

No.
4

DIGITAL
EDITION

CURSE OF THE SPAWN



TURNER



T. Boeker
Young



Image

CURSE OF THE SPAWN

TODD McFARLANE &
IMAGE COMICS™ PRESENTS:

"DAMNATION WAR"



DEDICATED TO:
BETH BROEKER

STORY
ALAN McELROY
PENCILS
DWAYNE TURNER
INKS
DANNY MIKI
COPY EDITOR & LETTERS
TOM OBZECHOWSKI
COLOR

TODD BROEKER
BOY YOUNG

A SPECIAL THANKS TO:
JOHN GORDON



Summary: Curse of The Spawn #3

Spawn is attacked from all sides and in his anger and confusion over his present state of being a warrior from Hell, destroys many humans while his cloak whispers encouragement. Flashbacks of his sister Madrid, and his mom torment him. Meanwhile Madrid and Matthew reach a human enclave where they are taken to meet the spiritual leader, Motemeure, who orders them killed. They are saved by Abel and Dorro who have finally reached them. After watching Daniel Lianso's reaction to his Hellish situation, Abbadon confers with Phlegethonyarre about Spawns continued testing.

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IT PURSUES HIM NOW WITH A DIRE RELENTLESSNESS. LIKE AN ENDLESS DIRGE IN THE DARK, WEBBED CORRIDORS OF HIS SHATTERED MIND. GUILT, ANGER, PAIN, HOPELESSNESS. A FEAR THAT THOSE HE CARES FOR WILL LIVE AND DIE IN AGONY ONCE MORE.

BECAUSE OF HIM.

SO DANIEL LLANSO RUNS. DRIVEN BEYOND LIFE, BEYOND SANITY, BEYOND DEATH, AND FAR BEYOND ANY HOPE OF UNDERSTANDING. MERELY DRIVEN BY A PRIMAL NEED NOT TO LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

NO MORE... NOT THIS TIME...

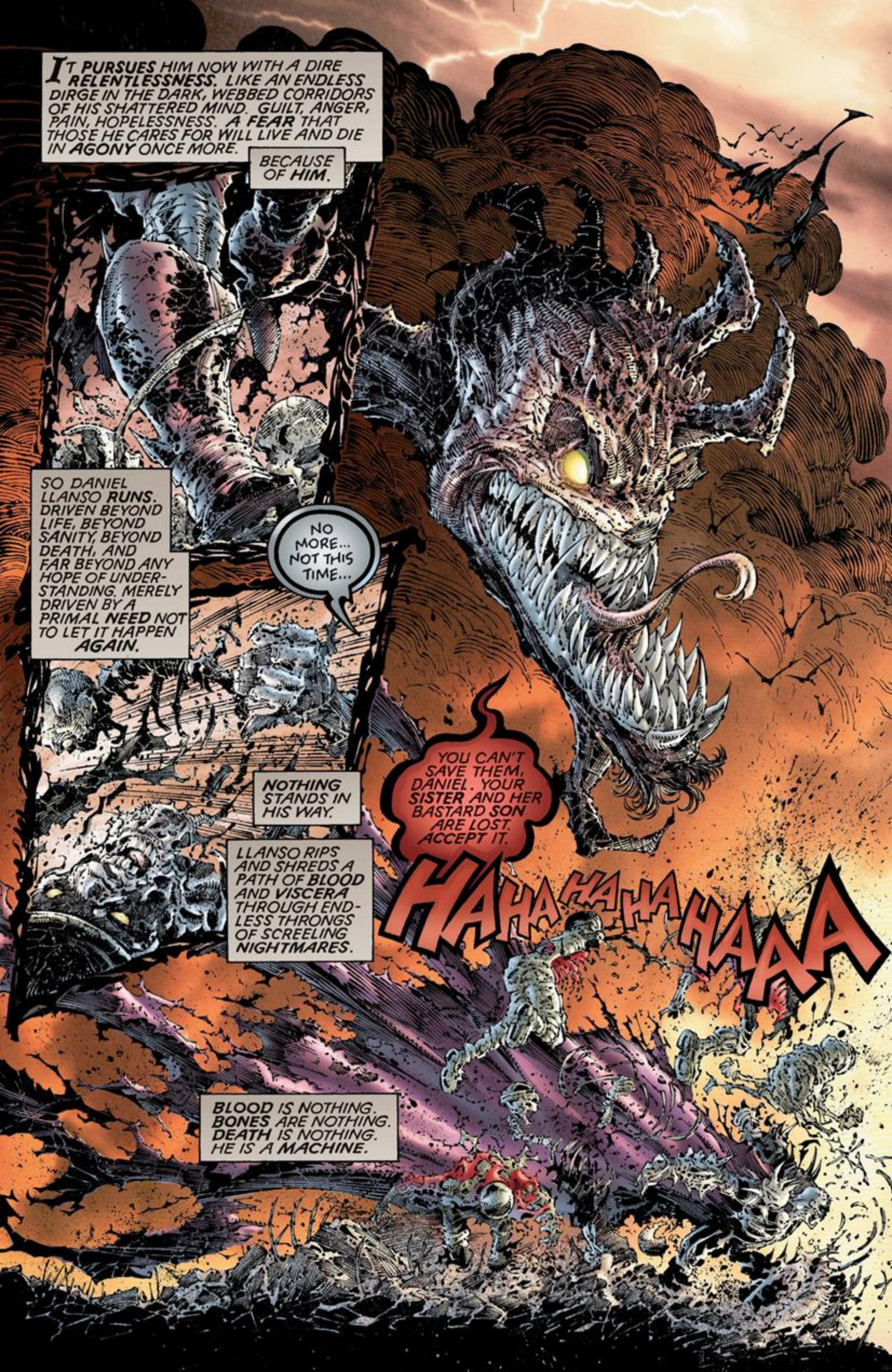
NOTHING STANDS IN HIS WAY.

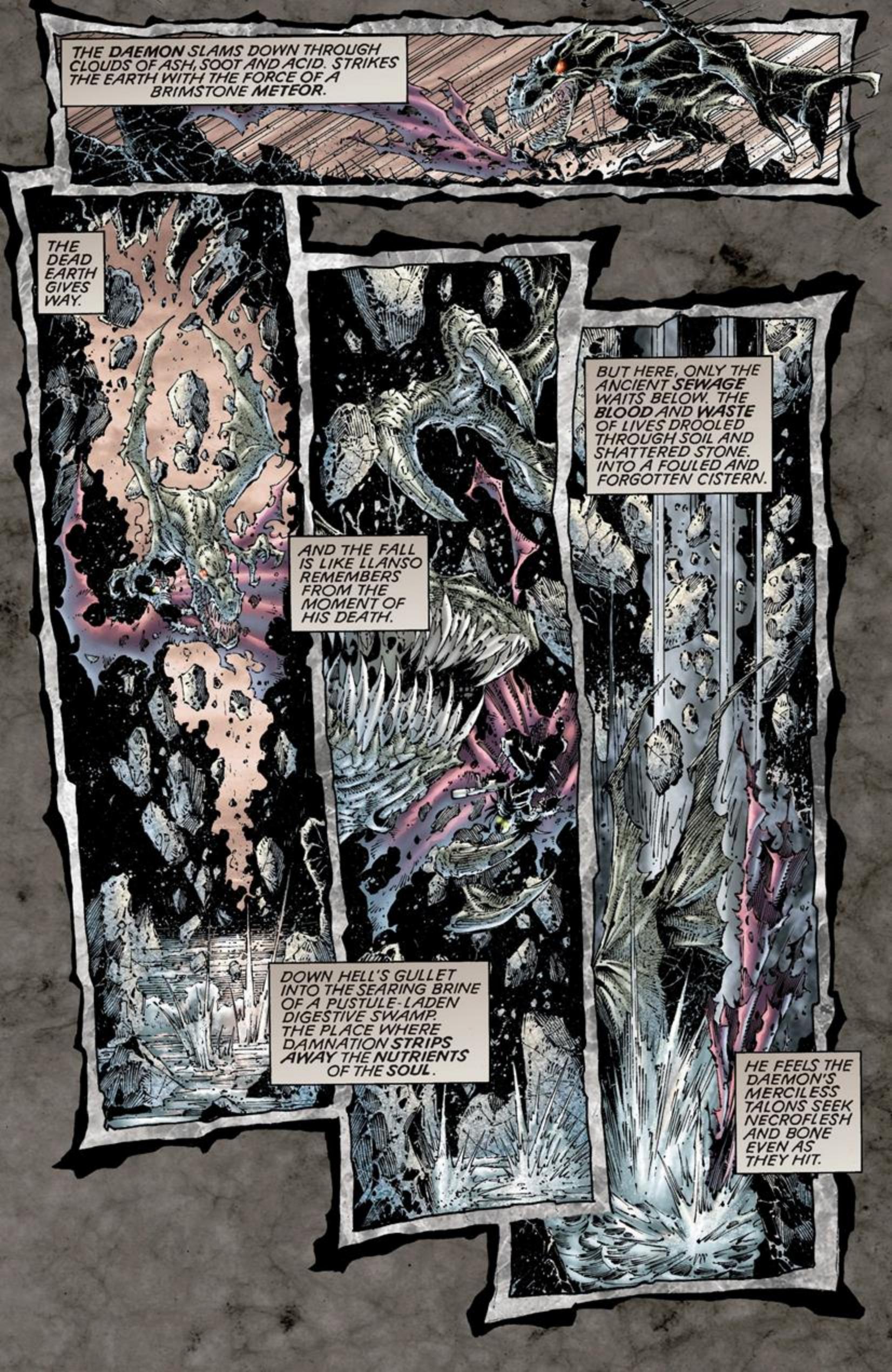
LLANSO RIPS AND SHREDS A PATH OF BLOOD AND VISCERA THROUGH ENDLESS THRONGS OF SCREEING NIGHTMARES.

BLOOD IS NOTHING. BONES ARE NOTHING. DEATH IS NOTHING. HE IS A MACHINE.

YOU CAN'T SAVE THEM, DANIEL. YOUR SISTER AND HER BASTARD SON ARE LOST. ACCEPT IT.

HAHA HAHA HAAA





THE DAEMON SLAMS DOWN THROUGH
CLOUDS OF ASH, SOOT AND ACID. STRIKES
THE EARTH WITH THE FORCE OF A
BRIMSTONE METEOR.

THE
DEAD
EARTH
GIVES
WAY.

AND THE FALL
IS LIKE LLANSO
REMEMBERS
FROM THE
MOMENT OF
HIS DEATH.

DOWN HELL'S GULLET
INTO THE SEARING BRINE
OF A PUSTULE-LADEN
DIGESTIVE SWAMP.
THE PLACE WHERE
DAMNATION STRIPS
AWAY THE NUTRIENTS
OF THE SOUL.

BUT HERE, ONLY THE
ANCIENT SEWAGE
WAITS BELOW. THE
BLOOD AND WASTE
OF LIVES DROOLED
THROUGH SOIL AND
SHATTERED STONE.
INTO A FOULED AND
FORGOTTEN CISTERN.

HE FEELS THE
DAEMON'S
MERCILESS
TALONS SEEK
NECROFLESH
AND BONE
EVEN AS
THEY HIT.

THE DAEMON, FANGS, TEETH, AND CLAWS COATED WITH THE BLOOD AND MARROW OF A THOUSAND RECENT KILLS, THRASHES AND TEARS AT SPAWN FROM ALL SIDES.

PUNISHMENT FOR HIS TREACHERY.

VOICES OF CONDEMNATION RISE AND FALL FROM HIS CLOAK. HIS OWN NECROFLESH FIGHTS TO DRAIN HIS RESOLVE.

SPAWN STRUGGLES AGAINST FAST-GROWING TENDRILS OF INNER WEAKNESS. REFUSES TO BE DRAWN DEEPER INTO THE QUICKSAND DARKNESS OF HIS BURIED TORMENT.

OUTTA MY WAY, YOU UGLY SONOFABITCH!

THE SPINNER-CANNON IS USELESS AGAINST DAEMON-FLESH. A BURST OF SPAWN'S DARKLIGHT FORCE WOULD FINISH THE BEAST WITH EASE -- BUT AT THE COST OF DRAWING LLANSO STILL CLOSER TO PHLEGETHONYARRE'S COALSTONE HEART.

SO HE TAKES ANOTHER TACK.

KKRRAAK!

THE ANCIENT WALLS SHATTER AND WASH SPAWN AND HIS ADVERSARY DOWN A SERIES OF SPIRALLING UNDERGROUND TUNNELS. A PUTRID TORRENT OF BLOOD-WATER AND CORPSE-BRINE. THE TEARS OF HUMANITY SHED AND QUICKLY FORGOTTEN.

LLANSO WHIRLS BELOW THE
SURFACE. BODY BATTERED
AGAINST CORRODED STEEL
AND ROTTED BRICK.

FLUSHED
INTO A
CENTRAL
JUNCTION
WHERE
RATS BEAR
WITNESS TO
THESE NEW
ARRIVALS.

HANG
ON...


HE FEELS IT
COMING. THE
SECOND DEATH.

ONE CHANCE.
WITHOUT HOPE.
THE MANTRA
OF HIS LIFE.


A BARRAGE OF
SPINNER FIRE
INTO THE AGE-
SOFTENED
BRICKS ABOVE.

ROOOOOO

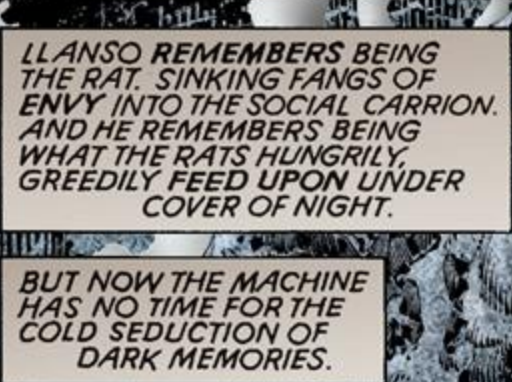
THE DAEMON'S SCREAM
IS LOST BENEATH A
DELUGE OF RUBBLE.



RATS, THE CHILDREN
OF A HORSEMAN
CALLED PESTILENCE,
SCATTER INTO THE
FALLEN ROCKS.

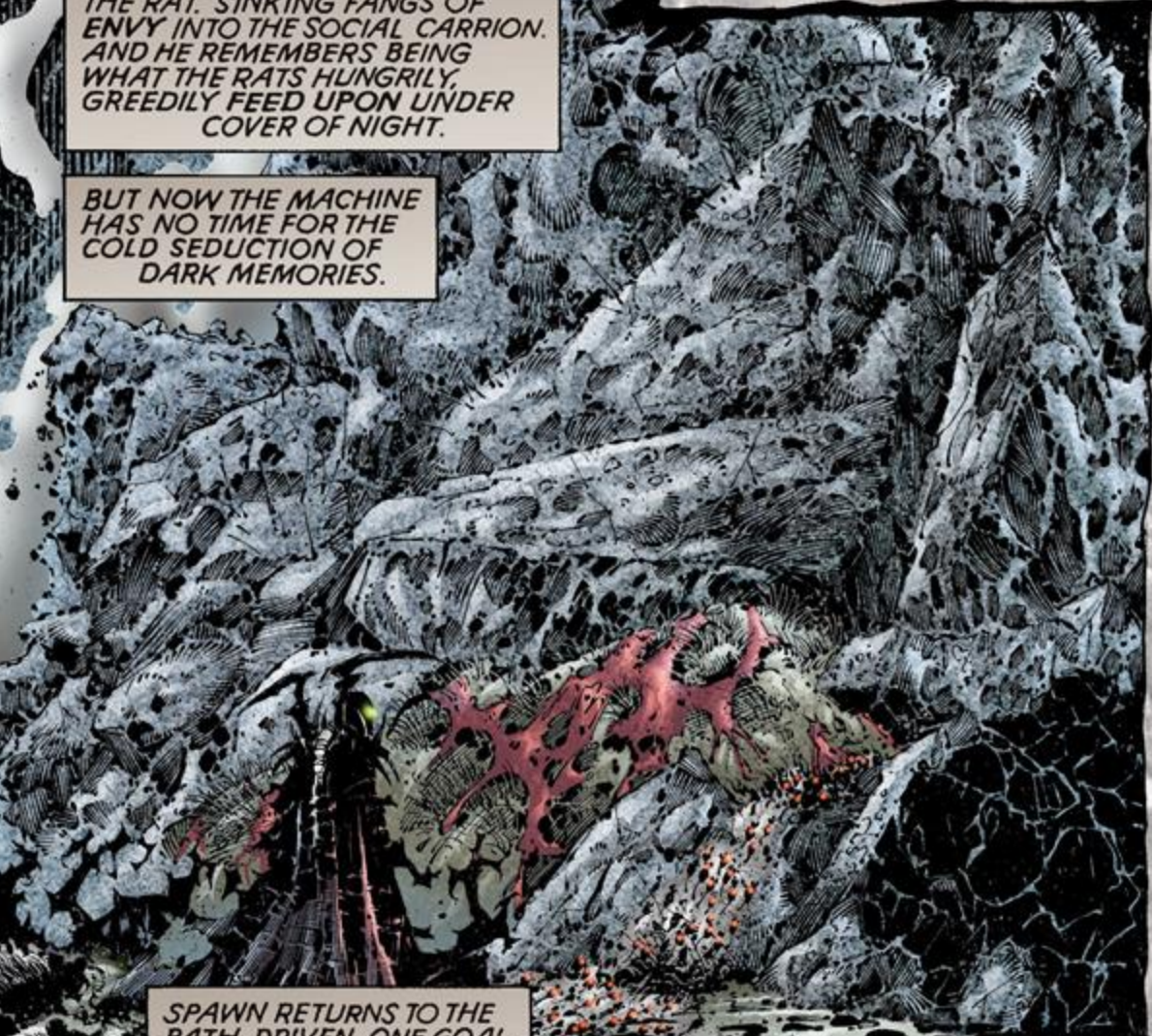


FEAST ON THE DOWNED
HELLBEAST SO THEY
THEMSELVES CAN ASCEND
TO DAEMONHOOD. THE
FOOD CHAIN OF EVIL IS
EVOLUTIONARY.



LLANSO REMEMBERS BEING
THE RAT. SINKING FANGS OF
ENVY INTO THE SOCIAL CARRION.
AND HE REMEMBERS BEING
WHAT THE RATS HUNGRILY,
GREEDILY FEED UPON UNDER
COVER OF NIGHT.

BUT NOW THE MACHINE
HAS NO TIME FOR THE
COLD SEDUCTION OF
DARK MEMORIES.



SPAWN RETURNS TO THE
PATH. DRIVEN. ONE GOAL.
ONE SPARK OF LIGHT AT
THE END OF A DIM, FETID,
BONE-CHOKED TUNNEL
CALLED LIFE AND DEATH.

HE FORGETS
HIS PAIN,
HIS INNER
ANGUISH, HIS
PREDESTINED
DAMNATION,
AND MOVES ON.

Too late,
Danny
boy...

Too
late...

WIND.
THE
STENCH
OF
DEATH.

MADRID AND MATTHEW
DREDGE MOUTHFULS OF SOUP
CENTURIES OLD. A FEAST.

AGAIN, MATT SEES THE
MAN, ABEL, WATCHING
HIM FROM DISTANT
SHADOW. FEELS THE ICE
COLD STARE. SEES A
MUTED HUNGER. SHIVERS.

THEN
GONE.

WHAT
IS IT?

NOTHING...

WHAT'CHU THINK?

'HELL
SHOULD I
KNOW?

YOU HEARD
MORTEMEURE.
SOMETHING'S NOT
RIGHT ABOUT
THAT KID.

WHATEVER.
ANYWAY, HIS
MAMA AIN'T
HALF BAD.

HEY, uh,
YOU GUYS
NOTICE
ANYTHING
WEIRD
ABOUT ABEL
LATELY?

THE WOMAN'S
DISTANT SCREAM
SHATTERS THE
UNEASY PEACE.
HER BLOOD IS
A RIVER.

GUNFIRE.
SCREAMS.
HOPELESS-
NESS.

THE NAVKIES.

SOLDIERS WATCH AS THEIR OWN LIMBS
ARE RENT FROM SOCKETS AND SHOVELLED
WHOLE DOWN RAVENOUS MAWS. THE FEELING
OF BEING CONSUMED. CHEWED. SWALLOWED.
TO WATCH YOUR OWN INTESTINES BEING
SLATHERED UP LIKE SO MUCH PASTA
MARINARA.

NO
PEACE...

SCREAMS
ARE NOT
ENOUGH.

MOM!

GET TO THE
AUDITORIUM.
I'LL FIND
YOU.

HELL
ARE
THESE
FREAKIN'
THINGS?

DOES IT
MATTER?

NOT ONE GOOD
GODDAMN. DEAD
IS DEAD. EVIL IS
EVIL. LET'S
DO THIS.

MADRID FEELS ICE ALONG
HER SOUL'S BREADTH.
DEATH HAS FINALLY
COME HOME TO ROOST.

MATT HANDS A FRIGHTENED INFANT
GIRL TO HER MOTHER. FEAR IS A
SICKNESS IN THIS PLACE. THE AUDITORIUM
HAS THE COLD FEEL OF A TOMB.



YOU BROUGHT THEM HERE, BOY! YOU BROUGHT THIS VILE SCOURGE UPON US!

NO...

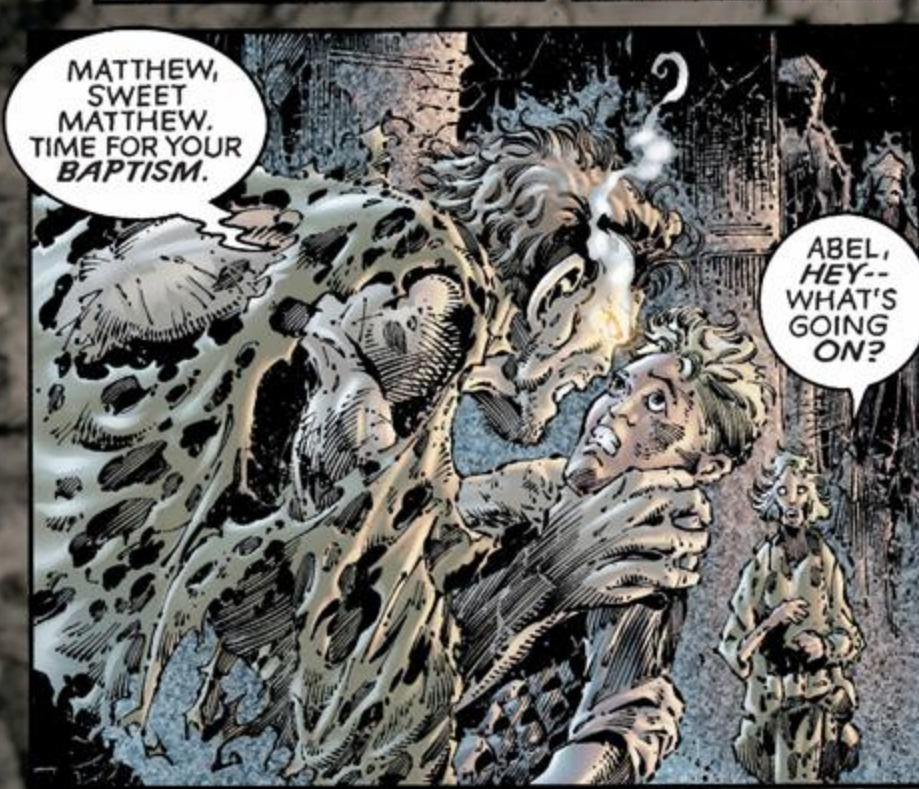


MATT FEELS SUSPICIOUS, TERROR-FILLED EYES TURN AGAINST HIM. HE FINDS THE LONELY COMFORT OF SHADOW.



DOESN'T SEE THE HAND UNTIL IT VICES HIS SHOULDER.

Huuuh!



MATTHEW, SWEET MATTHEW. TIME FOR YOUR BAPTISM.

ABEL, HEY--WHAT'S GOING ON?



SEE NO EVIL!



MY EYES...

MY EYES!

OoooooGod!

GAAHH!

A TIDAL WAVE OF EVIL. SURGING,
KEENING, RETCHING UP THEIR VILE
STENCH OF DEATH AND BONES AS
THEY DISTEND AND TWIST ALONG
LIMBS AND TORSOS WITH EACH
FRESH KILL. FEEDING. EVER FEEDING.

FLUTILE COMBAT.
WEAPONS EMPTIED.
AND STILL THEY
COME. GHASTLY.
HUGE. RELENTLESS.

NO
DAMN
GOOD!
THEY'RE
COMING
FRONT AND
BACK!

MOVE,
THERE'S
TOO
MANY!

SIV!

MADRID SEARS FLESH
AND BONE BEFORE THE
NAVY CAN STRIKE.

MADRID SCRAMBLES
THROUGH OUT-
STRETCHED CLAWS
AND TALONS SLICK
WITH VISCERA. BURNS
DOWN MISSHAPEN
SKULLS IN HER WAKE.

BUT THIS
TIME
DEATH HAS
FINALLY
RUN HER
DOWN.

MADRID SCREAMS.
NOT FOR HERSELF,
BUT FOR THE LIFE
SHE SWORE TO
PROTECT: HER SON'S.



YOU
WANT DEATH?!
YOU WANT
VENGEANCE?!
COME ON, KIDDIES!
LET'S YOU AND ME
GET **BLOODY!**

THE NAVKIES ATTACK
EN MASSE. A PUTRID
PHALANX OF ROT AND
DISMEMBERMENT
WITH ONE PURPOSE:
TO REND HIM. TO
PUNISH HIS
TREACHERY.

So
sad.

Is this how
it ends, Danny
boy? With a
scream and a
whimper?

This is your
world, remember?
You made it in your
image. It's a reflection
of your heart, your mind,
your very soul!

No!

YOU
WANNA
DANCE?!
FINE BY ME.
BUT IT'S MY
WAY. MY
RULES!

RULE
NUMBER
ONE: MY
POWER SERVES
ME--NOT
YOU!

A STORM OF
DARK NECRO-
FORCE SURGES
IN ALL DIREC-
TIONS. BECOMES
A SCREAMING
TORRENT.

LLANSO'S HELL-
FLESH GNARLS AND
CONTORTS AS BONE
SPIKES AND ENDO-
BLADES RIP, GOUGE,
AND SHRED THE
NAVKIES ASUNDER.

SCREAMING, VIVISECTED NAVKIES SUDDENLY BROIL AND MIST DOWN TO SPLINTERED BONE. THE TORTURED AND IMPRISONED SOULS OF MURDERED CHILDREN ARE RELEASED INTO THE ECOSPHERE.

Mmmmm

Daddee

THE *HELL* IS THAT--?

IT'S DOWN, MAN. *KILL IT!*

NO. IT *SAVED* ME BEFORE.

MADRID DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, BUT SHE FEELS A WISP OF CONNECTION TO THIS HEINOUS CREATURE. SENSES THE DEPTH OF ITS STRUGGLE AND ITS PAIN.

KILL EVERYTHING-- BONES, BLOOD-- *NO!* GOD... WANT TO--

HELP...

ABEL'S TURNED, TOOK MY EYES... TOOK THE BOY...

Oh GOD--
MATTHEW!

SPAWN BATTLES FRESH LAYERS OF RAW INNER BLACKNESS. HIS SOUL IS TAR. THE NEED TO FEED SHRIEKING DEATH BECKONS LIKE A LOVER. BUT HE FIGHTS, STRUGGLING HARD. TURNS IT ON ITSELF. LETS IT GIVE HIM STRENGTH.

I'LL BRING HIM BACK.

THEY WANT HELL ON EARTH. GOOD. 'CAUSE IT'S COMING.

WAIT--

HELP ME-- FOR GODSAKE--

YOU, YOUR BOY, THAT CREATURE, CAN FIND YOUR OWN ROAD TO HELL. YOU'LL GET NO HELP FROM US.

NOW GO!!

MADRID TURNS FROM A SEA OF COLD FRIGHTENED FACES.

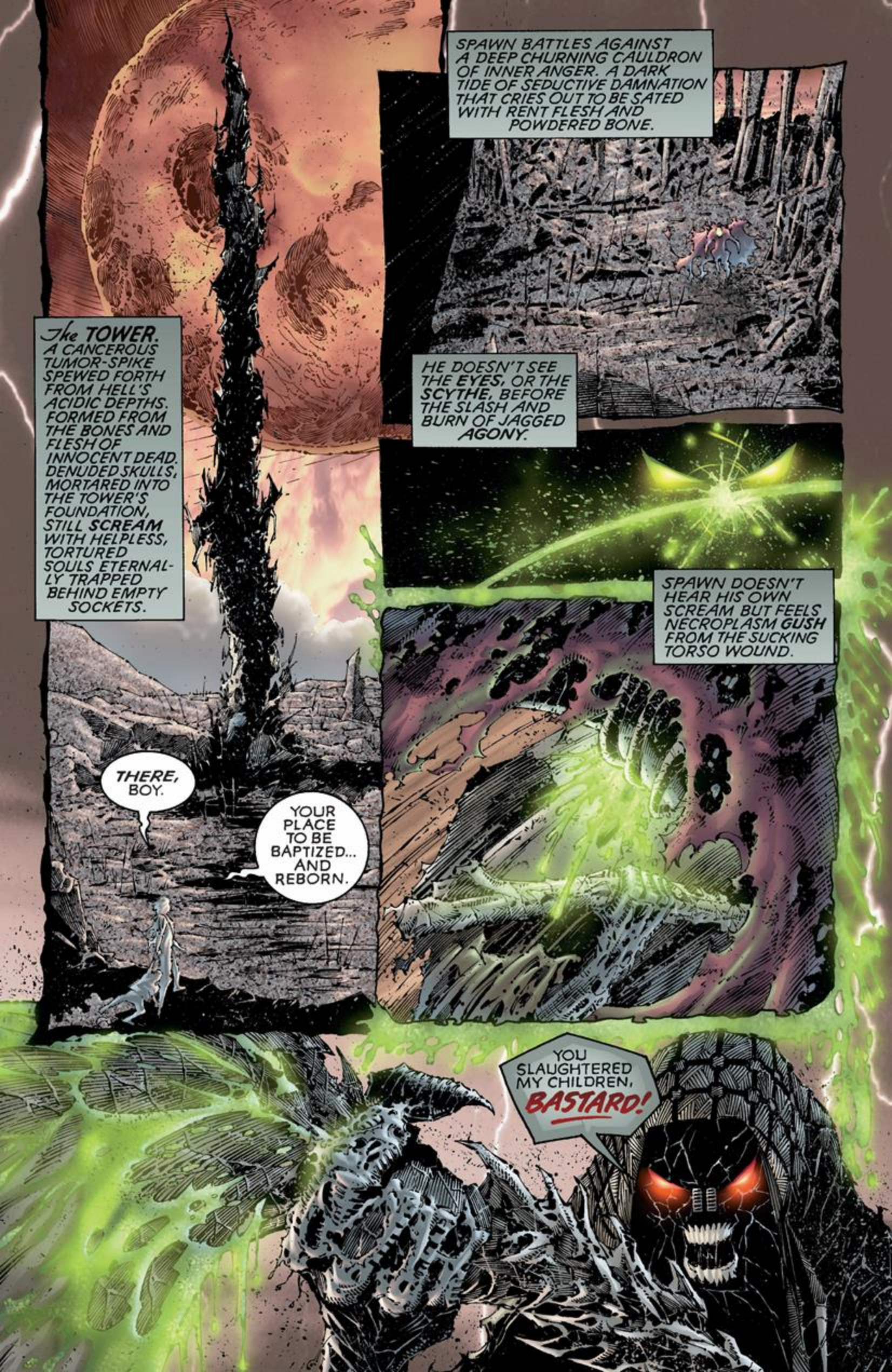
HANG ON A MINUTE.

IF THIS AIN'T WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR, THEN WHAT IS?

MADRID STEERS THE APC WITH SIV AND FLECHETTE RIDING ITS FLANKS.

THEY FOLLOW SPAWN'S DARK TRAIL ACROSS THE SCORCHED DEADLANDS.





SPAWN BATTLES AGAINST
A DEEP CHURNING CAULDRON
OF INNER ANGER. A DARK
TIDE OF SEDUCTIVE DAMNATION
THAT CRIES OUT TO BE SATIED
WITH RENT FLESH AND
POWDERED BONE.

The **TOWER.**
A CANCEROUS
TUMOR-SPIKE
SPEWED FORTH
FROM HELL'S
ACIDIC DEPTHS.
FORMED FROM
THE BONES AND
FLESH OF
INNOCENT DEAD.
DENUDED SKULLS,
MORTARED INTO
THE TOWER'S
FOUNDATION,
STILL SCREAM
WITH HELPLESS,
TORTURED
SOULS ETERNAL-
LY TRAPPED
BEHIND EMPTY
SOCKETS.

HE DOESN'T SEE
THE EYES, OR THE
SCYTHE, BEFORE
THE SLASH AND
BURN OF JAGGED
AGONY.

SPAWN DOESN'T
HEAR HIS OWN
SCREAM BUT FEELS
NECROPLASM GUSH
FROM THE SUCKING
TORSO WOUND.

THERE,
BOY.

YOUR
PLACE
TO BE
BAPTIZED...
AND
REBORN.

YOU
SLAUGHTERED
MY CHILDREN,
BASTARD!

THEY WEREN'T
YOURS TO KILL!
THEY WERE MINE!
I WOULD'VE FREED
THEM TO A LIFE OF
SERVITUDE TO
THE ANTI-
POPE.

BUT
YOU!

You!

BUNE HURLS A
SWARM OF
NANO-TECHMITES
AT SPAWN.

THE MINI-MECHS DIG IN WITH
BUZZSAW EFFICIENCY, STRIP-
PING AWAY LAYER UPON LAYER
OF FLESH. UNMINDFUL OF THE
PAIN THEY BRING IN
BURNING WAVES.

BUNE STRIKES
THE
EARTH
WITH HIS
SCYTHE.
SENDS
A DULL
THRUM
DEEP
UNDER-
GROUND.

THE DEAD
ANSWER
HIS CALL.
SENDINGS
RISE.
MURDEROUS
GHOSTS
MADE FROM
HUMAN
BONES.

COME ONE,
COME ALL!
NIECES,
NEPHEWS--
AUNTS,
UNCLES,
COUSINS!

I HAVE
SOMETHING
FOR ALL OF YOU.
SOMETHING
WARM AND MOIST
TO FILL YOUR
VACANT
BELLIES!

Give up,
give in, your
soul is pitch.
Accept it!



ACCEPT
IT?! I'M
STARTING TO
ENJOY IT!

SPAWN HEAVES THE FIERY
SENDINGS INTO BUNE.

BUNE THRASHES
IN SUDDEN
HORROR. DROPS
HIS SCYTHE.

A MISTAKE
THAT FUELS
A GROWING
ENGINE OF
RAGE AND
RETRIBUTION.

SPAWN UNLEASHES
THE SCYTHE'S BLACK
POWER UPON ITS
OWNER. HIDEOUSLY
MELTS PSEUDO-
FLESH FROM
POLYSTEEL BONES.

NO
MERCY!
NO
PEACE!

BUNE'S SCREAMS
ARE UNENDING.

BURN...

SPAWN HEADS
TOWARD THE
DISTANT TOWER.
A BLOOD-HUNGRY
JUGGERNAUT.

MADRID STEERS
THE APC THROUGH
HORDES OF NIGHT-
MARES. SIV AND
FLECHETTE BLASTS
APART DOZENS OF
ARMED DEAD. APC
TREADS CRUSH
SKULLS AND BONES
SPILLING BILIOUS
NECROPLASM AND
DARKLIGHT INTO
THE FETID SOIL.



DEMON WOLVES
ARE AMONG THE
HARDEST TO KILL.



MADRID DOESN'T
CARE ABOUT BLOOD,
OR BONES, OR DEMONS.
HELL IS NOTHING NOW.
ALL SHE CARES ABOUT
IS REACHING HER SON.
THAT IS HER FOCUS.
THAT IS HER LIFE.





MATT,
DRAGGED
EVER
HIGHER
BY ABEL
ALONG
A SPIRAL
STAIRCASE
OF RIBS
AND
FEMURS,
GRABS A
STRAY BONE
SPLINTER.



PLUNGES IT
DEEP INTO
ABEL'S NECK.



ABEL HURLS
MATT ASIDE AS HE
CLAMPS A HAND
OVER A GAPING
WOUND SPEWING
TICKS, LICE AND
DARKLIGHT LIKE
ARTERIAL SPRAY.



MATT WHIRL-
WINDS TOWARD
EARTH. TOWARD
CERTAIN DEATH.
AND IS SNATCHED
SHORT BY DEAD
FINGERS. BONE
HANDS FROM
THE TOWER
ITSELF.



THE DEAD HANDS PASS MATTHEW
SUMMITWARD. SKELETAL DIGITS
SHOVE HIM HIGHER AND HIGHER
INTO THE FOUL AIR.

TO THE ONE WHO
PATIENTLY AWAITS.

ABADDON.



TENDRILS SNIFF
HUNGRILY AT
TENDER FLESH.

WELCOME,
MATTHEW.

SPAWN, RAW, SEEPING NECRO-PLASM FROM SCREAMING WOUNDS THAT REFUSE TO HEAL, CLIMBS THE TOWER WITH A DIRE RECKLESSNESS.

NOT THE BOY!

YOU WANT TO SAVE THIS WAYWARD URCHIN, DEAR BROTHER?

KILL HIM.

TAKE HIS LIFE NOW AND HIS SOUL WILL GO TO HEAVEN. BAPTISM WILL DAMN HIM FOR ALL ETERNITY.

OF COURSE, KILLING THIS BOY-- YOUR BLOOD, DANIEL, WILL SEAL YOUR FATE FOR- EVER. THE CHOICE IS YOURS TO MAKE.

HELL OR HEAVEN, SPAWN. TIC-TOK, TIC-TOK. WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

NO... PLEASE...

DON'T DO THIS-- I-I KNOW YOU--

NONE OF THAT MATTERS NOW, MATT. JUST THINK ABOUT WHERE YOU'D MOST LIKE TO BE. THINK HARD. CLOSE YOUR EYES.

SPAWN WATCHES THE BOY'S EYES CLOSE. AND SUDDENLY WRAPS MATT IN A THOUSAND TENDRILS OF DARKLIGHT ENERGY. SHATTERS THE BOY'S ATOMS.

TELEPORTS
MATT TO
THAT PLACE
IN HIS
THOUGHTS.
THAT PLACE
HE'D MOST
LIKE TO BE.

No!!!

TRAITOROUS
BASTARD!

SHRED
HIM!
REND
HIM!!

TENDRILS ATTACK WITHOUT MERCY.
VISE-WRAPPING ARMS AND LEGS.
TEARING APART FLESH WITH
RAZOR EASE. DELIVERING A
THUNDERSTORM OF PAIN.

SPAWN SCREAMS THROUGH NEW
AGONY AS HE WRENCHES ABADDON'S
TENDRILS FROM THEIR SOCKETS. SEES
A TRIO OF FRESH WRITHING STALKS
SPROUT INSTANTLY FROM EACH
BLOODY STUMP.

SPAWN WATCHES AS
ABADDON EXPANDS TO
THREE TIMES HIS PREVIOUS
SIZE. A RAGING PAINMAKER.
SPAWN KNOWS WHAT'S
COMING. HIS LIFE HAS
BEEN A SYMPHONY OF
TATTERED FLESH AND
BROKEN BONES.

COME
ON, UGLY.
SHOW ME
WHAT
YOU'VE
GOT.

SWEET AGONY,
DANIEL. BUT FOR
YOU, ONLY A TASTE.
FOR MADRID AND
THE BOY, A
BANQUET.

AND FOR
HUMANITY,
AN ENDLESS
FEAST
OF DIRE
ANGUISH.

AND
YOU'RE
GONNA
WATCH,
DANNY.

FRONT ROW
CENTER WHILE
YOUR FAMILY, YOUR
BLOOD, SCREAMS AS
EACH CELL IN THEIR VILE
DEADLESS CADAVERS
TURNS ROT-BLACK,
DIGESTED IN HELL'S
GASTRIC JUICES.

NEVER!

HAHAHAHAHA!
YOU HAVE
NO CHOICE!

ANGER IS
A WEAPON.
HATRED IS
A WEAPON.
PAIN IS
A WEAPON.

EVIL IS A WEAPON.

RRRIP!

BATTERED, BROKEN, A WEEPING
WOUND FROM HEAD TO TOE, DANIEL
LLANSO USES THE LAST OF HIS
WANING STRENGTH TO LEAP AND
DIG HIS TALONS INTO THE RUNNELED,
FESTERING ARCHDAEMON FLESH
OF THE SOVEREIGN OF THE BOTTOM-
LESS PIT, THE DESTROYER, THE
CHIEF OF THE DEMON LOCUSTS.
ABADDON.

YOU WANT MY ANGER,
MY RAGE, MY DARKNESS?!!
THAT WHAT YOU WANT,
ASSBOY?!! YOU WANNA
SEE THE BLACK FIRE
IN MY SOUL?!!



WELL,
HERE IT
IS!!!

SPAWN, DANIEL LLANSO,
SCREAMS FROM THE
BOWELS OF HIS
SHATTERED BEING.

ABADDON SCREAMS AS HE
FEELS SOMETHING DEEP. SOME-
THING HE'S NEVER FELT BEFORE IN
ALL HIS COUNTLESS ETERNITIES:

FEAR.

SPAWN UNLEASHES A
BLISTERING, APOCALYPTIC
DELUGE OF DARKLIGHT ENERGY.
A LIFETIME OF ANGUISH. A
CHARRED SOUL IN TURMOIL.
THE POWERS OF HELL CHURNING
IN HIS DEPTHS LIKE A NUCLEAR
FURNACE. AND ALL OF IT
FOCUSED THROUGH ANGER AND
RAGE LIKE A LENS ON THIS
SINGLE MOMENT IN TIME AND
SPACE.

THE RESULTING
DARK-BLAST LEAVES
NECRO-FLAMES AND
A CRATER-SEA OF
BOILING TAR TWENTY
MILES WIDE THAT
TIME WILL NEVER COOL.

SIV, FLECHETTE AND MADRID STARE
INTO THE MISTS OF AFTERMATH.

MATT...

THOUGHT BECOMES FLESH
AS MATT REATOMIZES
OUT OF NETHERSPACE.

HE'S WHERE HE MOST
WANTED TO BE.
WITH HIS MOTHER.

WHOA, WHERE'D
HE COME
FROM?

MILES AWAY, AT
THE FAR END OF
THE TAR CRATER,
HE STARTS HIS
SLOW RISE.

A CRUCIAL
BATTLE IS OVER.

MADRID, MATT, SIV AND FLECHETTE
STAND TOGETHER IN SILENT WITNESS
TO THE POST-BLAST SUNRISE. A QUIET
SENSE OF VICTORY IN THE AIR. THE
FIRST-- BUT HOPEFULLY NOT THE LAST.

BUT FOR
DANIEL LLANSO,
HELLSPAWN, THE
WAR FOR HIS
SOUL, AND THE
SOUL OF HUMAN-
ITY, IS JUST
BEGINNING.