIS' DUDS LIKE
I'M SOME KINDA HERO...

...AND THE CANTANKEROUS, OLD BASTARD
ABOUT TO THROW DOWN... WELL, YOU'D
BE EVEN LESS LIKELY TO BELIEVE ME IF I
TOLD YOU WHO HE WAS.



IT ALL STARTED
EARLIER THAT DAY...

SIX HOURS EARLIER
SOMEWHERE IN EAST TEXAS



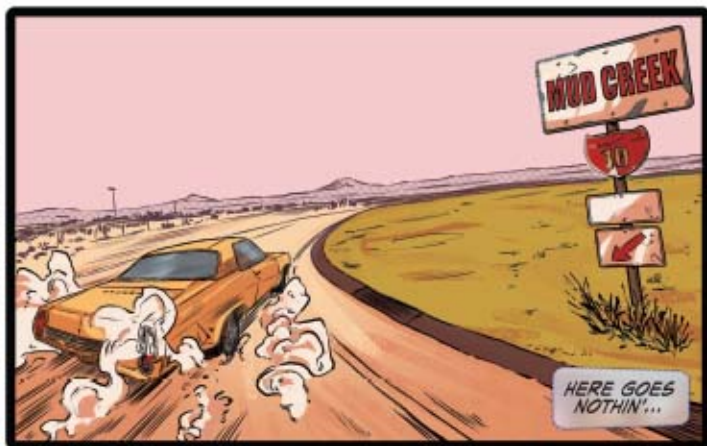
BASED ON NOTHING MORE THAN A HUNCH, I HAD SET OUT IN SEARCH OF ANSWERS.



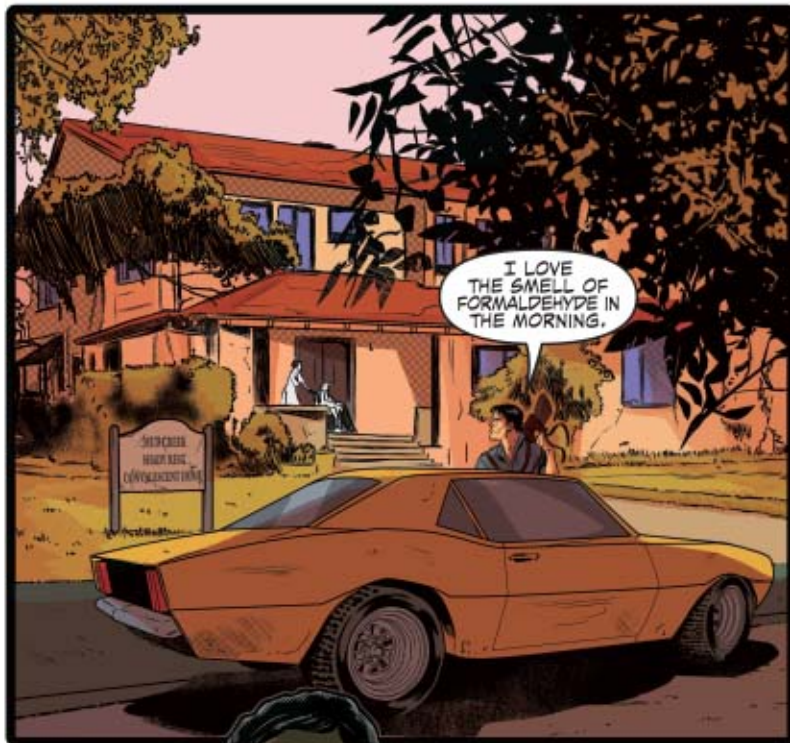
I LOOKED UP TO THE KING.

HE REALLY SEEMED LIKE HE HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT.

FACT THAT I WAS GETTING CLOSER IN AGE TO WHEN HE SUPPOSEDLY KICKED IT GOT ME THINKING ABOUT MY OWN MORTALITY.



HERE GOES NOTHIN'...





"SAYS RIGHT HERE THE MOST RECENT ATTACK INVOLVED THE ELVIS PRESLEY TORCHING THIS SO-CALLED MUMMY..."

"...SO I'M ONLY GONNA ASK ONCE MORE, NURSE RATCHED..."



EXCUSE ME, MISTER...

WILLIAMS...
ASH, WILLIAMS...

MR. WILLIAMS, WERE YOU A GOOD FRIEND OF MR. HAFF'S?



MR. WHO?

MMMMMM, WELL, I'M SORRY, MR. WILLIAMS, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'VE COME ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING.



IT'S JUST RUMORS.



THERE IS NO ELVIS AT THIS FACILITY AND THERE NEVER WAS!



