YOU BITCH!

THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE OTHERS.

I'M COMPLETELY ALONE.

ALONE IN THE VASTNESS OF AN OCEAN THAT SEEMS TO GROW DEEPER WITH EVERY SECOND.

TIME IS LOST TO ME.

I AM LOST.

YOU CAN'T FUCK ME WITH THAT ONE BITCH!

THE WORLD TURNS INSIDE OUT AND, SUDDENLY, I'M SOMEWHERE ELSE.

HIS THAT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME? IS THAT HOW DEREK RANE'S LIFE IS GONNA END?

TO REMEMBER RUNNING TO REMEMBER BEING...
The Ones Who Deny Nature...

...when the two of them suddenly go from being human...

...to...

These people were good to me.

...to nothing at all.

But he has changed. Linked, body and soul to the sentient chaos skin calling itself Slaug, Rastin Dane fights an eternal battle against the fragmented powers of the dark chaos god, throughout the myriad worlds of the reality flow.

First, he was Rastin Dane. Now, he is the room.

Chicago, 1936.

Refresh memory, slow strong. Particular plague.

You will die once and forever!

The living chaos bullet, taking control of the man realizes that it now has the opportunity to be rejoined with a larger piece of its chaotic self. The piece has taken on the shape of a priceless and most sought after item; the spider obsidian.

"My god...stop!"

That was my first waste of time. I'm good and I liked it.

They can only yield to the strange woman's rage.
Mickey!
No, it's Matt! Stop!
Somebody stop him!

The ones who corrupt every world they touch.

Yeah, yeah...

Maybe I'll take out the army, it while I'm in here.

Don't know if I can fight it.

I see it all through a storm of abraded blood.

You should be able to see the injured creature now.

...Is oozing out of me...

Oh! God!

My God...

My God!

They say that animals are a true judge of character. That they can see a person's soul.

Wrong, I didn't carry your secrets to my grave.

Or maybe he's dead--killed by that skull-faced creature!

...Dead or alive.

Sweet Jesus...

Saw! Saw!

And it spoke to them, Mr. Sebastian, it spoke!