



I WASN'T THERE,
NOT YET --

BUT THAT NIGHT, THE NIGHT IT ALL
WENT WRONG, JACK-IN-THE-BOX
WAS PASSING THE AMSTERDAM --

-- WHERE TOM O'BEDLAM AND
GLAMORAX HAD THE PHOENIX
PARTY. OR HAD BEGUN TO.



THIS WAS THE FIRST
JACK-IN-THE-BOX. THE REAL ONE,
NOT ONE OF THESE COVER
VERSIONS WE'VE GOTTEN SINCE.

HE'D JUST DEFEATED THE
RAVENLORD, AND WAS
HEADED HOME, WHEN --



WELL,
OKAY.

I GUESS THE
KID'S GONNA MISS
DAD'S BEDTIME
STORY AGAIN...

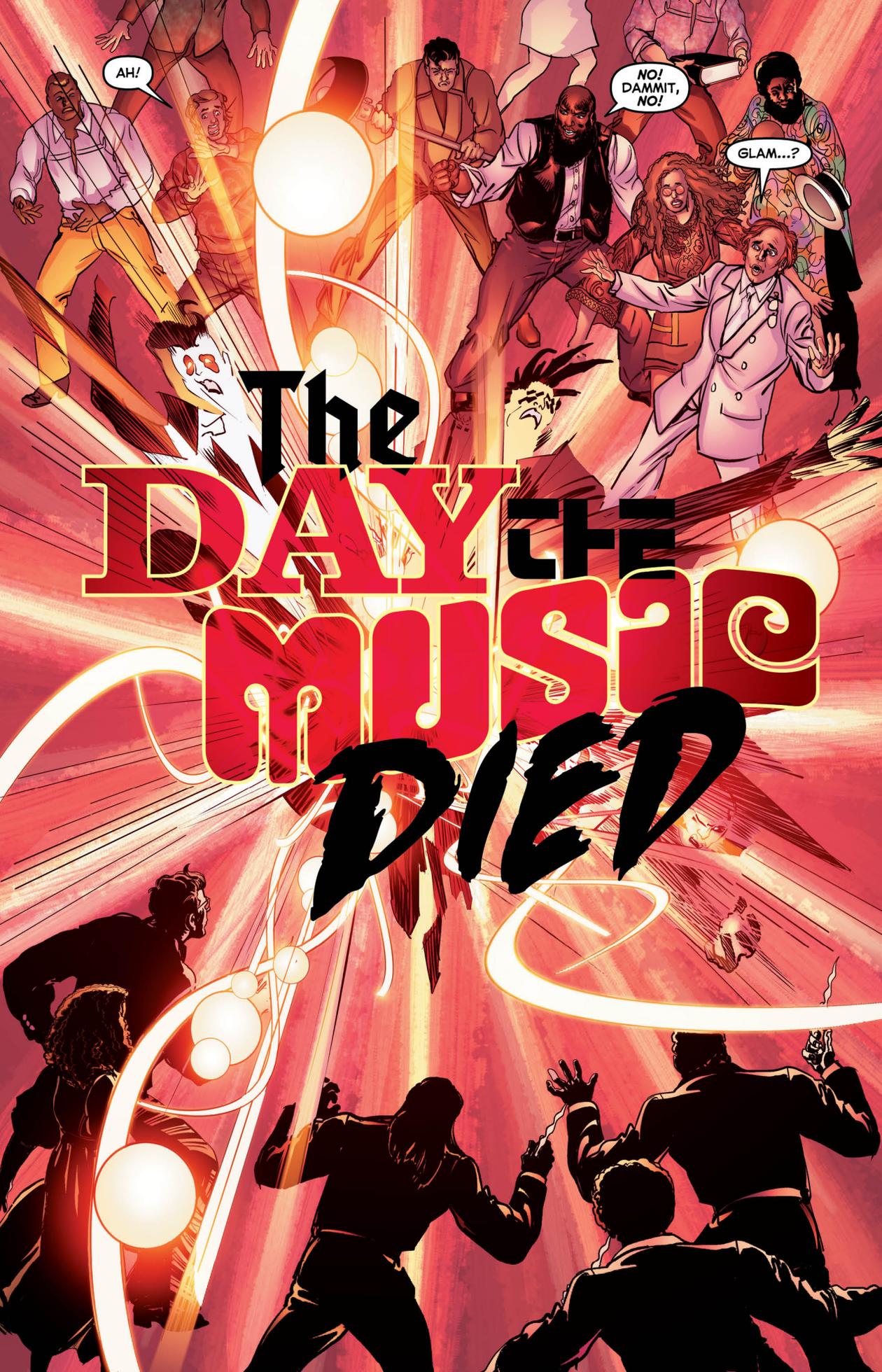


AH!

NO!
DAMMIT,
NO!

GLAM...?

The DAY THE MUSIC DIED





THAT WAS MY FRIEND,
YOU PSYCHO FREAKS.

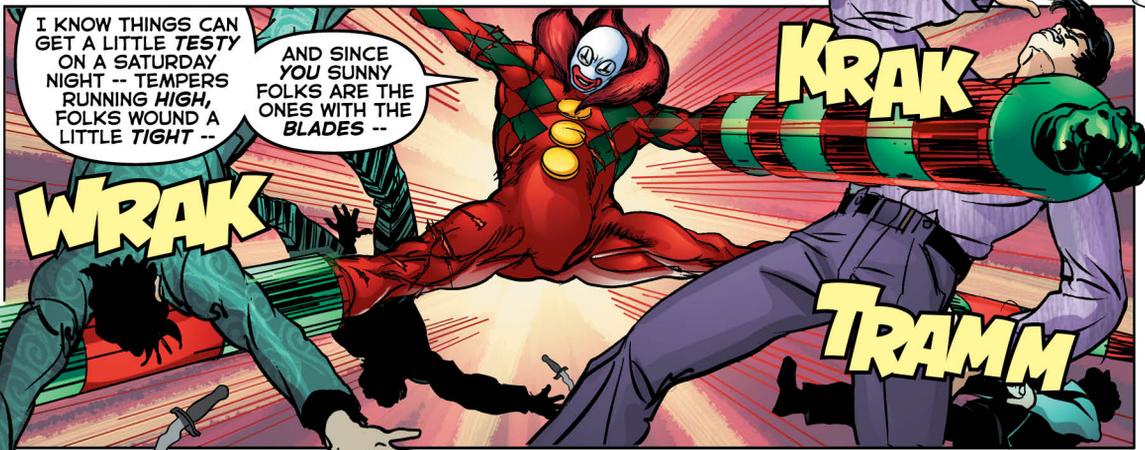
YOU'RE
GONNA UNDO
THAT, *WHATEVER*
YOU DID, OR --

OR
NOTHING,
BLACK
MAN!
THE
CREATURE DIES
AS MY MASTER
ORDERS! AND
YOU SHALL --



H-UHH!

AH-AH!
NONE OF
THAT!



I KNOW THINGS CAN
GET A LITTLE TESTY
ON A SATURDAY
NIGHT -- TEMPEERS
RUNNING HIGH,
FOLKS WOUND A
LITTLE TIGHT --

AND SINCE
YOU SUNNY
FOLKS ARE THE
ONES WITH THE
BLADES --

WRACK

KRAK

TRAMM



WE --
WE CANNOT
TRIUMPH! BUT WE
ARE ALREADY
VICTORIOUS!

FOLLOW
ME, MY LOYAL
BRETHREN --



-- INTO
THE SURGEASE OF
DARKNESSSSSS --!

AND LIKE THAT...
IT WAS OVER.