

ANGEL

ONLY HUMAN



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TITLE PAGE

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IFC TEMPORARY

Written by:

Scott Lobdell

Art by:

David Messina

Art assists by:

Emanuela Lupacchino

Inks by:

Gaetano Carlucci

Colors by:

Iliaria Traversi

Color assist by:

**Chiara Cinabro and
Andrea Priorini of 2b Studio**

Lettered by:

Neil Uyetake

Original Series Edits by:

**Mariah Huehner and
Chris Ryall**

Collection Edits by:

**Justin Eisinger and
Mariah Huehner**

Collection Design by:

Chris Mowry

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SURE, IT
LOOKS FUN.

CHREK
CHREK!*

* HEE HEE!

WHO DOESN'T ENJOY
THE SIGHT OF A
HEDON-DEAMON WRITHING
BENEATH A FULL MOON?

GRANTED, I MIGHT BE MORE
OPEN MINDED NOW THAT
I'VE SPENT SOME SERIOUS
TIME AS A VAMPIRE.

BUT JUST BECAUSE I HAVE
A VAGUE UNDERSTANDING
OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE
A VESSEL OF EVIL AND
UNSPEAKABLE ACTS...

...DOESN'T MEAN I'M GOING
TO TURN A BLIND EYE TO
WHAT HAPPENS IN MY CITY.

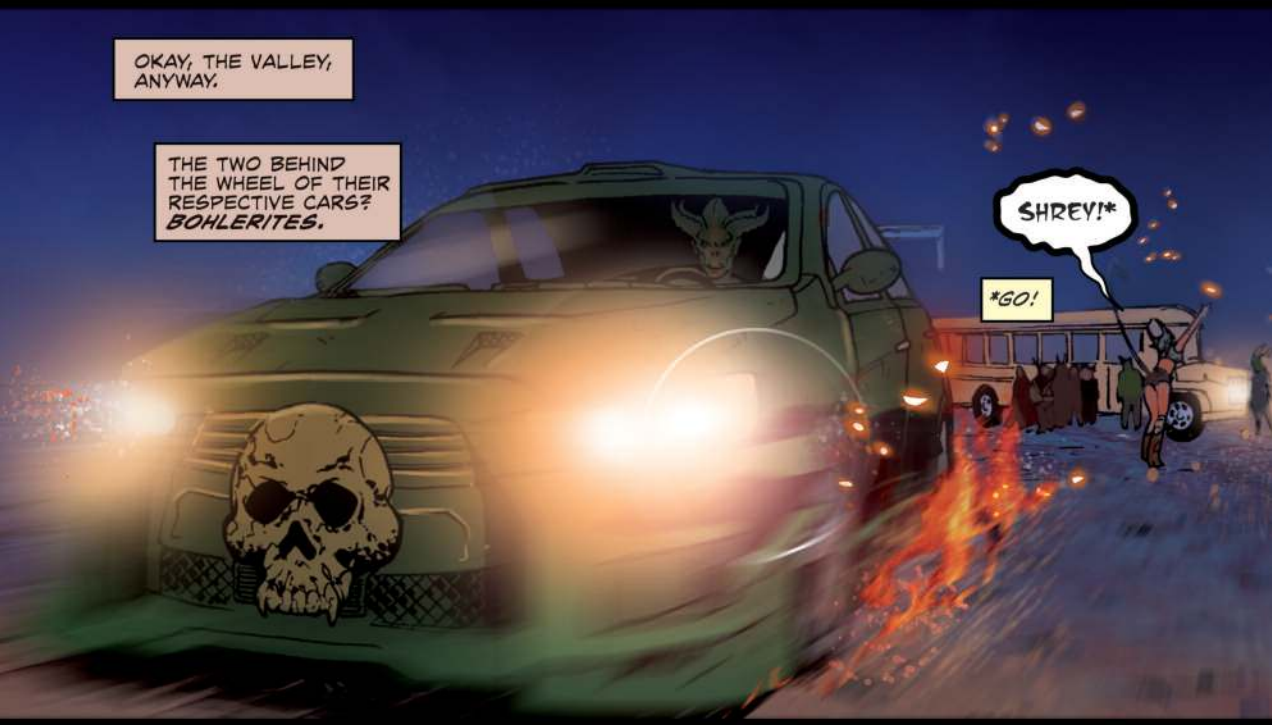
LOS ANGELES.

OKAY, THE VALLEY,
ANYWAY.

THE TWO BEHIND
THE WHEEL OF THEIR
RESPECTIVE CARS?
BOHLERITES.

SHREY!*

*GO!



VRRROOOOAAAR

NOWADAYS?

DRAG RACING.



WHAT
THE--?!

WE MAKE
SURE OF THAT.

THEY GET POSITIVELY GIDDY AT ANY OPPORTUNITY TO INFLICT OPTIMUM PAIN AND SUFFERING ON HUMANS.

IN YE OLDE DAYS THAT WOULD MEAN CARRYING A PLAGUE FROM ONE EUROPEAN COUNTRY TO THE NEXT.

MORE THE MERRIER.

MAYBE COLLAPSING TONS OF ICE ON SETTLERS MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.



WITH A TWIST.

WHOEVER SLAMS THEIR CAR INTO THE PASSING COMMUTER TRAIN FIRST? WINS.



NOT A HUGE BODY COUNT, NO.

BUT IT'S TOUGH OUT THERE FOR A DEMON.

ME AND MY "PARTNER."



HER NAME IS

ILLYRIA

LONG BEFORE THERE EVEN WAS A "ONCE UPON A TIME," SHE WAS THE BADDEST OF THE BIG BADS AT A TIME WHEN DEMONS ROAMED THE EARTH.

AN OLD ONE.

SQUARUNCH

SHE WAS ADORED AND FEARED—LOVED AND HATED—BY HER FOLLOWERS AND SLAVES AND RIVALS AND CLAN. RULED WITH AN IRON TALON AND A BLACK HELL WHERE HER HEART SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

HER CITADEL WAS CALLED VAHLA HA'NESH THEN.

SOME FOUR MILLION HUMANS ARE LIVING HERE NOW.

CHREEEACH

MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE HELPS ME. A SENSE OF OWNERSHIP OVER A KINGDOM SHE'S NOT READY TO LET GO.

I'M JUST GLAD THAT—FOR THE MOMENT—SHE'S ON MY SIDE.



THAT WAS...

...SATISFYING.



IS THAT-?!

ILLYRIA?!

MAYBE IF WE, LIKE, GROVEL OR SOMETHING?

GOOD LUCK WITH THAT!



LOOK OUT-LET ME THROUGH!

HOW'D SHE HEAR ABOUT THIS?! AND WHY DOES SHE CARE?!

WHY DON'T YOU STAY AND ASK HER?

I'M ONLY 600 YEARS OLD. I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!



TH-BUMP

RELAX, EVERYONE! I'LL HAVE YOU BACK TO YOUR UNDERGROUND DENS BEFORE YOU CAN SHRIEK-

-NETHERCRAP!



blep blep blep

WHO WAS THAT?

WHO CARES?!

WHAT WAS HE DOING UP THERE?

IT'S RIGHT! JUST GET US OUT OF HERE!

DO YOU HEAR BEEPING?



I'M CHARLES

GUNN

BORN AND RAISED IN THE CITY'S
BADLANDS, I'VE BEEN A VAMPIRE
SLAYER SINCE BEFORE I CAN
REMEMBER A TIME WHEN I WASN'T.

FOR YEARS, I FOUGHT ALL
MANNER OF THE MACABRE
SIDE BY SIDE WITH A VAMPIRE
WITH A SOUL NAMED ANGEL.

AND NOT TOO
LONG AGO...

...I WAS A
VAMPIRE MYSELF.




REALLY. LONG. STORY.

BUT I GOT BETTER.

THAT IS, MY BODY DID.
AND MOST OF MY BRAIN.

MY SOUL?


JURY IS STILL OUT.



CAN YOU IMAGINE?

ONE MILLENNIUM YOU'RE
PANDIMENSIONAL WARLORD
OF ALL YOU SURVEY.


THE NEXT, YOU'RE LIVING IN
A COTTAGE IN BEACHWOOD
CANYON...



...TRAPPED IN A BODY
THAT ONCE BELONGED TO
THE SWEETEST, SPUNKIEST
GIRL I'VE EVER MET.

ANY TIME I START
MOPING ABOUT MY
DIFFICULTY TRYING TO
ADJUST THE VERTICAL
AND HORIZONTAL?

JUST BEING AROUND
ILLYRIA HELPS ME KEEP
IT IN PERSPECTIVE.



I KNOW
WHO I AM.

NOT PARTICULARLY
PROUD. NOT ASHAMED.

I'VE DONE A LOT
OF GOOD AND NOT
AS MUCH BAD.

BUT HER...?



WHY ARE YOU NOT SLEEPING?

JUST THINKING.

ABOUT ME?

OR THE OTHER ONE?



A LITTLE BIT OF BOTH.

JUST LIKE YOU ARE.

JUST LIKE A HUMAN. YOU PRESUME TOO MUCH.



MOST OF US HAVEN'T GONE ALL THE WAY OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE—

—JUST TO GET TOSSED BACK INTO OUR MORTAL COILS JUST AS IT WAS GETTING...

...FUN.

SO MAYBE I KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR DUAL NATURE THAN YOU THINK.



THERE IS NOTHING DUAL ABOUT ME.

NO SOONER HAD I PURGED THE REMAINS OF FRED FROM THIS VESSEL—

—THEN SOMEONE THOUGHT TO FILL ME WITH MEMORIES OF THOSE WHO LOVED HER.

THAT IS NOT A DUALITY. IT IS AN ANNOYANCE, AT MOST.



JUST BECAUSE WE RESIDE IN FRED'S ABODE UNTIL WE-

**BRRRING
BRRRRRIG**

THIS IS FRED. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

beep

IT'S... MOM, SWEETHEART. I HATE LEAVING THIS ON YOUR MACHINE BUT ITS BEEN SO HARD TO REACH YOU, LATELY.

YOUR FATHER'S BROTHER, UNCLE MORTON? HE... PASSED AWAY.

THE FUNERAL IS THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.



I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN.

WE DON'T CARE. WE JUST WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, FRED.

NO QUESTIONS.

PLEASE, FRED.

COME HOME.

WE LOVE-


click



IF WE TALK ABOUT IT-

-GIVE A VOICE TO ALL THE REASONS WHY WE SHOULDN'T-

-WE WOULDN'T DO IT.



A QUICK SHOWER
AND AN OVERNIGHT
BAG LATER...

...I'M PULLING MY
TRUCK AROUND FRONT.

I KNOW WHY
I'M DOING THIS.




IT'S MY PART
IN BRINGING
ILLYRIA'S
ESSENCE TO
THE STATES.

I SIGNED THE PAPERS
THAT ALLOWED HER
SARCOPHAGUS INTO
CALIFORNIA WHERE HER
FOLLOWERS ARRANGED IT
SO SHE COULD SQUAT IN
FRED'S BODY, DEVOURING
EVERYTHING FRED WAS IN
THE PROCESS.

NOT EVERYTHING.

SHE STILL HAS
FRIENDS AND FAMILY.

I CAN'T HELP THINKING
SHE'D WANT US TO
COMFORT HER PARENTS
AT THIS TIME.



OR MAYBE I JUST
NEED TO GET OUT
OF L.A. FOR A BIT.

THOSE ARE
MY REASONS.

WHY ILLYRIA WANTS TO
GO IS A MYSTERY TO...

WHOA.



UH...
BLUE?

CAN I ASK
WHY YOU'RE
DRESSED LIKE
THAT?

NOT
COMPLAINING.
JUST... UH,
CURIOUS.



FINE.

DAMMIT.

I WAS
JUST—

LET US
AWAY.

NOW.

SOMETIMES I
FORGET SHE
HAS FEELINGS.

BUT I'VE KNOWN HER
LONG ENOUGH TO
RECOGNIZE THEM.

AND CERTAINLY LONG
ENOUGH TO NEVER BRING
IT UP. AS WESLEY USED
TO SAY "I'VE GROWN
ACCUSTOMED TO MY
ENTRAILS."



AS YOU KNOW, I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO EXPLAINING MYSELF TO HUMANS.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO—

I AM TALKING.



IF I HAVE TO WALK AMONG YOU FOR THE MOMENT...

...I SHOULD AT LEAST TRY TO UNDERSTAND YOU.



THE WAY YOU CLING TO YOUR DEFINITION OF "LIFE" AND "MORTALITY"...?

I CAN SEE THAT.

OKAY.

IT EVEN EXTENDS TO THE RITUALS OF THE WAKE, THE FUNERAL— A LAST, HOLLOW GRASP TO STOKE THE COLD EMBERS OF MEMORY.

I WISH TO OBSERVE IT FIRSTHAND.



SO.

SO.

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU LISTEN TO?



WHEN I WAS A KID... GRANNY USED TO TELL ME STORIES ABOUT LIFE OUTSIDE THE CITY.

PURPLE MOUNTAINS MAJESTY AND SEA TO SHINING SEA.

PLACES WHERE YOU COULD BE YOURSELF WITHOUT WORRYING IF YOU WERE WEARING THE RIGHT COLOR IN THE WRONG HOOD.

SHE WAS GOING TO MOVE US THERE. ME AND MY SISTER.



DIDN'T HAPPEN.

YEARS LATER, I LEARNED SHE NEVER STEPPED FOOT OUT OF THE CITY.

BUT SHE WANTED SOMETHING BETTER FOR US.





THIS PLACE WAS NOT ALWAYS AS IT IS NOW.

BEFORE IT WAS INFECTED WITH HUMANS, IT WAS SIMPLY EXQUISITE CHAOS.

I LOOKED UPON A WORLD IN PAIN AND IT MADE ME SMILE.



IT WAS A TIME WHEN I WOULD AMUSE MYSELF BY TOSSING ANY WHO DARED OPPOSE ME INTO OCEANS OF LAVA.

FOLLOWERS, TOO.



I WOULD BE LYING IF I SAID I DIDN'T MISS IT.



UM, YEAH.

MEMORIES.

ARE YOU MOCKING ME?



I AM TIRED OF PRETENDING I NEED TO EAT.

DON'T LOOK AT ME, BLUE. I DIDN'T ORDER THEM.



OKAY, LET'S—
YAAAWN?

—HIT THE ROAD.

YOU LOOK TIRED. I HAVE A SUGGESTION...



NO, ABSOLUTELY NOT.

THE LAST TIME I TRIED TO TEACH YOU TO DRIVE YOU WOUND UP USING YOUR STRENGTH TO SORT OUT A TWELVE-CAR PILEUP ON THE FREEWAY.

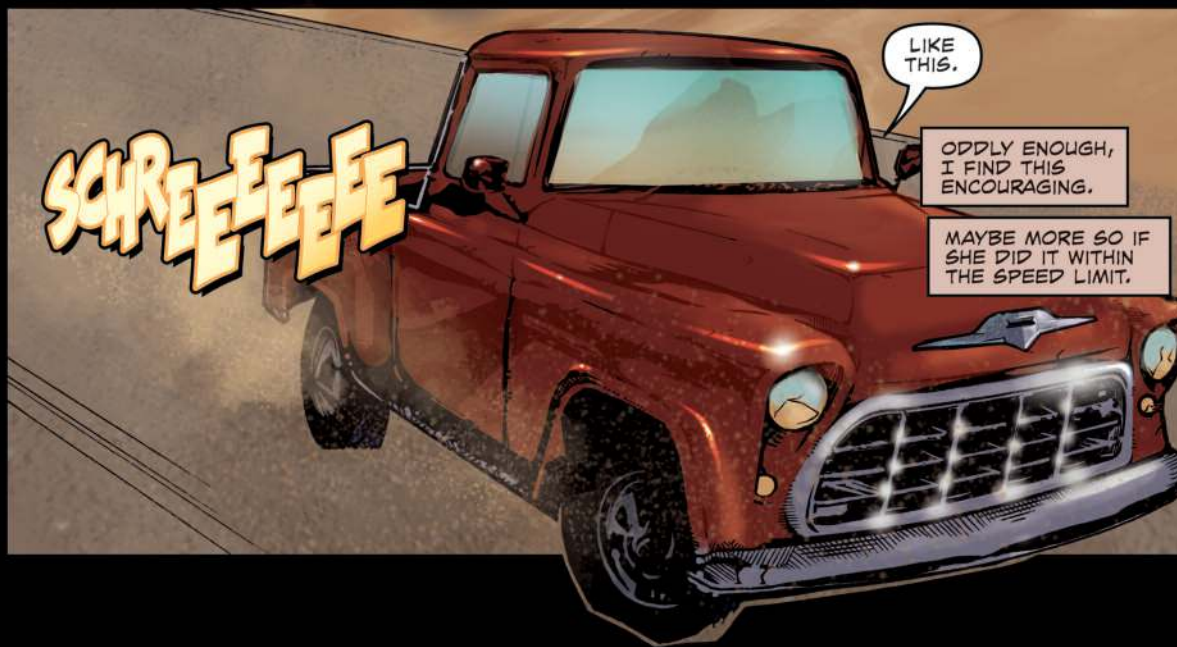
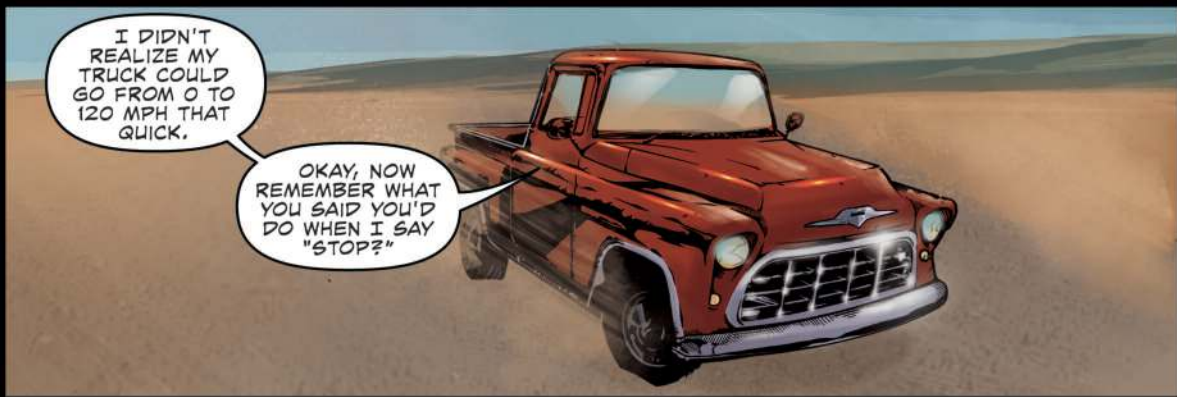
THAT WAS NOT MY FAULT. ENTIRELY.

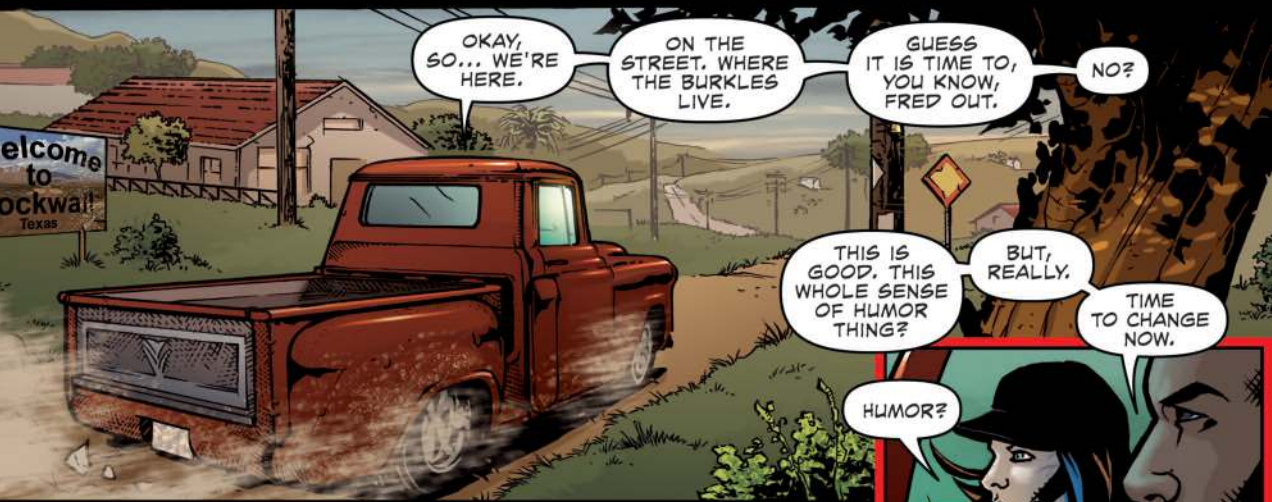


IF I COULD RULE ALL OF THE EARTH...

...I CAN MASTER DRIVING.

HATE IT WHEN SHE HAS A POINT.





OKAY, SO... WE'RE HERE.

ON THE STREET, WHERE THE BURKLES LIVE.

GUESS IT IS TIME TO, YOU KNOW, FRED OUT.

NO?

THIS IS GOOD. THIS WHOLE SENSE OF HUMOR THING?

BUT, REALLY.

TIME TO CHANGE NOW.

HUMOR?



THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE.

HURRY, BEFORE HER PARENTS SEE YOU.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

THEY'RE EXPECTING TO SEE THEIR DAUGHTER WHEN THEY OPEN THAT DOOR!



MY HEART STANDS STILL...



...EVEN AS THEY EMBRACE ILLYRIA LIKE THEIR OWN.

SWEETHEART.

WELCOME HOME.



I'LL—I-I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. I HAVE SOME COOKIES IN THE STOVE.

I'LL HELP YOU, HON.

I GET IT. YOU'RE USING SOME KIND OF MENTAL POWER SO THEY SEE YOU AS FRED.

YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME. I ALMOST HAD A HEART ATTACK.

GRRR.

I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT.

NOR WOULD IT HAVE MATTERED TO ME IF YOU HAD A HEART ATTACK OR NOT.



GRRR.

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LONG TALK ABOUT THIS LATER.

I'M GOING TO GO IN THERE AND TRY TO COME UP WITH A REASON WHY THEIR DAUGHTER LOOKS LIKE SMURFETTE.



IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOU IF YOU STOPPED MAKING THAT NOISE.

!



LATER.

YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS—LEARNING HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

I AM ETERNAL.

IF I MUST SPEND THE FEW REMAINING MILLENNIA WITH HUMANS BEFORE THEY DESTROY THEMSELVES, I SHOULD AT LEAST MAKE THE EFFORT.

OKAY, I'M—
=YAAAW=

THOSE DEMONS SHOULD NOT BE THERE.

WHAT—WHERE?

THREE MILES DOWN THAT ROAD.

ARE YOU KIDDING?

WHY WOULD I BE KIDDING?

HERE.

NOW YOU CAN SEE.

THERE.

SHALL I KILL IT?

EP!

WAIT A MOMENT...



IT'S A
STYGIAN
DEMON.

THEY
USUALLY
MOVE IN
CLUSTERS.

WHICH
MEANS...



P-PLEASE
MERCY.



AS YOU WISH. I
WILL DESTROY YOU
ALL WITH A SINGLE
BLOW.

URM, ILLYRIA?
I THINK YOU NEED
TO BROADEN YOUR
DEFINATION OF
"MERCY."

IT DIDN'T HAVE A NAME.



NOT THE TYPE OF PLACE YOU ADVERTISE.

A PLACE YOU WOULD BE CAUGHT DEAD IN.

IF YOU WERE A HUMAN.



FOR A DEMON, THOUGH?

NECRONS, EURODEAS, FLAGIANS...?

ONE AND ALL WERE WELCOME.

MONTE USED TO SAY "EVERYONE IS EQUAL IN THE EYES OF A FROSTY COLD MUG."




WE NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE.

UNTIL THAT NIGHT.

LEAVE NOW.



NOBODY GETS HURT.



JUST LIKE
A HUMAN.
YOU PRESUME
TOO MUCH.

THAT WOULD
DEFEAT THE
ENTIRE REASON
FOR US BEING
HERE.

WE WANT
TO HURT
YOU.

COLLECTIVELY
YOU ARE TOO
IGNORANT TO KNOW
THERE WAS A TIME—IN
THE BEGINNING—WHEN
DEMONS DID NOT
FRATERNIZE OUTSIDE
THEIR TRIBE.

WE ARE
THE PAST.

MORE,
WE ARE THE
FUTURE.

WE ARE...

I PRAYED TO
EVERY GOD
I KNEW—

—THAT THEY
MIGHT SPARE MY
CHILD FROM WHAT
WAS TO FOLLOW.

WE KNOW
WHO YOU
ARE!

WE AIN'T
IMPRESSED!




THEY DIDN'T
MIX THEIR
BLOOD.

THEY WERE
PURE.




THE SCOURGE.

THAT'S WHO
THEY WERE.



IN THE MADNESS THAT FOLLOWED, WE ESCAPED.

OR SO IT SEEMED.




EMBRE AND HIS SOLDIERS ARE A RELENTLESS LOT.

NO MATTER HOW FAR AND FAST WE RAN—

— AMONG OTHERS LIKE OURSELVES —




HOME
DOWN
POSS
SITOR
POSS



—THEY HAD BEEN THERE, OR WERE GOING TO BE.

THEIR SAVAGERY KNEW NO ONE BLOODLINE.

TO BE A DEMON AND TO NOT BE PURE OF BLOOD WAS ENOUGH TO INCUR THEIR WRATH.



THEY AREN'T A TRIBE THEMSELVES.

THEY ARE SOLDIERS.

THEY ARE ZEALOTS DETERMINED TO RESHAPE THE WORLD IN THEIR IMAGE.

WE EVENTUALLY FOUND THIS PLACE.

OUR SANCTUARY FOR AS LONG AS IT LASTS.

BUT THE TRUTH IS—



—WE CAN NOT RUN ANY FARTHER.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

NOT ANY LONGER.

STAY HERE... MY FRIEND AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS.

GASP

THANK HELL

YERTZ!



SEEMS TO ME THE SCOURGE AREN'T STALKING THEM SO MUCH AS CORRALLING THEM—

EXCUSE ME, SIR?



CAN YOU REALLY HELP US?

PROMISE.

MY NAME IS CHARLES.

D'REL.



WHY DID YOU LIE TO HIM?

I DIDN'T.

INTERESTING.

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY SHE SAYS NOTHING.

THE FUNERAL FOR
FRED'S UNCLE.

IT DOESN'T
LAST LONG...



... BUT HONESTLY,
EVERY WORD IS
AGONY.

IT IS IN THESE
DARKEST OF TIMES
THAT WE GATHER
TOGETHER AS A
COMMUNITY. NO,
AS A FAMILY.

COLLECTIVELY,
WE LOOK TO GOD AND
ASK HIM TO TAKE THE
SOUL OF OUR BELOVED
INTO HIS ETERNAL
EMBRACE.

WE TAKE
SOLACE IN
KNOWING HE IS
WITH GOD IN
HEAVEN.



PART OF ME KEEPS
WAITING FOR HER TO
MAKE A REBUTTAL.





THAT WAS
SOME NIGHT,
RIGHT?



ACHEM.
THAT WAS
SOME NIGHT,
RIGHT?



YOU. ME. PROM.

WHY ARE YOU
SAYING THESE
WORDS?



HA HA, FRED—YOU
HAVEN'T LOST
YOUR SENSE
OF HUMOR!
COME
ON. I'LL
REFRESH YOUR
MEMORY.

I WANT TO
STOP THEM.

FOR HIS SAKE,

BUT SHE HASN'T
TORN OFF HIS ARMS
FOR TOUCHING HER...

...MAYBE THIS
EXPLORATION OF
HUMANITY
IS WORKING.



JASON
POLT.

I HAVEN'T
CHANGED
THAT MUCH IN
TEN YEARS—
HA HA.

THAT
SOUND YOU
MAKE IS
ANNOYING.

IT IS
WITHOUT
MIRTH.



"I TOLD YOU IF,
WE... YOU KNOW..."

YOU HAVE
TO REMEMBER
THIS, RIGHT?

AFTER I
BROUGHT YOU
HOME? WE SAT
HERE—TALKED
FOR HOURS.

"...THAT WE'D BE
TOGETHER FOREVER."



I HAVE NO
MEMORY OF ANY
OF THIS.

YEAH, I KNOW
YOU DISAPPEARED
FOR A FEW YEARS.
PEOPLE GUESS
SAN FRAN.

BAD
TRIP?

NOT
TALKING
WOULD BE
BETTER.



I HEAR
THAT.

MAYBE IT
WOULD HELP IF I
DID SOMETHING I
SHOULD HAVE
DONE THAT
NIGHT.



I LET HER DIGEST
WHATEVER IT IS
SHE'S FEELING.

JUST GRATEFUL
IT ISN'T JASON
POLT.

THAT ELDERLY
WOMAN I WAS
TALKING TO? SHE
MENTIONED THERE
WAS AN OLD OIL
REFINERY ABOUT
TEN MILES OUT
OF TOWN.

SEEMS LIKE THE
PERFECT PLACE
FOR A HANDFUL OF
SCOURGE SOLDIERS
TO HANG OUT,
TRAIN.

YOU WANT
TO COME WITH
ME TONIGHT?
TO CHECK IT
OUT?

DO SOME
EXTERMINATING?

I CANNOT
IMAGINE THAT
I WOULD.

I
DON'T EVEN
UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU FEEL
THE NEED TO
INSINUATE
YOURSELF INTO
A PROBLEM
THAT IS NOT
YOURS.

I'M DOING
IT FOR YOU,
BLUE.

BUNCH
OF POSERS
CARRYING ON
ABOUT BEING
"PURE
BLOODS."

WAY I SEE IT
THAT'S A SLUR
AGAINST YOU AND
THE REST OF THE
OLD ONES.

I'M
PRACTICALLY
DEFENDING YOUR
HONOR.

IT IS ALMOST
ENDEARING THE
WAY YOU TRY TO
MANIPULATE ME
BY APPEALING
TO MY VANITY.

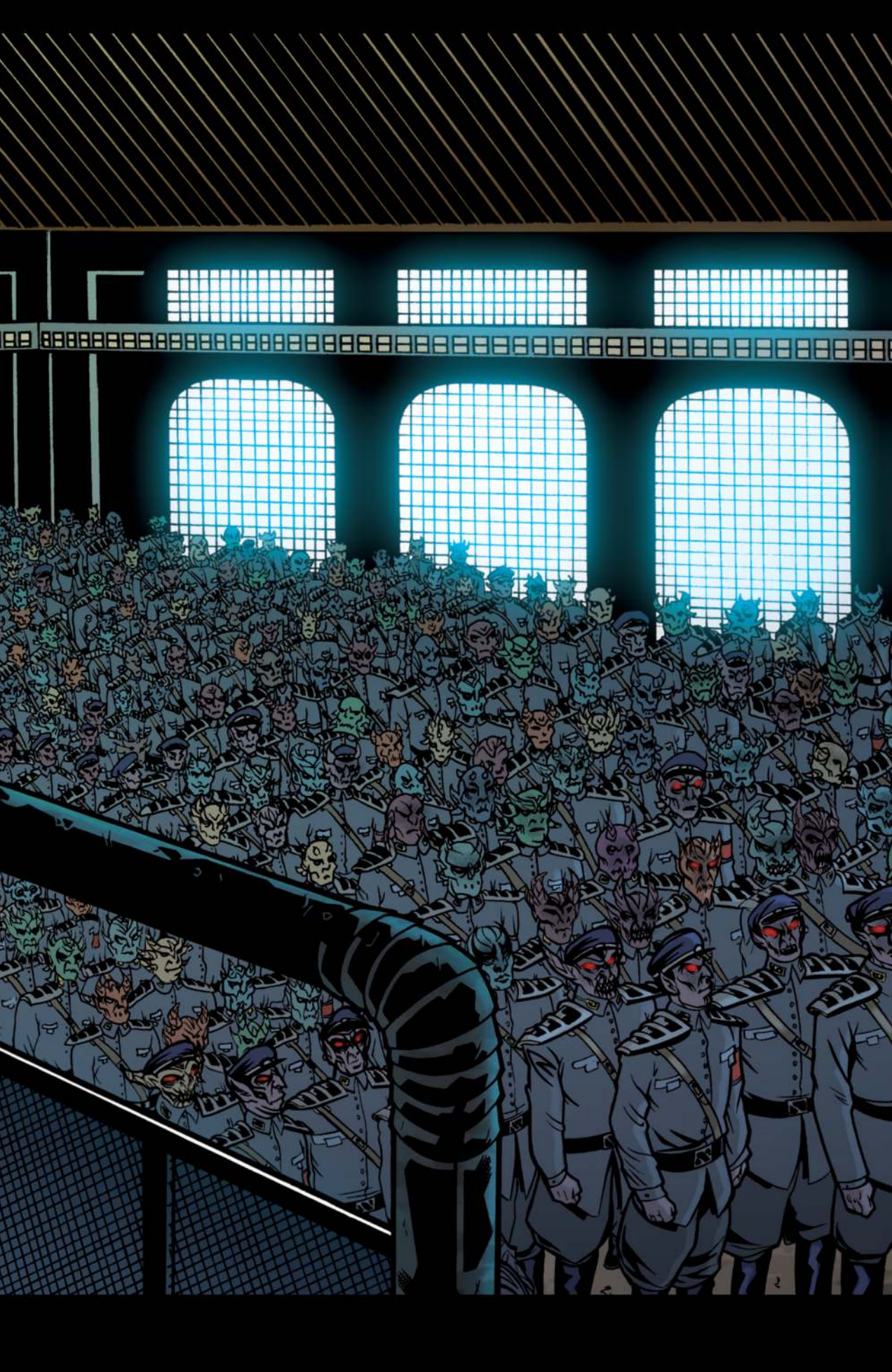
IS IT
WORKING?

BAM

COME.

RIGHT
THERE.





WE GATHER
TONIGHT, FELLOW
SCOURGE, ON THE BRINK
OF OUR GREATEST
TRIUMPH.





YOU LOOK ILL...

WE'RE GOING TO NEED REINFORCEMENTS.

FOR WHAT?



THE HUMANS REVEALED THEIR GENETIC DISPOSITION TOWARDS FOOLISHNESS WHEN THEY EMBRACED THE NOTION "THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

THE ONLY WAY THIS PLANET WILL SERVE THEM IS AS A MASSIVE GRAVE.

FOR ALL THOSE WHO ARE NOT CRUSHED BENEATH OUR BOOTS—

—WE HAVE AWAITED HIS RETURN SINCE LONG BEFORE OUR BIRTH AS A PEOPLE.



HE WHO WILL TAKE US FROM THE LIGHT AND DELIVER US UNTO THE DARKNESS.

TONIGHT, THAT JOURNEY BEGINS IN EARNEST.

THIS NIGHT HE SHALL ARISE—

—WILL BE EMULSIFIED IN THE FLAMES OF OUR DARK LORD!

—AND BY DAWN THE STREETS WILL BE AWASH IN THE REMAINS OF HUMANS, AND MONGRELS AND THE UNPURE!



SO SWEAR THE SCOURGE!

SO SWEAR THE SCOURGE!



THEY ARE CERTAINLY ANIMATED.

LIKE CHILDREN.



UNTIL NOW
WE HAVE HAD
THE WILL BUT
NOT THE
WAY!

BUT WITH THE
FALL OF L.A. WE
WERE ABLE TO
ACQUIRE ALL THE
POWER WE
NEED—

—WITH THIS!
THE *MUTAR!*
GENERATOR!



IT HAS BEEN
INFUSED WITH THE
LIFE ENERGY OF AN
OLD ONE—SHE WHO
WILL NOT BE
NAMED!

NOT ALL OF
IT, NO—BUT MORE
THAN ENOUGH FOR
OUR PURPOSES!



FOR ILLYRIA, IT MUST
BE LIKE STARING AT
YOUR SOUL IN THE
HANDS OF ANOTHER.



WESLEY GOT A HOLD OF IT—USED IT TO DRAIN ILLYRIA'S OUT-OF-CONTROL POWERS BEFORE SHE WENT NUCLEAR.

SORT OF A MYSTIC LOBOTOMY.

WHEN WOLFRAM AND HART WAS LEVELED WE ASSUMED IT WAS DESTROYED.

BUT IT MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT ON THE BLACK MARKET.



YOU OKAY?

FINE.



LOOK, I GET IT—YOU'RE MAD.

CRUMPLE UP THE EARTH AND TOSS IT AT THE SUN MAD.

BUT THERE'RE TWO OF US UP HERE AND AN ARMY DOWN THERE. WE CAN'T DO THIS WITHOUT SOME KIND OF STRATEGY.



I WILL KILL THEM ALL.

OKAY. THAT IS A STRATEGY.



BUT BEFORE WE EVEN TRY—

RISE!

BOOM!



WHAT IN HELL—?!

NO.



THAT DIDN'T WORK OUT VERY WELL FOR THEM.

EVEN A FRACTION OF YOUR POWER IS TOO MUCH FOR A REGULAR DEMON TO BEAR. EVEN A "PUREBRED."

THAT WAS NOT THEIR INTENT NOR THEIR AIM.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN INTENT AND AIM?



OH.

AIM AS IN FLOOR.



PRAISE BE TO THE PURE BREED!

PRAISE



THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.

NOTHING WITH THE WORD "PURE" IN IT IS EVER GOOD.

WHAT WAS BURIED HERE? IT'S GOT TO BE HU—



ILLYRIA?!

NOW WOULD BE A REALLY GOOD TIME TO TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK IS GOING ON.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER I'D THINK SHE WAS... EMBARRASSED?







HELLO,
ILLYRIA.

IT'S BEEN
A WHILE.

YOU TWO
KNOW EACH
OTHER?!

HE'S JUST
SHOWING
OFF.

IGNORE
HIM.




FOREVER WAS
ALREADY OLD.

IT HAD SEEMED AN ETERNITY—AND
PROBABLY WAS—SINCE THE LAST TIME
MY RULE HAD BEEN CHALLENGED.

THOUGH I TRIED TO
HIDE MY EUPHORIA AT
HAVING AT LONG LAST
GONE TO WAR AGAIN...


...I AM AFRAID MY
SMILE MIGHT HAVE
GIVEN ME AWAY.



MY TEMPLE.

IT WAS HERE THAT THE PARQUE
WURMS LAUNCHED THEIR ATTACK
UPON MY KINGDOM.

THEY BEGAN THE BATTLE
WITH A HUNDRED
THOUSAND STRONG.



"DEATH TO ILLYRIA!"
SHOUTED THEIR KING—

—SHORTLY BEFORE I
TORE HIS HEARTS OUT
FROM HIS THROAT.

YES, IT WAS FUN.

BUT I ALSO DID IT AS AN
EXAMPLE TO ANY OTHERS
WHO DARED TO RISE
AGAINST ME.



BRING
HIM TO
ME.

Y-YES, YOUR
VASTNESS!

I KNEW MY VOICE ALONE
WAS ENOUGH TO SEAR
THE VERY SOULS OF MY
OWN PEOPLE.

SO?




AH,
BATICUS.

HEIR
TO A PEOPLE
WHO ARE NO
MORE.

YOUR FATHER WAS
FOOLISH ENOUGH TO
BELIEVE HE COULD
WREST CONTROL OF
THE REALM FROM
MY TALONS.

NOW YOU ARE
THE LAST LIVING
TESTAMENT TO
THE FOLLY OF
REBELLION.




I LEFT HIM DEAD ON THE FLOOR OF WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN HIS THRONE ROOM.

AN HOUR?


A HUNDRED, HUNDRED YEARS?

WHO CAN SAY IN TIME BEFORE TIME?




I PLAYED WITH HIS LIFELESS HUSK UNTIL I GREW BORED.

I WAS GOING TO ORDER MY PEOPLE TO TAKE IT AWAY.



BUT THEN...

...A RARE MOMENT OF WHIMSY...



...MY TOUCH BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE.

EH?

IT IS TRUE WHAT THEY SAY.

YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST PET.



RRRRRRRRRRG!!!!

I'VE SEEN HER FIGHT LEGIONS OF VAMPIRES WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A FURROWED BROW.

SHE KICKED DRAGON ASS FROM SILVER LAKE TO ECHO PARK WITHOUT BREAKING A SWEAT.

BUT THIS?



ILLYRIA?

A... MOMENT.



I DON'T KNOW THAT RODZIRRA HERE IS GOING TO GIVE US ANY DOWN TIME!

SKRUNTCH



DO NOT GIVE HIM MORE CREDENCE THAN IS HIS DUE.

EH?



FORMIDABLE THOUGH HE MIGHT BE...

HE'S NO OLD ONE. GOT IT.

TRUTH IS, THOUGH, YOU LOOKED A LITTLE DISTRACTED.




SOUL FIRE.

IT SEEKS TO BURN DEEP INTO THE CORE OF ANY IT TOUCHES.

"AVOID SOUL FIRE."

GOOD TO KNOW.



EASIER SAID—



—THEN, WELL,
YOU KNOW.


...



WHEN?

THEN.

THAT NIGHT.

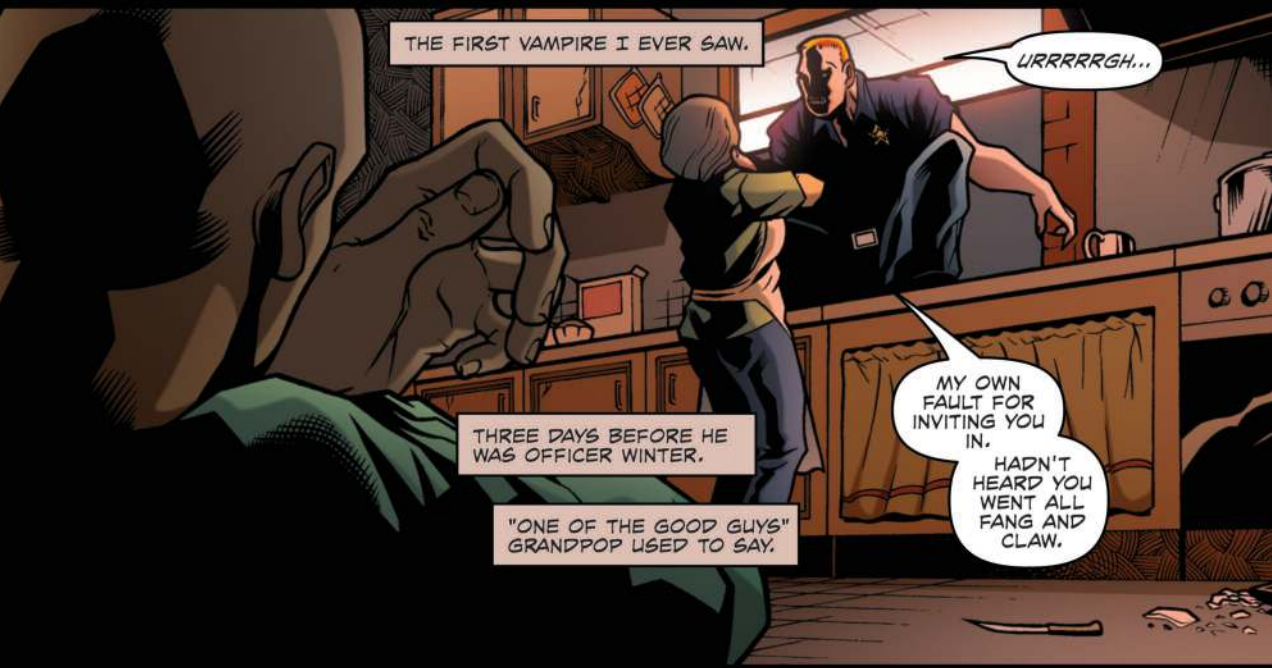


TWELVE YEARS OLD.

GRAMMY'S KITCHEN.

HELLO?

THE STRUGGLE.



THE FIRST VAMPIRE I EVER SAW.

UURRRRGH...

THREE DAYS BEFORE HE WAS OFFICER WINTER.

"ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS" GRANDPOP USED TO SAY.

MY OWN FAULT FOR INVITING YOU IN.

HADN'T HEARD YOU WENT ALL FANG AND CLAW.



GRAM?!

GET AWAY FROM HER!

RRAGHR?

CHAS?!

CHAS—GO! RUN! GET OUT OF HERE—NOW!



NEVER SAW A MAN—A THING— MOVE SO FAST.

I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE SMELL OF DEATH ALL THESE YEARS LATER.

I WAS SURE I WAS ABOUT TO BECOME ONE OF THEM.



PUFT

FACT IS, I DID.

BUT NOT THAT NIGHT.



PANT PANT PANT

YOUR GRAMMY... STILL HAS IT.



WHERE DID YOUR GRANDFATHER PUT THAT DUSTBUSTER?



GRAMMY, WHAT—?

SHUSH. SLEEP NOW, CHAS.

THERE'LL BE TIME ENOUGH FOR NIGHTMARES LATER.



THAT WAS...

... INTRUSIVE.

COULD USE
A BOTTLE OF
ASPIRIN TO PUT ME
OUT OF MY MISERY
'BOUT NOW.



OR
A FOUR-
STORY-TALL-
DEMON'S
TAIL—
THAT WOULD
WORK.



WHAT
JUST...?

ILLYRIA—SHE
STOPPED TIME.

BUT... SHE CAN'T
DO THAT ANYMORE.



OR THIS.



IF YOU ARE
GOING TO KEEP
COSTING ME MY
STRENGTH EACH
TIME I RESCUE
YOU—

—DO NOT
BE SURPRISED
WHEN I STOP.

FAIR.



HOW DID YOU DO THAT?

MANIPULATE TIME AND SPACE?

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO THAT SINCE WESLEY ZAPPED YOU.



THIS CLOSE TO THE LIFE ENERGY THAT WAS STOLEN FROM ME HAS MADE ME STRONGER.

THEY WEREN'T "STOLEN." YOU WERE ABOUT TO GO NUCLEAR!



THE SOONER WE SHUT DOWN THIS BIG BAD THE FASTER WE MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T ADJUST TO ALL YOUR POWER.



TOO LATE.



I ENJOYED HAVING
MY FIRST PET.

UNTIL IT TURNED
AGAINST ME.



WHY DO I HAVE A BAD
FEELING ABOUT THIS?



I GAVE YOU
A PLACE AT
MY FEET,
BATICUS.

TO
AMUSE
ME.

TO KEEP ME
COMPANY.

YOU
ABUSED THE
HONOR.



OH, NO.

I'M SORRY,
ONLY ONE VISITOR
ALLOWED AT
A TIME.





HOW DO YOU FEEL, BATICUS?

YOU... NOT CARE.

THAT IS NOT TRUE.



GRAM?



I CARE VERY MUCH THAT YOU ABUSED MY MERCY AND TRIED TO FORM DISSIDENT AMONG MY PEOPLE.

M-MERCY...?

RRRRRIIPPP



NO TEARS... NO.

DYING... IN BED. THIS LIFE WE CHOSE...



IT PLEASURES ME TO KNOW FOR UNTOLD AGES YOUR IMPRISONMENT WILL SPEAK TO ANY WHO OPPOSE THE FURY AND GLORY THAT IS ILLYRIA.

THERE IS NO PLEASURE IN SENTENCING YOU TO THE WARM EMBRACE OF OBLIVION.



MORE'N FAIR, CHAS... I WISH THE SAME FOR YOU.

GRAM...



WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

IT WILL BE MORE FUN KNOWING YOU ARE BURIED ALIVE BENEATH THE EARTH FOR ALL ETERNITY.





SLAM

WHA—?!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

NEUTRAL.

PUT THE TRUCK IN NEUTRAL. NOW.



DONE, BUT—!


BRING HERE!

YOU CANNOT WIN AGAINST MY ARMY, OLD ONE!



COWARD. HIDING BEHIND YOUR TOYS.

THAP



YOU THINK SO?
THEN BURN WITH
THEM, ILLYRIA.

FWOOOOO





MEEP.

A small speech bubble containing the word "MEEP." in a simple, sans-serif font.






WHY WON'T
YOU FALL,
ILLYRIA ?!

AT LONG
LAST... FALL!

NO.



SHE IS ILLYRIA.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL
DEMON LORDS.

AN "OLD ONE."


SHE'S BEEN IN
MANY WARS. SHE'S
CONQUERED MANY
ARMIES.

ONE BATTLE ALONE
TOOK A THOUSAND
YEARS OF FIGHTING.

NONETHELESS...

...THAT HAS
GOT TO HURT.





THE BIG... GUY?

BATICUS, A FORMER
"PET" OF HERS.

AN ARMY OF SCOURGE DEMONS
FREED IT FROM A PRISON SHE
TOSSED HIM INTO.

EVEN THOUGH HE'S GOT MOST
OF HER POWER—ON ACCOUNT OF
BEING RESURRECTED WITH THE
MUTARI GENERATOR...

...EVERY INDICATION IS—

FRMMMP

—HE'S STILL HARBORING
A GRUDGE.

COUGH
COUGH

AND YOU
WOULD BE,
WHAT.... ?

HER
NEWEST
PET?

YOU BETTER
HOPE YOU'RE
SMILING WHEN
YOU SAY
THAT.

I CAN'T TELL
FOR SURE ON
ACCOUNT OF THAT
UGLY MUG OF
YOURS.





HAHAHAHAHA!
YOU DARE
TO CONFRONT
BATICUS?

BATICUS, WHOSE
BODY COURSES WITH
THE POWER OF AN
OLD ONE ?!

BATICUS,
WHO HAS—

—A REALLY
ANNOYING HABIT
OF TALKING ABOUT
HIMSELF IN THE
THIRD PERSON?

YEAH,
WE'RE TALKING
ABOUT THE
SAME GUY.



WATCH
YOUR TONE,
HUMAN.

ONCE THE NEARBY
DEMONS HAVE BEEN
SLAIN BY MY REMAINING
FOLLOWERS—THEIR LIFE
ESSENCES WILL ANCHOR
ME FOREVER HERE IN
YOUR REALM!



NO, THEY WERE
CORRALLING THEM,
HERE!

I HAVE
DISPATCHED MY LAST
REMAINING ZEALOTS
TO SLAY THEM.

YEAH, WELL,
THAT'S NOT
GOING TO
HAPPEN.



TO WHAT
DO YOU OWE
YOUR OULSIZED
CONFIDENCE,
HU—
MAN?

THE
STYGIAN
DEMONS? THE
REFUGEES?
SO THE
SCOURGE
WEREN'T
TRACKING
THEM—



KIBABABAAM





HE WAS NOT MY FAVORITE PET EVER.

NEXT TIME, THINK CANARY.

GOLDFISH, EVEN.



HE MAY BE DEAD AND THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD...

...BUT HE ORDERED HIS BROWN SHIRTS TO KILL D'REL AND THE OTHER STYGIAN DEMONS. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM.

WHY?



GISH
GUSH
GOOSH



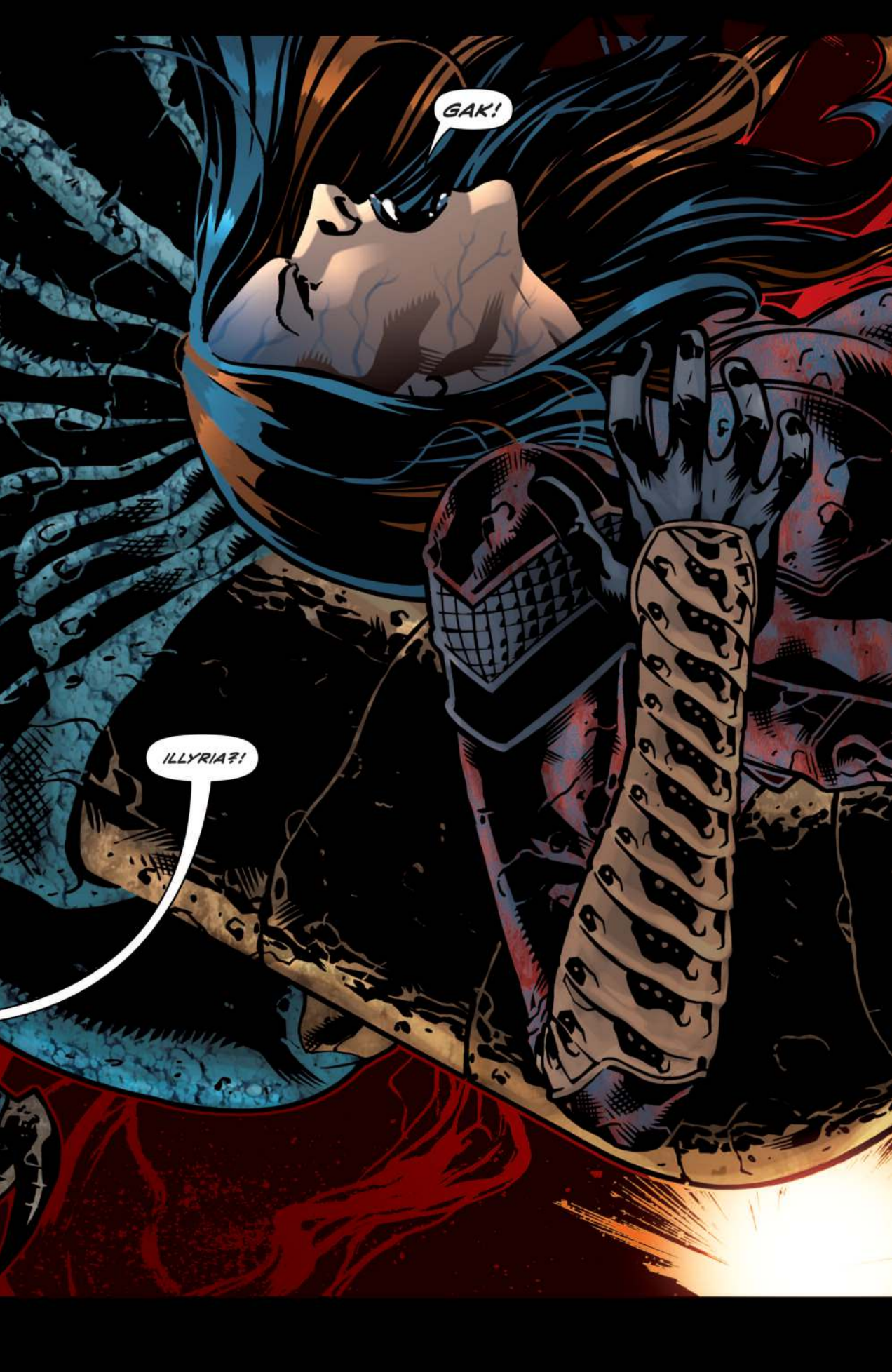
WHY? BECAUSE DEMONS OR NO, THEY ARE INNOCENT OF ANY WRONG DOING. LET'S START THERE.



BOTH.



HISSSSS!



GAK!

ILLYRIA?!



SCR
ERU
EU
THCC



ATTEND TO THE... STYGIANS.

DENY BATICUS... HIS ANCHOR.

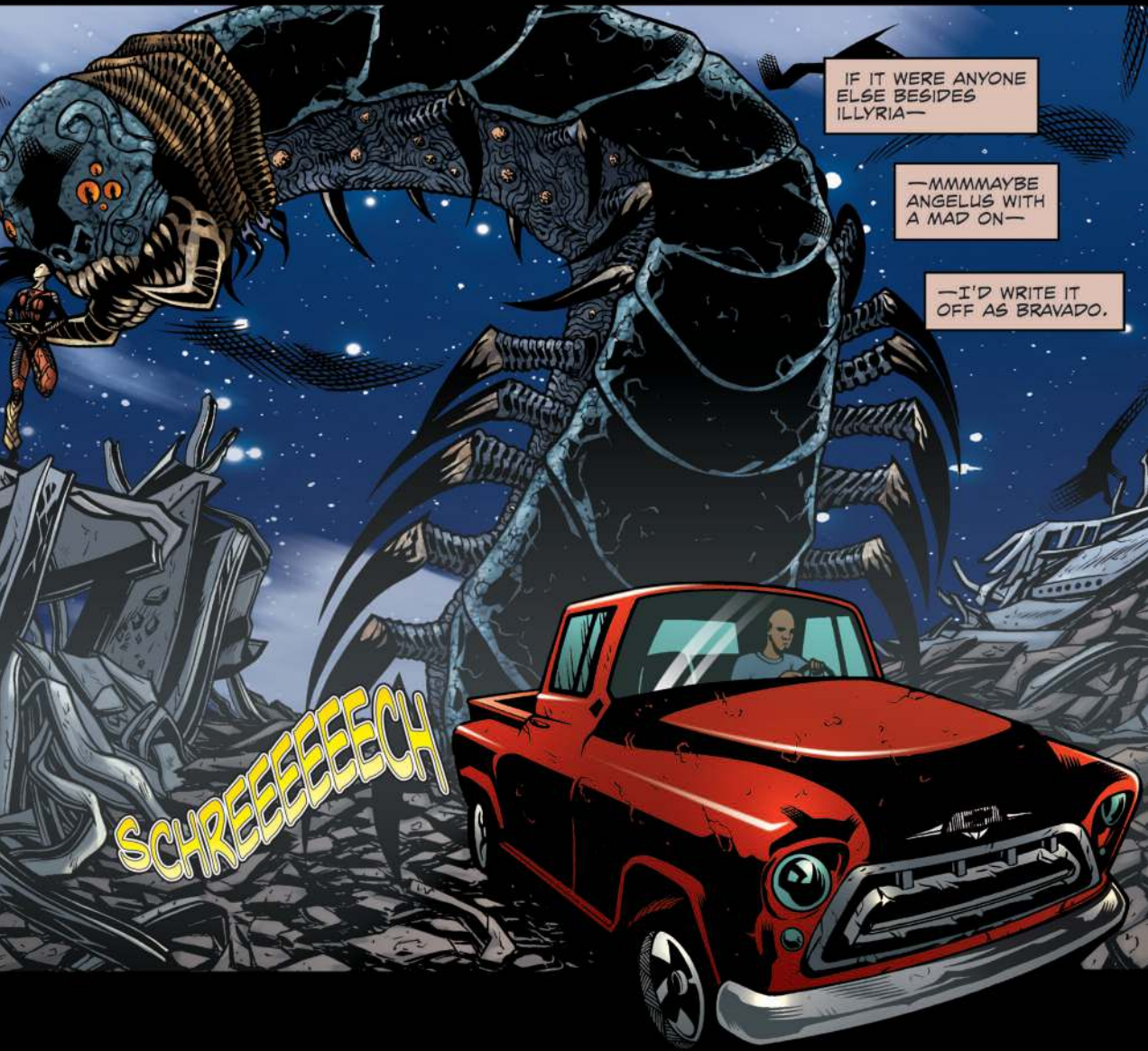


BUT YOU? YOU'RE...?



...ENJOYING MYSELF.

FOR PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME IN A MILLENNIA OR SO.



IF IT WERE ANYONE ELSE BESIDES ILLYRIA—

—MMMMAYBE ANGELUS WITH A MAD ON—

—I'D WRITE IT OFF AS BRAVADO.

SCHREEEEEEEECH



SCREEEEEEAAATCH





FUNNY THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN.

LAST MONTH THIS TIME I WAS CHEWING AND GNAWING MY WAY THROUGH HALF THE NECKS IN LOS ANGELES...

NOW, HERE I AM, ON MY WAY TO PROTECT A MOTLEY CREW OF DEMONS, WITH MY LIFE IF IT COMES TO THAT.

WHAT CAN I SAY?

IT'S HOW I WAS RAISED.

OKAY, CHARLIE. I NEED YOU TO HIT YOUR GRAMMY AS HARD AS YOU CAN. DON'T HOLD BACK NOTHIN'.

I CAN'T, GRAMMY.

YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO TEACH ME HOW TO "DUST" VAMPIRES. YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT—

GAK—?!

KICK



LISTEN TO ME, CHARLES. YOU NEED TO DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO DO.

EVERY TIME.

NEVER GIVING IT NO NEVERMIND.

CAN YOU DO THAT?

CAUSE YOU DO ANYTHING ELSE AND YOU END UP DEAD.



YES.

I CAN DO THAT.



WE'LL START AGAIN FRESH TOMORROW.

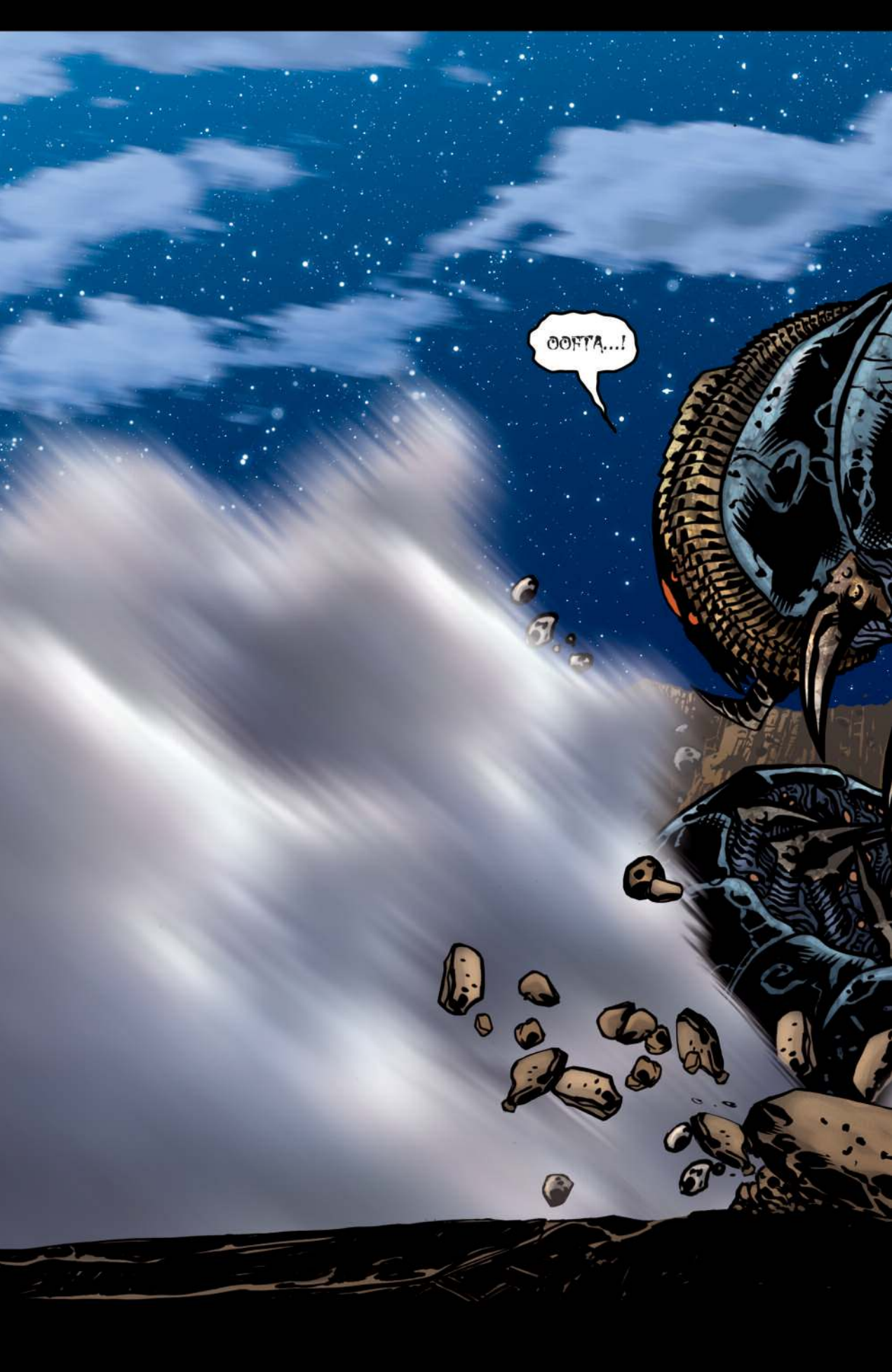
TONIGHT WE'LL MAKE THOSE CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES YOU AND YOUR SISTER LOVE SO MUCH.

ONE IN A MILLION, GRAMMY.

YOU WERE ONE IN A MILLION.



SKREEEETCH



OOFTA...!





FOOM



TIRING?

SO HUMAN...
SO NOT OLD
ONE.

DO NOT
WASTE YOUR
FEW REMAINING
MOMENTS
THINKING OF ME,
BATICUS.




THIS IS
GOOD BYE,
PET.





THE KID IS NOT GOING TO WANT TO SEE THIS.



I CAN TASTE
THEIR BLOOD.

IT'S DIFFERENT FROM
HUMAN BLOOD. MORE...
METALLIC. COLDER, IT
COAGULATES AS FAST
AS IT LEAVES THEIR
VEINS.

I'M ALWAYS SURPRISED
HOW FRAGILE BONES
ARE—SCOURGE, VAMPIRE,
HUMAN, OR ANIMAL.


LIKE DRIED TWIGS
IN THE SOLID
STEEL-LIKE
TENDONS OF MY
UNDEAD HANDS!

OKAY, SO NONE OF THAT
ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

THE TRUTH IS I'M JUST A REGULAR
HUMAN BEING SURROUNDED BY A
HANDFUL OF HEAVILY ARMED
DEMONIC SUPREMACISTS.

THOUGH I RARELY MISS BEING
A VAMPIRE DURING THE TIME I
SPENT IN HELL. A.—

SORRY,
BOYS.



—I AM WILLING TO BET THE SUPERNATURAL BENEFITS WOULD COME IN HANDY WHILE I TAKE A LAST STAND TO DEFEND THE DEMON REFUGEES HIDING IN THE BARN BEHIND ME.

END OF THE LINE.

IF YOU'RE DETERMINED TO USE THESE DEMONS' SOULS TO ANCHOR YOUR LORD HIGH BATICUS TO EARTH ONCE AND FOR ALL—

—YOU ARE IN FOR A WORLD OF DISAPPOINTMENT.



GUNN,
ISN'T IT?

IT IS.

WITHOUT YOUR
PRECIOUS ILLYRIA BY
YOUR SIDE—YOU DON'T
REALLY BELIEVE YOU
STAND EVEN THE
SLIGHTEST CHANCE
AGAINST US, DO
YOU?



SEEING AS YOU
KNOW MY NAME,
YOU MUST KNOW
MY REPUTATION.

I DIDN'T GET IT
BY RUNNING AND
HIDING EVERY TIME A
BUNCH OF PARAMILITARY,
RACIST, LEATHER HEADS
CAME-A-CALLING.



CLEVER, BUT
ABSDURD.

AS ABSURD AS
GIVING YOUR LIFE
FOR MONGREL SCUM
WHO WON'T EVEN
FIGHT FOR THEIR
OWN LIVES.

EVEN FOR
A HUMAN THAT
STRIKES ME
AS PRETTY
STUPID.



GOOD
POINT.


I PROMISE
TO PONDER IT
AFTER I KILL
YOU ALL.

EVEN STARING INTO THE FACE
OF WHAT IS PROBABLY A
VERY CERTAIN DEATH—




—I CAN'T HELP WONDERING HOW ILLYRIA IS DOING IN HER BATTLE WITH THE AFOREMENTIONED BATICUS.

NORMALLY, HONESTLY, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT HER.



EVEN THOUGH SHE'S ONLY USING FRED'S BODY AS A VESSEL—


—A MORTAL COIL TO KEEP HER OLD ONE SELF MINTY FRESH—



—SHE WAS ABLE TO BRING A LOT OF HER ANCIENT POWERS WITH HER WHEN SHE SETTLED IN.

BUT THIS KNOCK-DOWN-DRAG-OUT WITH BATICUS IS DIFFERENT.

HE'S GOT A HUGE CHUNK OF HER FORMER ABILITIES BECAUSE HE GOT SHOT BY THE MUTARI GENERATOR.



SHE HASN'T BEEN IN A FIGHT WHERE SHE'S OUTGUNNED IN...

...WELL, FOREVER?



GIVE UP?



OF ALL MY PETS...

...YOU WERE ALWAYS THE MOST WILLFUL.

THE MOST DIFFICULT TO BREAK.

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT.



BATTERED AND BROKEN AS I AM...

...YOU HAVE ONLY GIVEN ME MORE OPPORTUNITIES TO REND YOUR LIMBS FROM LIMBS.

AT LONG LAST I WILL HAVE REVENGE UPON YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY PEOPLE—

—AND ALL THE YEARS I SUFFERED BURIED BENEATH THIS WORLD BECAUSE I DARED TO DEFY YOU!



HEH HEH
HA

WAS GOING
TO... ASK
YOU...

... THE SAME
QUESTION.



BUT I
THINK YOU
FAIL TO REALIZE
YOU'RE NOT
THE MASTER,
ANYMORE.

THE SAME
POWER YOU ONCE
POSSESSED NOW
COURSES THROUGH
MY BODY.

EVERY INCH
OF IT.



AND HERE YOU
ARE... DARING
AGAIN.

BAD PET.



ON THE OTHER
HAND—

—IT'S ONLY THE ONE-
MILE-LONG DEMON SHE
HAS TO WORRY ABOUT.



SHE'S NOT
OUTNUMBERED
LIKE I AM.



HOW BAD CAN IT BE?



BATICUS REQUIRES US TO SLAY ALL THE STYGIAN DEMONS SO HE MIGHT BEGIN HIS THOUSAND, THOUSAND YEAR REIGN.

ON MY COMMAND, GENTLEMEN—



—OBLITERATE HIM.

TOO FUNNY.

THE SCOURGE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE THE BADDEST OF BAD ASSES...

... AND YOU NEED GUNS TO TAKE ON ONE HUMAN WITH A THREE THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD BATTLE AX.



WE HARDLY NEED—

—GENTLEMEN, LET US LAY DOWN OUR WEAPONS...



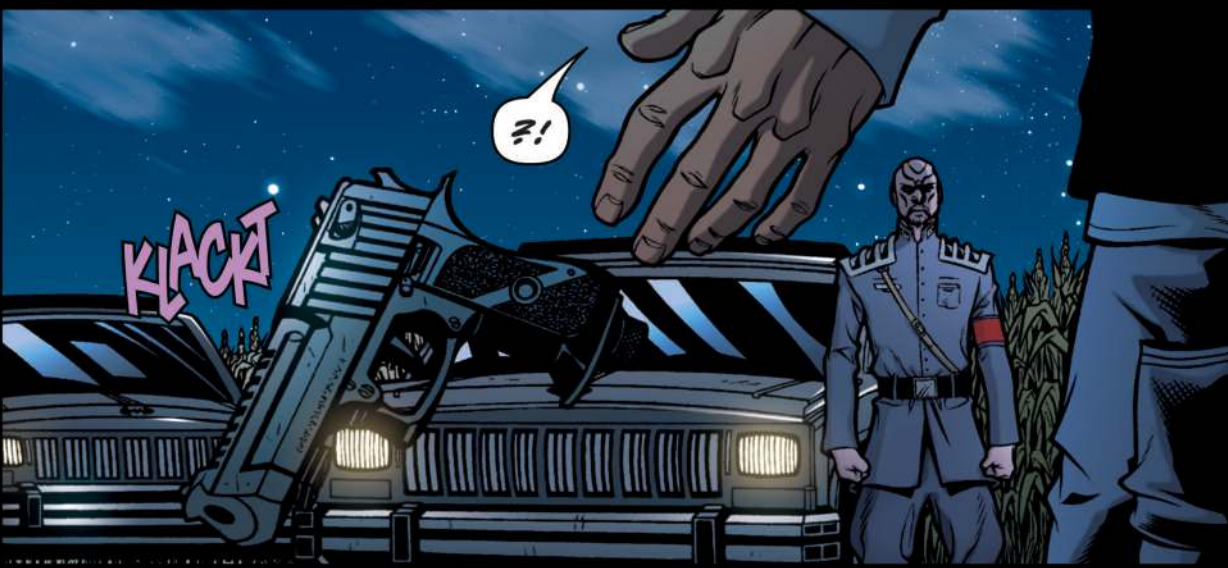
... AND SHOW HIM **PERSONALLY** WHY THE SCOURGE ARE THE MOST FEARED AND RESPECTED OF ALL DEMONS.

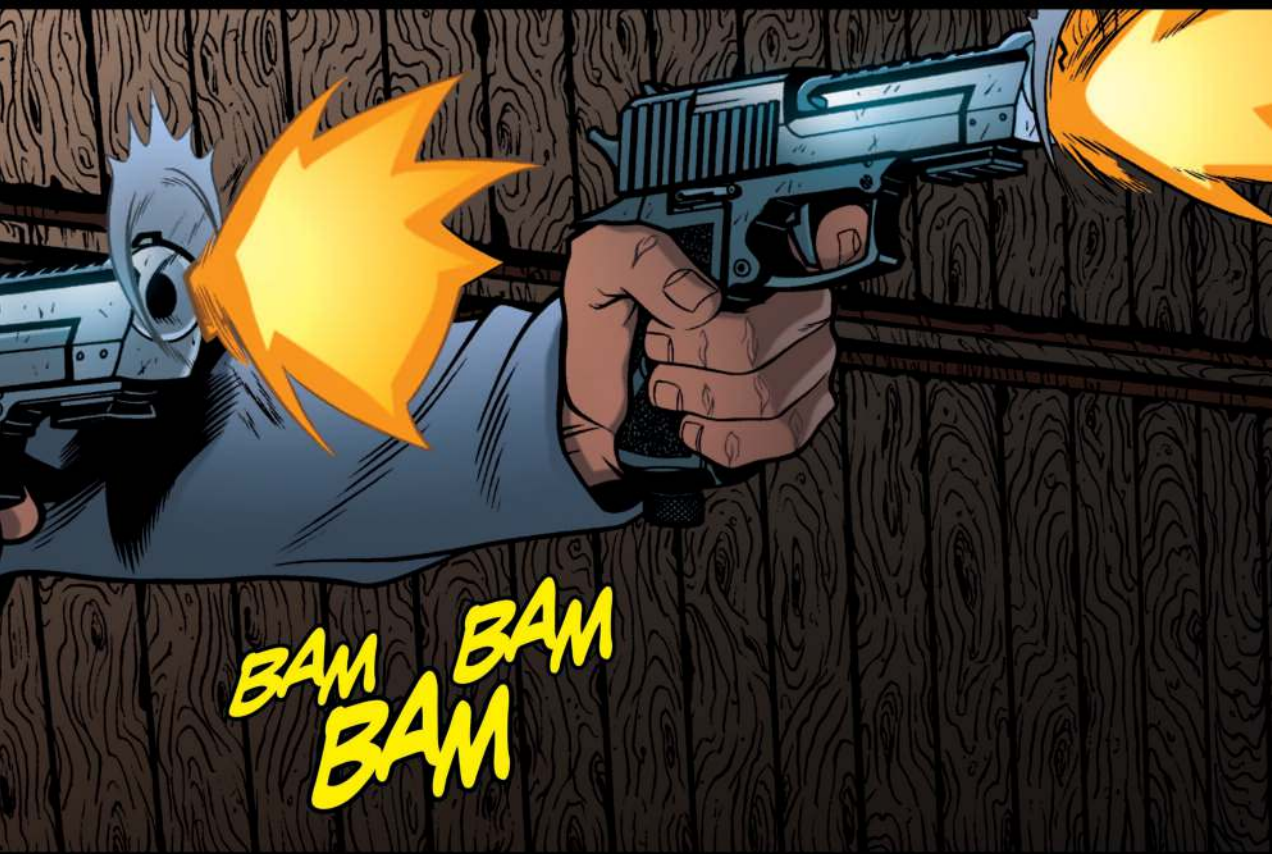
A LESSON HE'LL LEARN AS WE HOLD HIM DOWN AND MAKE HIM WATCH AS WE FEAST UPON HIS ENTRAILS.

AND ME WITHOUT A PEN AND PAPER TO TAKE NOTES.



TOO FUNNY.







SPLIT



WAS IT CHEATING?



WOW.

HELL, YEAH.

BUT THEY'RE DEAD AND I'M ALIVE.

AS MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY: AT THE END OF THE DAY THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.



YOU PROMISED YOU WOULD SAVE US.

AND YOU DID.



NINETY-EIGHT.

NINETY-NINE.

ONE HUNDRED.



ONE HUNDRED
SECONDS AND
NOT A BUDGE.

WHICH CAN
ONLY MEAN...
BATICUS REIGNS
SUPREME!



I,
BATICUS!

THE HUMBLER,
ENSLAVED, LONE
SURVIVOR OF MY
PEOPLE—

—NOW, THE
SLAYER OF
ILLYRIA!



BRING

SCRAP

SHHHH

IT'S THE SOUND—



THUD

—OF BATICUS DYING.



B-BUT
I DON'T...
UNDERSTAND...

WHAT... WHAT
HAPPENED?



POOR
BATICUS.

POOR
FOOLISH
BATICUS.

DID YOU
GENUINELY BELIEVE
YOU STOOD ANY
HOPE AT ALL OF
DEFEATING ME?



I SAY MY GOOD-BYES.

THANK YOU, SO MUCH.

THEN I'M OFF TO FIND ILLYRIA.

HOPING SHE'S STILL ALIVE.

NOT A PROBLEM.



I WISH YOU'D STAY FOR DINNER!

THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH TO SHARE!

D'REL... SHUSH!



SH-SCHUM...
RRRRMMMMMMMMMM



DEFINE "DINNER."



YOU WERE NEVER GOING TO BE AN OLD ONE, BATICUS.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU WANTED IT TO BE SO.



EVEN ME, IN MY MAGNIFICENCE AND OBT-NEAR OMNIPOTENCE—

—COULD NOT FIND A WAY FOR THIS BODY TO EXIST WITH ALL MY POWER INSIDE.

IT... I... AM ONLY HUMAN.

I KNEW IF WE KEPT FIGHTING—WHILE GUNN WAS PROTECTING THE STYGIAN DEMONS—IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOUR BODY WOULD BURN ITSELF OUT IN ITS ATTEMPT TO WIELD MY POWER.




P-PLEASE...

...IT IS SO... PAINFUL.

PLEASE, ILLYRIA THE MERCILESS...?





SOMEHOW, I KNOW WHAT
I'M GOING TO FIND
BEFORE I GET THERE.




I GUESS A PART OF ME WANTED
TO BELIEVE THAT ONLY THE
SCOURGE WERE EVIL...

... INSTEAD OF THE STYGIANS
JUST BEING THE LESSER OF
TWO EVILS.

BUT THE TRUTH IS, THE
STYGIAN DEMONS WERE
APPARENTLY THEIR OWN
FORM OF EVIL.

NOT TO THEM, NO.



LIKE A SHARK IN THE OCEAN
THEY DON'T SEE WHAT THEY
ARE DOING AS WRONG.

THEY ARE ONLY SURVIVING.

HUMANS—IN THIS CASE THE
FARMERS THAT LIVED HERE
BEFORE THEY ARRIVED—
AREN'T THE ENEMY.

THEY'RE SUSTENANCE.

DINNER.

D'REL IS YOUNG ENOUGH THAT MAYBE HE CAN COME TO UNDERSTAND THERE ARE ALTERNATIVES TO HIS WAY OF LIFE.

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU ARE STILL ALIVE.

ME TOO.

LET US LEAVE THIS PLACE.

SURE. JUST A SEC.

SPLASH
SPLASH

SHE DOESN'T ASK ME ABOUT THE OTHER STYGIANS.


SHIRT

MAYBE SHE KNOWS.

MAYBE SHE KNOWS WHAT THEY REALLY ARE.

OR MAYBE SHE JUST KNOWS WHO I AM.

I'M GRATEFUL SHE DOESN'T ASK.



THIS TRIP BEGAN BECAUSE I WAS LOOKING TO GET OUT OF L.A. AND FIGURE OUT IF THERE WAS A WAY TO ESCAPE MY RECENT PAST AS A DEMON.

MORE THAN THAT—
WHETHER I EVEN
WANTED TO.

OR DID I HAVE TO ADMIT
THAT I COULDN'T RISE ABOVE
WHAT I HAD BECOME TO BE A
BETTER VERSION OF THE
HUMAN I WAS BORN AS.

SHE WANTED TO FIGURE
OUT, I THINK, IF SHE
COULD TURN HER BACK
ON HER PAST AS AN
OLD ONE—

—AND ACCEPT THE
FACT SHE IS, LIKE
ME—ONLY HUMAN.

AS DIFFERENT AS WE
ARE, WE WERE BOTH
ABLE TO DO SOMETHING
THE STYGIAN DEMONS
WERE NOT.

CHANGE.

WE'LL FIND A PLACE FOR HIM BACK IN L.A.—THERE ARE PEOPLE AND RESOURCES THERE DEDICATED TO HELPING DEMONS MAKE BETTER CHOICES.



I THINK I REQUIRE A NEW PET...

...PERHAPS A CAT.

THEY ARE SMALL AND DO NOT REQUIRE TOO MUCH ATTENTION...

THE END.

ANGEL: ONLY HUMAN

ART GALLERY



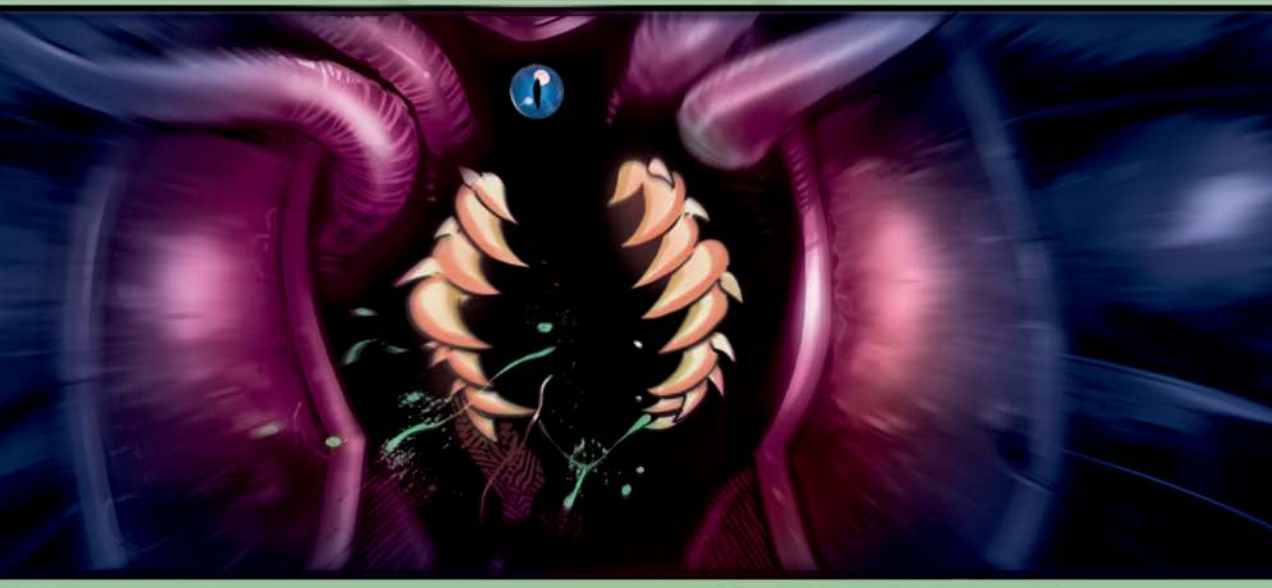
















DAVID MESSINA
AND
MIRCO
PIERFEDERICI

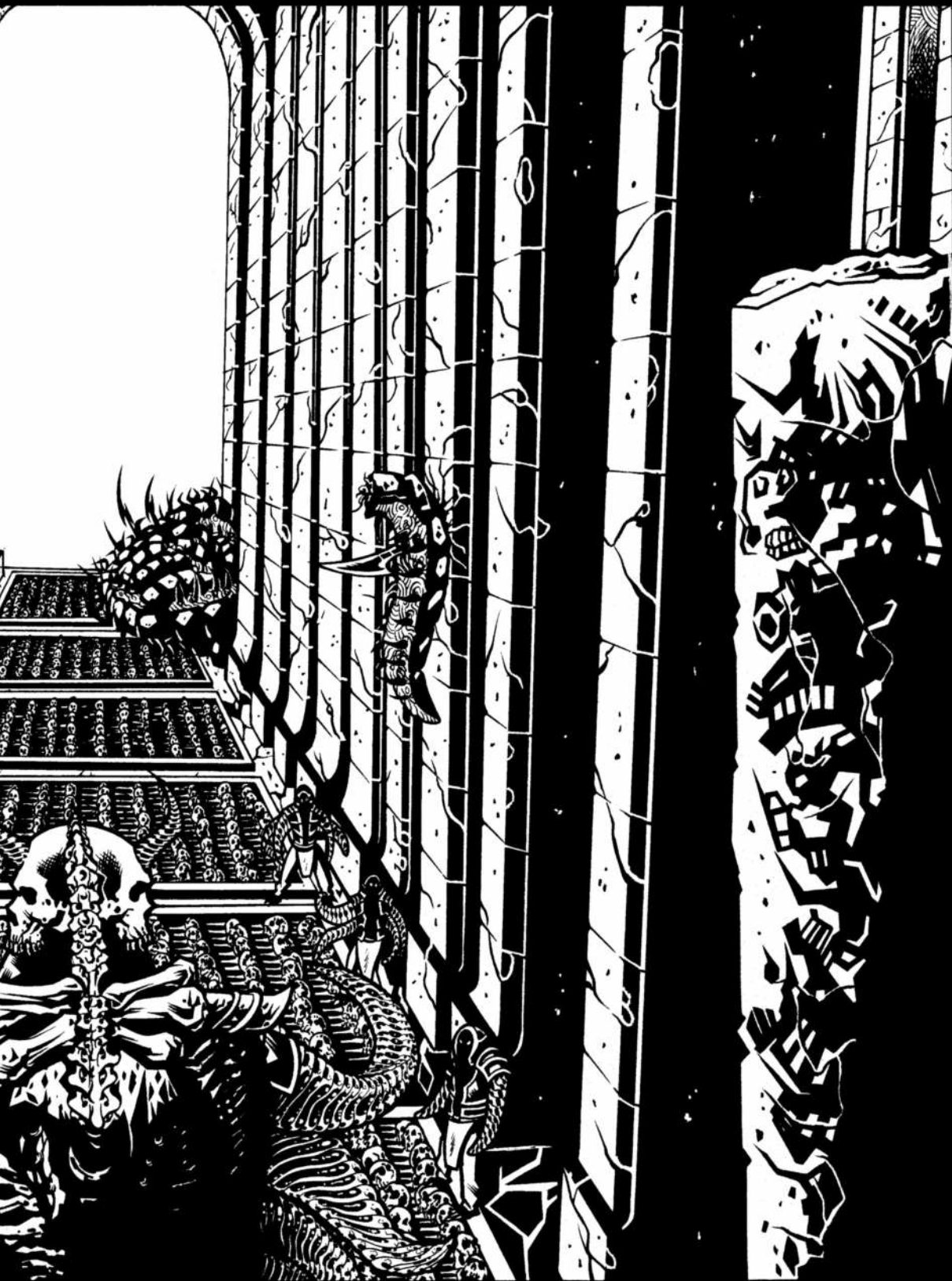
Artwork by David Messina














MY TEMPLE.

IT WAS HERE THAT THE DARQUE
WURMS LAUNCHED THEIR ATTACK
UPON MY KINGDOM.

THEY BEGAN THE BATTLE
WITH A HUNDRED
THOUSAND STRONG.



"DEATH TO ILLYRIA!"
SHOUTED THEIR KING—

—SHORTLY BEFORE I
TORE HIS HEARTS OUT
FROM HIS THROAT.

YES, IT WAS FUN.


BUT I ALSO DID IT AS AN
EXAMPLE TO ANY OTHERS
WHO DARED TO RISE
AGAINST ME.





...THAT HAS
GOT TO HURT.





THE BIG... GUY?

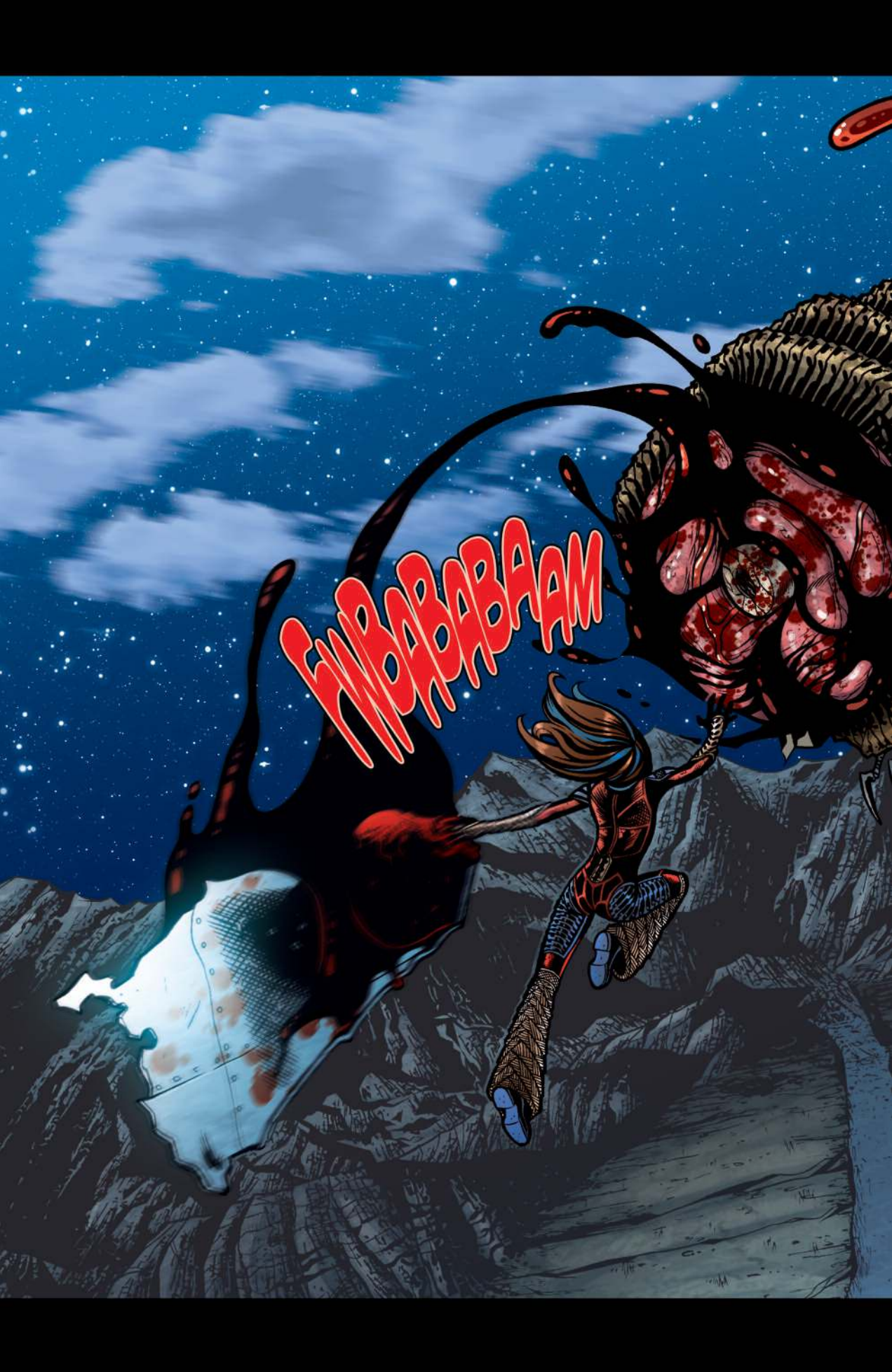
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KIBABABAM

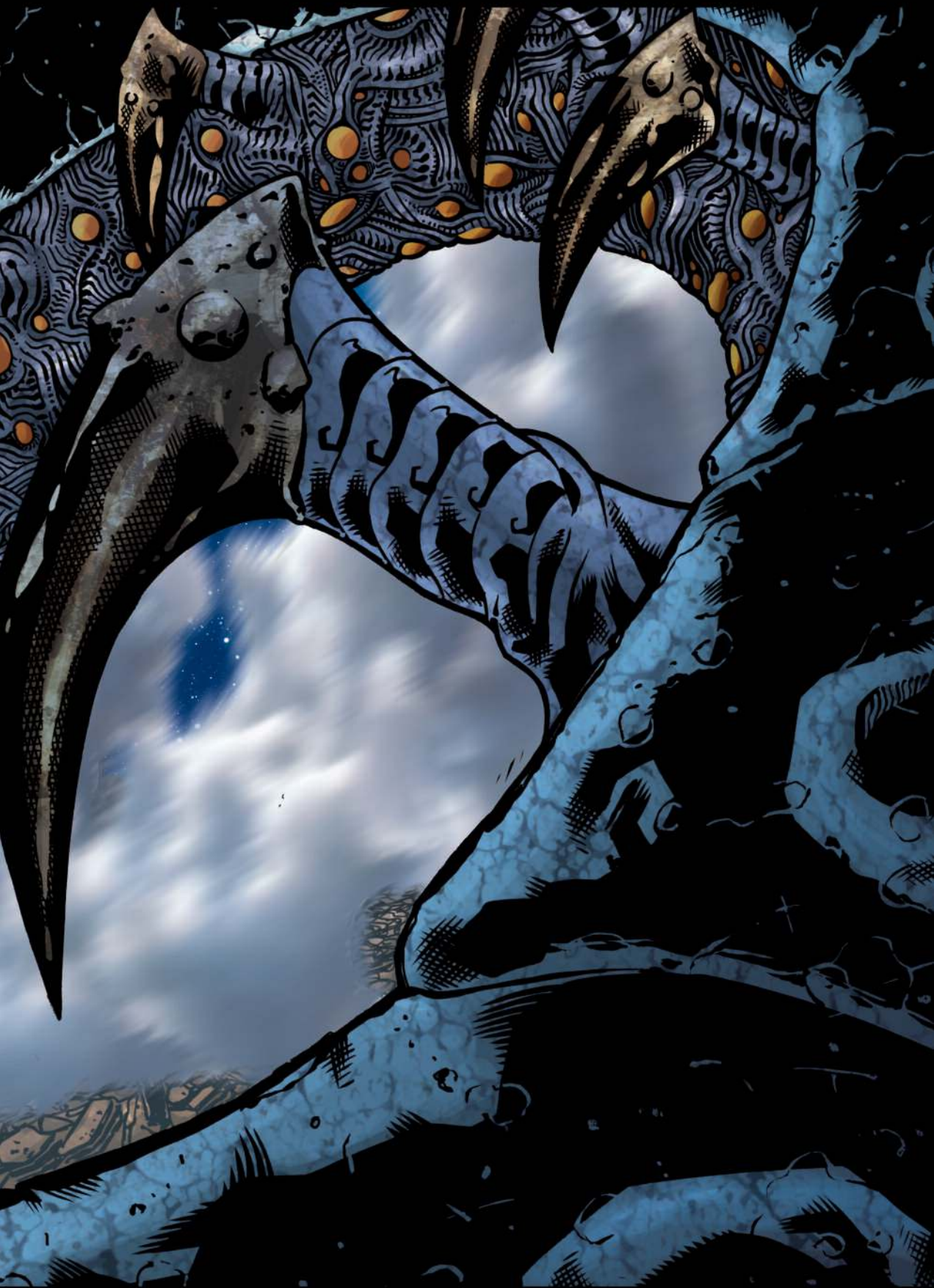






SCREEEEEEEEAAITCH



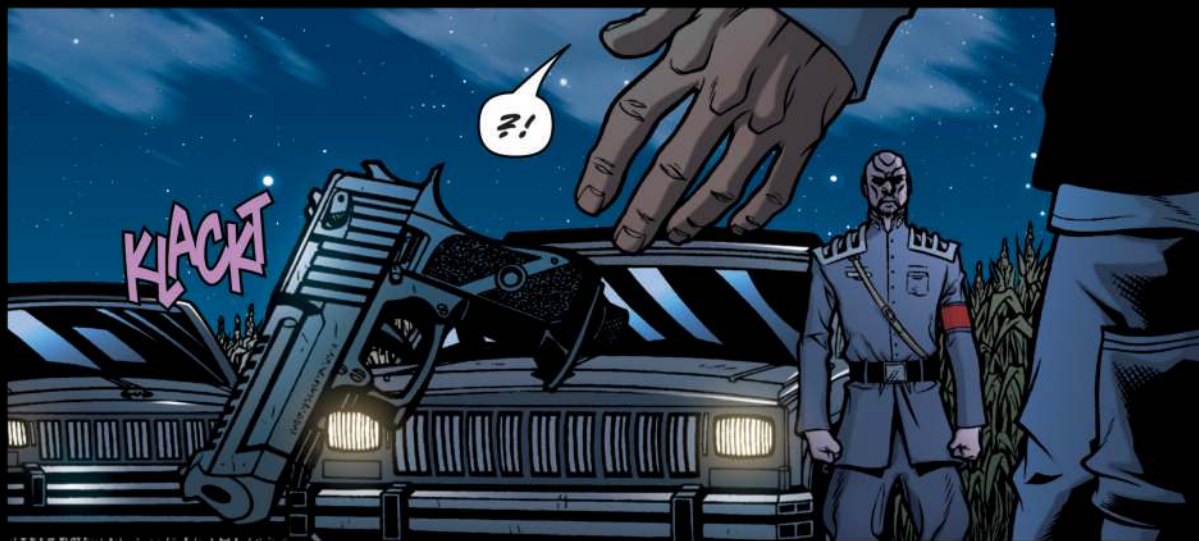


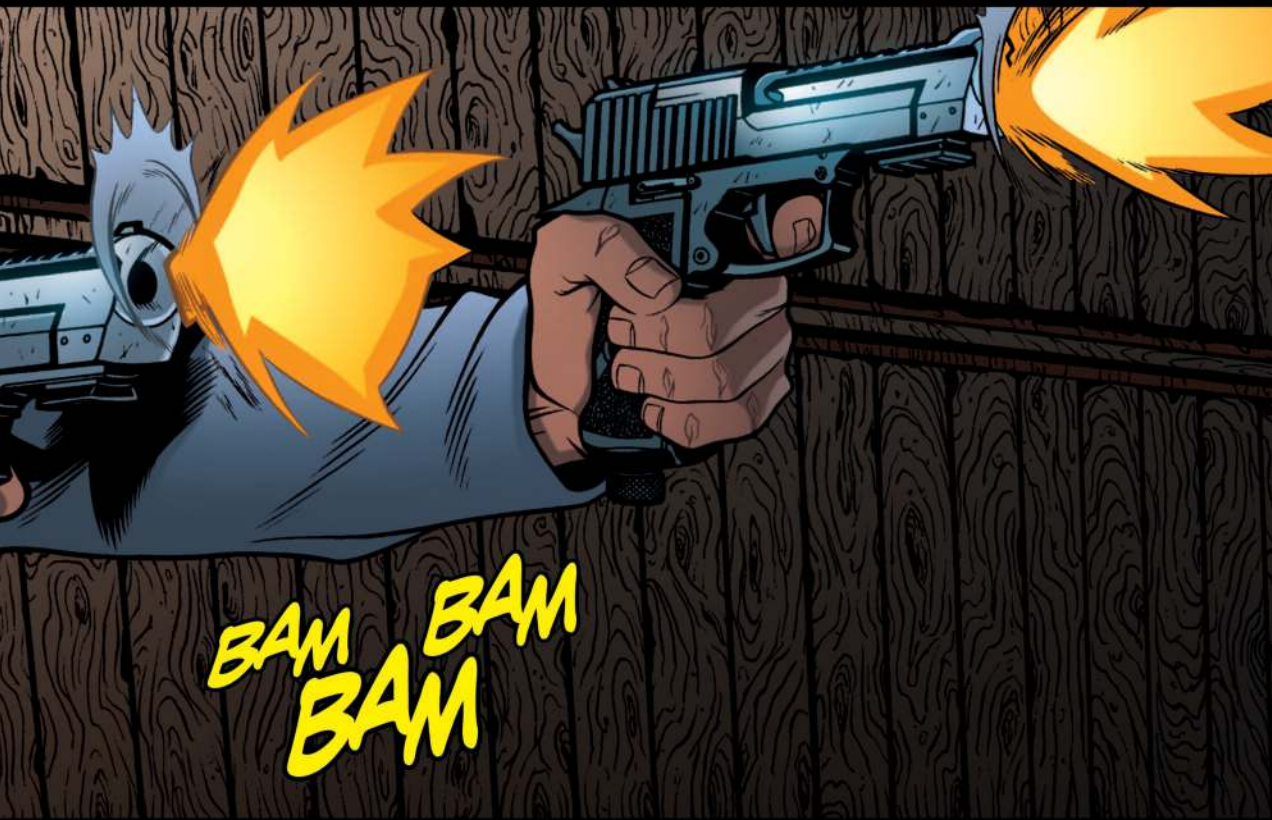


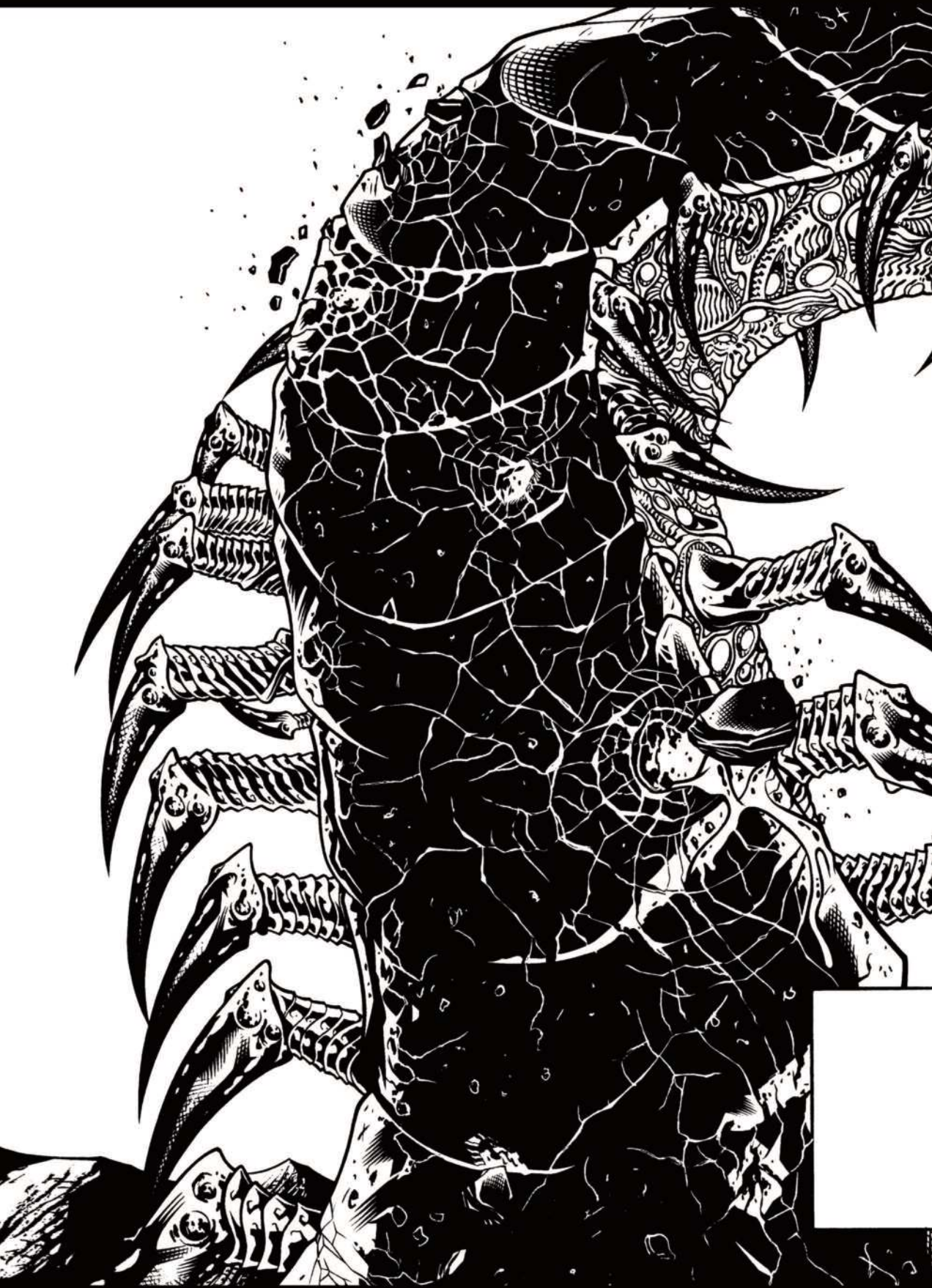




TOO FUNNY.











BRING

SOOTS

SHHHHH



AAAAAAAAAAAA



EVEN FROM GOD KNOWS HOW MANY MILES AWAY—

—WE CAN HEAR IT—

—RIGHT DOWN TO OUR SOULS.





ANGEL™

ONLY HUMAN

Now that the Fall is over, Illyria and Gunn are trying to get back on the straight and narrow. But having tasted their truly darker sides, is there any way to really come back from trying to end existence? Maybe a road trip will help. But visiting Fred's folks brings up more than just memories as The Scourge makes an appearance, along with an old enemy of Illyria's who's looking for a little payback. And it all hinges on whether Gunn and Illyria can settle their differences and learn to fight together.

