

SOMEWHERE NEAR MOUNT MISERY, THE NEW JERSEY PINE BARRENS.



AHHH...  
THE GREAT  
OUTDOORS!



IF EVEN ONE  
OF THESE  
DISGUSTING  
BUGS CRAWLS ON  
ME, I'LL  
SCREAM.

INSECTS  
ARE NOT  
DISGUSTING.


THEY  
ACTUALLY PLAY A  
VITAL ROLE IN  
MAINTAINING THE  
ECO-SYSTEM.

IF A BUG  
COMES NEAR  
YOU, DAISY, LET ME  
KNOW. I'LL KILL  
IT.

FUCK THE  
ECO-SYSTEM.

SAME GOES  
FOR YOU, OLLIE. I  
KNOW YOU'RE  
SCARED OF THEM  
THINGS.





I DO NOT FEAR  
OUR INSECT  
FRIENDS. I RESPECT  
THEIR  
FUNCTIONALITY.

IT IS NO  
EXAGGERATION TO  
SAY WITHOUT  
INSECTS, THE  
HUMAN RACE  
WOULD DIE OUT.

AS YOU MAY  
SURMISE, I  
DABBLE IN  
ENTOMOLOGY



LIGHTEN UP. DO YOU EVEN HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR?

AND YOU'RE JUST AS SCARED OF BUGS AS YOU ARE OF GIRLS, MAN.

THE FIRST STEP IS ADMITTING YOU HAVE A PROBLEM.



MARCEL! YOU ARE SO FUNNY!

ANYWHO, THERE'S ONE THING I AM SURE WE CAN ALL AGREE ON-



THE  
EXISTENCE OF  
THE  
MULTI-VERSE?

UM, NO.



THAT IT'S  
TIME TO GET  
HIGH!

OMIGOD, YOU  
GUYS. I HAVE THE  
BEST WEED.

LATER IN THE EVENING...

I'M JUST SAYING  
FEMALES AREN'T BUILT  
FOR FIGHTING. YOU'RE  
BUILT FOR MAKING  
BABIES.

JUST CAUSE  
I'M A WOMAN  
DOESN'T MEAN I  
WANT TO HAVE A  
BABY.

I COULD  
TOTALLY BE AN  
ARMY PERSON IF  
I WANTED TO.





YOU'RE SCARED OF BUGS!

YOU WOULDN'T LAST ONE SECOND IN COMBAT. YOU'D SHIT YOURSELF -

NO. I WOULD PEE MYSELF.

BUT YOU'RE STILL WRONG.

I'M NOT SAYING I WOULD BE AN ARMY PERSON. I AM SAYING I COULD.




OKAY.  
ENOUGH  
POLITICS!

WHAT'S  
THAT ON YOUR  
SHIRT, OLLIE?  
WHAT'S  
ALLMYTH?

A ROLE-PLAYING  
GAME.

THOUGH- HA!-- TO  
REFER TO IT LIKE IT  
WAS JUST A  
ROLE-PLAYING GAME IS  
LIKE SAYING THE MONA  
LISA IS JUST A  
PAINTING.



THE WORLD OF ALLMYTH  
CONTAINS ALL THE FANTASIES  
AND TERRORS THAT HAVE EVER  
CHILLED OUR FEVERED  
DREAMS!

THE GAME WAS  
CREATED BY A DERANGED  
RECLUSE WHO WENT BY MANY  
ALIASES, BUT DEEP ON THE  
DARK NET CYBER SORCERERS  
SAY THEIR TRUE NAME WAS  
TUHJEEKUHDEE.

SOME WHO PLAY THE  
GAME GO MAD. OTHERS  
VANISH WITHOUT A  
TRACE!

AND WHAT'S  
MORE, IF YOU SAY  
THEIR NAME THREE  
TIMES NEAR A  
DIMENSIONAL  
NEXUS, YOU WILL  
OPEN A GATE TO  
ALLMYTH!







DAISY,  
DON'T WORRY.  
I GOT YOU.

**CRACK**

WHAT WAS  
THAT?

GUYS, I  
WAS JUST  
MESSING  
AROUND....

**RUSTLE**



OH, FUCK  
ME...

RUSTLE  
RUSTLE  
RUSTLE

DAISY,  
YOU RUN IF  
SOMETHING  
DANGEROUS  
COMES OUT OF  
THERE.



HOLY SHIT!

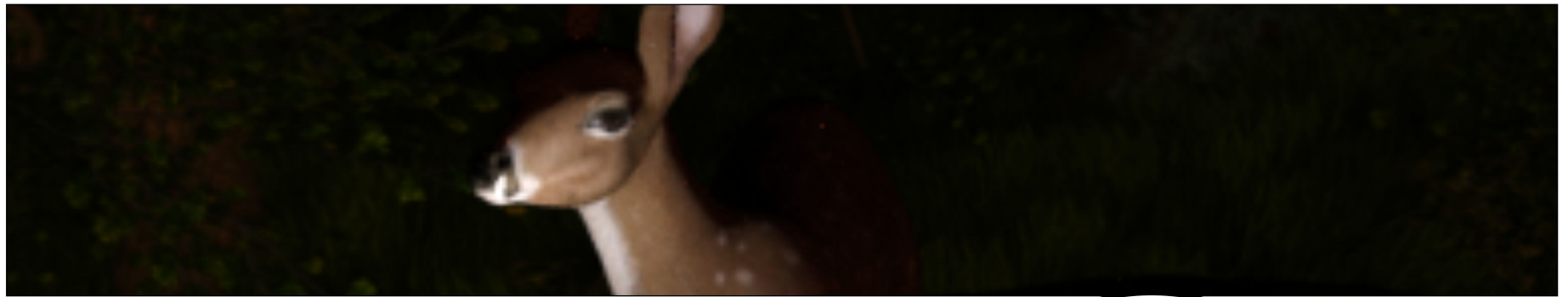
WHAT?

WOW, MAN!



PLUTEOUS  
CERVINUS!

SSSHHSSSS.  
DON'T SCARE HER.





THAT  
ALLMYTH  
BULLSHIT WAS  
FREAKY!

MAN, YOU  
SCARED DAISY  
HALF TO  
DEATH.

I WAS  
FREAKING  
OUT.  
TOTALLY!

HAHAHA!

I KINDA  
FREAKED  
MYSELF OUT.

TUHJEEKUHDEE!



A man with a beard and a wig, holding a cigarette, in a dark jungle setting. The scene is lit with a warm, orange glow. The man is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. He is wearing a dark tank top and a watch on his left wrist. The background is filled with dark, dense foliage, including palm leaves and ferns. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right.

COME TO  
THINK OF IT...

THE  
LEGENDS SAY  
IF YOU REPEAT  
TUHJEE *FOUR*  
TIMES NEAR A  
NEXUS...



HOLY SHIT.

RRRRRRRR



RRRRRRR..



To be continued...