



RELAX? AND WHAT? WAIT IDLY BY FOR THEIR ATTACKS?

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT. I WAS JUST--FORGET IT. NEVER MIND.

I'LL BEGIN LOOKING FOR SOME NEWS OUTLETS THAT CAN HELP GET YOUR MESSAGE OUT. THOUGH THEY ALL WANT TO KNOW HOW WE'RE TAPPING INTO THEIR NETWORK FEEDS. THEY'RE UNCOMFORTABLE WITH **UNTRACEABLE** SIGNALS.

AND I KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS, BECAUSE I KNOW HOW MUCH JOY I BRING TO YOUR LIFE, BUT I DO HAVE A DAY JOB I NEED TO GET BACK TO. KEEPING A SENSE OF NORMALITY, ON MY END.



YES, YOU SHOULD KEEP UP YOUR SENSE OF NORMALITY.

Um... I AM NORMAL. YOU'RE THE DEAD GUY.



LACKING ANY SENSE OF HUMOR AT THIS POINT, SPAWN ENVELOPES MARC IN CRIMSON TENDRILS, SUCKING THEM INTO THE BLACKNESS CALLED "THE VOID."