

...FOR THE
MONSTERS
TO GO AWAY.

SKREEE OONNKKK

WHAT
IS THAT
THING?

IS IT
SAVING
US?

WHO
CARES? JUST-
RUN!

MONSTERS...
LIKE ME.

THE SUIT MAY LOOK
SORTA LIKE AN
ALIEN SYMBIOTE...

...BUT IT WAS GIVEN
TO ME BY SOME
OLD WITCH WHO
WANTED TO USE ME
AS A WEAPON.

I NEED ANGER
TO KEEP ME...
TO KEEP THE
SUIT...MOVING.

I GOTTA STAY
PISSED.

SHOULD
BE EASY
ENOUGH.

WA- THOOOM

ROXXON.

BIG-TIME CORPORATION
WITH THEIR OWN PRIVATE
ARMY.

THEY COULD BE HOLDING
THE LINE AGAINST THE
SWORD-AND-SORCERY
TYPES.

THEY COULD
BE HELPING.

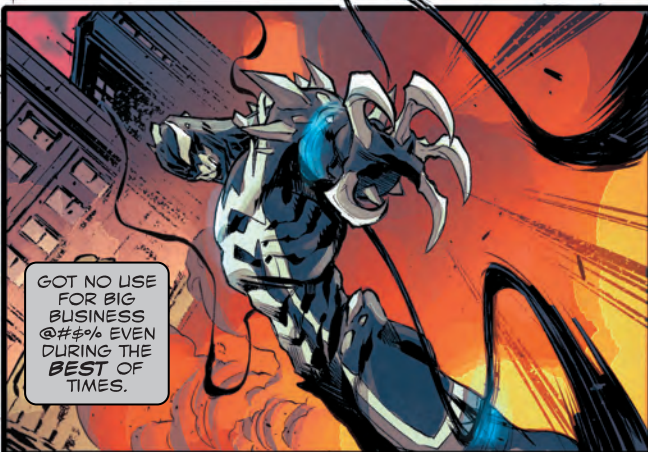
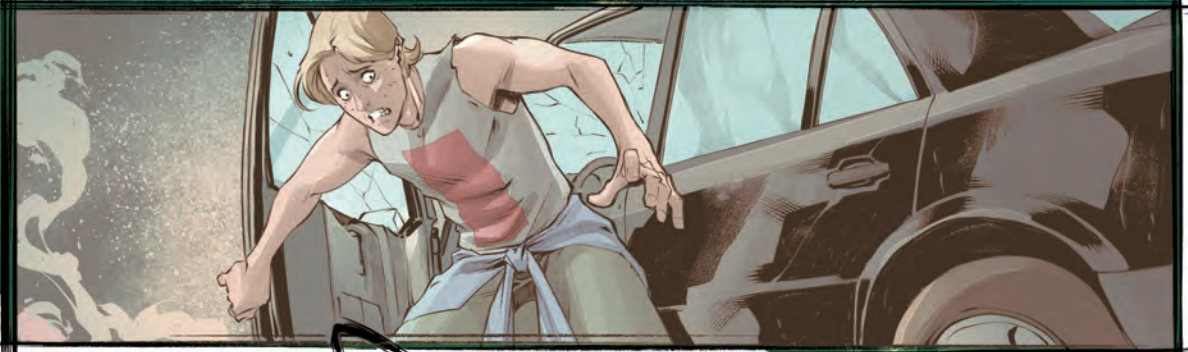
INSTEAD, THEY'RE USING
THEIR MILITARY-GRADE
HARDWARE TO CLEAR A
PATH FOR MIDDLE-EARTH.

OH...OH,
GOD!

IT'S
VENOM!

H-HE
TORE UP MY
TANK!

WORKS
FOR ME.



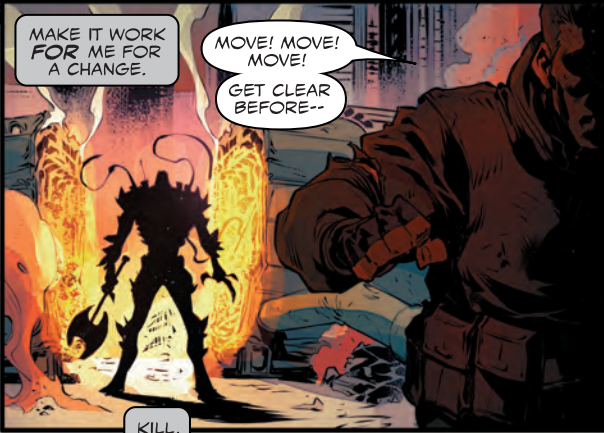
GOT NO USE
FOR BIG
BUSINESS
@#&% EVEN
DURING THE
BEST OF
TIMES.



ROXXON GETS THE
BENEFIT OF ALL MY
BAD MEMORIES.

SHRAANK!

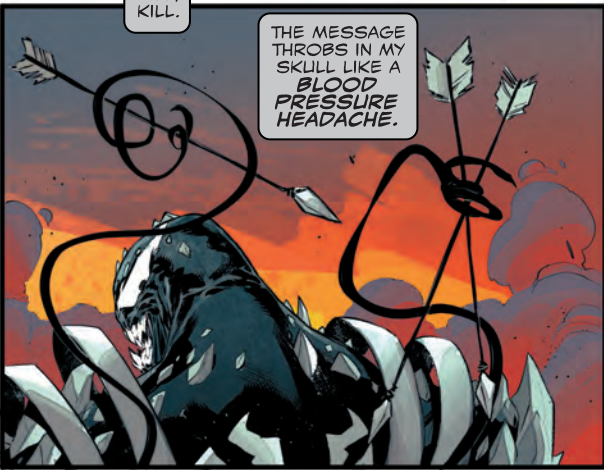
ALL THE **NASTINESS**
I'VE ENDURED...
CHANNELED INTO
THE SUIT.



MAKE IT WORK
FOR ME FOR
A CHANGE.

MOVE! MOVE!
MOVE!
GET CLEAR
BEFORE--

KILL,
KILL,
KILL.



THE MESSAGE
THROBS IN MY
SKULL LIKE A
**BLOOD
PRESSURE
HEADACHE.**

IT'S LIKE A BABY
BIRD BEGGING
FOR FOOD.

THUNK TH-THUNK THUNK



WANTS ME
TO FEED
IT.



TOO FAR ONE WAY, I'M SLOW, SLUGGISH, NEAR USELESS.

MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

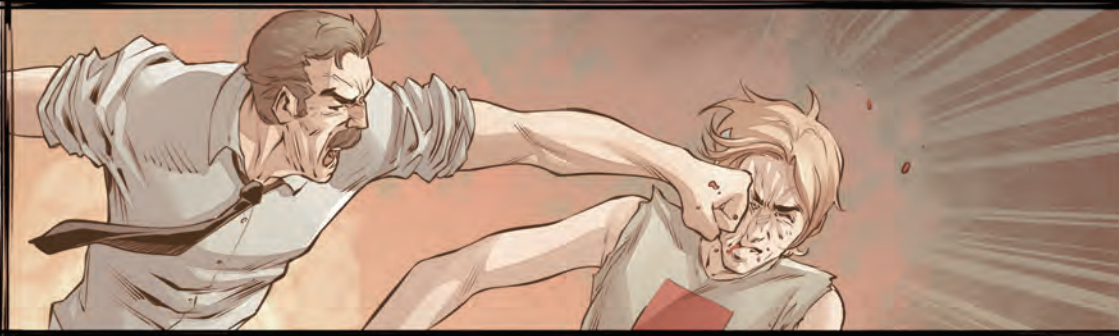
TOO FAR THE OTHER-- AND WHO KNOWS WHAT I'LL BECOME?



EVERY PASSING SECOND, THE SUIT'S CHANGING.

P-PLEASE... JUST DOING MY JOB...

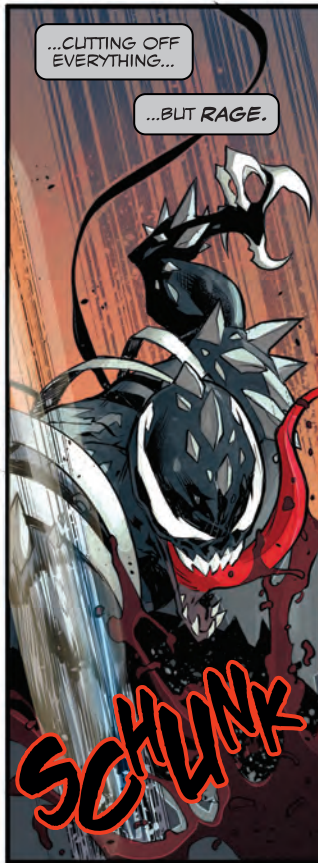
IT'S NOT WHAT I DREAMED UP TO BEGIN WITH.



FEELS LIKE BANDAGES...

...WRAPPED TOO TIGHT...

...CUTTING OFF CIRCULATION...



...CUTTING OFF EVERYTHING...

...BUT RAGE.

SCHUNK



THWOOOSH

ARRRGH!