

"IT ALL STARTED WITH THAT DAMN BOOK.

"THE *NECROMICON EX MORTIS*, THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

"BOUND IN HUMAN FLESH AND INKED IN BLOOD, IT CONTAINED BIZARRE BURIAL RITES, FUNERARY INCANTATIONS, AND DEMON RESURRECTION PASSAGES THAT WERE NEVER MEANT FOR THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.



"MY GIRLFRIEND LINDA AND I FOUND IT WHEN WE WENT ON A TRIP TO A CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"AN **ARCHAEOLOGIST** HAD BROUGHT IT HERE TO TRANSLATE IT, BUT HE GOT A LOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

"IT AWOKE SOMETHING IN THE WOODS. SOMETHING **EVIL**.

"IT TOOK LINDA.

"AND THEN IT CAME FOR ME.



"IT GOT INTO MY HAND, AND IT WENT BAD.

"SO I LOPPED IT OFF AT THE WRIST.



"AND THEN THINGS GOT WORSE.

"IT DROPPED ME IN THE 14TH CENTURY, SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF **PRIMITIVES** WHO WANTED TO WATCH ME GET MY **SOUL** RIPPED OUT.

"BUT THEN THEY REALIZED THAT I WAS THEIR BEST HOPE AGAINST THE **DEADITES**, STARTED CALLING ME THE **PROMISED ONE**."



"I BLEW HIS FACE OFF WITH A SHOTGUN, BUT HE JUST CAME BACK STRONGER."

"HE TOOK THE ONLY THING I CARED ABOUT IN THAT ASS-BACKWARDS TIME AND RAISED AN **ARMY OF DARKNESS** TO DESTROY US ALL."



"BUT I STOPPED HIM."





"OF COURSE, THAT JUST MEANS THAT I HAD TO DO EVERY DAMN THING MYSELF, AND THE BOOK WAS FIGHTING ME EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.



"IT MADE AN EVIL VERSION OF ME, A DEAD, TWISTED REFLECTION.



"I STOPPED HIM, AND I SAID THE DAMN WORDS SO THAT I COULD GET BACK TO MY OWN TIME.



"BUT SOMEHOW, THEY FOLLOWED ME ALL THE WAY BACK HERE.



THE DEADITES, SOUL-EATING MONSTERS RAISED UP FROM CORPSES.



"ONE OF THEM ATTACKED S-MART, AND I DID WHAT I DO BEST. I TOOK THAT--"



"I'M SORRY..."



...DID YOU SAY YOU CUT OFF YOUR OWN HAND WITH A CHAINSAW?

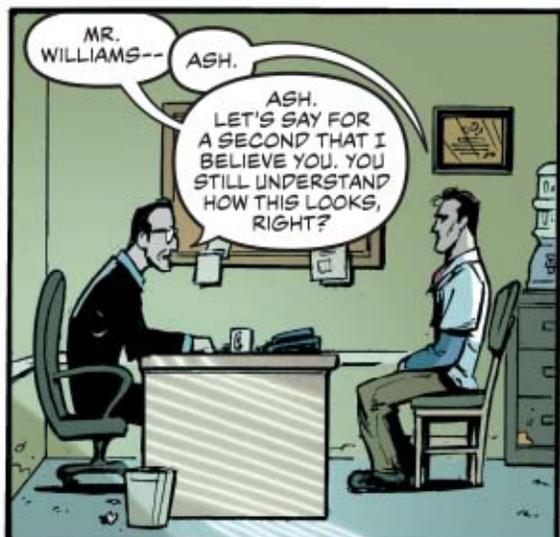
WORK SMART  
WORK SMARTER!

TED RAINSFORD  
HUMAN RESOURCES



THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE CONCERNED WITH?

MOST PEOPLE STOP ME AFTER "BOUND IN HUMAN FLESH."



MR. WILLIAMS---

ASH.

ASH, LET'S SAY FOR A SECOND THAT I BELIEVE YOU. YOU STILL UNDERSTAND HOW THIS LOOKS, RIGHT?



YOU'RE MISSING FOR A WEEK WITHOUT CALLING IN, AND ON YOUR FIRST DAY BACK, YOU SHOT A CUSTOMER.

SEVEN TIMES.

WITH A GUN YOU HADN'T EVEN PAID FOR.



A CUSTOMER?!



THIS WASN'T SOME COUPON CLIPPER JACKED UP ON BATH SALTS, PAL.

SHE WAS A WALKING CORPSE HELL-BENT ON SWALLOWING OUR SOULS.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? ASK AROUND!



I HAVE! EVERYONE BACKS UP YOUR STORY, EVEN THE ONES WHO KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY.

BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO PUT YOU ON THE NEWS AND TELL EVERYONE THAT WE HAD ZOMBIES WALKING IN, CAN YOU?

FRANKLY, S-MART CAN'T SURVIVE THE BAD PUBLICITY IF WE DON'T ACT NOW.

I'M SORRY, ASH, BUT WE HAVE TO LET YOU GO.



THEY'RE NOT ZOMBIES, THEY'RE DEA--

WAIT.



YOU'RE FIRING ME? YOU CAN'T...

...I DIDN'T...

I'VE WORKED HERE SINCE HIGH SCHOOL.



TWO WEEKS' SEVERANCE AND YOUR EMPLOYEE DISMEMBERMENT INSURANCE.

IT'S THE BEST I CAN DO.

YEAH. SURE. BEST YOU COULD DO.

