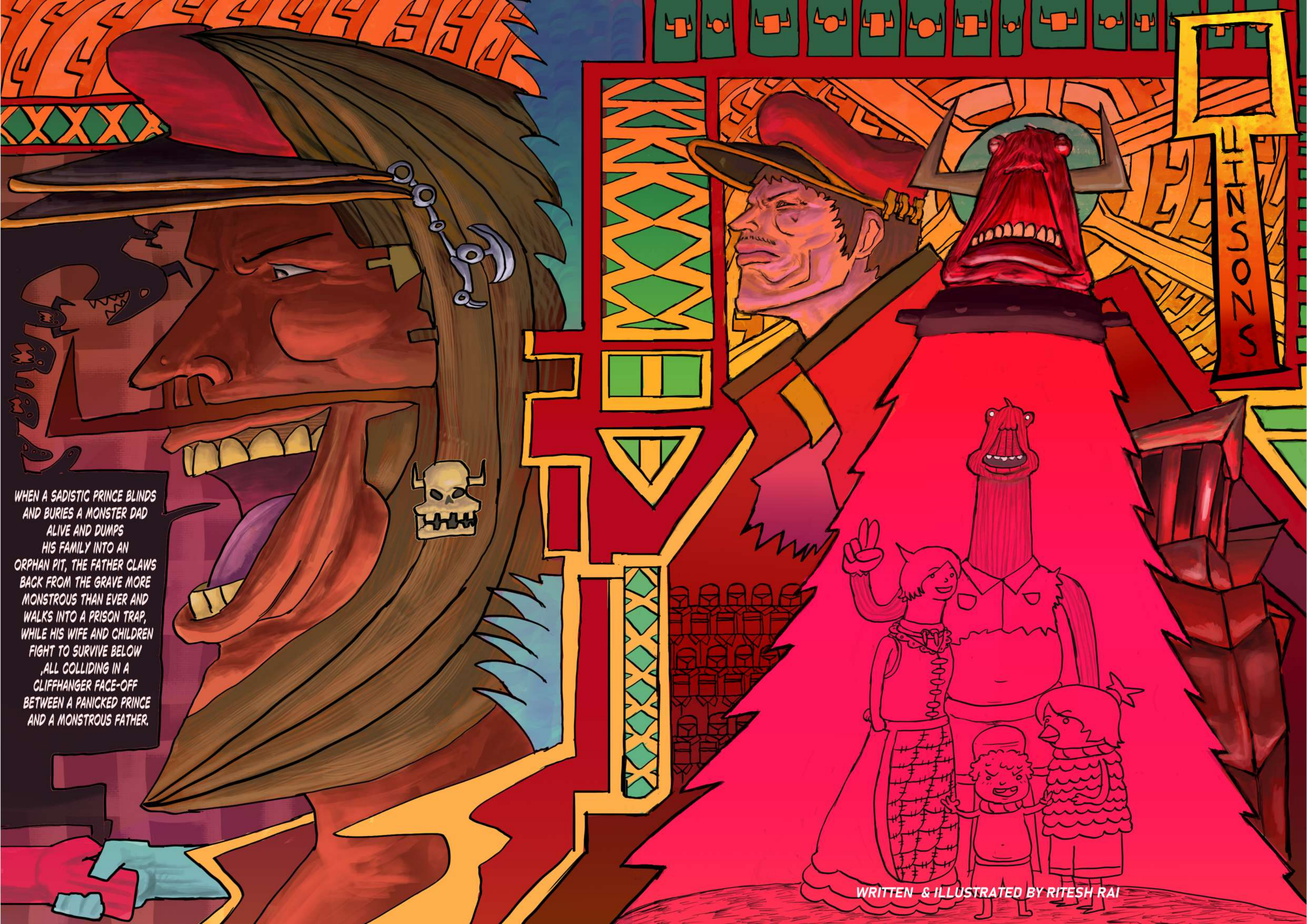
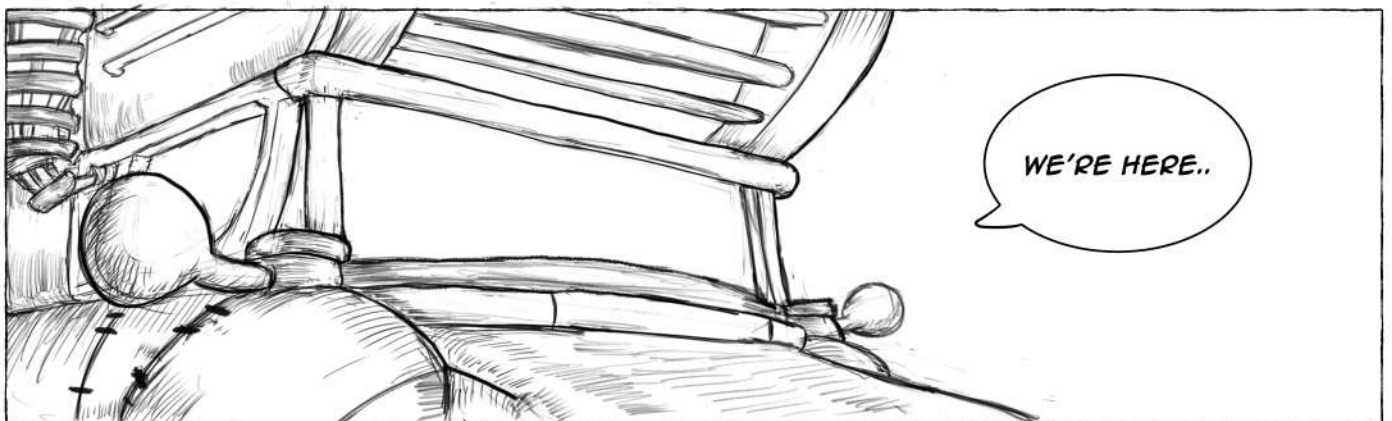
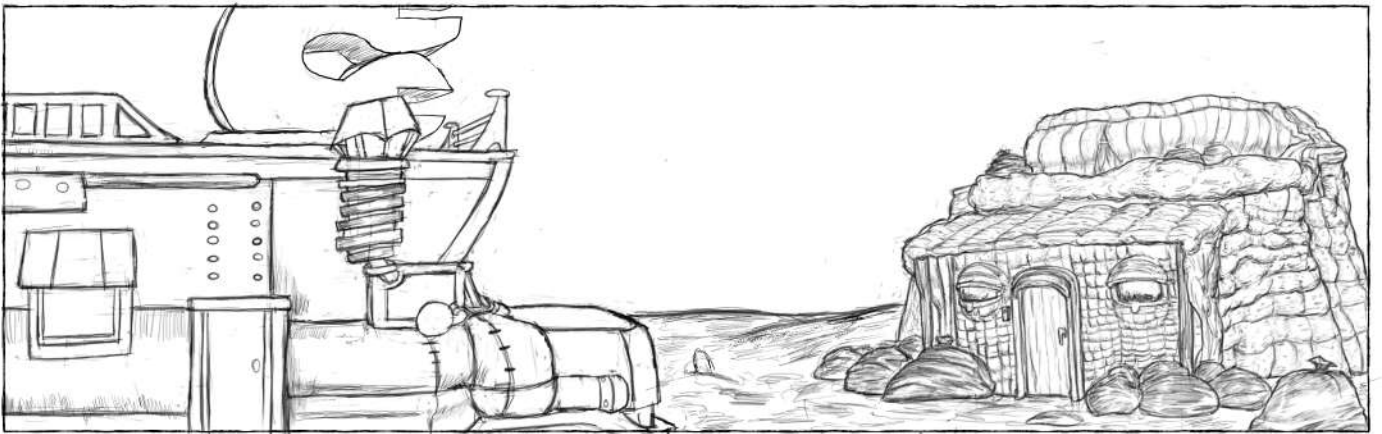
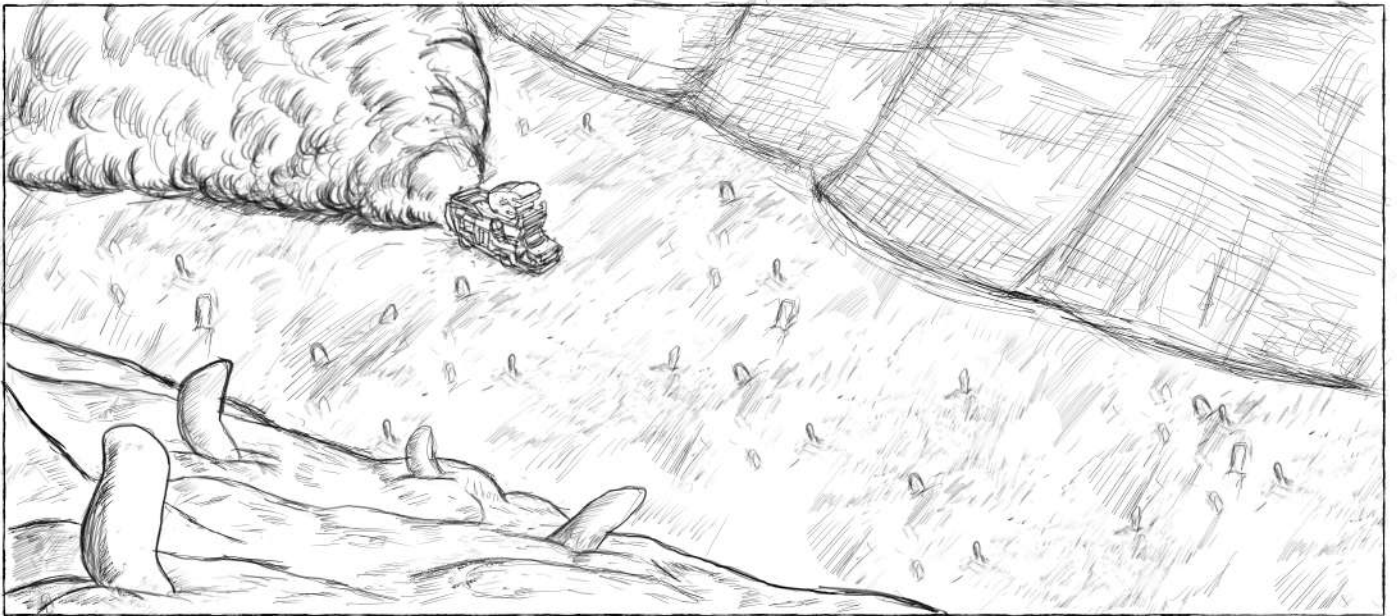
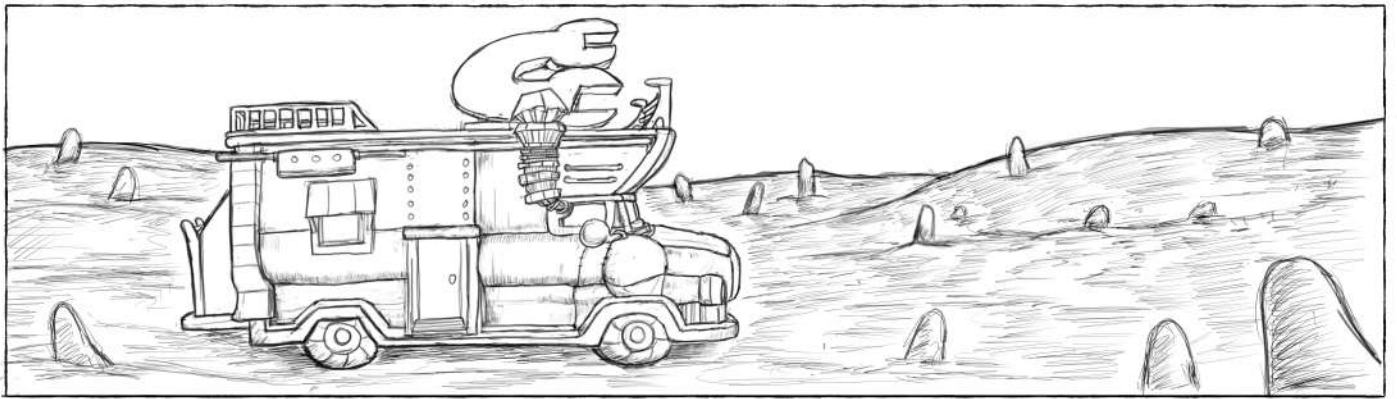
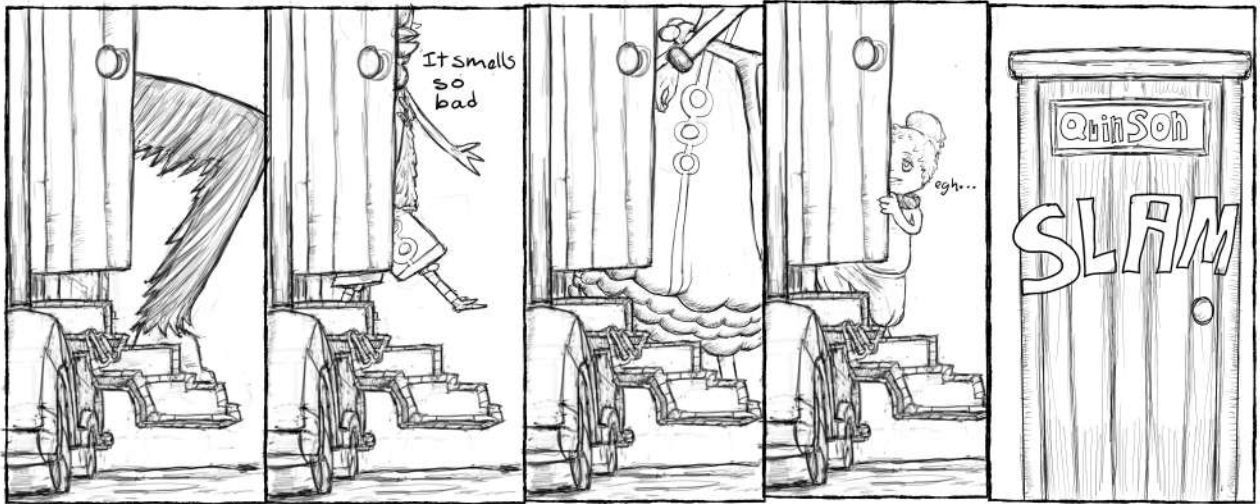




WHEN A SADISTIC PRINCE BLINDS
AND BURIES A MONSTER DAD
ALIVE AND DUMPS
HIS FAMILY INTO AN
ORPHAN PIT, THE FATHER CLAWS
BACK FROM THE GRAVE MORE
MONSTROUS THAN EVER AND
WALKS INTO A PRISON TRAP,
WHILE HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN
FIGHT TO SURVIVE BELOW
,ALL COLLIDING IN A
CLIFFHANGER FACE-OFF
BETWEEN A PANICKED PRINCE
AND A MONSTROUS FATHER.









I HAVE TO TELL YOU ONE THING.

DON'T LOOK AT ME LESSER.





SO HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN LIKE THIS?

6 MONTHS.



ALRIGHT, FENNY BRING OUT THE TOOLBOX.

THIS MIGHT TAKES SOME TIME.

THERE IS NO CHANCE!

He's a creep!!!

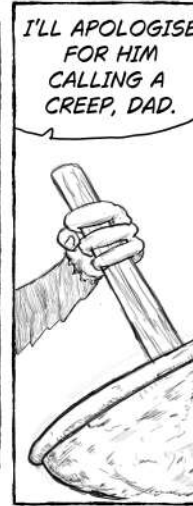


STOP COMPLAINING, FENNY.

I'LL LET YOU GET TO IT.



ALRIGHT WE'LL TAKE TURNS.



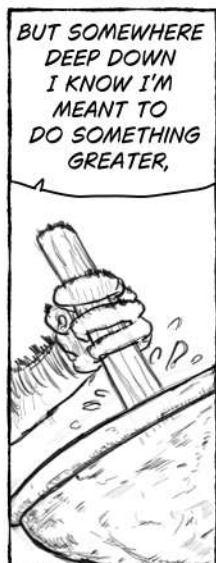
I'LL APOLOGISE FOR HIM CALLING A CREEP, DAD.



BUT I REALLY DONT WANT TO BE DOING THIS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.



I KNOW I'M NOT THE MOST CAPABLE AND KNOW MY SHORTCOMINGS,



BUT SOMEWHERE DEEP DOWN I KNOW I'M MEANT TO DO SOMETHING GREATER,



THATS NOT TO SAY THIS TERRIBLE BECAUSE I CAN SEE HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO YOU DAD.



OKAY, FENNY

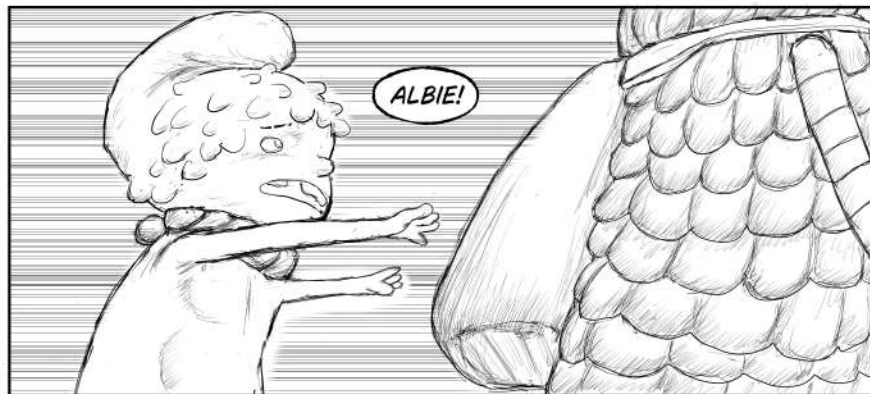


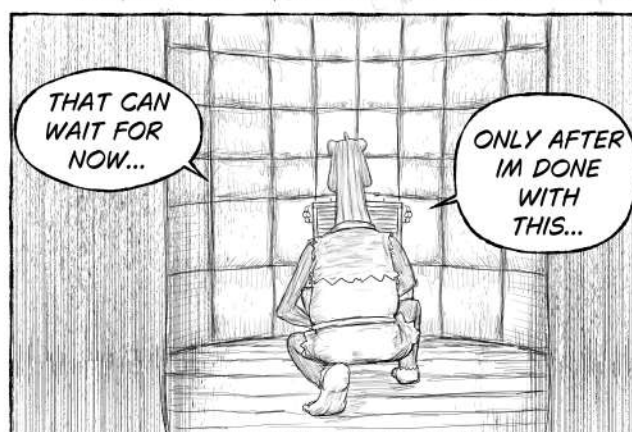
ITS YOUR TURN NOW.

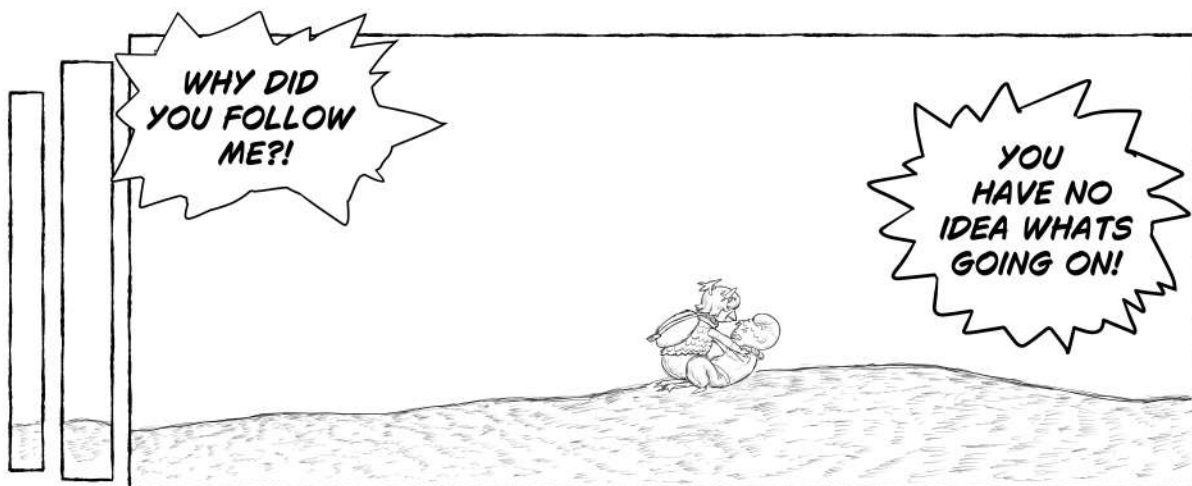


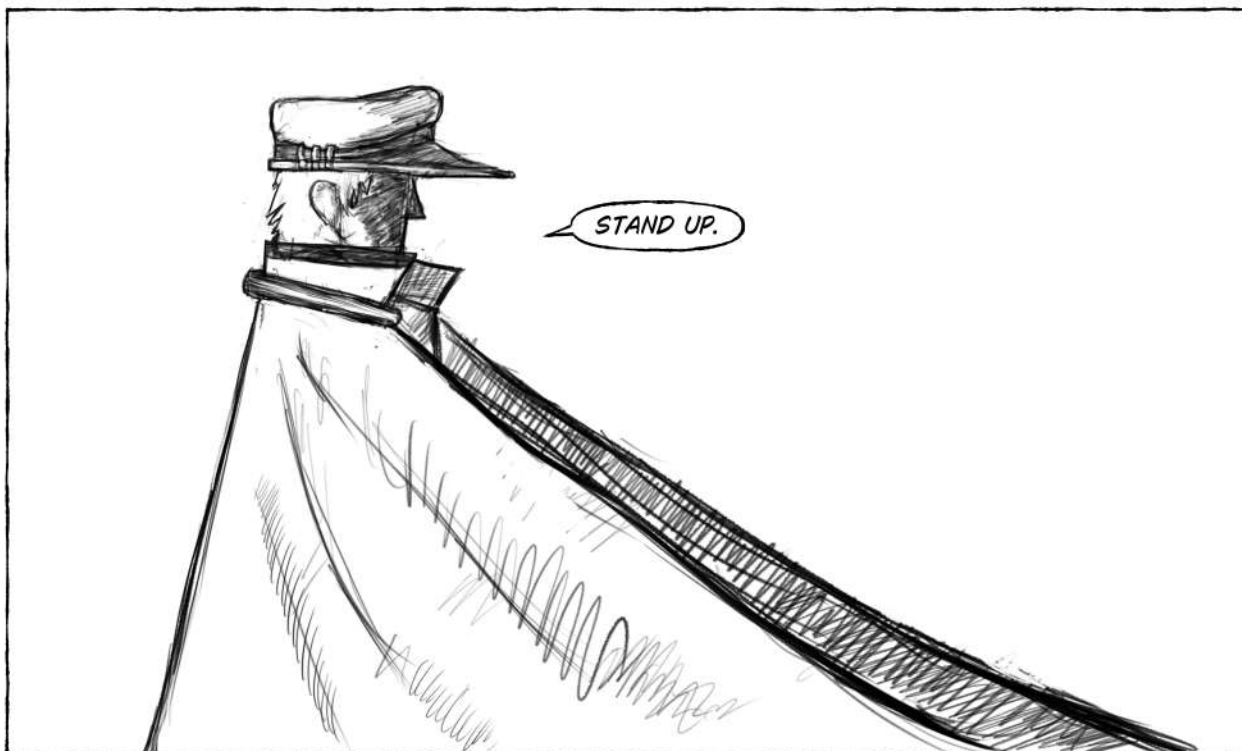
COME ON NOW.

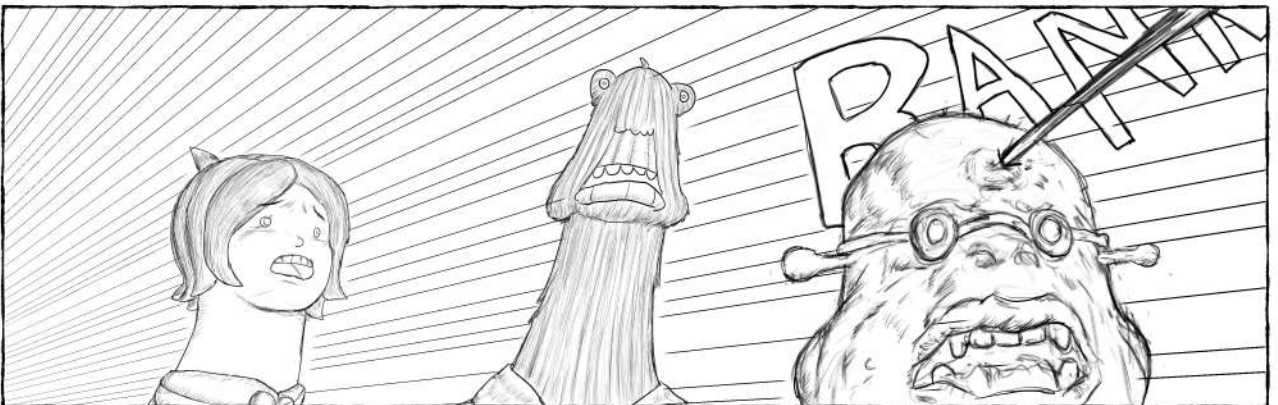
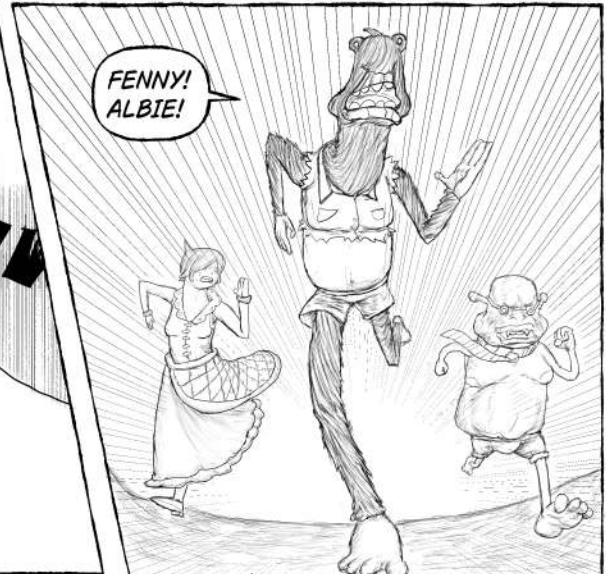
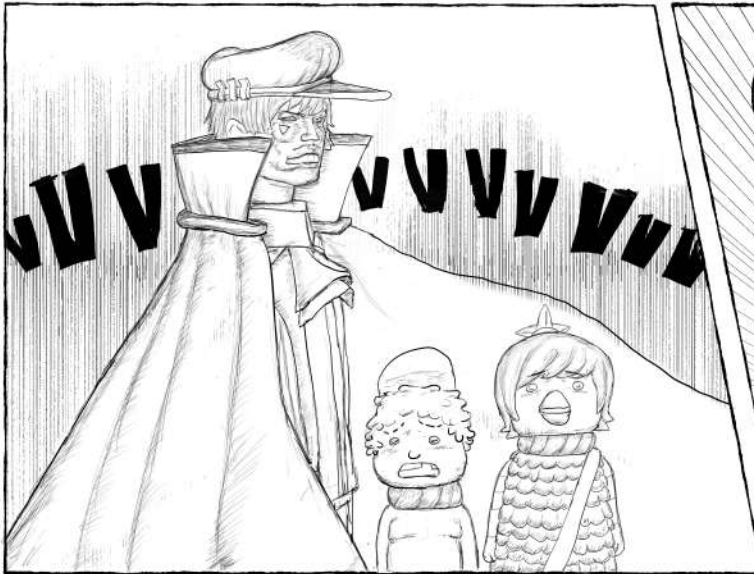
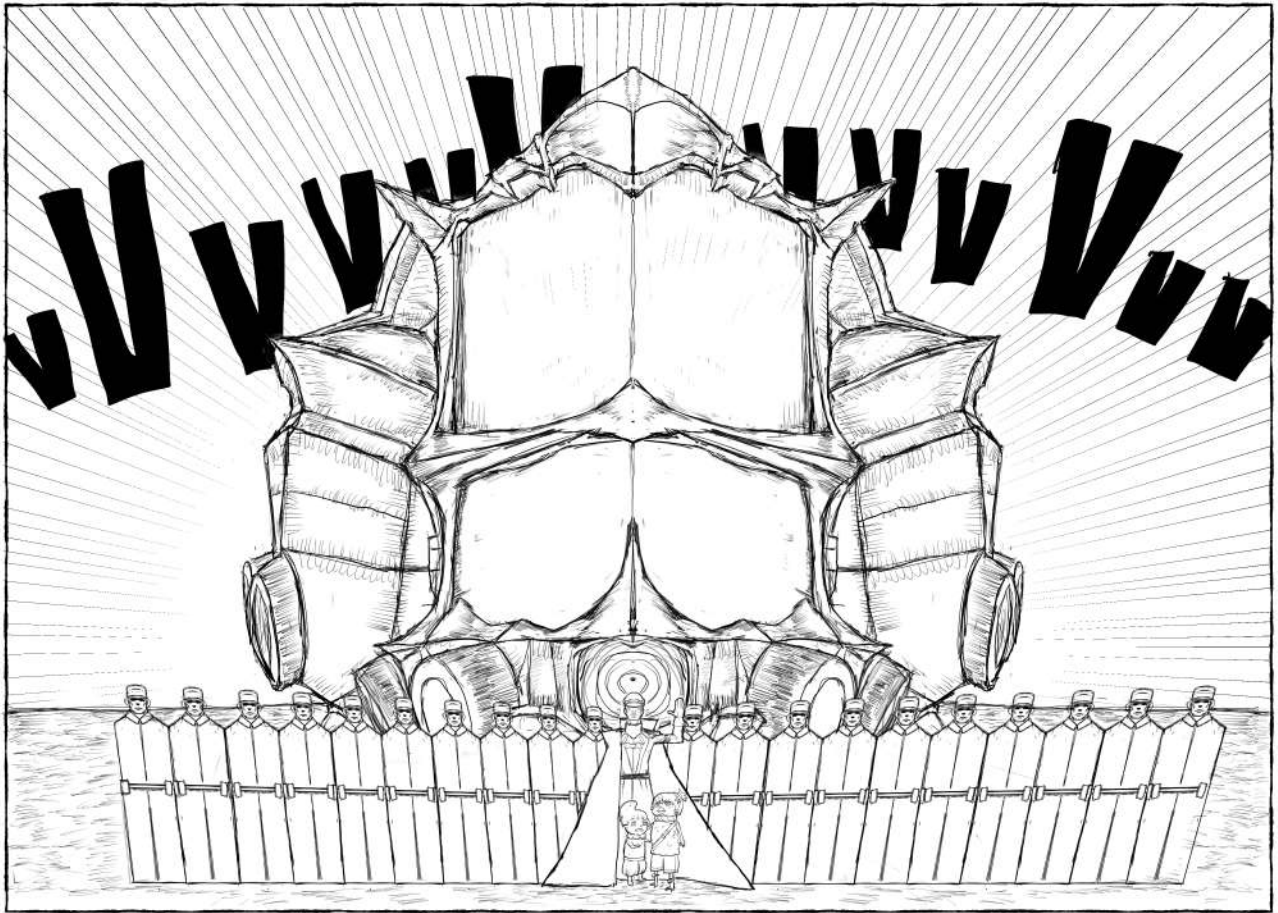


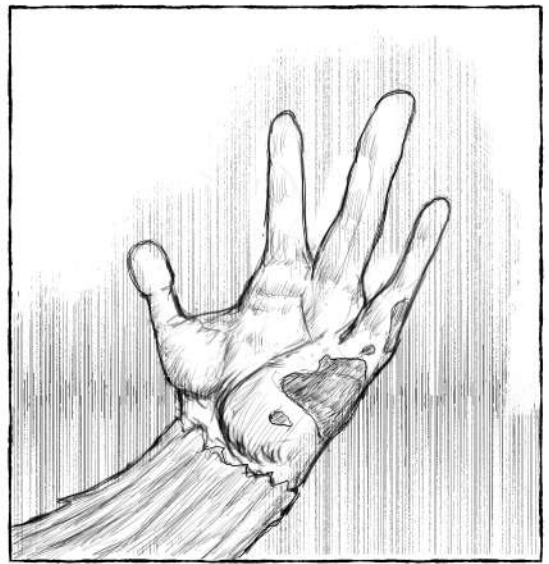
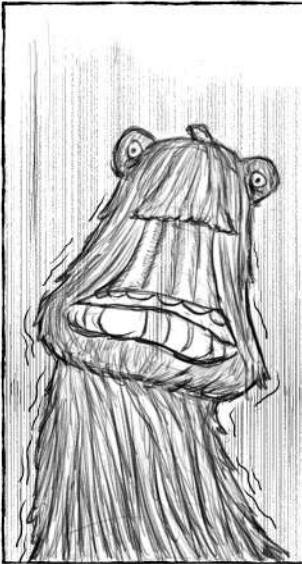


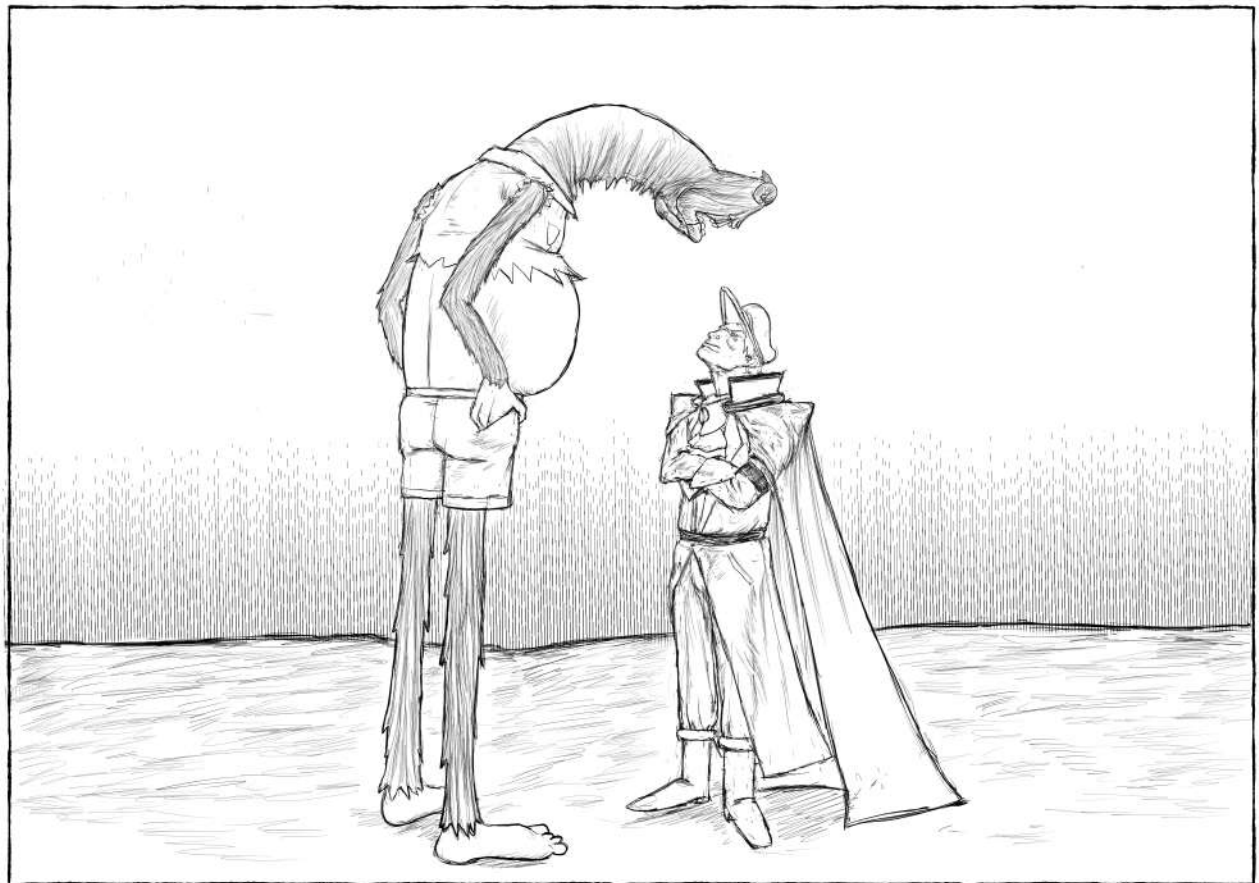


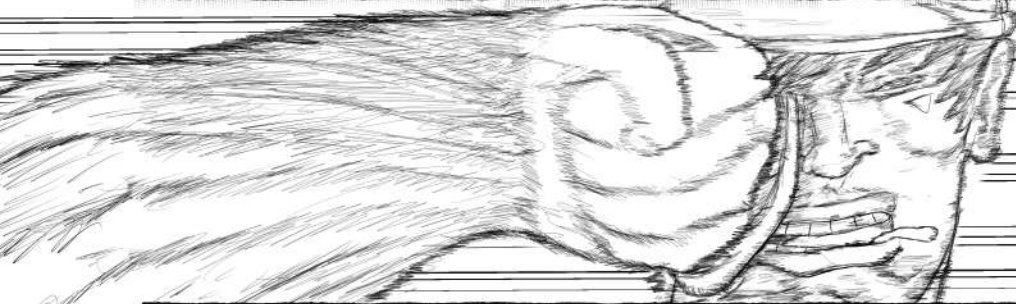
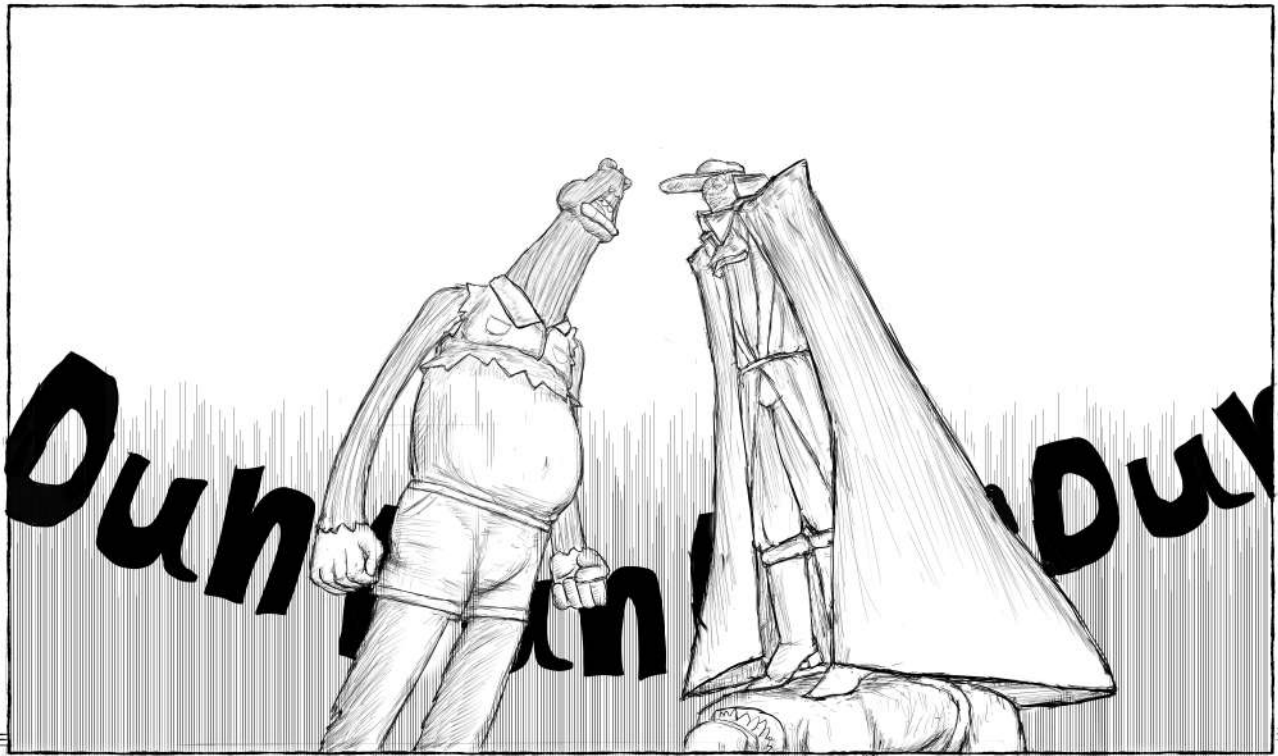




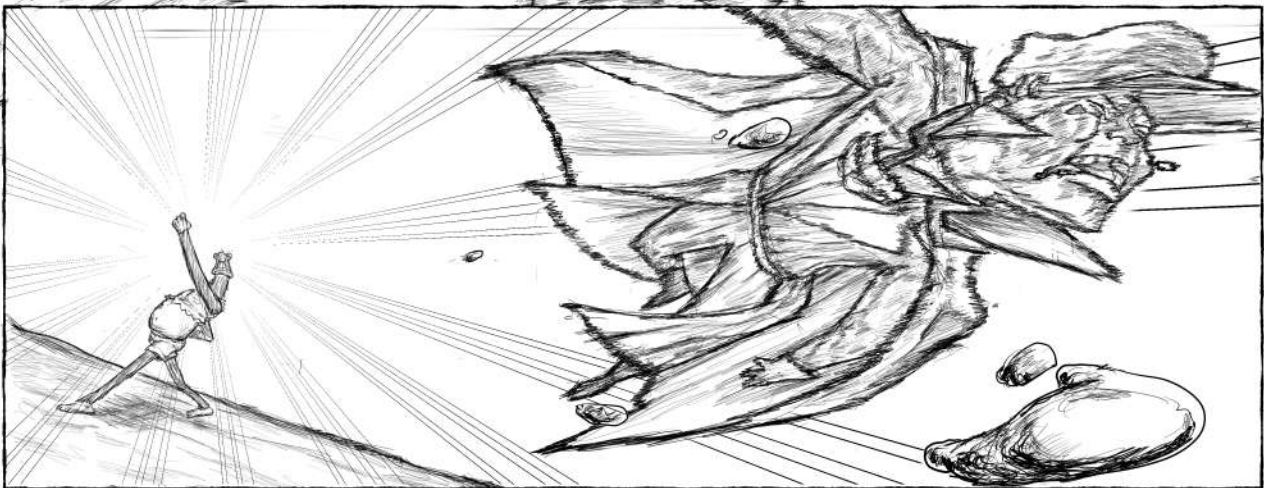








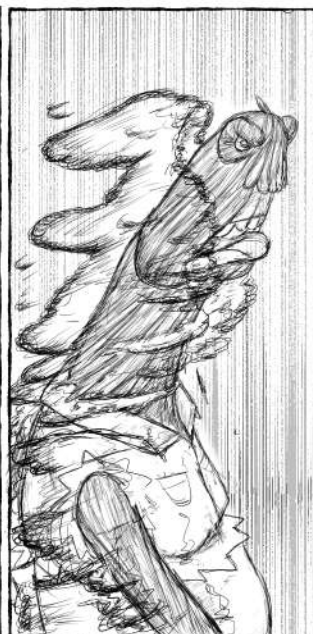
LET'S TA-

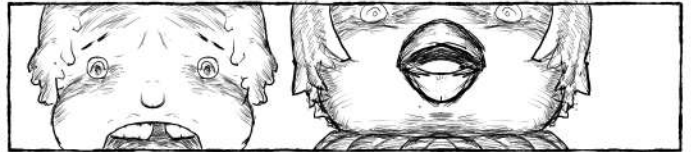


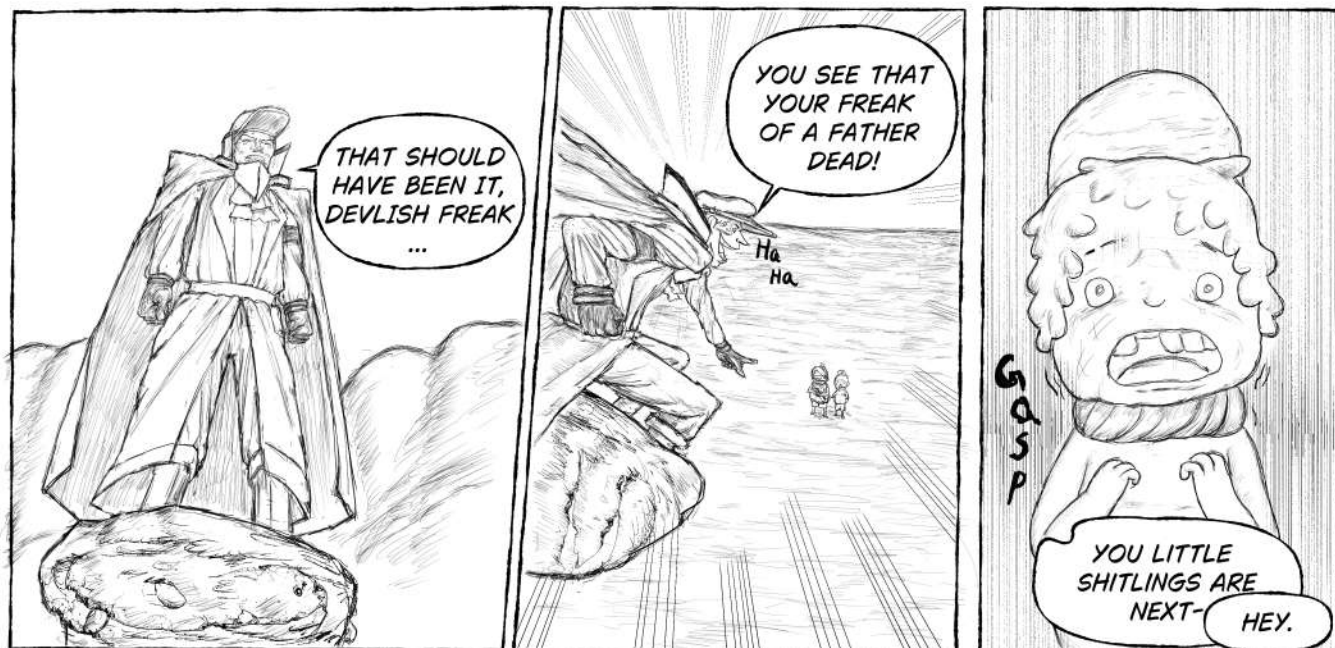
WAIT A SECOND, PLEASE I BEG...



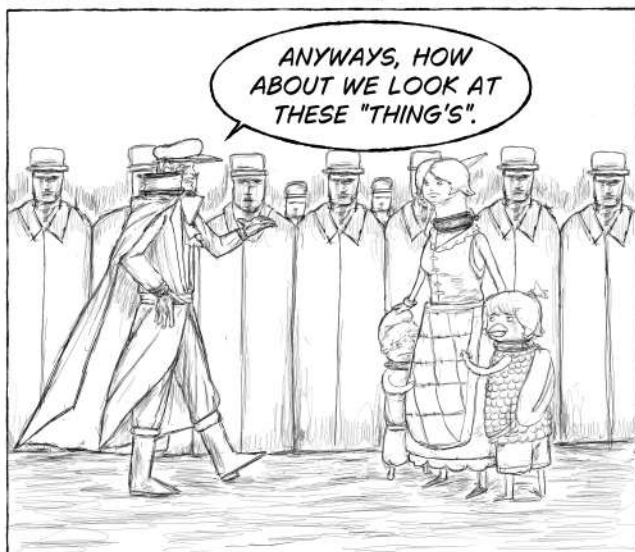
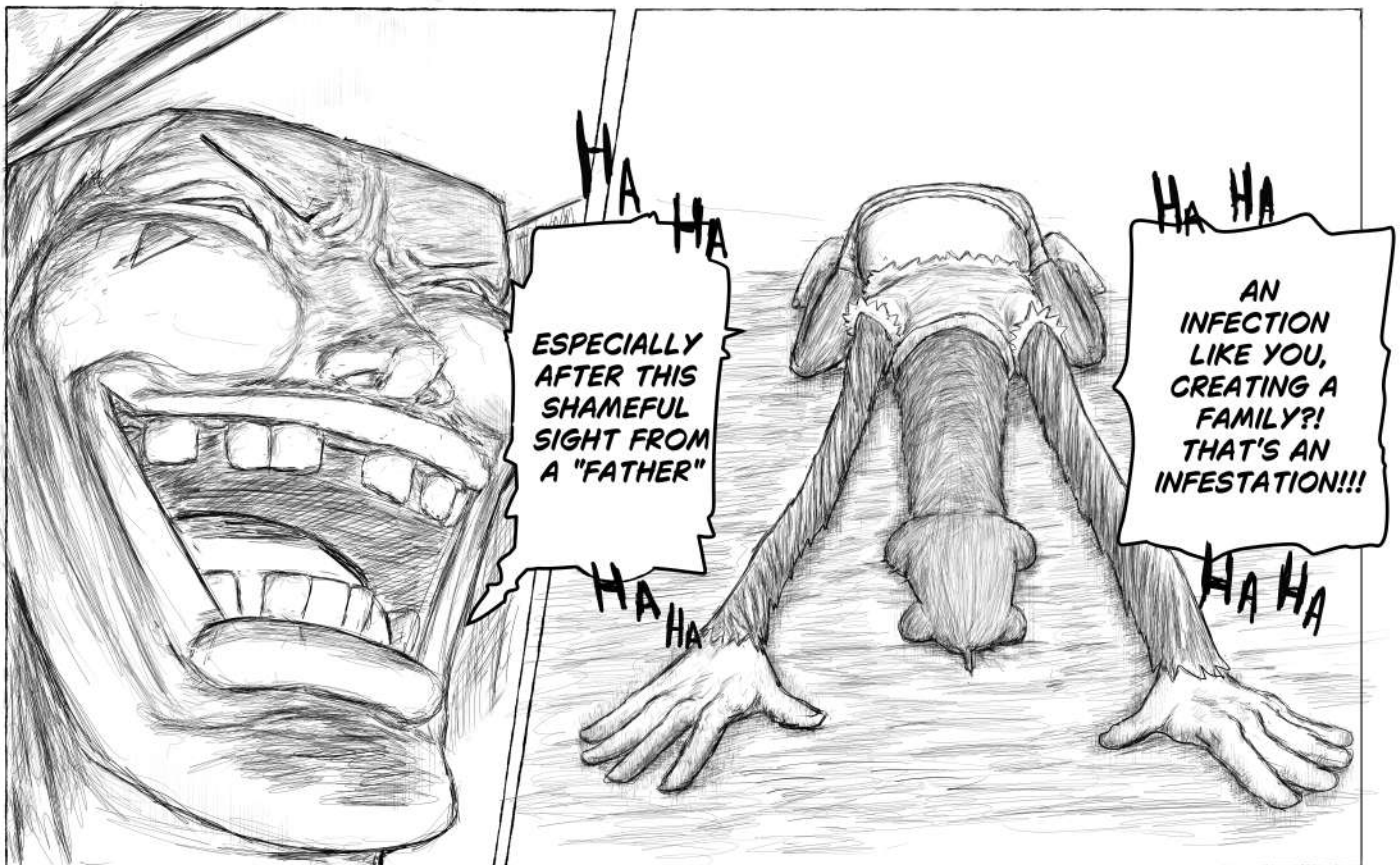
GRAB

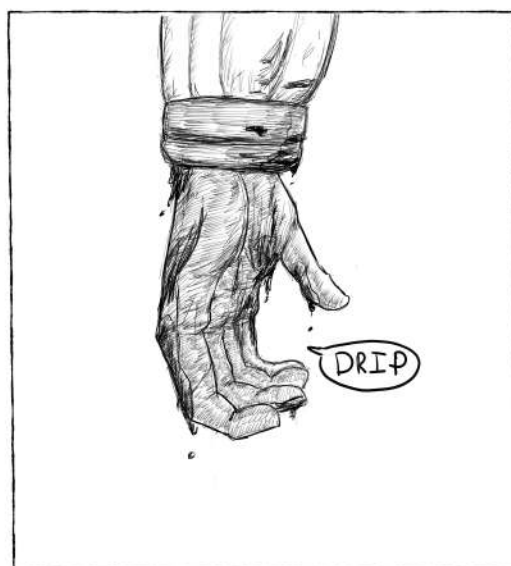
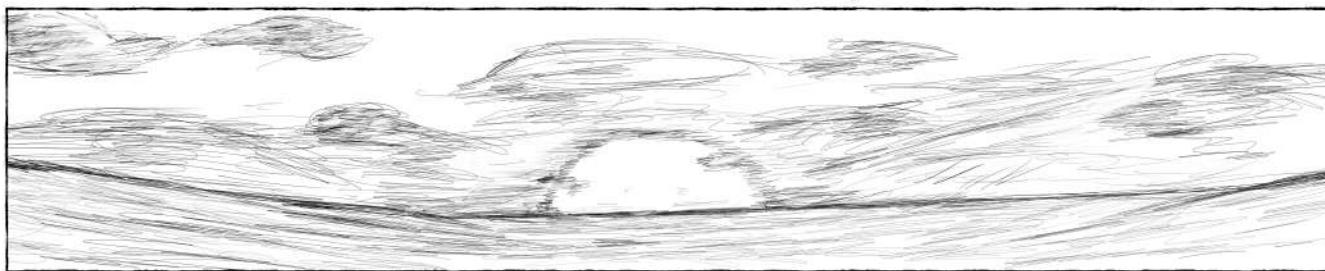
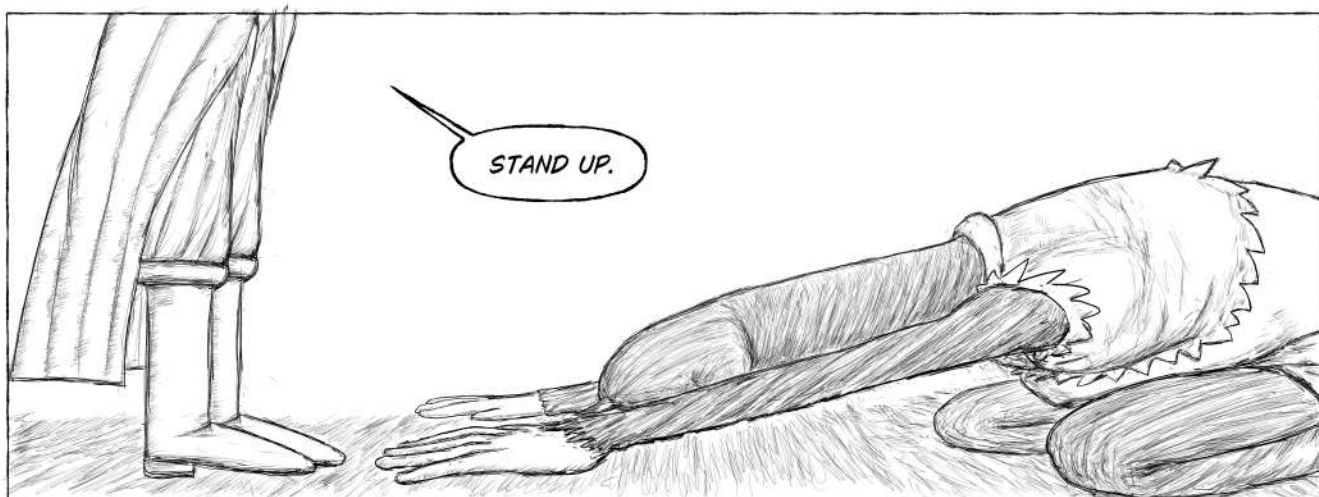


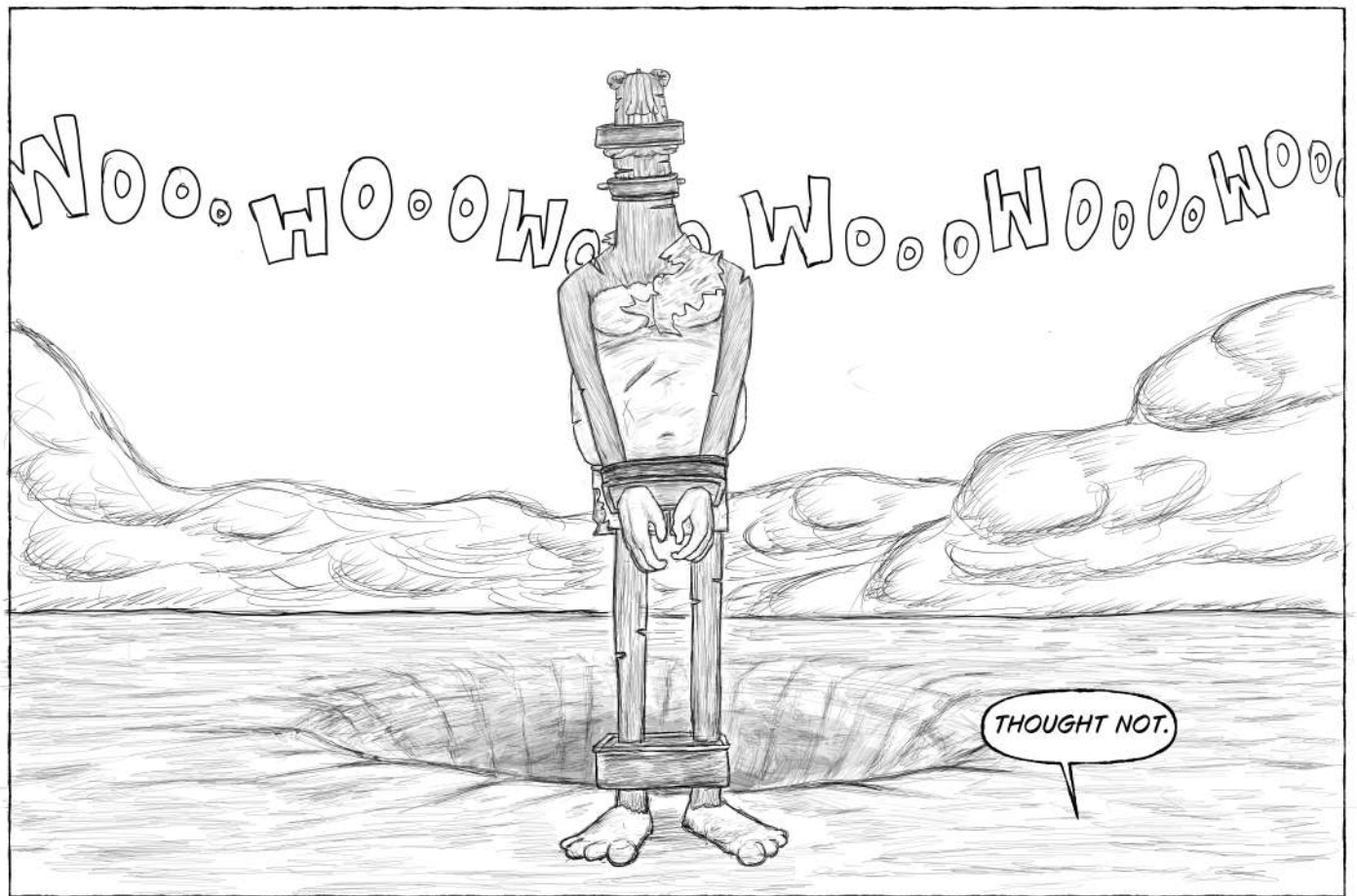


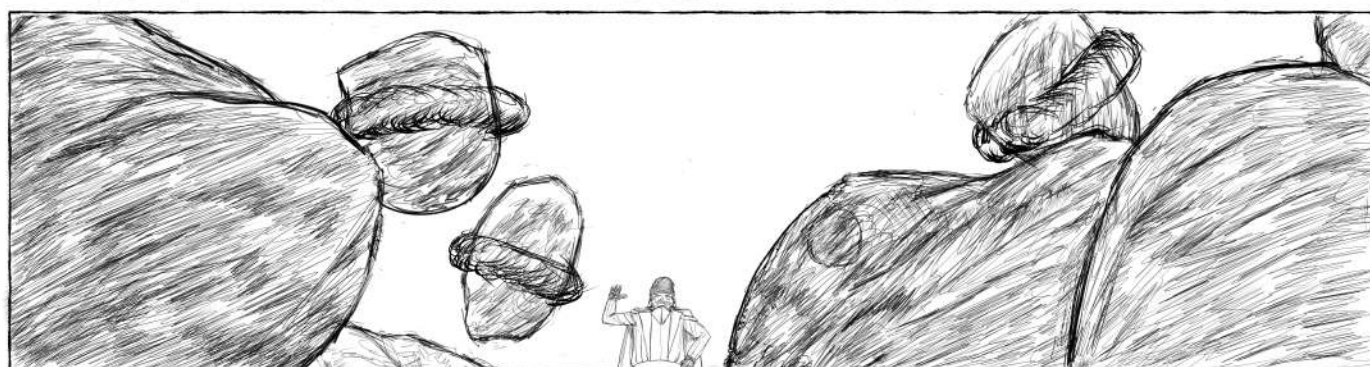
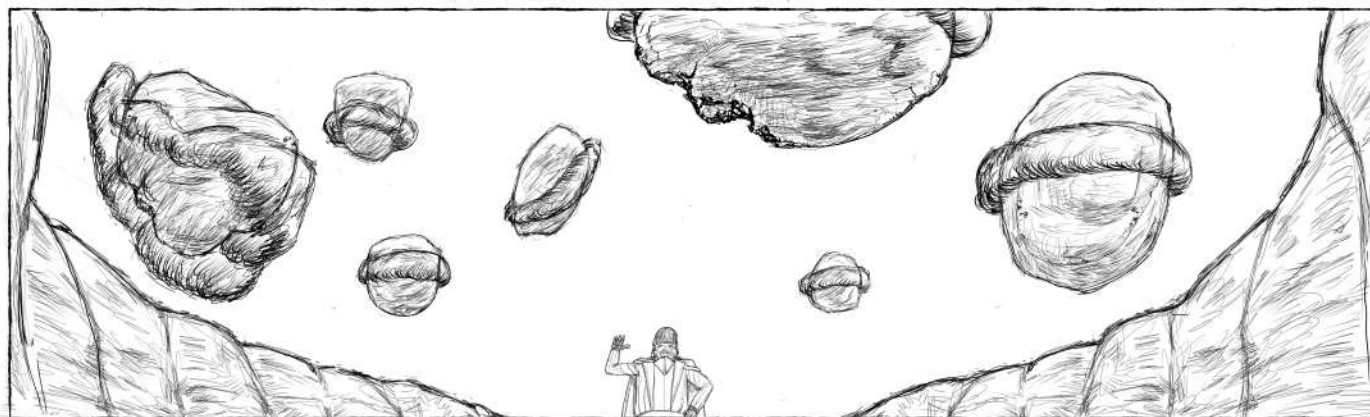
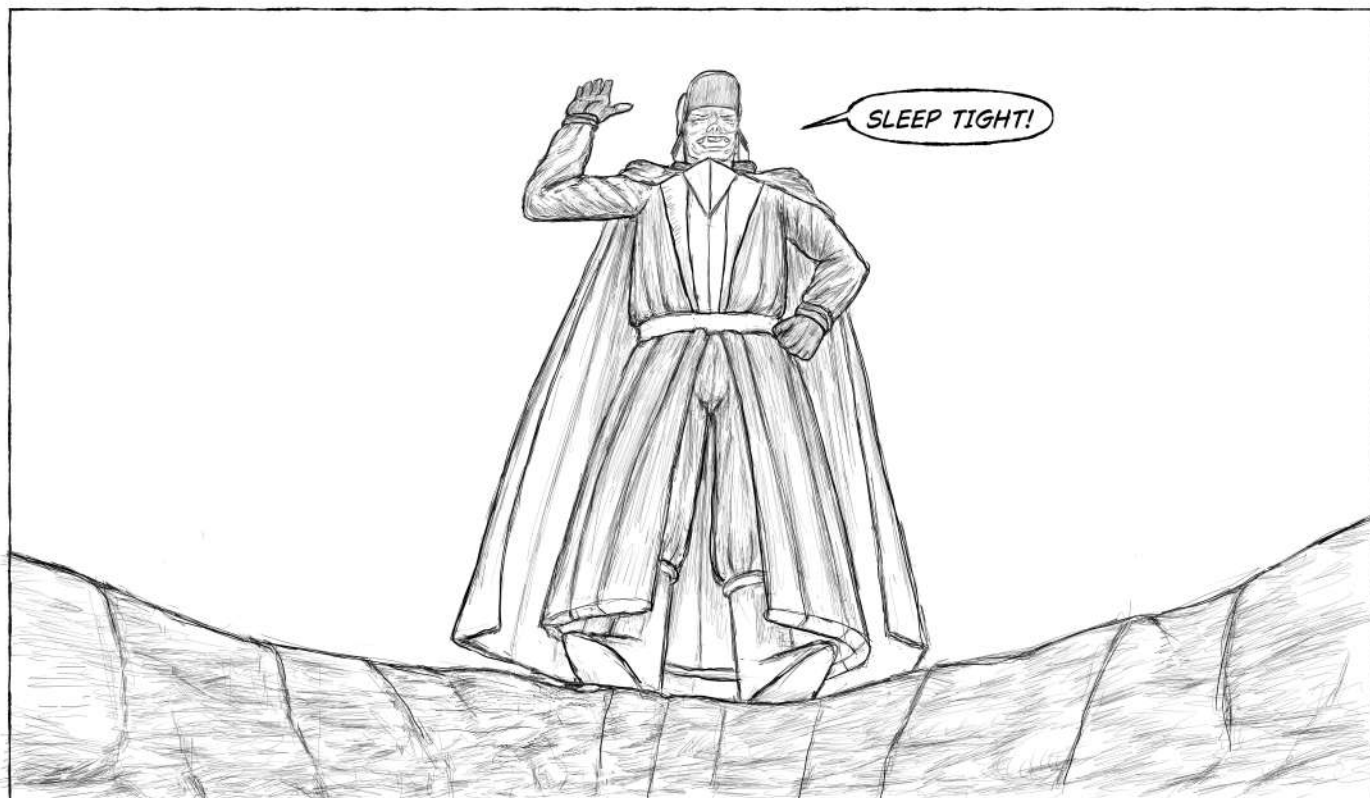








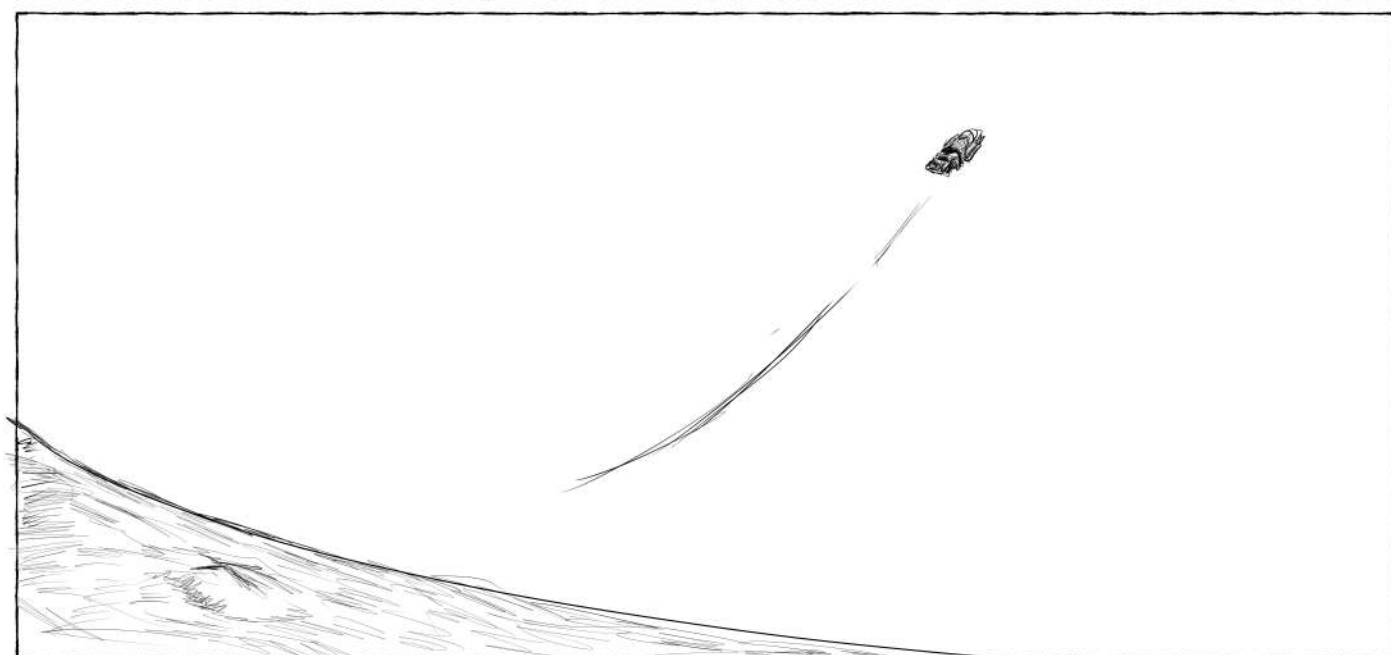
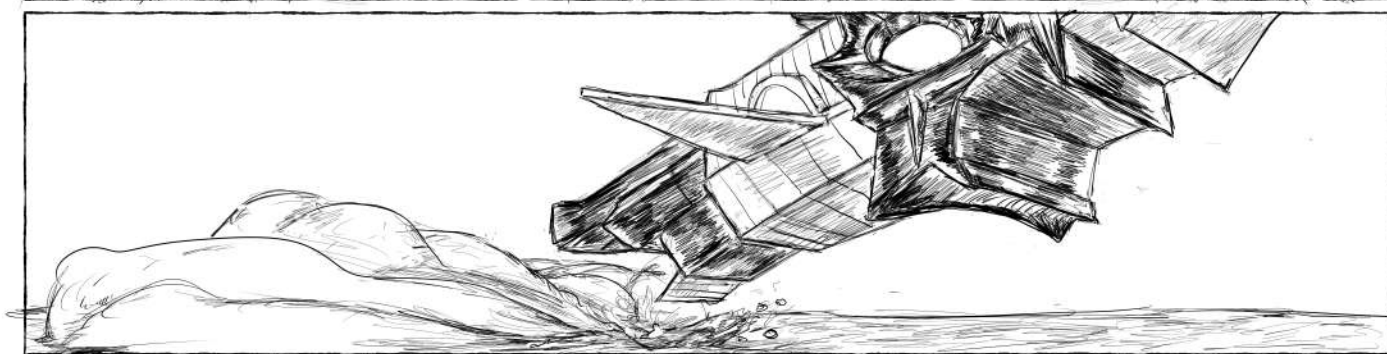




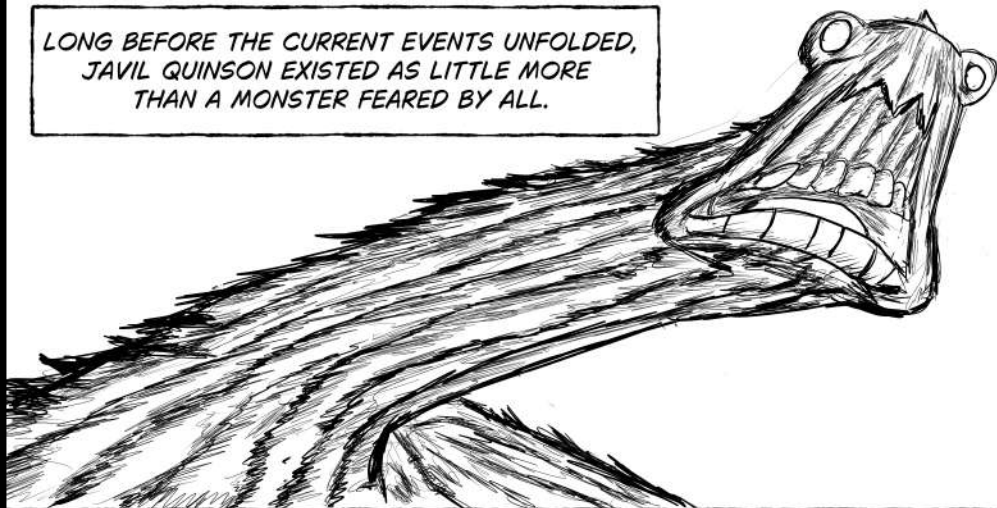
I WONDER IF HE
CAN HEAR THE
WORMS.

ANYWAYS,
SET THE SHIPS COURSE
TO THE PRISON WITH
NO DELAY.





LONG BEFORE THE CURRENT EVENTS UNFOLDED,
JAVIL QUINSON EXISTED AS LITTLE MORE
THAN A MONSTER FEARED BY ALL.

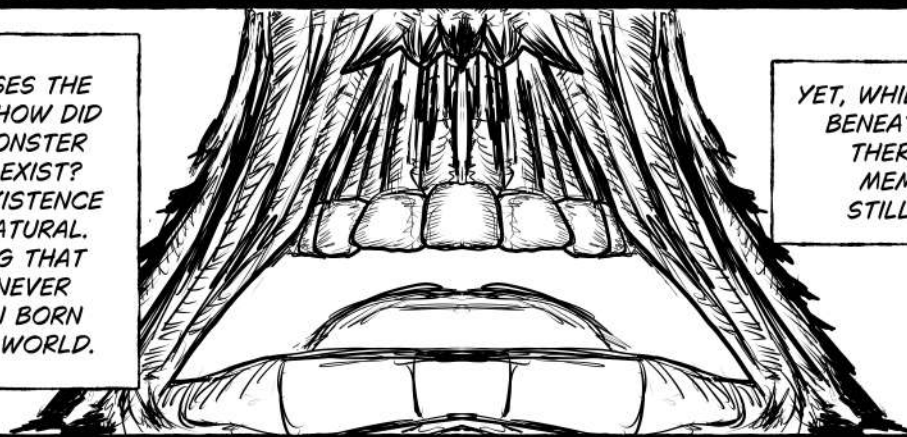


A MONSTER WHO
TERRORIZED EVEN HIS
OWN KIND, UNMATCHED
IN STRENGTH AND
BRUTALITY, CARING
NEITHER FOR OTHERS
NOR FOR HIMSELF.
TO MANY, HIS EXISTENCE
ALONE JUSTIFIED THE
BELIEF THAT HE WAS
A SPAWN FORGED
BY THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

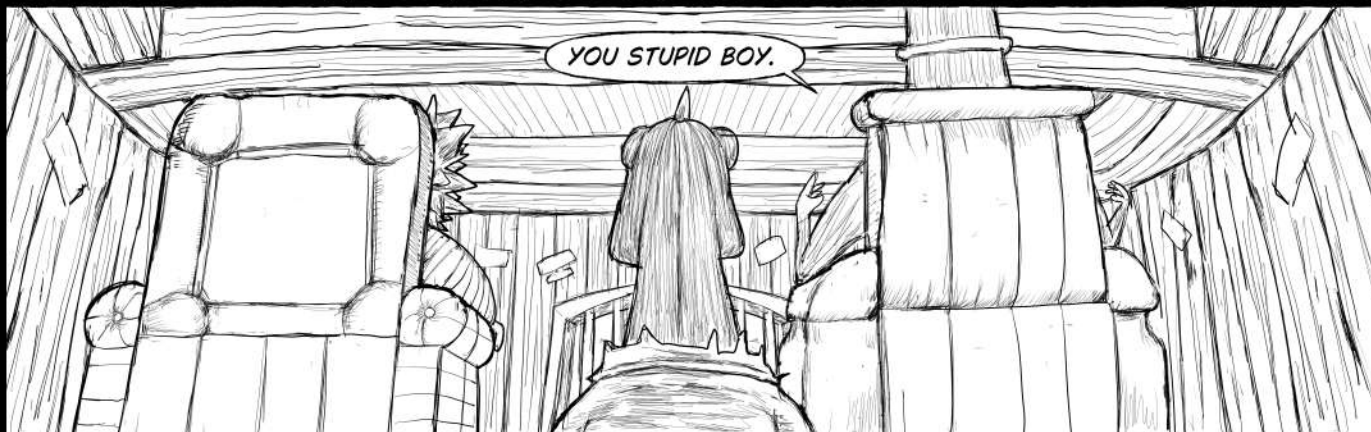


WHICH RAISES THE
QUESTION, HOW DID
SUCH A MONSTER
COME TO EXIST?
HIS VERY EXISTENCE
FELT UNNATURAL.
SOMETHING THAT
SHOULD NEVER
HAVE BEEN BORN
INTO THIS WORLD.

YET, WHILE SUBMERGED
BENEATH THE DIRT,
THERE WAS ONE
MEMORY THAT
STILL REMAINED.



YOU STUPID BOY.



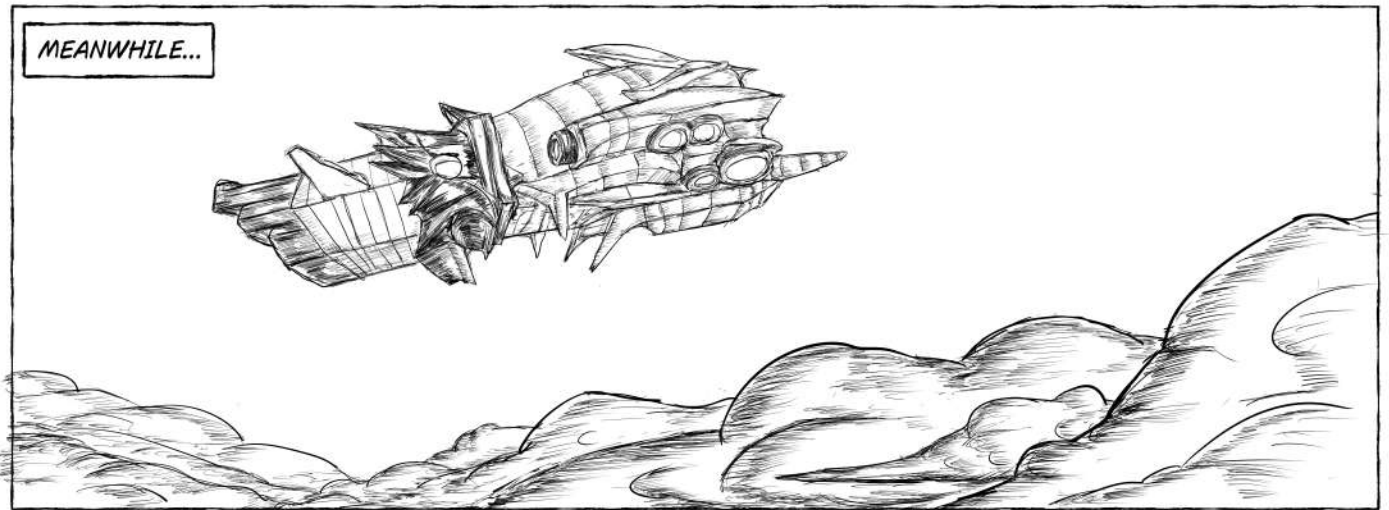


AS WE
WERE
BORN
TO BE...

MONSTERS!..



MEANWHILE...



OUR FATHER
WILL LOVE
YOU, MY
PRINCE!

YOU'RE
AMAZING,
MY PRINCE!

YOU HONOUR
US WITH
YOUR GRACE!

I AM PROUD
TO BE
GENETICALLY
CLOSE ENOUGH
TO BE
CONSIDERED
YOUR BROTHER!

DONT CROSS
THE LINE.

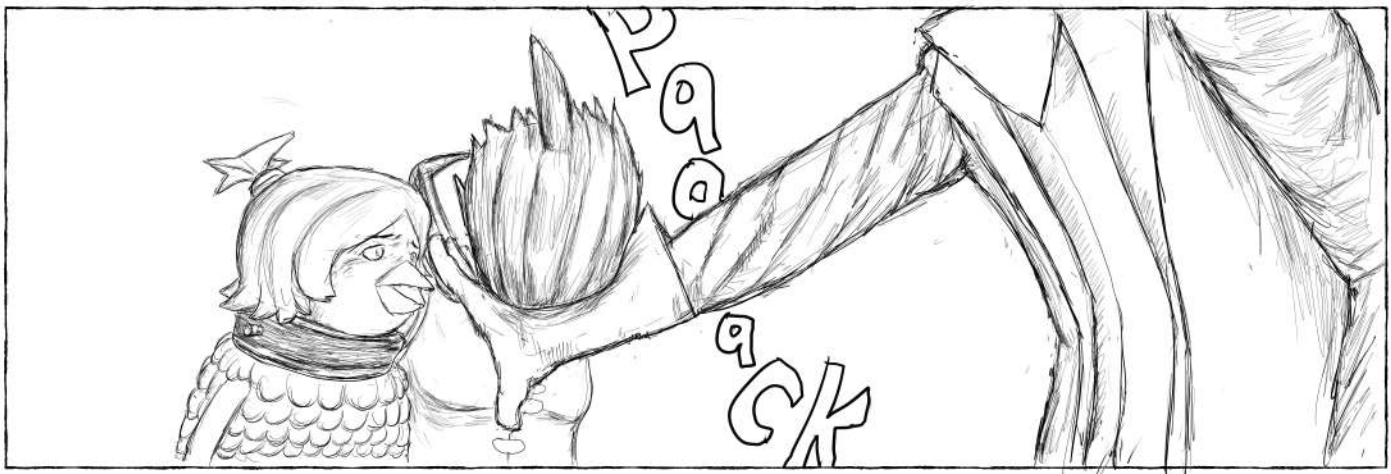
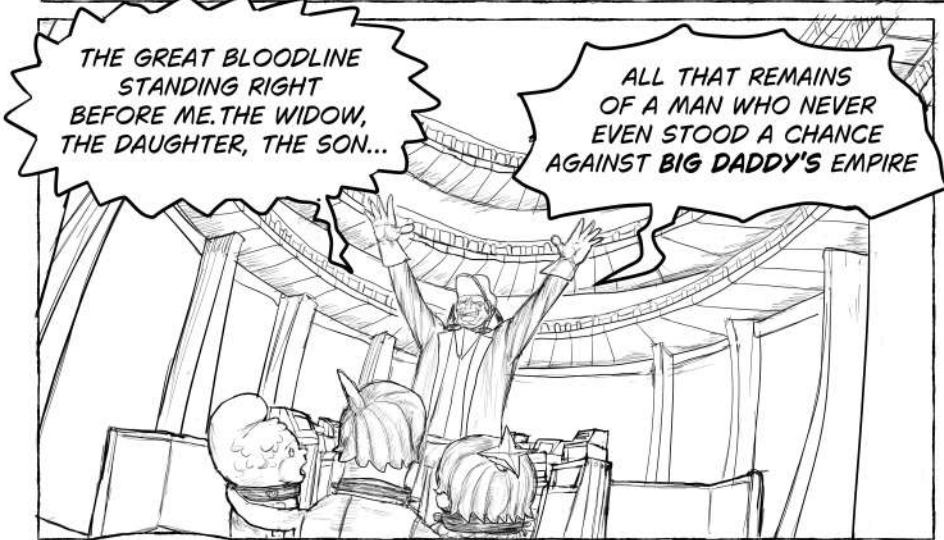
CLAP

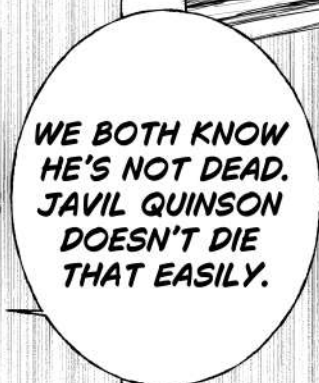
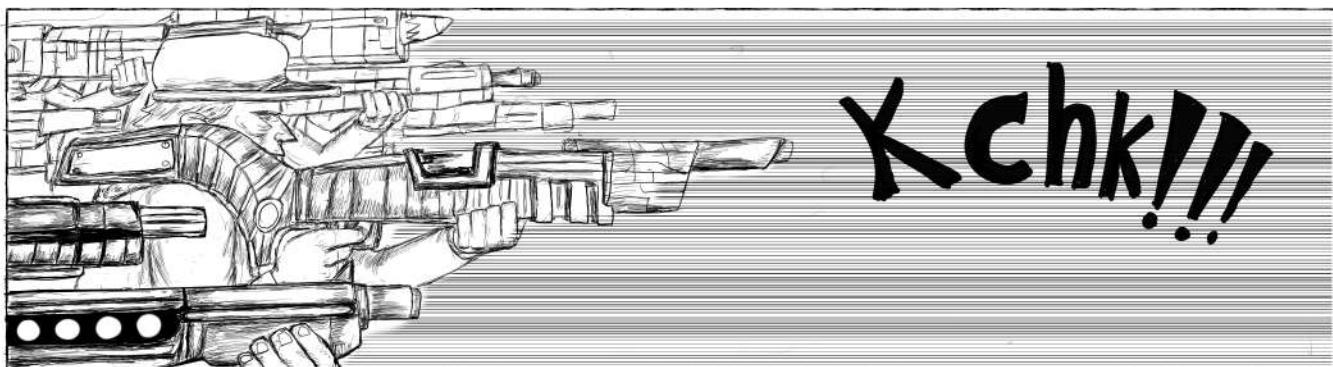
CLAP

ALRIGHT, ENOUGH
SLACKING!

AGH...

BACK TO
WORK!







WHETHER YOU'RE RIGHT OR WRONG ISN'T IMPORTANT ANYMORE. THE FATE OF YOUR LIVES ARE IN MY HANDS.

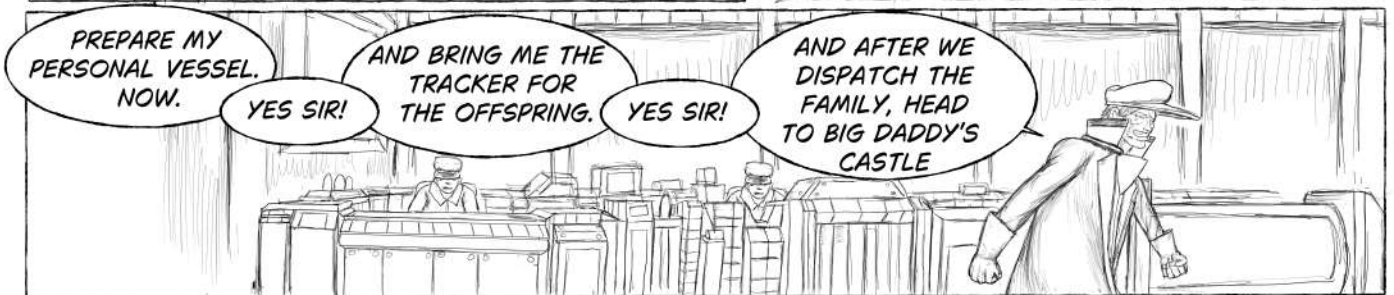


WHAT MATTERS IS THAT YOU BELIEVE IT. AS FOR ME...

I'VE ALREADY MADE PREPARATIONS FOR EVERY OUTCOME.



EVEN THE ONES YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTAND.



PREPARE MY PERSONAL VESSEL. NOW.

YES SIR!

AND BRING ME THE TRACKER FOR THE OFFSPRING.

YES SIR!

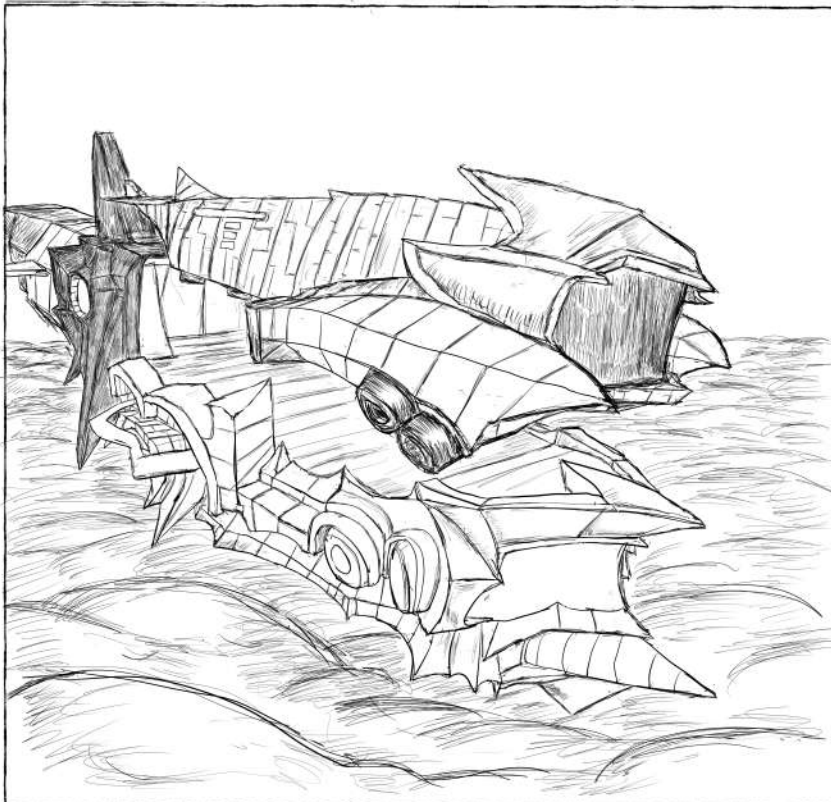
AND AFTER WE DISPATCH THE FAMILY, HEAD TO BIG DADDY'S CASTLE



WHERE DO WE DISPATCH THE FAMILY?



THE DIP

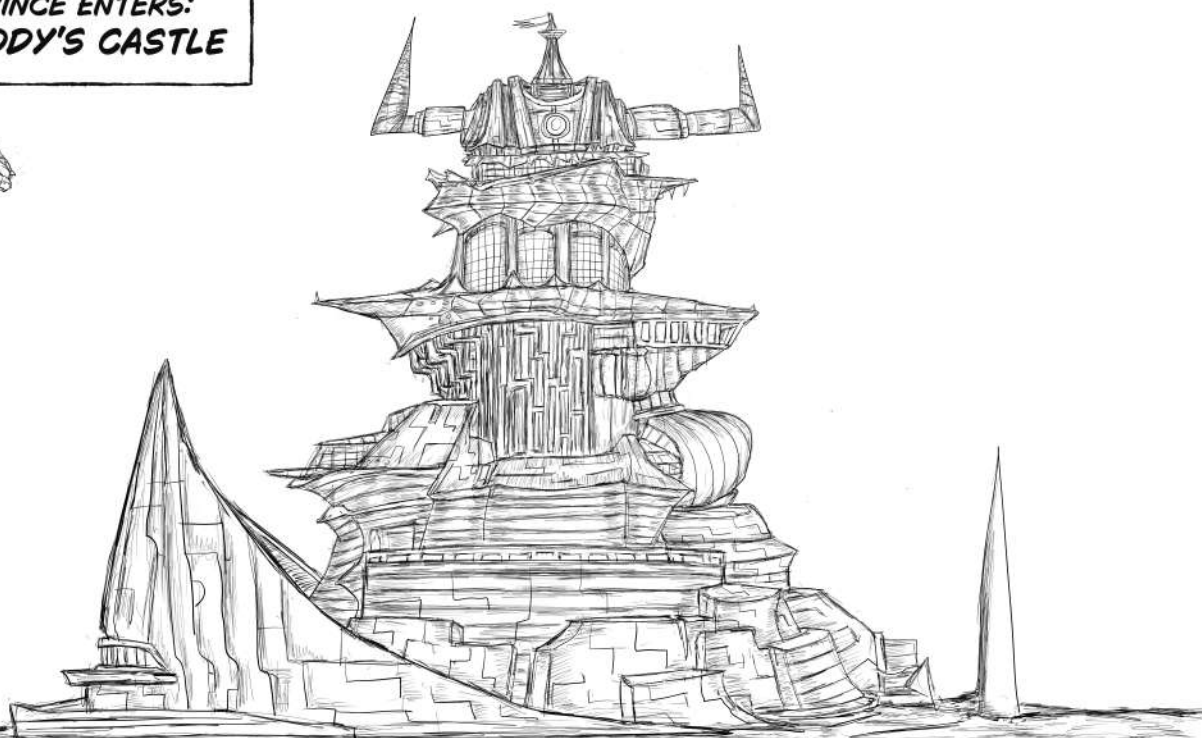




QUINSONS
DISPATCHED AT
THE DIP



**THE PRINCE ENTERS:
BIG DADDY'S CASTLE**



WELCOME BACK
PRINCE!

WE'VE BEEN
TOLD ABOUT
YOUR RECENT
VICTORY!

WE ARE
PROUD
TO CALL
YOU
**BIG DADDY'S
TRUE SON!**

ASTONISHING-

TRULY,
CANAAN

BIG DADDY'S EXTREMELY
BUSY, YOU KNOW HE IS
NOT GONNA BE HAPPY?

FULLY.

IM NOT HERE TO
LISTEN TO VAGUE
THREATS, THIS
IS SOMETHING
BEST FOR THE
FAMILY.

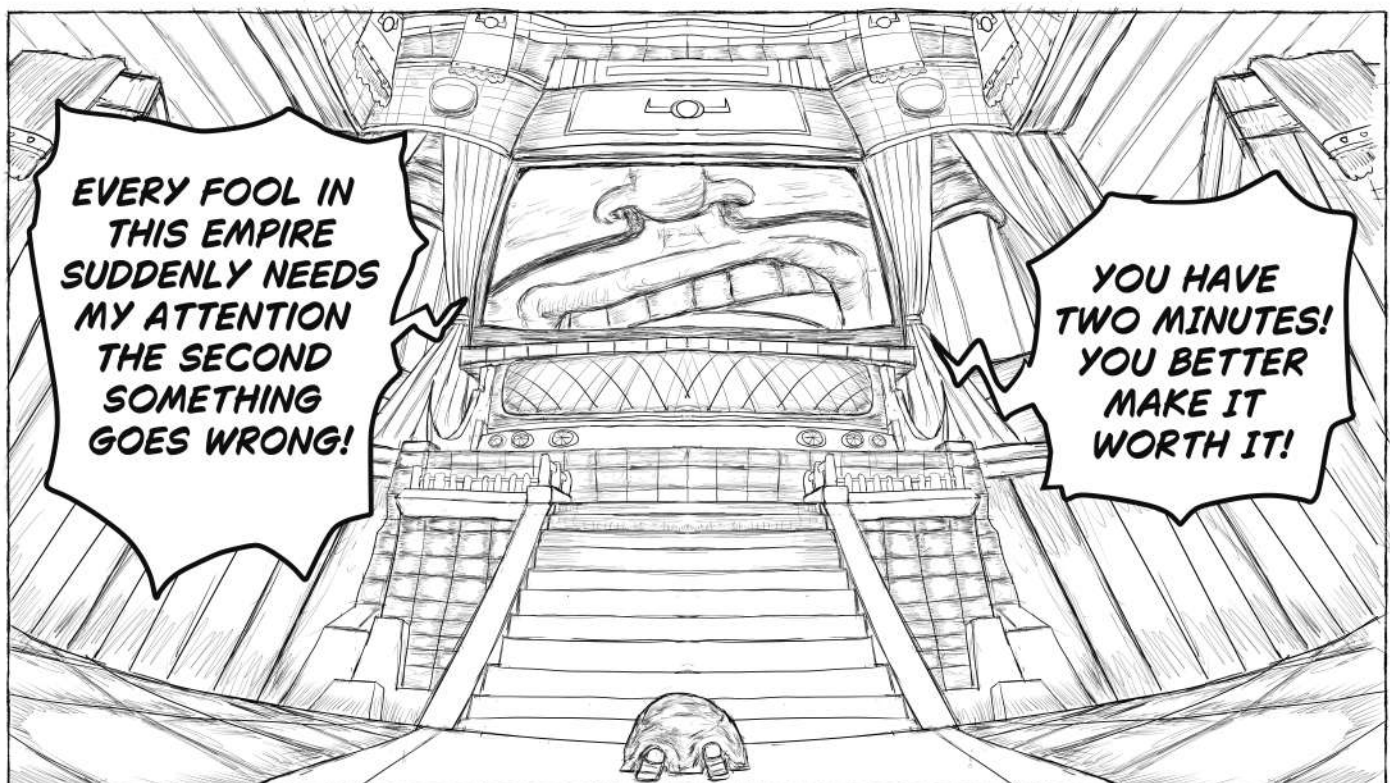
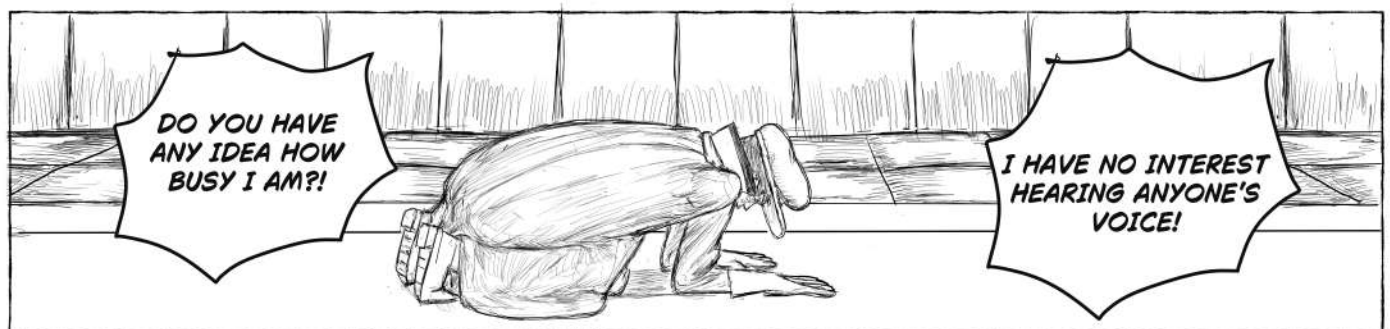
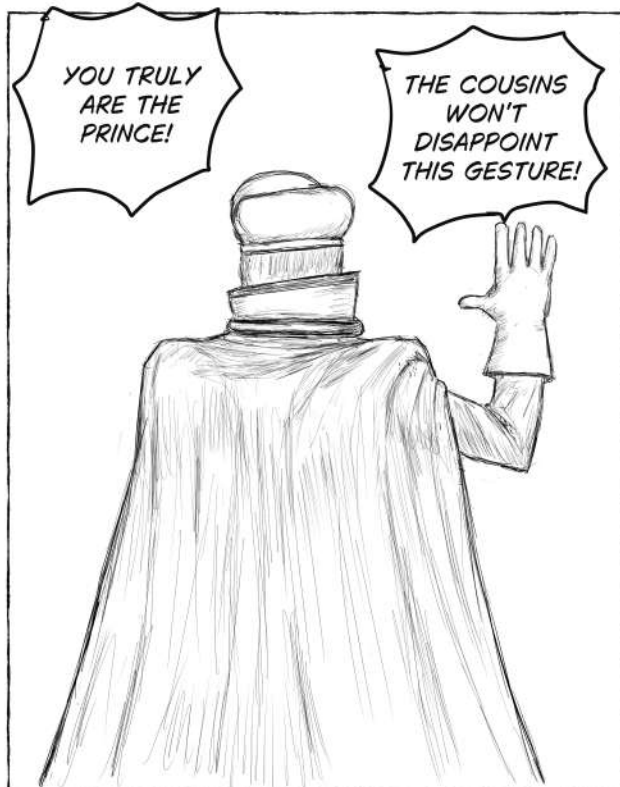
**BIG DADDY'S
ELITE KNIGHT
THE COUSIN**

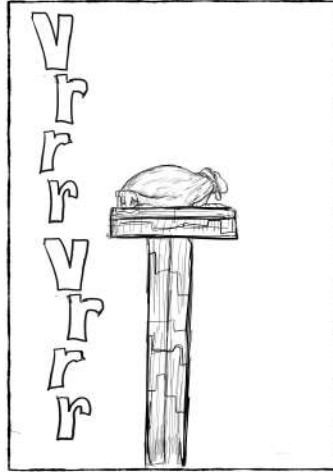
I MEAN
IT

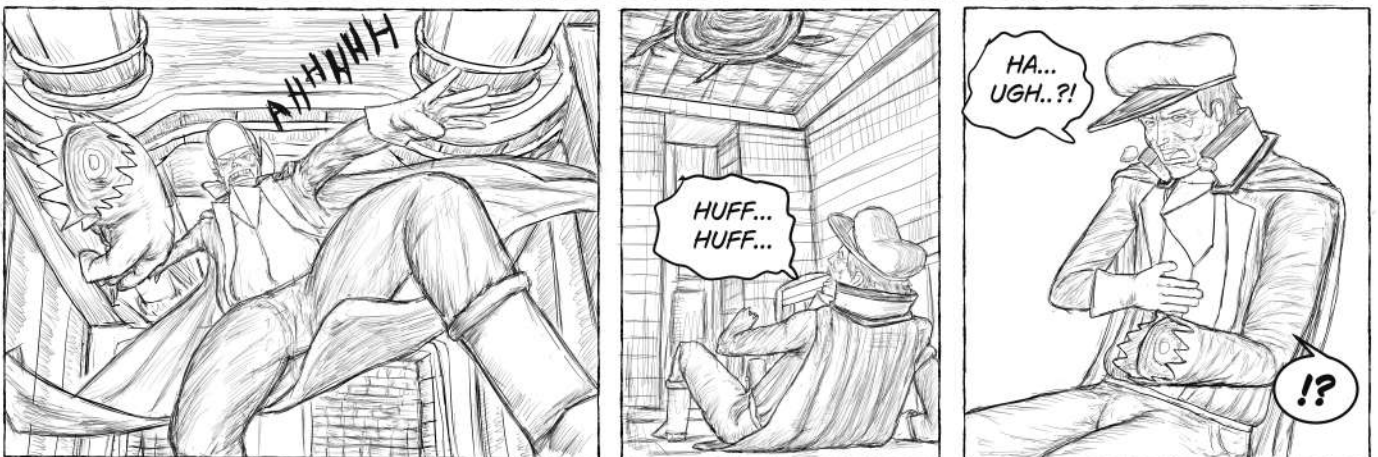
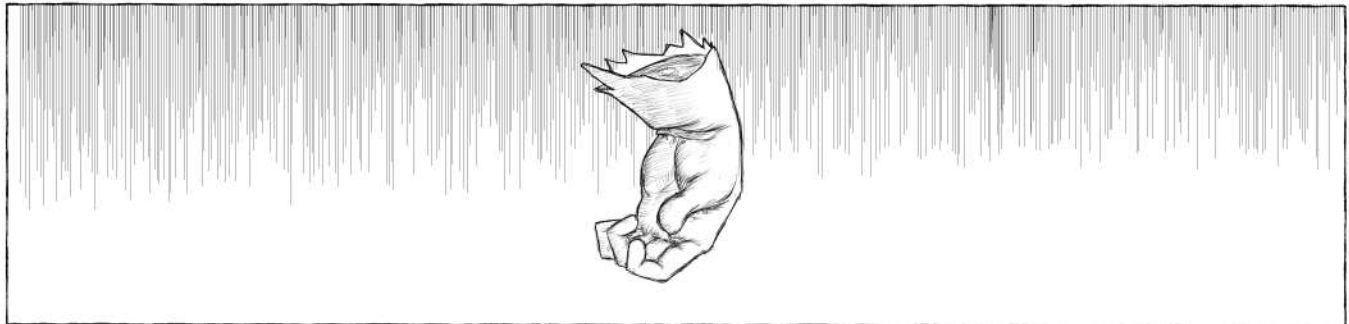
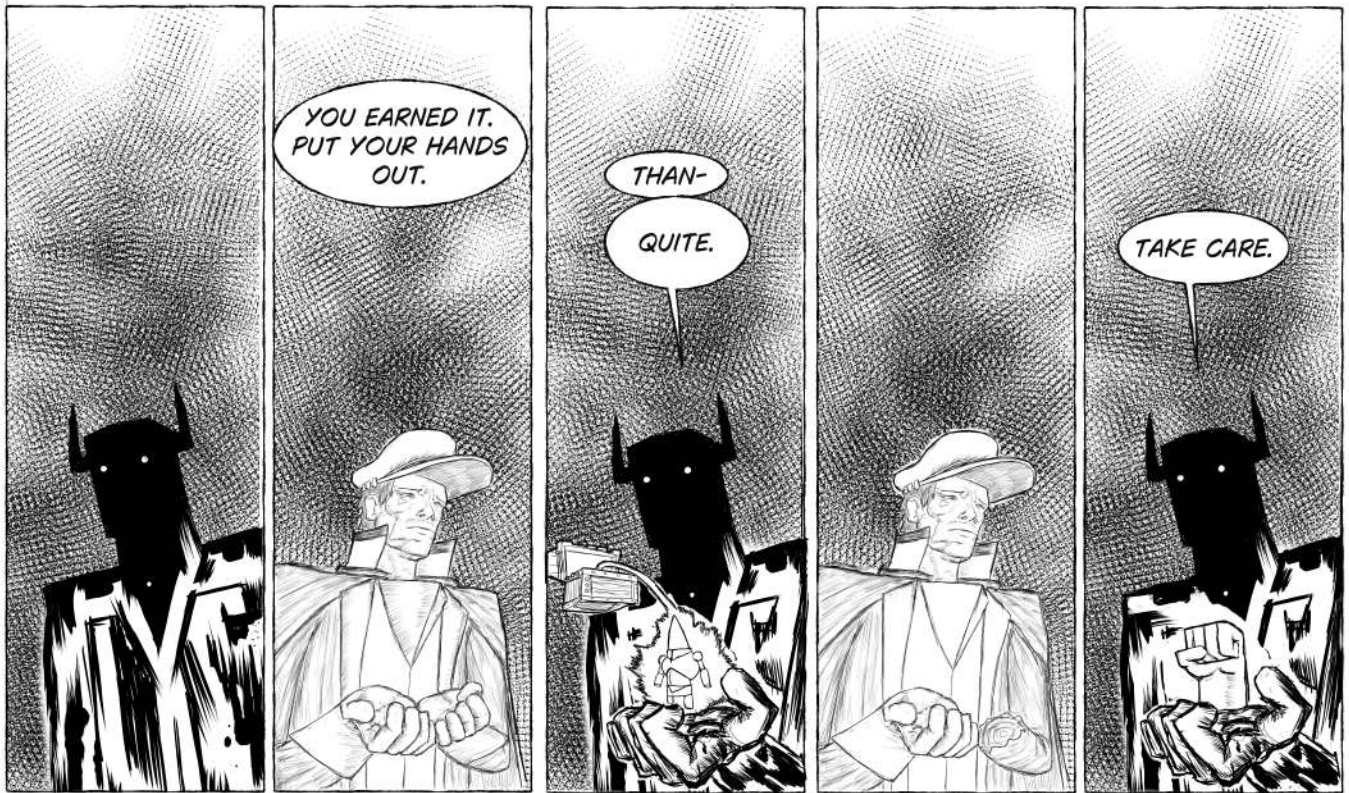
WHAT'S
THIS?

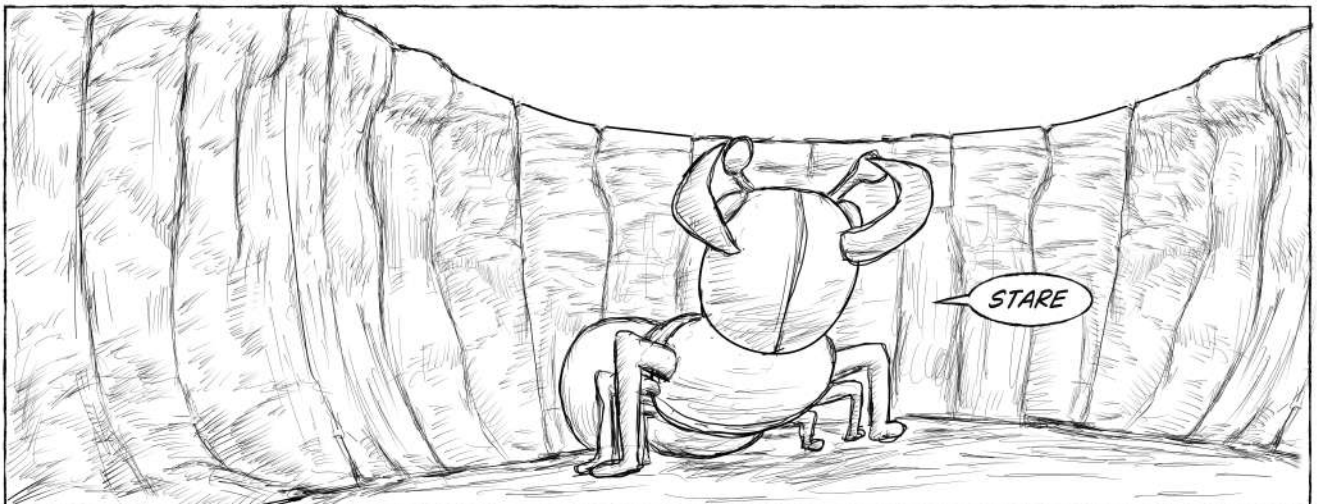
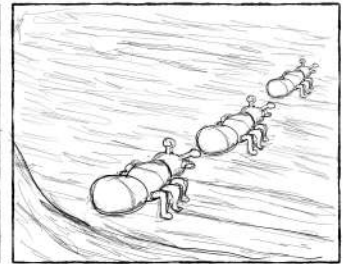
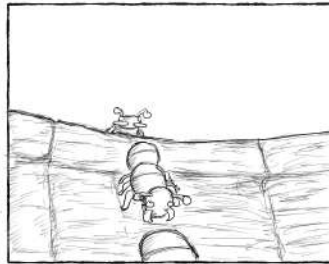
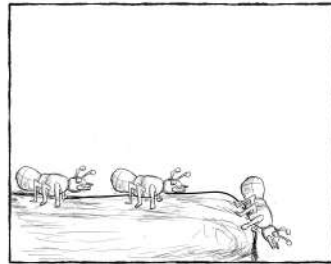
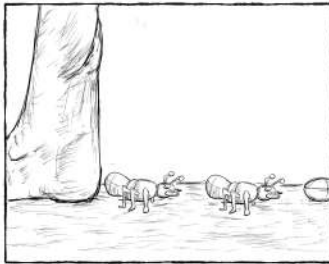
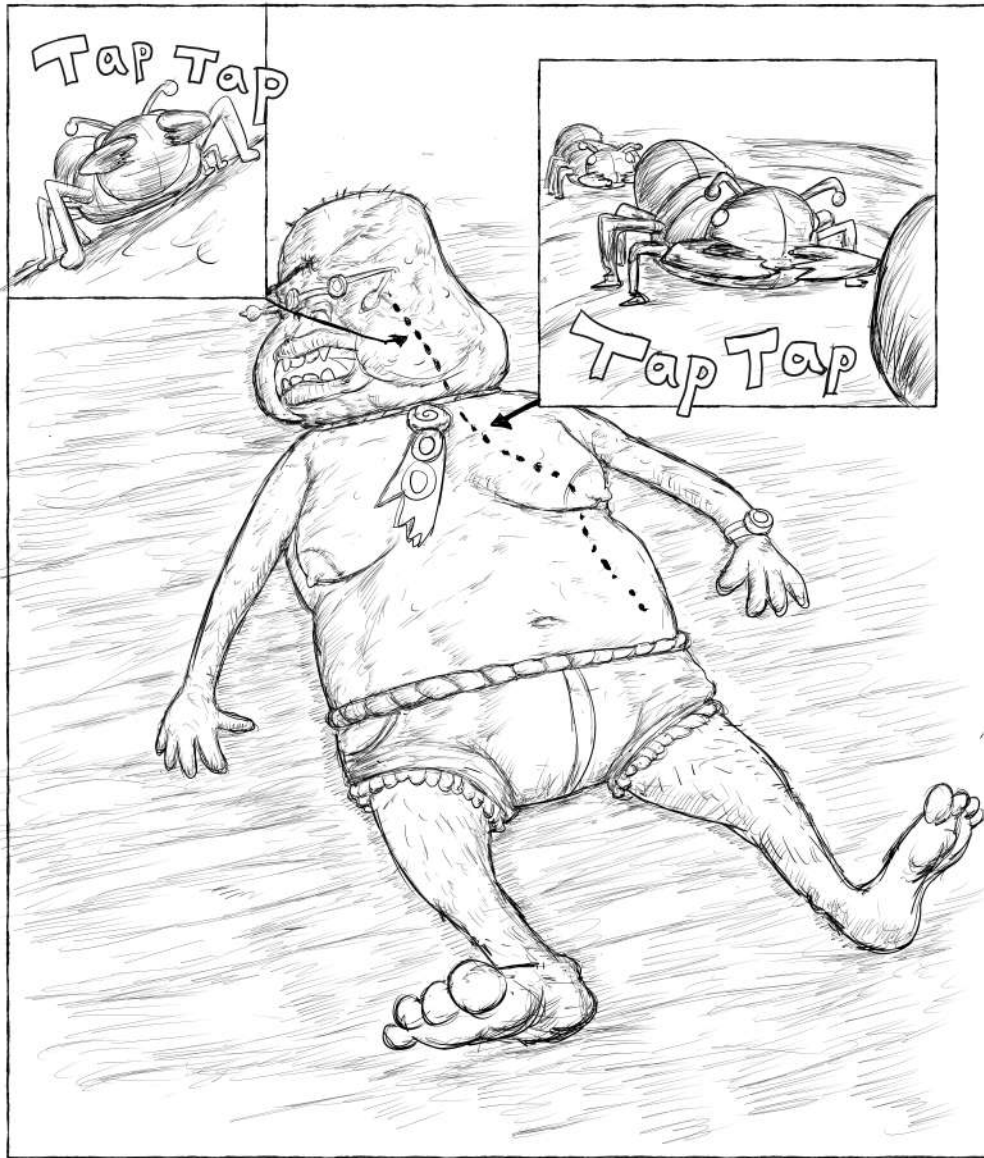
A TRACKER AND
ME, MEANING IT.

catch

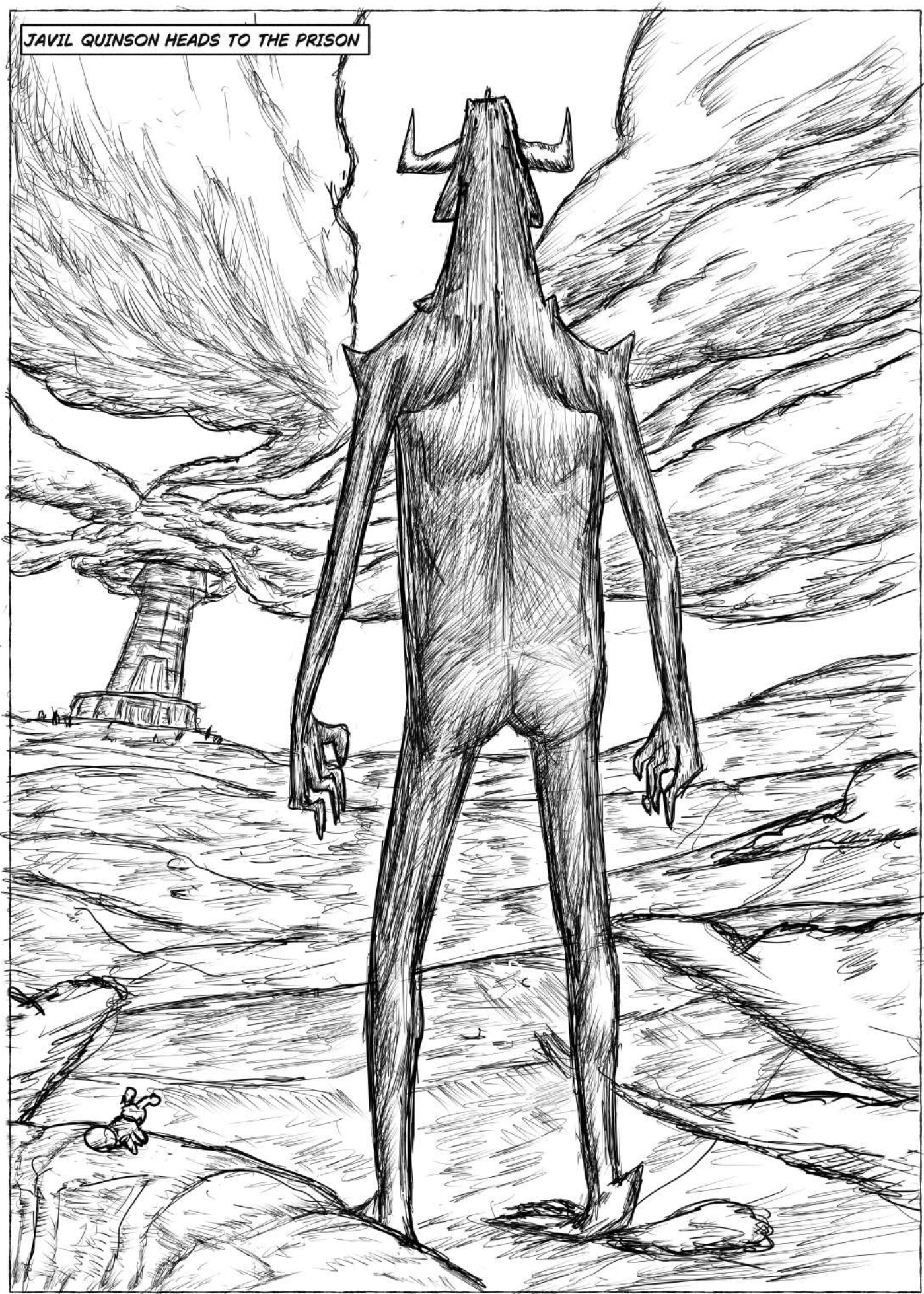


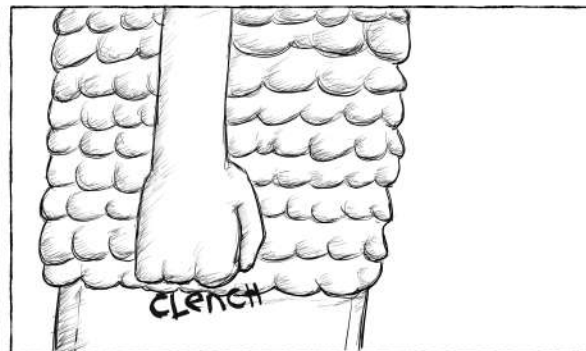
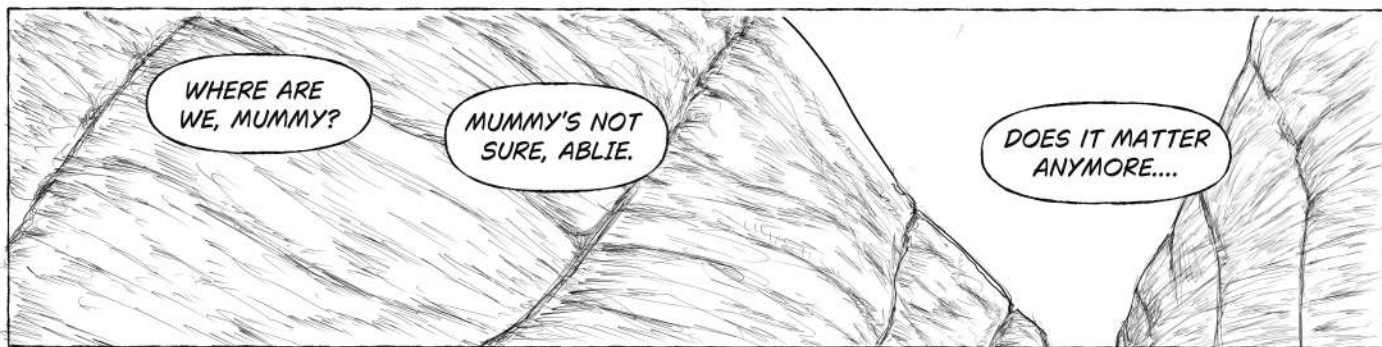


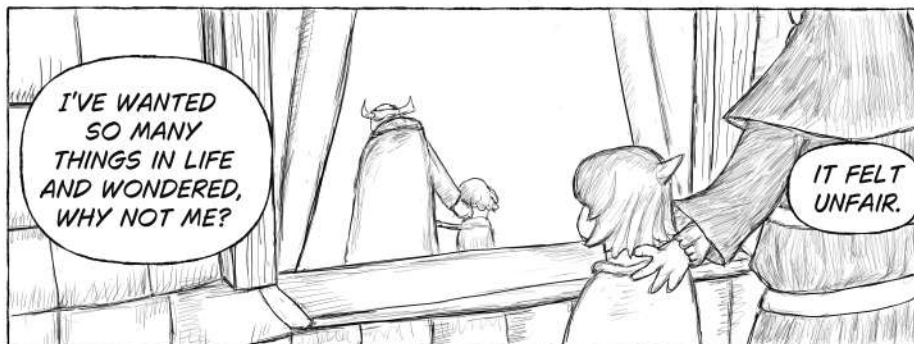
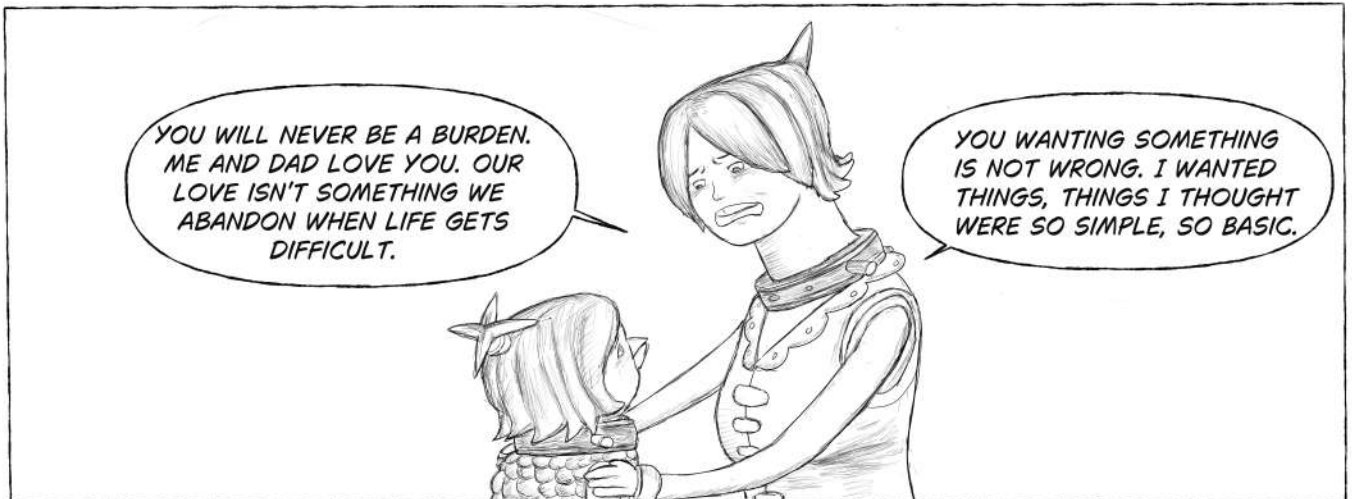
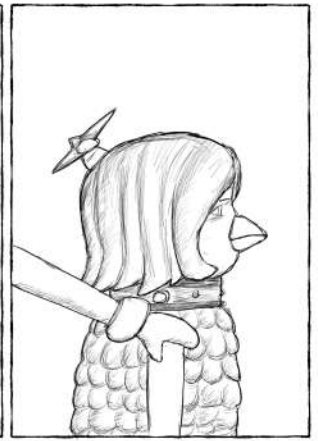
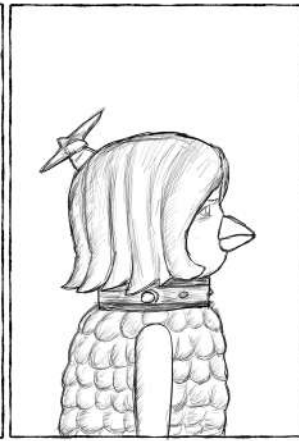




JAVIL QUINSON HEADS TO THE PRISON



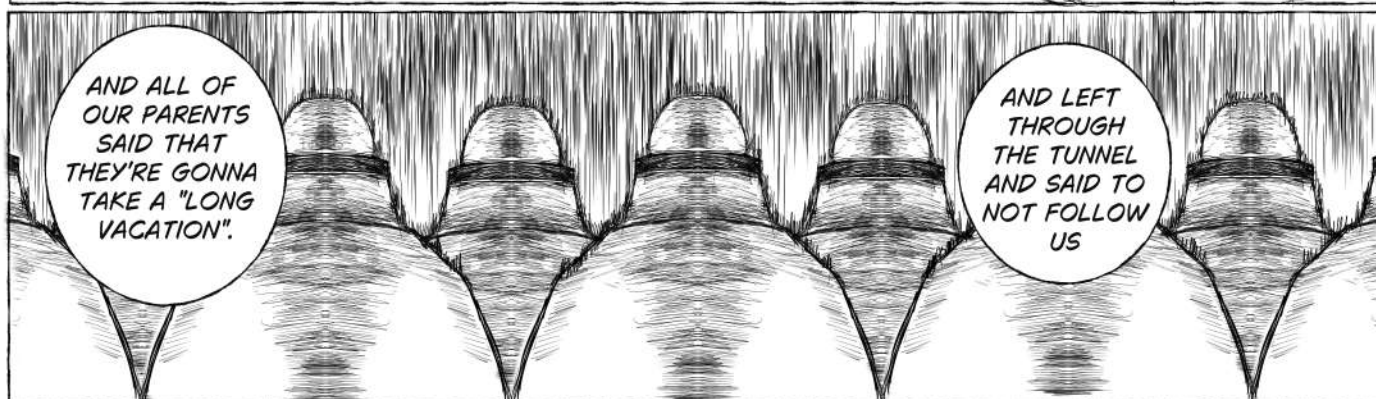
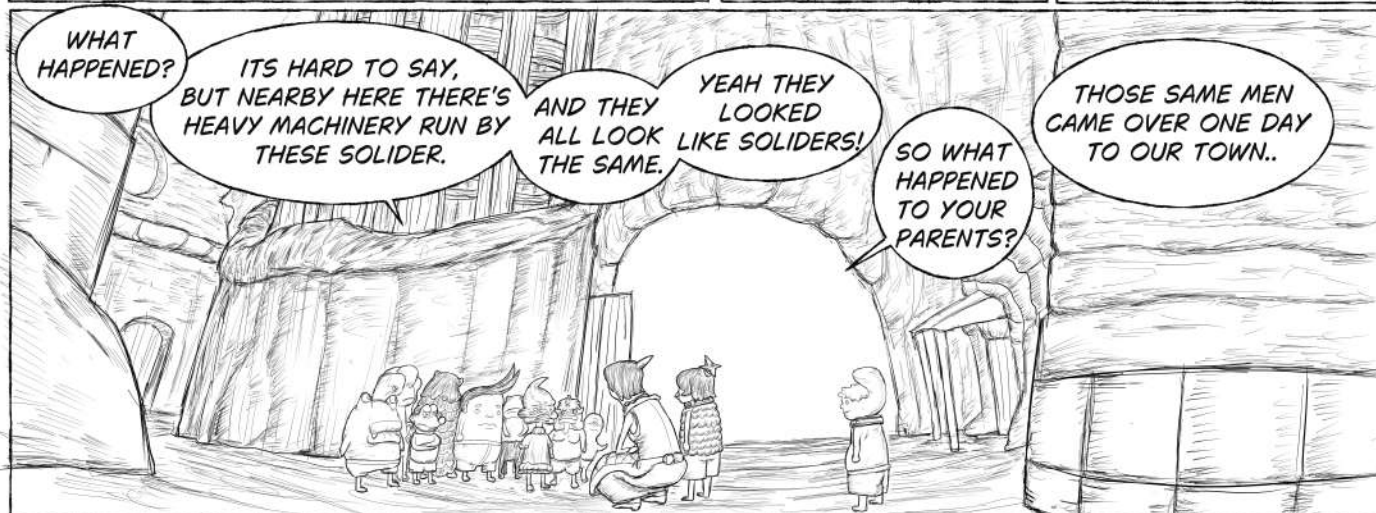




Nooooooooo!!!!...









THE SIGHT OF CHILDREN
STIRRED SOMETHING
DEEP WITHIN
MORA QUINSON.

HOW ABOUT
WE CLEAN
UP A LITTLE.

AN OLD FEELING
SHE HADN'T FELT
SINCE HER
CHILDHOOD,
GROWING UP IN AN
ORPHANAGE.

AS AN ORPHAN,
FAMILY WAS
ALWAYS SOMETHING
SHE COULD ONLY
OBSERVE FROM A
DISTANCE. NOT
SOMETHING SHE
WOULD KNOW. MORA
WOULD STAY HERE
FOR A LONG TIME.



SHE WASN'T A POPULAR
PICK.

MANY TIMES SHE
FELT UNWANTED,
SHE WOULD GO
TO THE ONLY
PLACE WHERE IT
WOULD BE OKAY
TO BE.



SHE GREW A DEEP
RESENTMENT BUT
MORE IMPORTANT
HERSELF. SHE FELT
AS IF, HOW COULD
SOMETHING SO
EASY LIKE FAMILY
BE SOMETHING SHE
WASNT WORTHY OF.

THE PRIEST WOULD
COME UP THERE
WITHOUT FAIL,



HE WOULD
ALWAYS RAMBLE
ABOUT WHATEVER
TALL-TALE HE
REMEMBERED,
FINISHING WITH A
FINAL REMARK.



BEAUTIFUL DAY,
ISN'T IT?

SHE REMEMBERED
STRUGGLING TO
UNDERSTAND HOW
SOMEBODY COULD SEE
BEAUTY IN A WORLD
THAT FELT SO COLD.

BUT OVER TIME, HIS WORDS
REMAINED WITH HER.
THE WORLD WAS SIMPLY TOO
LARGE FOR EVERY BEAUTIFUL
THING WITHIN IT TO
ALWAYS BE NOTICED.



PEOPLE WERE NO DIFFERENT.
THERE WAS SIMPLY TOO
MUCH PAIN, TOO MANY PEOPLE,
AND TOO MUCH OF THE
WORLD FOR EVERY LONELY CHILD.



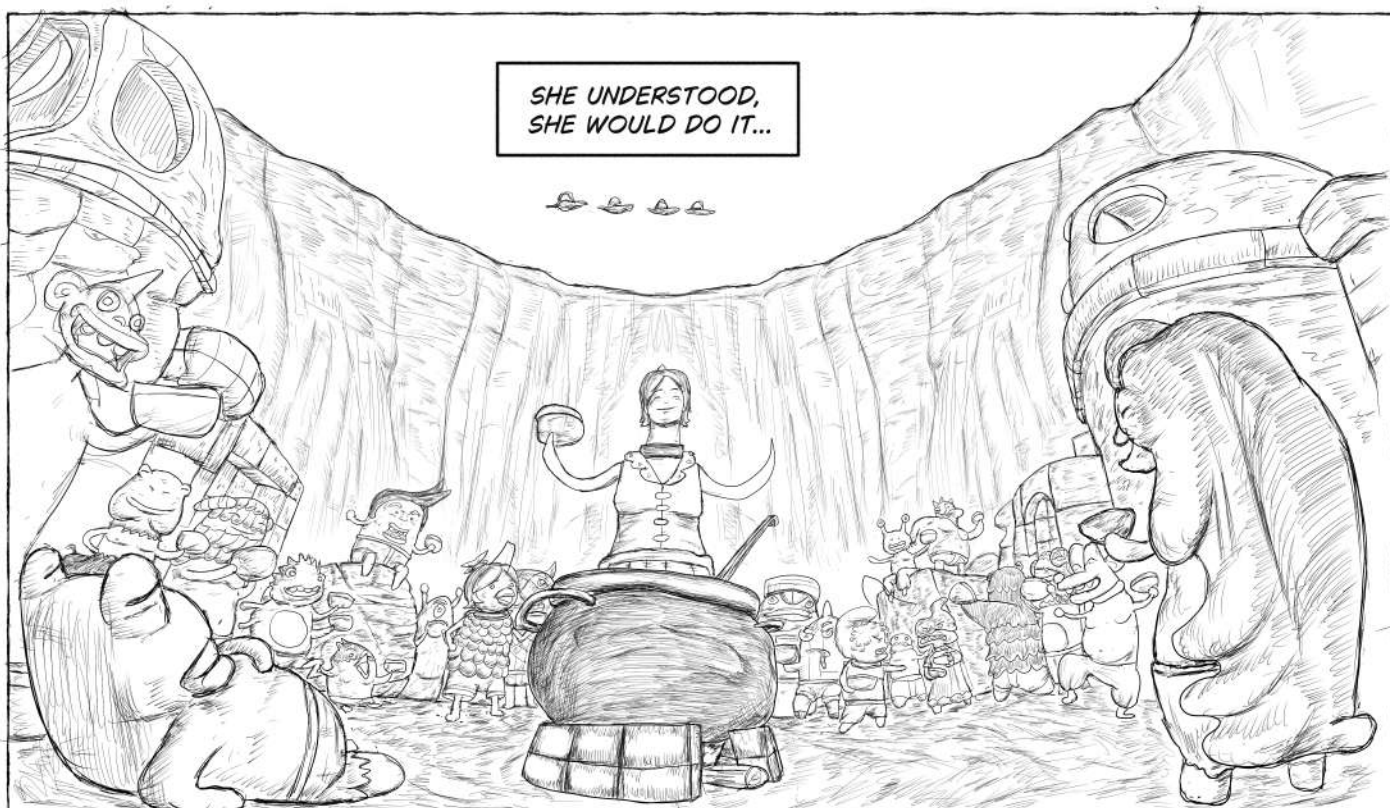
THIS LIGHTED A SPARK IN MORA,
SHE NEVER WANTED ANY
OTHER PERSON TO FEEL
THE SAME WAY SHE DID.



ALL THE PAIN SHE FELT DIDN'T GO TO WASTE.



SHE UNDERSTOOD,
SHE WOULD DO IT...

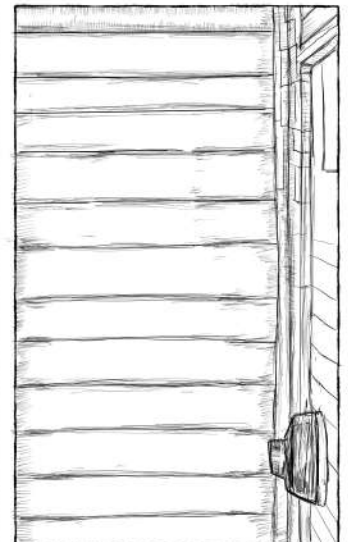
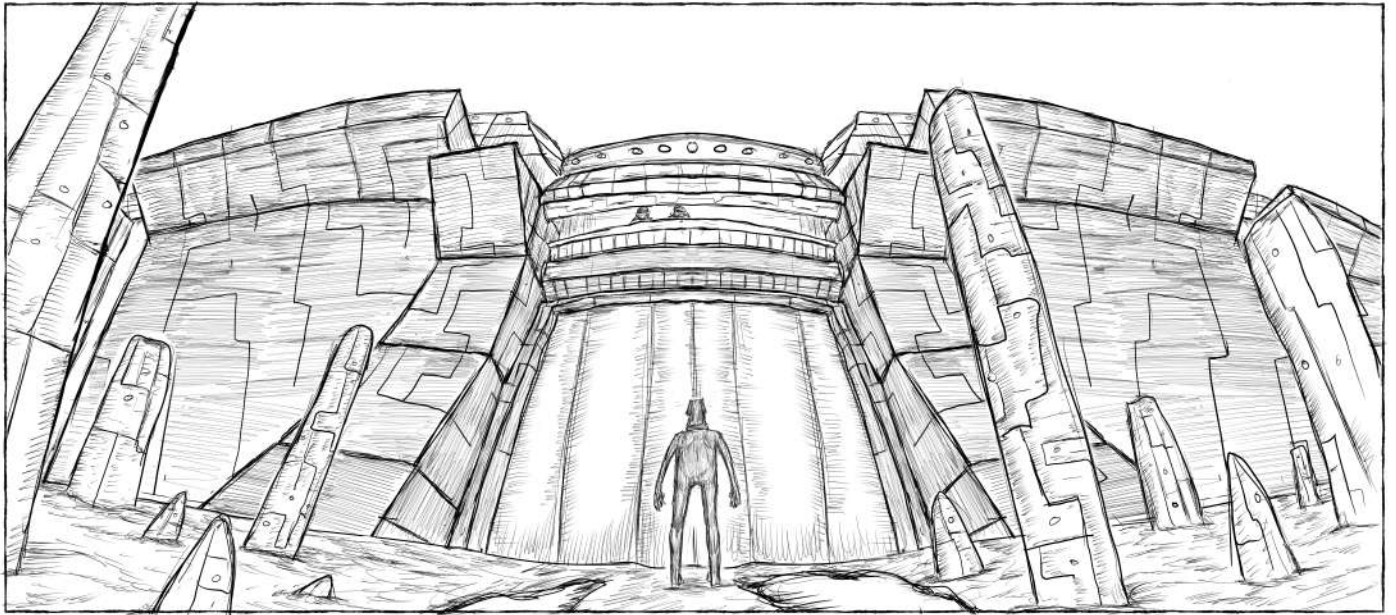


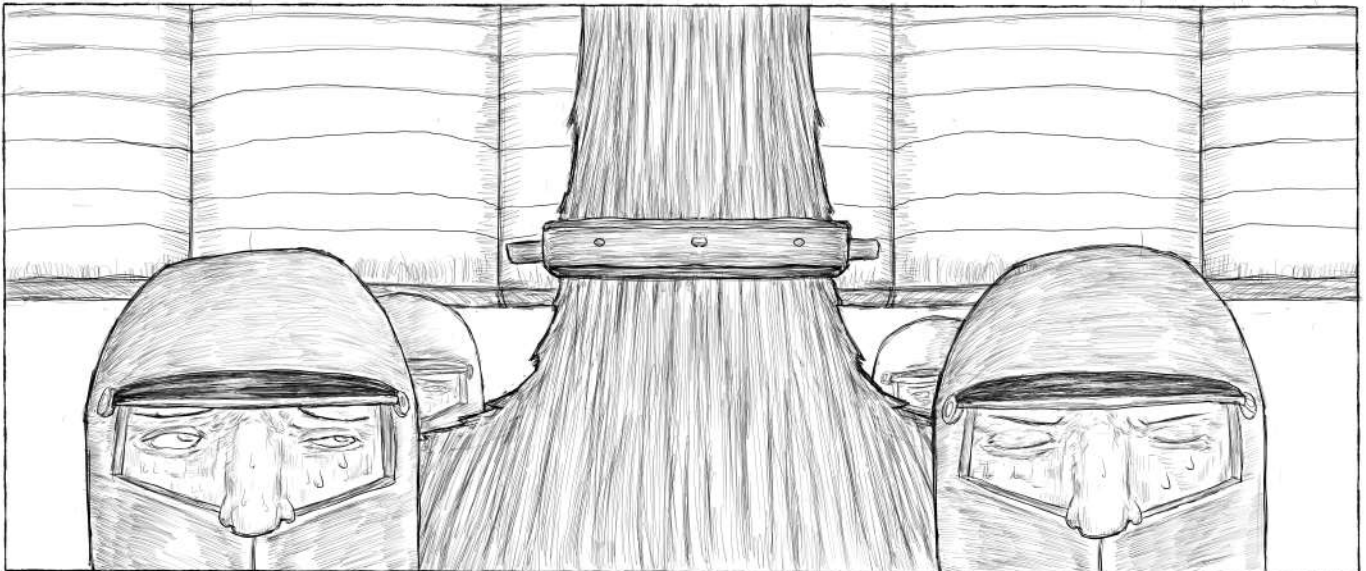
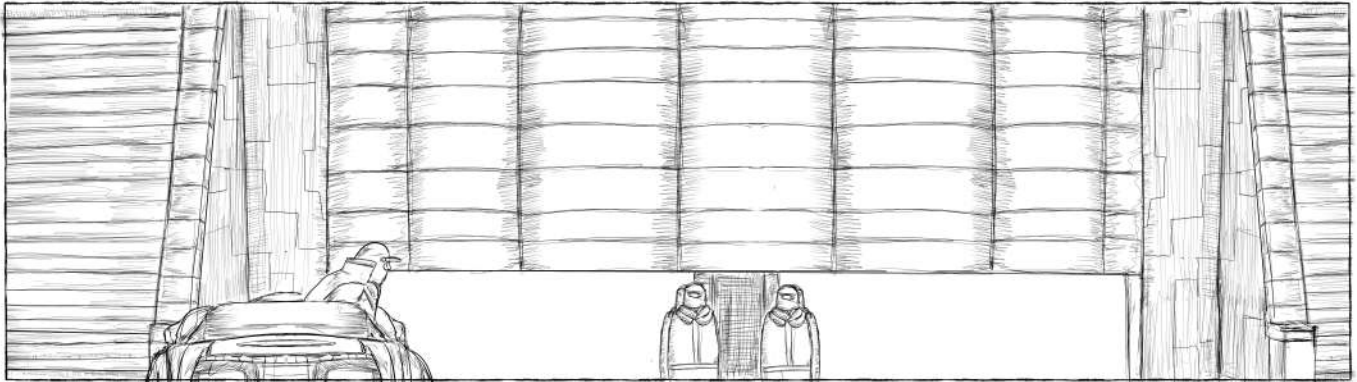
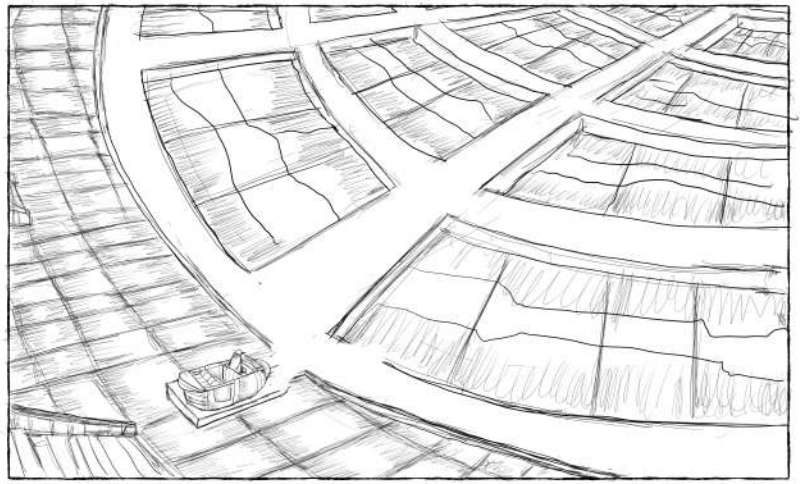
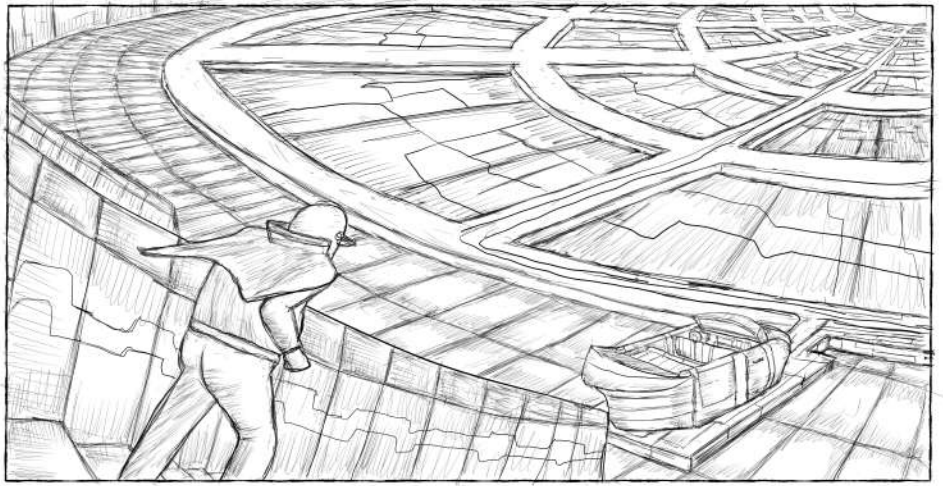
FOR THE SAKE OF FAMILY.

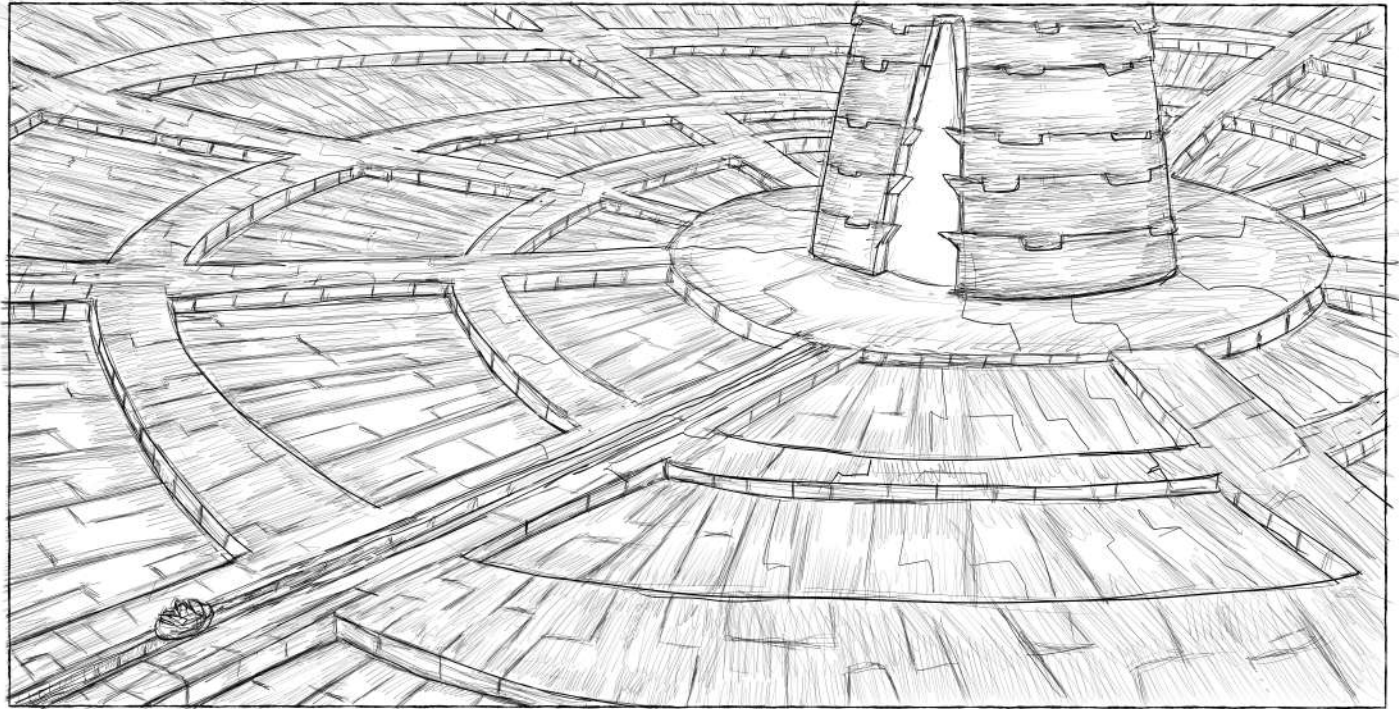
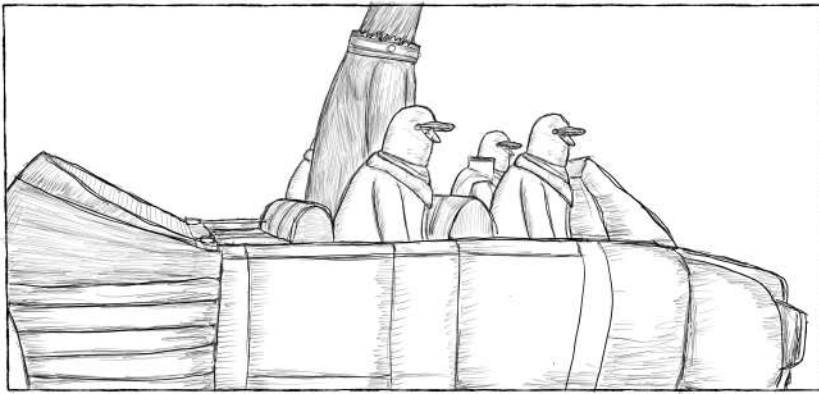
TRACKER SAYS
HERE LADS.











GO FASTER.

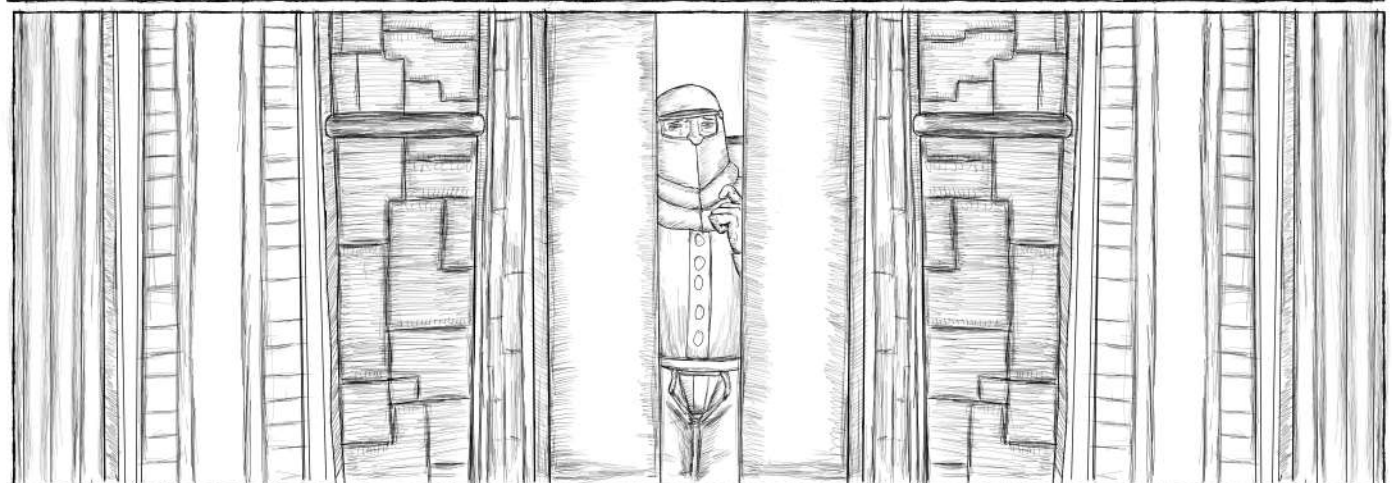
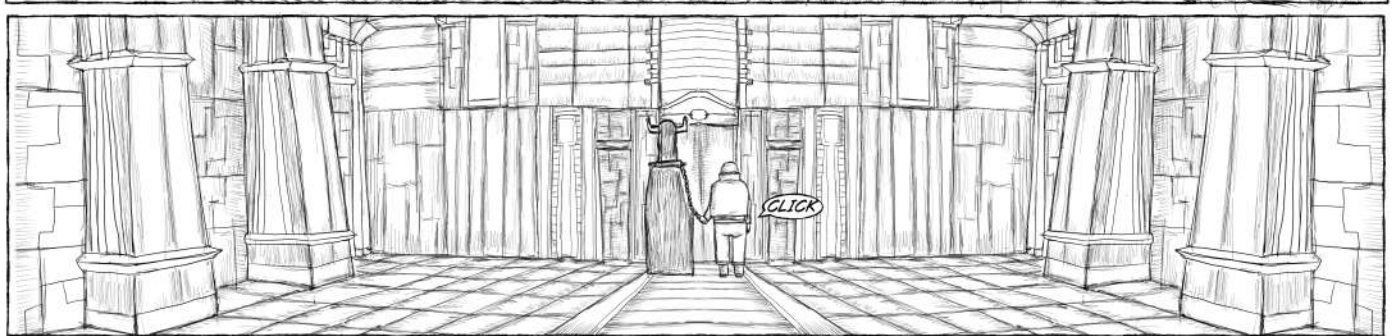
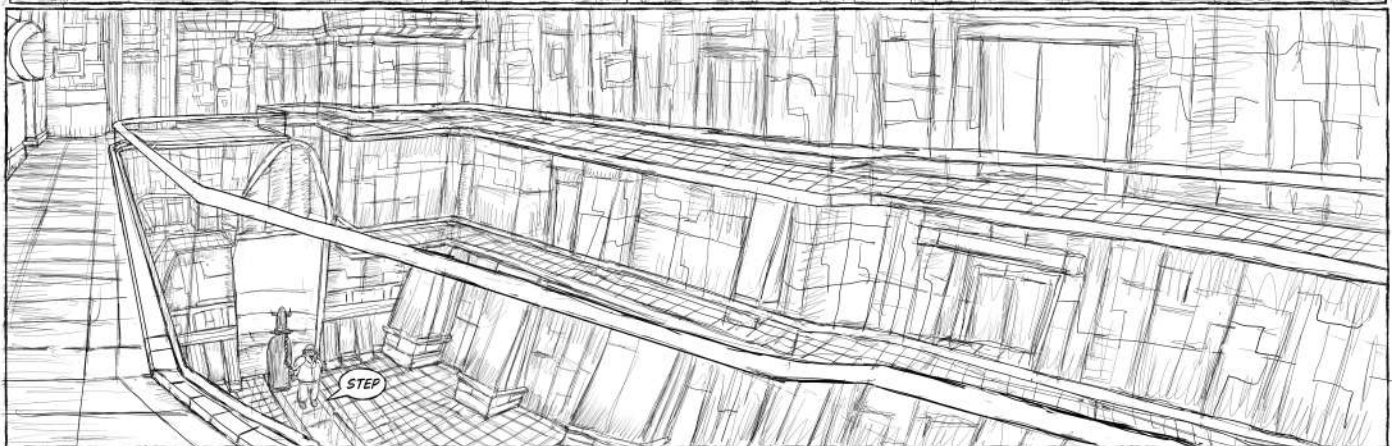
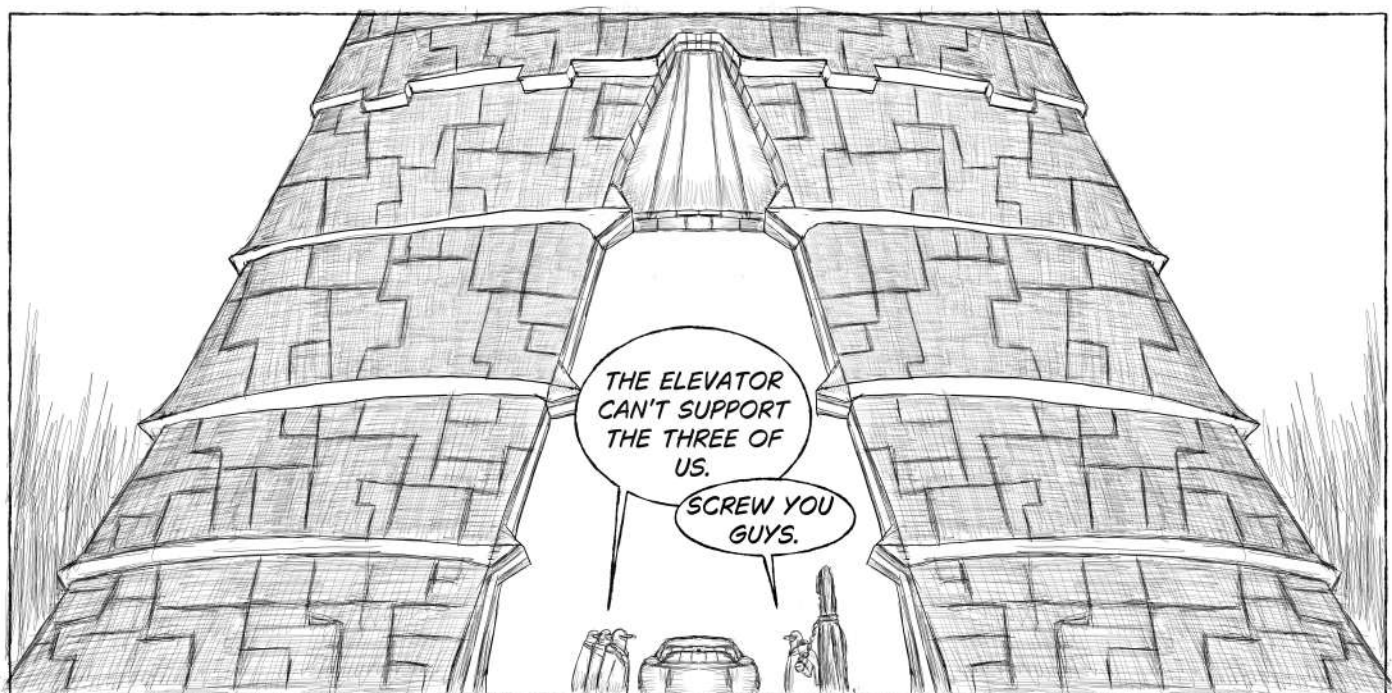


GO
FASTER!!!
YOU
TWERPS!

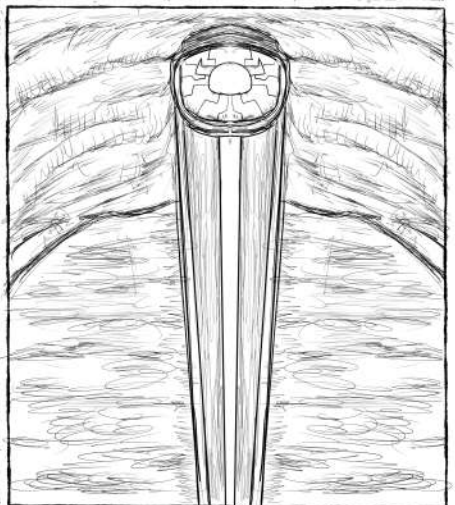
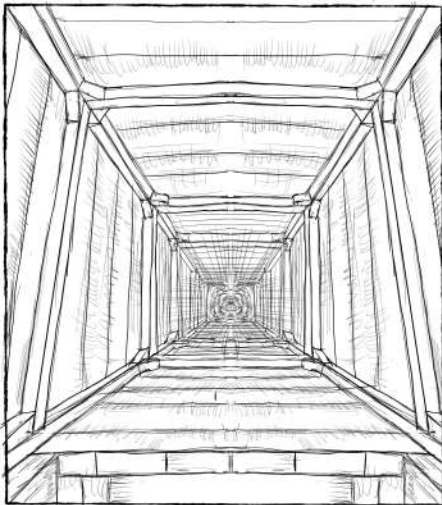
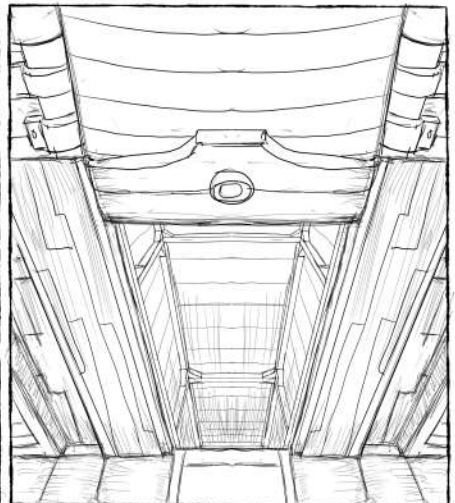


LORD
HAVE
MERCY
...





AS THE ELEVATOR GOES UP.

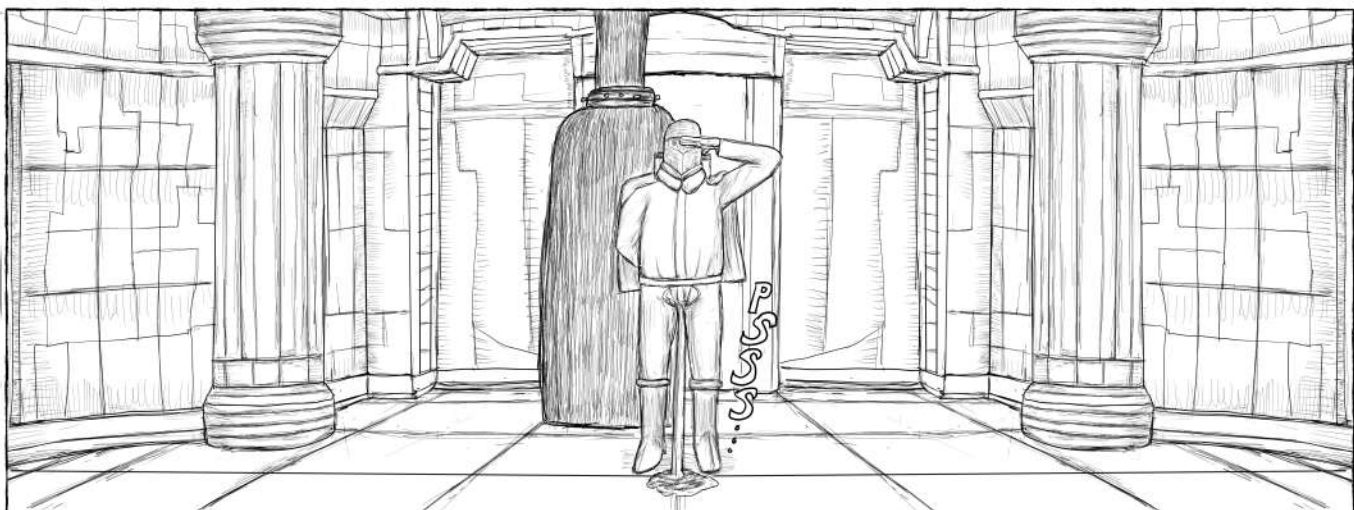
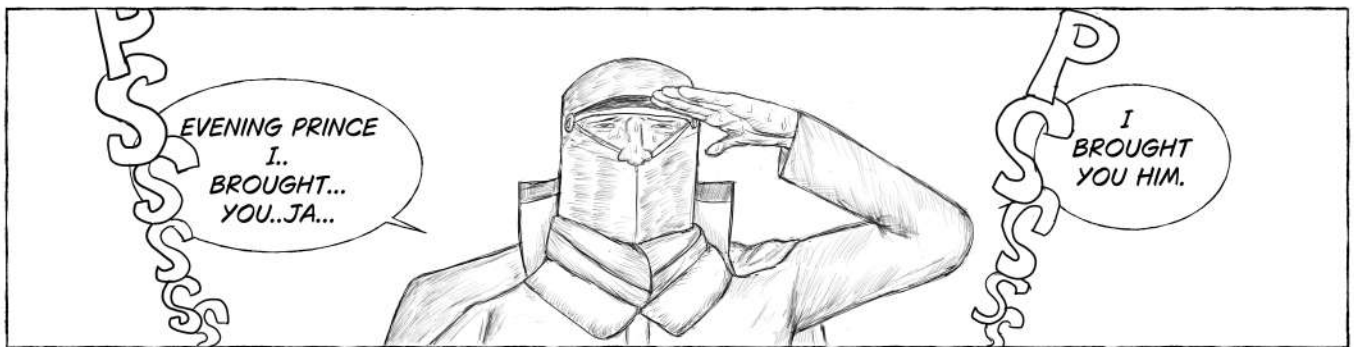
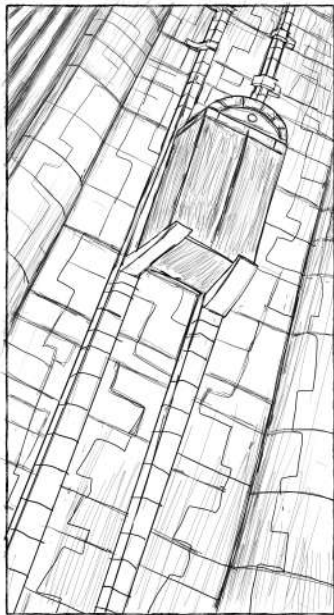
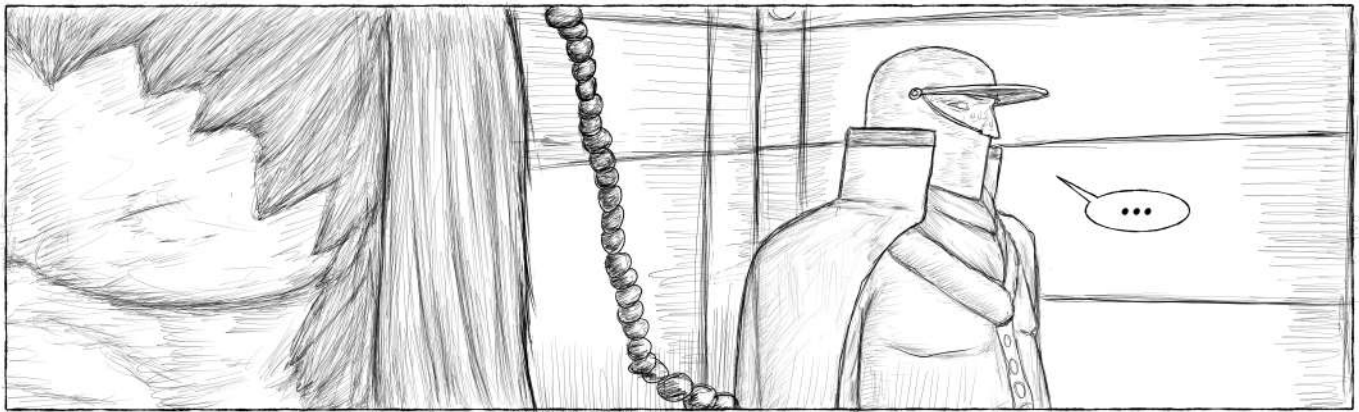


A
VIEW
OF
HELL
EMERGES

...

*BIG DADDY'S
PRISON'S BASEMENT
AKA*
PLAYPIT







YOU'RE DISMISSED.

TO BE CONTINUED

