

No.

2

DIGITAL
EDITION

CURSE OF THE

SPAWN



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CURSE OF THE SPAWN

TODD MCFARLANE &
IMAGE COMICS™ PRESENTS:

"BLOOD LUST"



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JOHN GORDON



Summery: Curse of The Spawn #2

In a future war, the battle of Armageddon is about to commence. The Anti-Pope, allying with the forces of evil, stands at the threshold of victory. Then, the man once known as Daniel Llanso rises out of the death and destruction to become the new Hellspawn of this era. In a blind rage of memories from his own abused childhood, he saves two refugees, Madrid and Matthew, from certain death at the hands of Desiccator by killing him. Even though Hellspawn just saved their lives, they feel only terror toward him while he seems very familiar with them.

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IT COMES TO HIM IN
FLASHES. RIPS THROUGH
HIS MIND LIKE RAZORED
SHARDS.

FLASHES OF
DEATH.

BLOOD.

JAGGED FORGOTTEN
BONES.

PAIN.

ANGER.

FUEL FOR
SOME DARK
INNER
ENGINE THAT
SCREAMS
WITHOUT END
FOR ONE
THING--
VENGEANCE.



IMAGES FROM
THE PAST SLASH
DEEP INTO THE
PSYCHE OF THE
MAN ONCE
KNOWN AS
DANIEL LLANSO.

THE DEIMOS
PRISON FACILITY.
KNOWN TO ALL AS
AGONY BASE.

GUARDS, CYBERIZED
EMOTIONLESS HUSKS,
PROWL THE CORRIDORS
WITHOUT REST.
DISPENSING MISERY.
CONDUCTING A SYM-
PHONY OF SCREAMS.

AND LLANSO.
DEFIANT. A
MAN STEEPED
IN A LEGACY
OF ABUSE
AND ANGUISH.

WHAT DOES
NOT KILL HIM
HAS ALWAYS
MADE HIM
STRONGER.

AND NOW, MORE PAIN.
DEEPER, THE FINAL
MOMENTS, THE CLOSING
FIST OF DEATH SQUEEZES
TIGHTER AND TIGHTER,
AS HIS STOLEN FREIGHTER
SPIRALS TOWARD EARTH.

FLAMES
LEADING TO
SCREAMS AND
REALIZATIONS.

DANIEL LLANSO HAS BEEN BETRAYED.
SEALED HIS OWN HIDEOUS FATE, AND
THE EARTH BELOW. ITS INNOCENCE
ABOUT TO BE STRIPPED AWAY BY LLANSO'S
FETID CARGO. HIS OWN FAULT, HIS
DESTINY. ALL OF IT, EVERYTHING, LEADING
HIM INEXORABLY DOWN AND DOWN INTO
THE WAITING MAW OF THE ABYSS.

LLANSO'S SPACESUIT MELTS
AGAINST HIM, FUSES WITH BONE.
NERVES BURNED RAW AS PLEXI-
STEEL AND POLYFIBERS SEAR
INTO MARROW.

LLANSO'S SCREAMS, LOST
IN THE ENDLESS NIGHTFALL
OF SPACE, CAN BARELY
EXPRESS THE BLACK AND
BOTTOMLESS PAIN AND
SUFFERING, CHARRED TO
HIS ROOTS BOTH PHYSI-
CALLY AND SPIRITUALLY.

AND THERE, AS ALWAYS, IT
WAITS -- AS SOULS LONG
TENDED COME HOME, TO
BEGIN THEIR TRAINING AND
FATEFUL JOURNEY INTO
DAMNATION'S OBLIVIAN
WOMB.

PHLEGETHONYARRE,
ARCHON OF HELL'S
TWELFTH LEVEL.

YES,
MY SON.
DEAREST
DANIEL.
WELCOME
HOME.

Nooo

HERE, IN THIS PLACE OF DEATH, ON A WORLD IN THE THROES OF A THOUSAND YEAR WAR WITH HELL ITSELF, THE NEWLY-BORN HELLSPAWN'S SCREAM OF DIRE TORMENT SETS RESTLESS SOULS CRINGING IN FEARFUL SILENCE.

BASTARD. I HEAR YOU LAUGHING. STOP IT!

YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME? THINK YOU CAN PLAY ME?!

AHH!
PAIN.

IT'S NOT MY FAULT, DAMN YOU! IT WAS A SET-UP--
JUST CAN'T REMEMBER.

WHAT IS IT, MOM? NOT A NIGHTMARE?

I DON'T KNOW, MATT. NEVER SEEN A DEMON LIKE THIS ONE BEFORE.

SOMETHING ABOUT HIM...

HE SAVED OUR LIVES. A DEMON WOULDN'T DO THAT, RIGHT?

FIRST RULE OF SURVIVAL: TRUST NOTHING, LIVING OR DEAD. HE KILLED DESICCATOR. HE COULD STILL KILL US.

BUT, MOM--

YOU...

EVERY-THING THAT HAPPENED. HE PLANNED IT ALL. TRICKED ME AT MY OWN DAMNED GAME.

AND NOW-- THE BOY. NOT THE **BOY!**

AND PAIN COMES IN A DAGGER FLASH, A BLINDING VISITATION OF THE PAST.

LLANSO AS A TEENAGER. IN AND OUT OF JUVENILE DETENTION CENTERS. A KILLER. A THIEF. A STAND-ALONE.

ATTACKED AGAIN AND AGAIN BY CRATER-GANGS THINKING THEY OWN THE MOON AND EVERYONE ON IT. PUNKS LIVING BY THE SWORD OF INTIMIDATION.

NO ONE HAS DARED STAND AGAINST THEM.

UNTIL NOW.

THEY JUMPED HIM. TRIED TO CUT HIS AIR-LINE.

THEIR LAST MISTAKE.

WANNA KILL ME, REESE? USE ME AS AN EXAMPLE? THAT YOUR *PLAN*, STAINBOY?! SPEAK UP, I CAN'T HEAR YOU THROUGH THAT HELMET.

I KNOW. LET'S OPEN IT UP. GET TO THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM. AIR OUT OUR DIFFERENCES!

SON OF A BITCH! GET AWAY FROM ME! I'LL KILL YOU! AND IF IT AIN'T ME, THEN SOMEBODY ELSE'LL TAKE YOU DOWN AS HARD AS YOU TOOK DOWN YOUR OLD MAN!

WHATEVER.

GONNA WEAR YOU INSIDE THE DOME, REECE. YOUR BRAINS! YOUR BLOOD! AS MY SIGN SAYING: NO TRESPASSING. GET OUTTA MY FACE! DON'T *SCREW* WITH ME! *I! DON'T! LIKE IT!!*

HOW'S THAT, REECE. PRETTY COOL, huh?! *HUH?!*

REECE BECOMES CRIMSON MIST. HIS SHATTERED REMAINS WILL ORBIT THE MOON FOR DECADES.

NO, IT
WASN'T
LIKE THAT.
I WASN'T
LIKE THAT.

THEY
HAD IT
COMING.

LIKE ALL
OF US.

COLD TRUTHS
MIX WITH SLABS
OF MEMORY-PAIN.

MADRID KNOWS AS WELL...
THE GODLESS MIND TRICKS
OF THE DEMON HORDES.

**LEAVE
MY SON
ALONE!**

MOM!
NO!

MADRID.
YOU KNOW
THIS. I STOOD
MY GROUND. I
NEVER GAVE
UP.

WHAT
THE HELL
ARE YOU?
WHAT DO
YOU
WANT?!

THE BOY
KNOWS. HE
UNDERSTANDS.
MORE THAN
I EVER
DID...

HE'S
RIGHT, I
THINK. IT'S
LIKE I SEE
SOMETHING.
**KNOW SOME-
THING.**

SOMETHING'S
NOT RIGHT...

IT'S LIKE
I KNOW
HIM...

PAINED. SPAWN CRAWLS AWAY.
STOPS COLD WHEN HE HEARS
THE RASPING WHISPER.

YOU SHOULD'VE RIPPED
THEIR HEARTS OUT.

WHAT?

SHOULD'VE
SHATTERED
THEIR BONES.
FEASTED ON
THE DELECT-
-ABLE PATÉ.

AND AS SPAWN RECOVERS FROM MADRID'S SPINNER BLAST, THE VOICES RISE AGAIN. A SHRIEKING, HISSING GREEK CHORUS OF SINGULAR BLACK THOUGHT.

KILL
THEM

SHATTER
ANYTHING
THAT
MOVES.

ANYTHING
THAT
BREATHES

TAKE
LIFE.

WASTE
EM ALL

SHUT
UP,
DAMN
YOU!


YOU KNOW
YOU WANT TO.
TO MAKE
THEM *PAY.*

WHAT
AM I?

SPAWN. ONE
OF THE DARK
SOLDIERS.
ONE OF THE
CHOSEN.

**SPAWN'S INSTINCT DRIVES
BARBED BONE CHAIN-TENDRILS
TO STRIKE DESICCATOR'S
IMPALED CORPSE.**





THE GUILTESS
LAUGHTER
ONLY DOUBLES
AS SPAWN
SNAPS AWAY
THE JAWBONE.

SHUT UP!
IT'S NOT ME!
I'M NOT
READY!

A PROMISE
IS A
PROMISE.

A CONTRACT
HAS BEEN
MADE.

THE
DOTTED
LINE
BEARS YOUR
NAME.
DANIEL
LLANSO.

VIOLATOR
OF EVERY
COMMANDMENT.

No!

IT'S NOT
ME. I HAD TO
SURVIVE.
NOTHING WRONG
WITH THAT, IS
THERE?! THEM
OR ME,
DAMMIT!!

WE KNOW,
DANIEL. WE
EMPATHIZE
BECAUSE
WE LOVE
YOU.

**GET
AWAY!**

AND AGAIN THE MEMORIES
RAPE HIS SOUL WITH A FLASH
OF DAMNATION-PAIN.

YET ANOTHER INCARCERARIUM. PHOBOS. AND LLANSO, A VETERAN OF IMPRISONMENT, IS DRAGGED TO HIS LATEST HOUSE OF PUNISHMENT BY CYBERCOPS.

HEY, DANNY. LONG TIME NO SEE.

THREE TIME LOSER.

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, LLANSO! HEAR ME?!!

MR. LLANSO? I'M THE PUBLIC DEFENDER ASSIGNED TO YOUR CASE. MY NAME IS NOON.

"AND SOMETHING ELSE.

"LOVE.

"YOUR TIME TOGETHER. SO RARE. SO INCREDIBLY PRECIOUS.

"THEN SHE CAME INTO YOUR LIFE. AND WITH HER, AN OFFER OF SOMETHING YOU THOUGHT LONG LOST:

"A FUTURE.



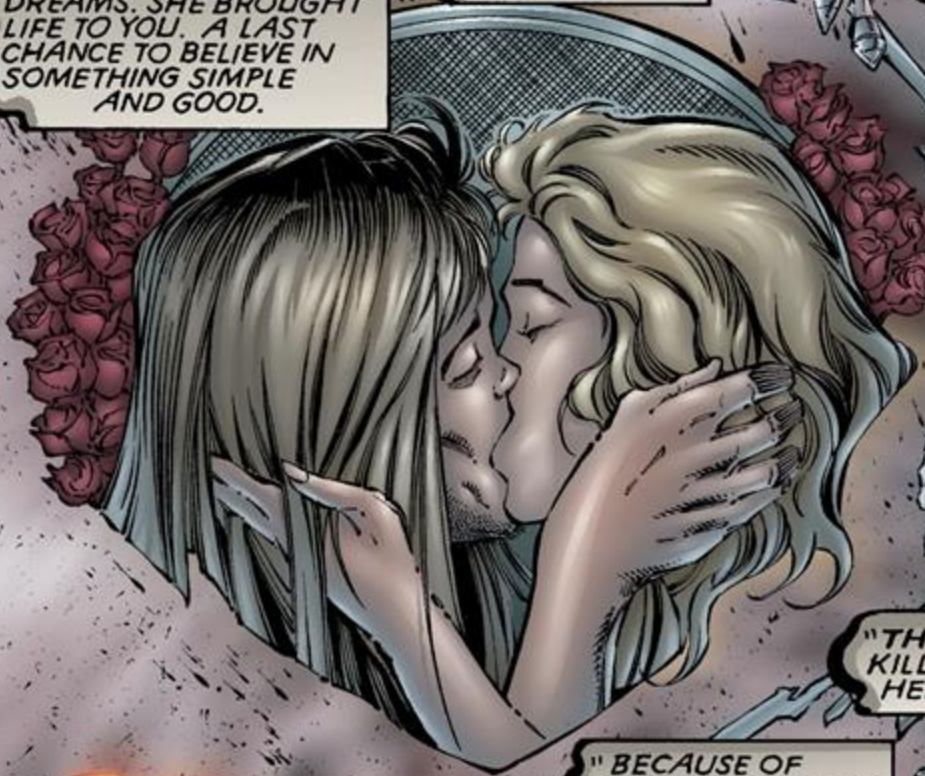
"YOU INHABITED EACH OTHERS' THOUGHTS AND DREAMS. SHE BROUGHT LIFE TO YOU. A LAST CHANCE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING SIMPLE AND GOOD.

"HOW COULD IT POSSIBLY LAST.

"SLAUGHTERED, DANNY. GUTTED. LIKE ALL THE REST.

No! NOON!

"YOUR FAULT.



"THEY KILLED HER!

"BECAUSE OF YOU, DANNY! THEY KILLED HER!"

SHE DIED FOR YOU.

SHE DIED SCREAMING.

You KILLED HER, DANNY.



CURSING YOUR NAME.

HA HA HA HA HA!
PHILEGTHONYARRE
LAUGHS FROM HIS
BOWELS' FIERY DEPTHS
AS HE HOLDS LLANSO'S
FATE AND SOUL IN HIS
GNARLED PALM.

JUST
ANOTHER
CASUALTY
IN THE LIFE
OF DANNY
LLANSO.

THIEF--
LLANSO!
GUILTY!

MURDERER--
LLANSO!
GUILTY!

SOULLESS
MONSTER--
LLANSO!
GUILTY!

GUILTY ON ALL
COUNTS. SO BURN,
MY BOY. DOWN TO
WHAT MATTERS.
LEAVE ONLY WHAT'S
HARD, CHARRED, AND
READY TO BE RESHAPED
INTO SOMETHING
MEANINGFUL.

DOWN HERE
ON THE
TWELFTH LEVEL
WE TURN YOUR
DARKNESS INTO
A WITHERING
STRENGTH.

YOU WILL
BE MY BEST. THE
HELLSPAWN OF
ALL HELLSPAWN.
EACH BLOOD-
SMILED FOOTSTEP
WILL BE A POEM. A
SOLILOQUY. A
SONNET TO
THE PIT.

PREPARE
TO BE
MASTERPIECE.
DANIEL. WE'RE
DEPENDING
ON YOU.

WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS,
SPAWN FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED
BY NECRO-SOLDIERS. FOOT SOLDIERS
IN HELL'S WAR ON EARTH. AT
ATTENTION. READY TO BE UNLEASHED
AT SPAWN'S COMMAND.

FAR ABOVE, A RUMBLE
BEYOND THUNDER. THE
VOICE OF A LETHAL
STORM. ITS DREAD-
FILLED TIMBRE SETS
THE NEWLY BURIED
DIGGING DEEPER.

ABADDON
SPEAKS.

KILL THEM
ALL THERE
ARE NO
INNOCENTS

THERE
WILL BE NO
SALVATION.
GOD IS DEAD.
WELCOME.
MY BROTHER.
WELCOME TO
VICTORY.

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

YOUR
ORDERS.

GENERAL.

DEMON LOCUST
SWARM. AWAITING
THE ASSAULT
YET TO COME.

ELSEWHERE, MADRID AND MATTHEW RUN ACROSS THE DEATH-STREWN LANDSCAPE. THERE IS NO REST AND NO PEACE FOR THE LIVING.

TOO CLOSE, MOM. OVER THERE.

THIS WAY, MATT!

THE MOTHER AND SON BARELY FIND COVER BEFORE THE HUGE WAR MACHINE LUMBERS OVER TOMBSTONES. NIGHTMARES RIDE ITS ARMORED FLANKS.

THEY'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

Ssh. BE READY TO MOVE WHEN I TELL YOU.

THEN-- RANDOM, DESPERATE FIRE FROM SOLDIERS TOO LONG ON THE RUN AND TOO FAR FROM ANY HOPE OF OVERCOMING A LIMITLESS, TIRELESS OPPONENT.

BUT EVEN AS NIGHTMARES SHRIEK AND VAPORIZE, STILL MORE POUR FROM SHADOWS.

DIE! BASTARDS!

AFTER YOU.

NNAAH!

NO CHANCE.

MADRID CAN ONLY WATCH AS NIGHTMARES SCUTTLE FROM THE APC AND TEAR APART THE SLAIN HUMANS.

IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE MORALITY AND DECENCY FORCE MADRID TO ACT.

LET THE DEAD REST!

HER SPINNER-CANNON RAGES.

SEARS THE NIGHTMARE PLATOON INTO MIST.

SPENT, MADRID WALKS AMID THE DECIMATED SOLDIERS. YET ANOTHER SLASH OF THE CHISEL ACROSS THE DEATH MARKER OF HUMANITY. THE CRYPT IS NEARLY FILLED. NO ONE LEFT TO GIVE A EULOGY.

FOR A MOMENT, SHE ALMOST OVERLOOKS THE GLOW OF DARK LIGHT IN ONE OF THE DEAD SOLDIER'S EYES.

THERE'S NO WAY TO WIN. NO CHANCE OF SURVIVAL. CHOOSE DEATH.

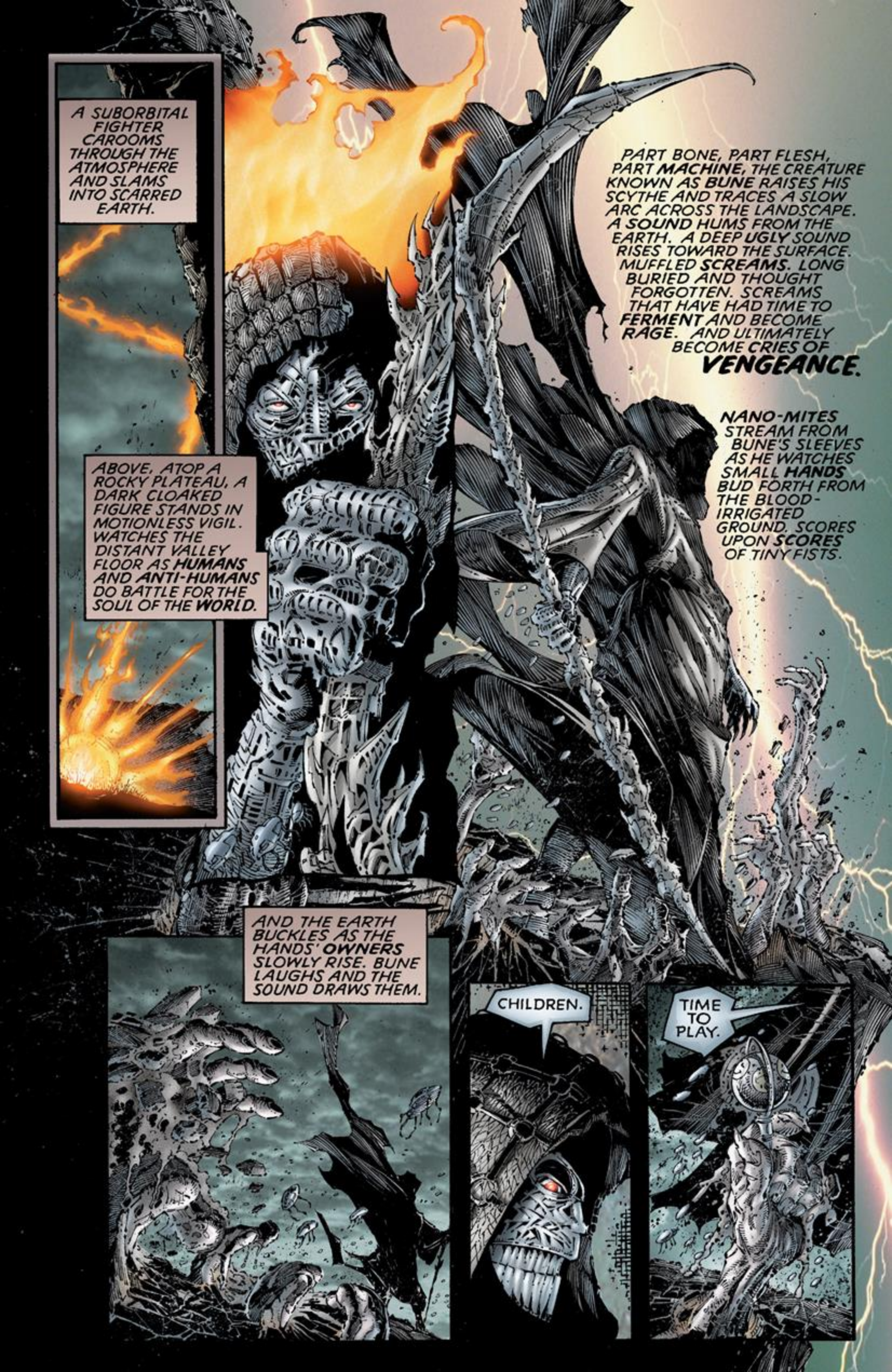
THE SOONER YOU SURRENDER YOUR SOUL, THE SOONER YOU CAN REVEL IN HELL'S COLD-FIRE.

THE NEWLY-BORN NIGHTMARE SCAMPERS ACROSS THE RUINS. LAUGHS WITH GLEE AS HE VANISHES, CHASED BY SPINNER-FIRE.

BE SEEING YOU, SWEETHEART.

YOU'RE WRONG, DEMON. YOU HAVE TO BE.

MADRID AND MATTHEW COMMANDEER THE ABANDONED APC. RUMBLE AWAY INTO THE DARK DISTANCE.



A SUBORBITAL
FIGHTER
CAROOMS
THROUGH THE
ATMOSPHERE
AND SLAMS
INTO SCARRED
EARTH.

PART BONE, PART FLESH,
PART MACHINE, THE CREATURE
KNOWN AS BUNE RAISES HIS
SCYTHE AND TRACES A SLOW
ARC ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE.
A SOUND HUMS FROM THE
EARTH. A DEEP UGLY SOUND
RISES TOWARD THE SURFACE.
MUFFLED SCREAMS. LONG
BURIED AND THOUGHT
FORGOTTEN. SCREAMS
THAT HAVE HAD TIME TO
FERMENT AND BECOME
RAGE. AND ULTIMATELY
BECOME CRIES OF
VENGEANCE.

ABOVE, ATOP A
ROCKY PLATEAU, A
DARK CLOAKED
FIGURE STANDS IN
MOTIONLESS VIGIL.
WATCHES THE
DISTANT VALLEY
FLOOR AS HUMANS
AND ANTI-HUMANS
DO BATTLE FOR THE
SOUL OF THE WORLD.

NANO-MITES
STREAM FROM
BUNE'S SLEEVES
AS HE WATCHES
SMALL HANDS
BUD FORTH FROM
THE BLOOD-
IRRIGATED
GROUND. SCORES
UPON SCORES
OF TINY FISTS.

AND THE EARTH
BUCKLES AS THE
HANDS' OWNERS
SLOWLY RISE. BUNE
LAUGHS AND THE
SOUND DRAWS THEM.

CHILDREN.

TIME
TO
PLAY.

FLAMING HAIL FALLS UPON AN EMBATTLED LANDSCAPE. THE EARTH IS SCORCHED AND PITTED LIKE DEAD SKIN. BLAST FURNACED ASUNDER BY THE BIBLICAL BARRAGE.

A WORLD UNDER GLASS. DESTINY CONTAINED. WATCHED OVER WITH JOYOUS SOULLESS RELISH BY THE ANTI-POPE. THE CRIMSON GLOW OF EVIL REFLECTED IN HIS DEPTHPLESS EYES.

THE GAME BURNS DEEP. SINS OF THE FATHER REVEALED.

OH YES.

THE CARDINAL APPROACHES. DISCIPLE OF THE GREAT ANTITHESIS. A STUDENT IN THE SHADOW OF EVIL.

THE NIGHTMARES HAVE RETURNED, EMINENCE. THEY HAVE BROUGHT YOU A PRIZE.

ABEL.

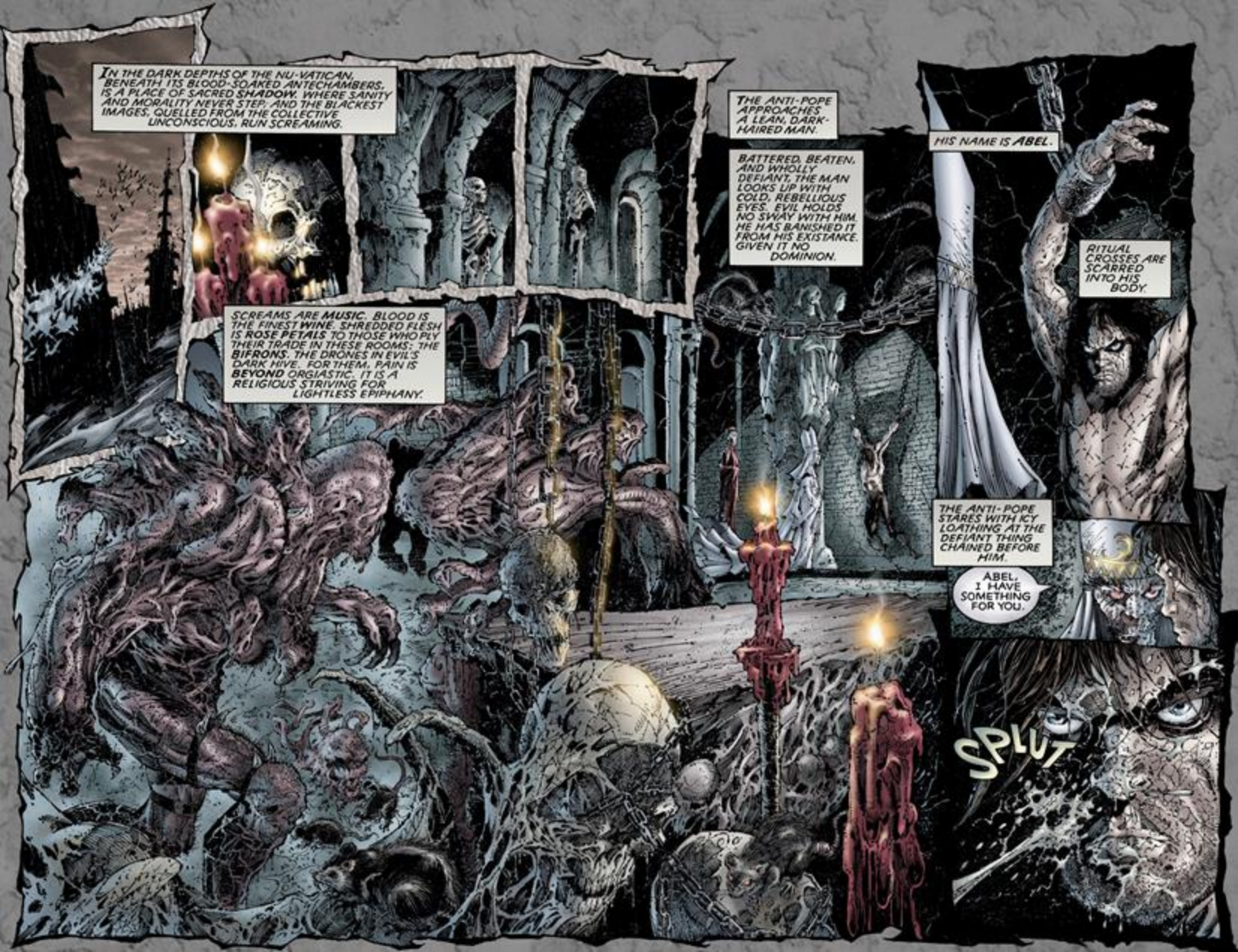
YES, LORD.

EXCELLENT.

ALL SO SIMPLE. LIGHT MUST SURRENDER TO THE DARKNESS. IT IS INEVITABLE.

MOST GRATIFYING.

THE ANTI-POPE SETS HIS IMPRISONED WORLD AMID FINGERS TAKEN FROM HANDS THAT DARED TO RAISE THEMSELVES AGAINST HIM.



IN THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE NU-VATICAN, BENEATH ITS BLOOD-SOAKED ANTICHAMBERS, IS A PLACE OF SACRED SHADOW, WHERE SANITY AND MORALITY NEVER STEP, AND THE BLACKEST IMAGES, QUELLED FROM THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS, RUN SCREAMING.

SCREAMS ARE MUSIC. BLOOD IS THE FINEST WINE. SHREDDED FLESH IS ROSE PETALS TO THOSE WHO PLY THEIR TRADE IN THESE ROOMS: THE BIFRONS, THE DRONES IN EVIL'S DARK NIVE. FOR THEM, PAIN IS BEYOND ORGIASTIC. IT IS A RELIGIOUS STRIVING FOR LIGHTLESS EPIPHANY.

THE ANTI-POPE APPROACHES A LEAN, DARK-HAIRED MAN.

BATTERED, BEATEN, AND WHOLLY DEFIANT, THE MAN LOOKS UP WITH COLD, REBELLIOUS EYES. EVIL HOLDS NO SWAY WITH HIM. HE HAS BANISHED IT FROM HIS EXISTENCE. GIVEN IT NO DOMINION.

HIS NAME IS ABEL.

RITUAL CROSSES ARE SCARRED INTO HIS BODY.

THE ANTI-POPE STARES WITH ICY LOATHING AT THE DEFIANT THING CHAINED BEFORE HIM.

ABEL: I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.

SPLAT



HAVE
YOU
NO
PRIDE?

YOU HATE
ME, DON'T YOU?
YOU WOULD GIVE
ANYTHING TO SLIT
MY THROAT. PAY ME
BACK FOR THE
MILLIONS OF LIVES
I'VE DRAINED.
THAT'S WHAT
YOU WANT.

I WANT
NOTHING
FROM
YOU.

LOOK AROUND,
ABEL. THE PIT HAS
OVERFLOWED. AND
THE IRONY IS THAT THE
PIT WAS FILLED TO
VOMITING BY THE
VILE MISDEEDS
OF HUMANITY.

PEOPLE--
STEEPED IN
BLOOD THEY'VE
SPILLED ON ONE
ANOTHER SINCE
TIME BEGAN.




LIAR!
YOU WILL BE
CRUSHED. GROUND
TO DUST WITH THE
REST OF YOUR
PATHETIC LIGHT-
SINNERS.

YOU AND
THE REST WILL
BURN FOR YOUR
ARROGANCE IN THE
FACE OF BLACK
MAJESTY.

YOU'RE
WRONG. THE
PIT IS FOR
DARKNESS
ALONE. IT'S
WHERE YOU
BELONG. YOU
KNOW IT, AND I
KNOW IT. NO-
THING YOU DO
WILL CHANGE
THAT.



THE JOKE
IS ON YOU,
ABEL. AND
IT'S A REAL
*SIDE-
SPLITTER.*

A man with a shaved head and a red robe stands on the left, looking towards a surgical table. On the table, a figure is being dissected, with a large, bloody incision visible. The scene is set in a dark, industrial-looking environment with various mechanical parts and structures.

THE CUT IS
SWIFT, SMOOTH,
DEEP. AN ACT
PERFORMED
MORE TIMES
THAN MEMORY
CAN HOLD.

GGAA!

ABEL FEELS
HIMSELF
EMPTY. THE
WORST THING
ABOUT BEING
DISEMBOWELED
ISN'T THE PAIN.
IT'S THE FEELING
OF LOSING
ONE'S INSIDES.

THIS
IS MORE
LIKE IT.

PREPARE
HIM FOR
BAPTISM.

THE BIFRONS STRETCH
ABEL'S GUTTED CORPSE
ONTO A BONE SLAB.

THE ANTI-POPE BRINGS
FORTH THE JARS OF
BAPTISM. THE ABYSS
CONCEIVED OF AS WORMS,
ROACHES, LICE, FLEAS,
GRUBS, AND ALL MANNER
OF FILTH-LADEN ROT-
DWELLERS.

THEN, HE MUTTERS IN
TONGUES BEST NEVER
SPOKEN, FROM FLESH-
PAGES OF ANCIENT
NECRONOMICONS.

SO
BEAUTIFUL.

AS EVIL'S DARK DISEASE TAKES HOLD,
ABEL SCREAMS, WRITHES, AND FEELS
THE BURN OF DARKLIGHT DEEP
WITHIN HIS FIBERS.

NOW, THE
KNIFE TURNS
UPON THE
WIELDER.

AFTER A TIME, THE BIFRONS
SEAL THE WOUND. SEAL HIM
SHUT WITH STRANDS OF
DRIED TAPEWORM.

HIGH ATOP THE RUINS OF A DYING WORLD, TWO OFFICERS IN HELL'S GREAT ARMY GAZE ACROSS A LAND OF BATTLE. HUMANITY DRIVEN BEFORE A MASS OF UNDEAD SOLDIERS.

THERE THEY ARE, MY BROTHER. LAIN WASTE LIKE CATTLE. THERE IS BUT ONE MISSION IN THIS CAMPAIGN. TOTAL AND COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

NO MERCY!


NO SALVATION!

NO REPRIEVE.

KILL THEM ALL.

MAKE THEM PAY FOR THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENTS, THE POINTLESS SUFFERING IN THE NAME OF GOODNESS.

PLEASE PUT THESE USELESS, FOUL-SMELLING, SANCTIMONIOUS BASTARDS OUT OF OUR MISERY.



THE WIND BLOWS ASH
AND THE SCENT OF
BROILED BONE. BLOOD
RUNS IN ENDLESS RIVERS.

AND DANIEL LLANSO, NOW
HELLSPAWN, A MAN WHO
HAS SEEN NO MERCY IN HIS
LIFE, GAZES UPON PEOPLE--

-- HUMAN BEINGS--

-- LOCKED IN A
PITCHED AND
HOPELESS BATTLE
FOR THEIR VERY
SOULS--

-- AGAINST THE INDOMI-
TABLE FORCES OF
UNDEAD **EVIL**.

IT'LL BE A
PLEASURE.