

Oh, **KILLSTRIKE**

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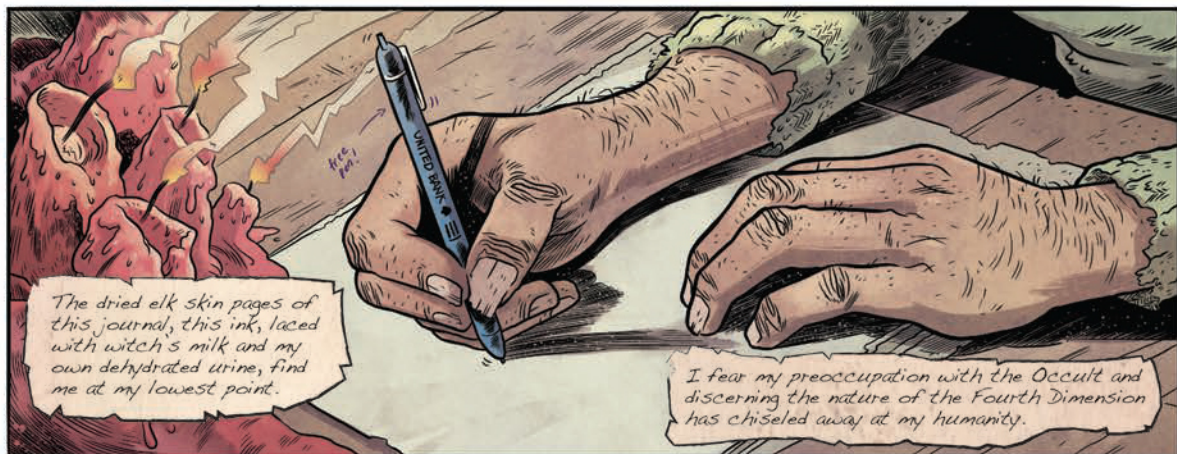
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The dried elk skin pages of this journal, this ink, laced with witch's milk and my own dehydrated urine, find me at my lowest point.

I fear my preoccupation with the Occult and discerning the nature of the Fourth Dimension has chiseled away at my humanity.



I've abandoned my family: specifically my pride and joy, my own baby boy. In a sick twist of irony, my desperate search for enlightenment has become my moral downfall.

I have become... a douche.

Nothing but a careless, irresponsible knob.



The contradictory nature of those slurs says everything about both my conflicted nature and the fact that I've been tripping hard for several months straight and no longer have control over what I'm writing...



...Giraffe penis.



I've decided there's only one way I can begin to make up for what I've done. A way to refocus my energy.

The beard that has become my calling card is the perfect starting point for this sigil. Like my shorn head, it's as emblematic as Superman's undies.

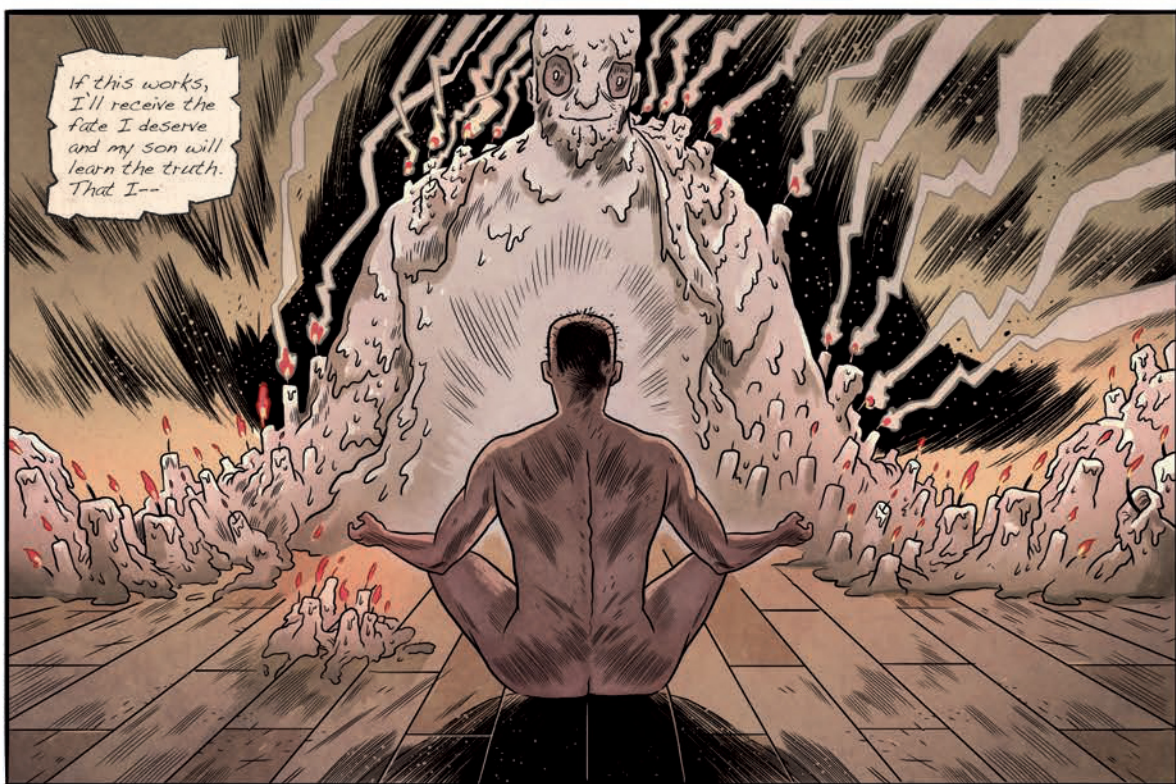


Besides that, after all this time and carelessly eaten Indian food, it's begun to smell like actual ass-hair.



McNeal has no idea what my remedial template will provide. A symbol for these steadily darkening ages.

A sigil rooted in the darkness that's begun to taint the super-heroic ideal and the bravery it stands for. Tainted like my own soul.



If this works, I'll receive the fate I deserve and my son will learn the truth. That I--





