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PANEL 1

Full page landscape, the river of blood passing into the distance from the left, into rocky desert canyons. Fleshgirl in the foreground, the path she walks extending along the river. To the left and right, piles of bones and skulls; large evil flies and smoke fill the landscape. To the right of the path, mid-distance, atop a large boulder rests a demon -- large spider-like legs protruding from a jaw filled with teeth like shattered glass, drooling a black ooze. Horns loop up and over its head from behind. It's eyes are floating red, flaming gashes. His name is Enzo and he is practicing his Yeats.

ENZO (VERY SMALL, SQUIGGLY TEXT)

These are the clouds about the fallen sun,
The majesty that shut his burning eye:
The weak lay hand on what the strong has done,
Till that betumbled that was lifted high
And discord follow upon unison....

BALLOON (NO TAIL)

Would you like a description of the way
skin rips as it burns? The fat oozing
and combusting?

BALLOON (NO TAIL)

Shall I go on? I could. Hell is endless
after all.

BALLOON (NO TAIL)

And I have all the time in the world.

CAPTION

Lake of Fire, Year: ????

PANEL 2....

Across the top of the full page landscape, larger, then smaller panels of flesh girl (almost like a zeotrope), as she walks the barren hell, growing increasingly more tired, hunched and haggard. The panels should start at standard size, get rail thin, then grow again. Giving the impression of a never-ending road (or zeotropic movement).

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PANEL 1

Full page landscape. View from behind Skingirl (maybe she's out of focus) as she stares up at the demon Enzo, who stands at the top of the cliff, reciting (poorly) Yeats' "These Are the Clouds". In mid-distance, left, the river of blood flows out and around the cliff. In the left far distance, we see smokestacks, shadowy factories spilling smoke into the air.

ENZO, in his demonic persona, resembles a chambered nautilus with three holes. Out of two sprout chicken feet, the last is a spiral of razor sharp teeth, the center of the nautilus spiral is a single, red eye (but he's open to interpretation). The idea is he's a real creative demon who likes to put some style into his disguises (and style in Hell is absurd, animal, grotesque, odd juxtapositions).

All around Skingirl, at the foot of the cliff, piles of bones, skulls and viscera. As if Enzo has been snacking.

ENZO (SEPARATE BALLOONS, SQUIGGLY)
...Till that be...Till that be...

FUCK!

Theweaklayhandonwhatthestronghasdone,
Till that be...

ENZO (SEPARATE FROM OTHER BALLOONS,
FLOATING DOWN TOWARD SKINGIRL)

JESUS CHRIST!

...

What's your name, fleshy one?

SKINGIRL

...

ENZO

HA! Yes, I know...I know...I'm a cruel

bitch, mmyes. You won't have a name, of course. aHaHa!

...myes...it was funnier when I had an audience, but you can see what's become of them.

Yes. Mmmmmmmmm. You're lost and can't remember, yes? Well, as you can see, we're undergoing a bit of a...how to put this...an EPOCH OF FLUX! Mmmmmmyes, plenty of flux here. Not so for my demonic siblings. Bit of a shitshow, if you ask me. Mmmmmmyes.

4. Questions Answered - An Era of Flux

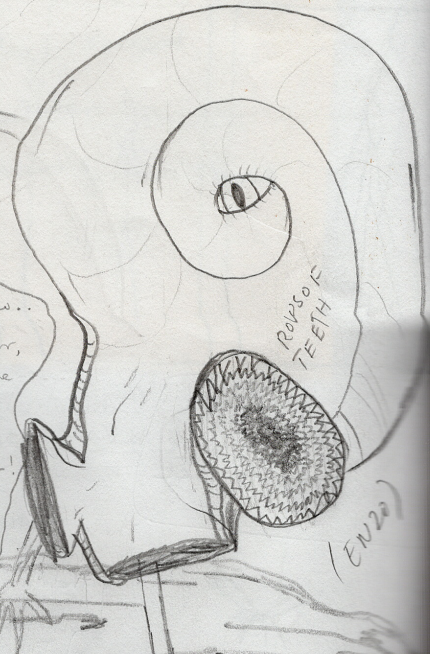
...Till that be... Fuck!
The weakly handenthatthoshey, has done,
Till that be...

JESUS CHRIST!

What's your name, sling girl?

Just kidding, I know, I know...
You're lost and can't remember,
but as you can see, we're
undergoing a bit of a...
how to put this? An
epoch of Flux. Yes!
Plenty of flux here,
(but not many of
us demons) left.

BLOODY
HANDS
PANEL



(EN20)

THIN-LIMBS

(BLOOD RIVER)

(SKINNY)

Floor is gone, the windows gone,
and when there should be roof, there's st...

(BONE PILE)

(But everything
+ 2 or 3 inside)

