

NEXT TOWN OVER

9
VIA
DOLOROSA

ERIN MIEHTLOS



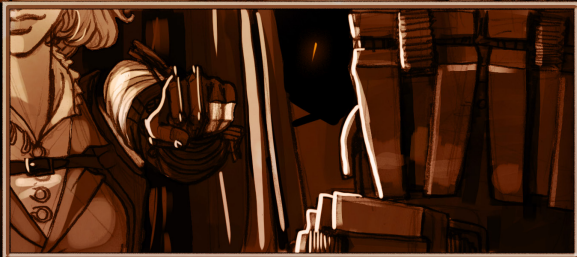
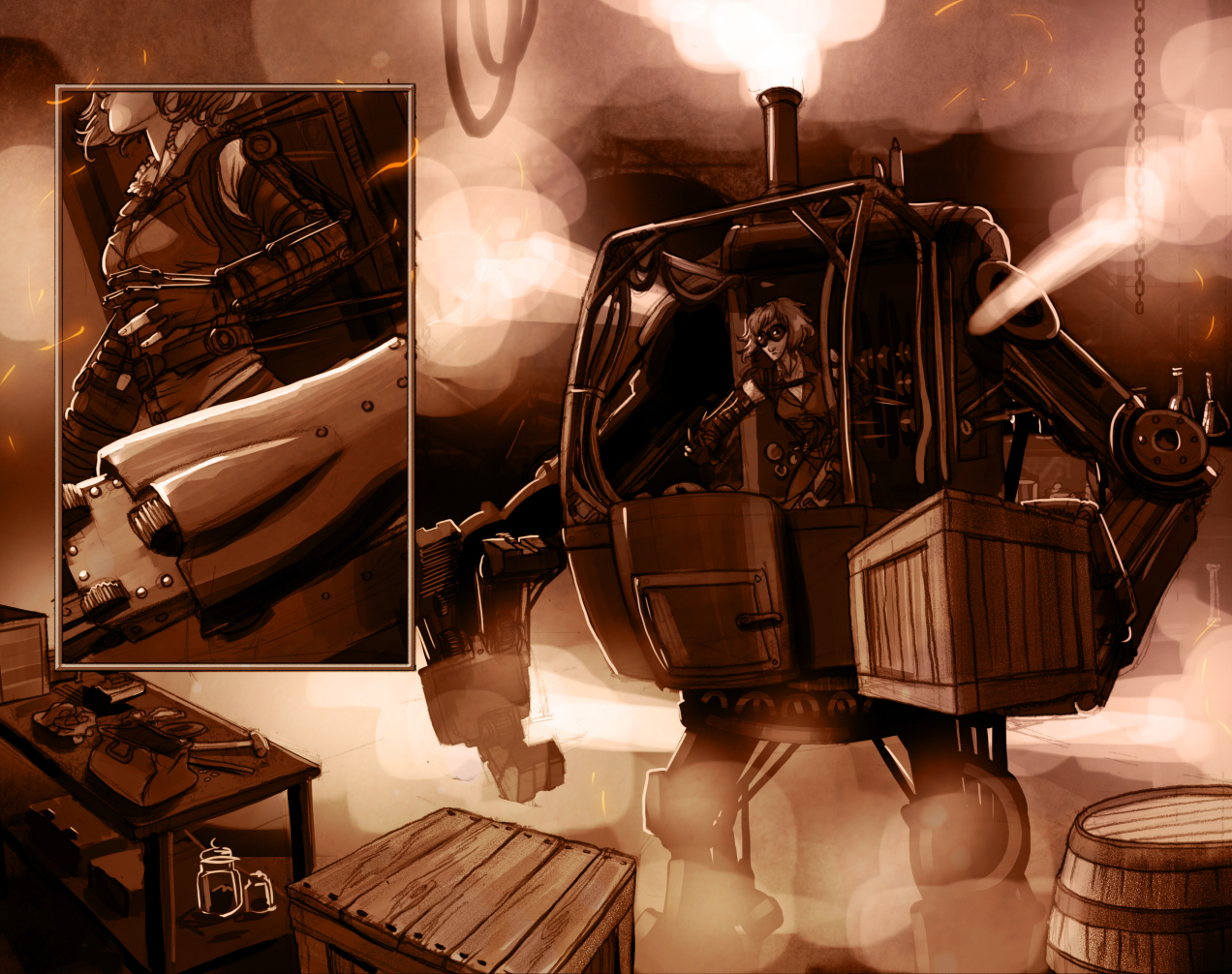
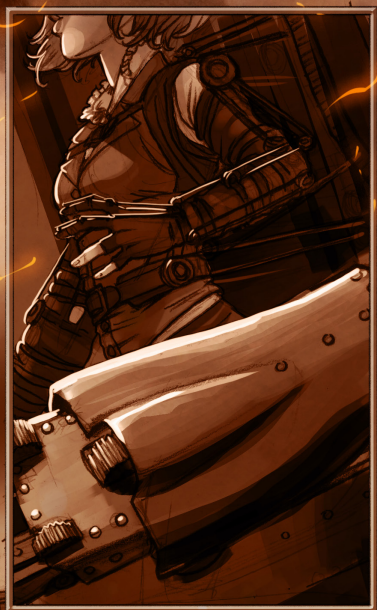
NEXTTOWN OVER

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I SAW HIM. HE'S HERE.





"BLACK"?

BLACK IS THE NAME OF AN ESTABLISHED, WELL-REGARDED CLINICIAN. SEEMED FOOLISH TO SQUANDER AN ACCUMULATION OF GOODWILL WITH A SWITCH GUARANTEED, AT BEST, TO BEG A LOT OF IDLE INQUIRY.

v. Black M.D.
PHYSICIAN

I SHOULD THINK **YOU** OF ALL PEOPLE WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT SORT OF BRANDING, "**HUNTER**".

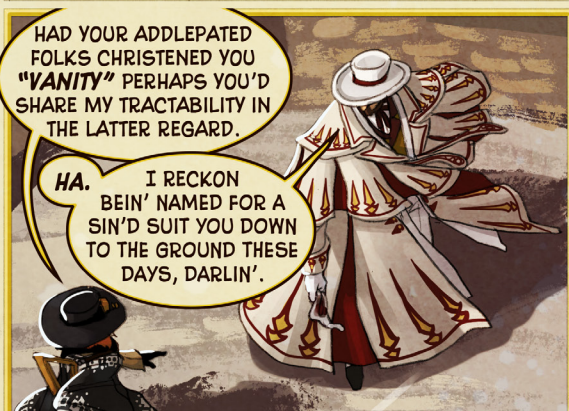
THAT'S DIFF'RENT.

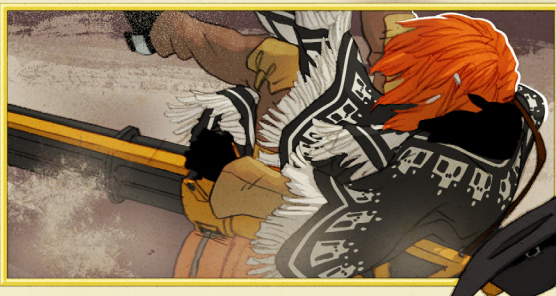
HOW SO?

IT'S STILL MY **NAME**, FOR A **START**.

SEEMS EVEN THE **AUTHORITIES** DON'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO CALL YOU, **MIZZ BLACK**.

I BLAME YOUR CONFUSIN' INSISTENCE ON ESCHEWIN' YOUR **LEGAL NAME**.

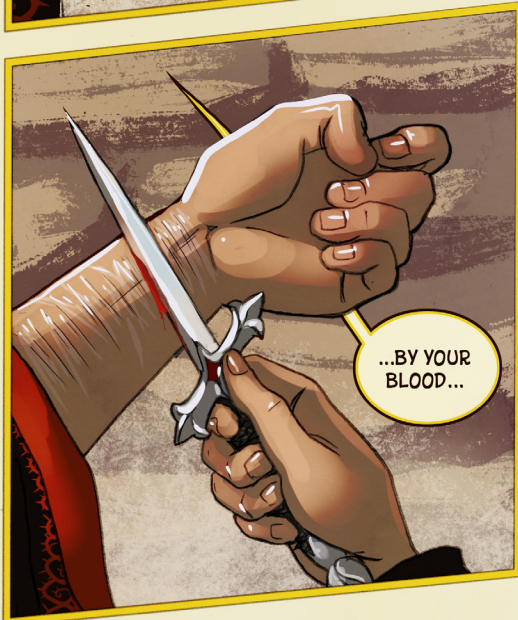
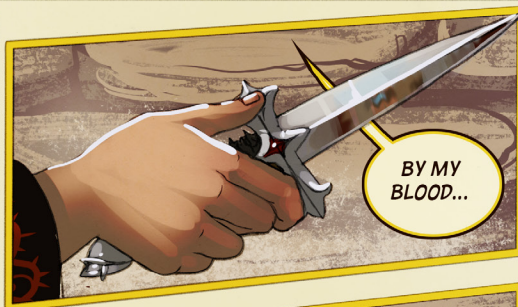
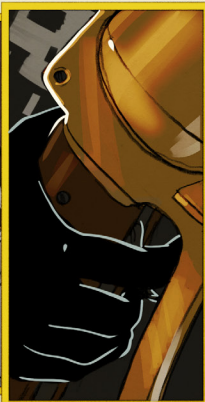




IT'S HER!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT,
THERE SHE IS!

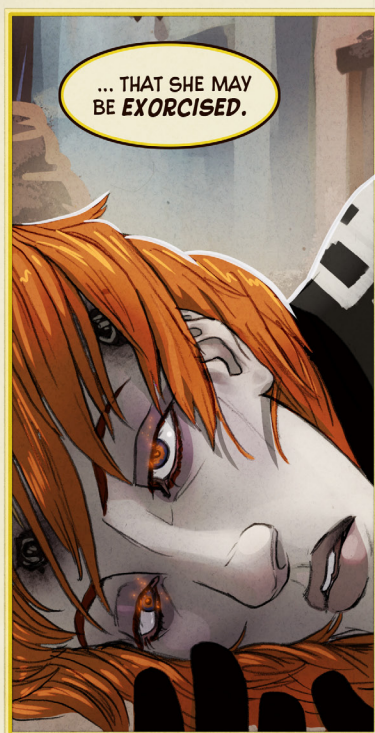
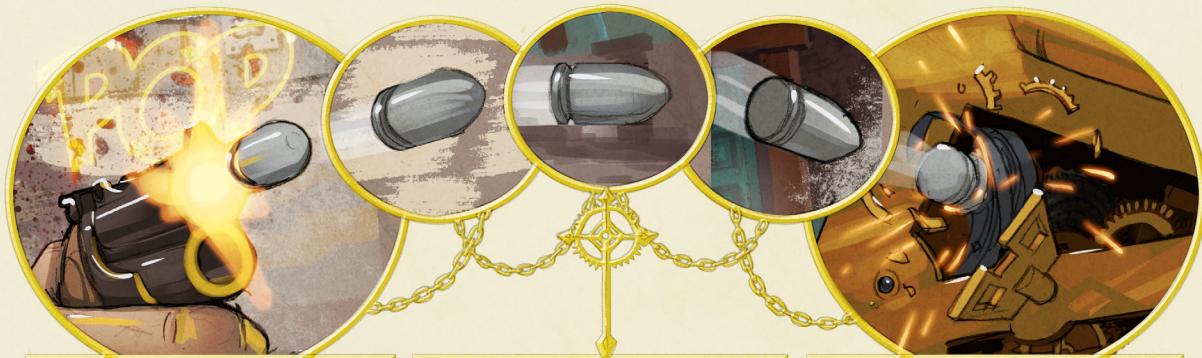
NOT JUST
HER — HIM,
TOO!

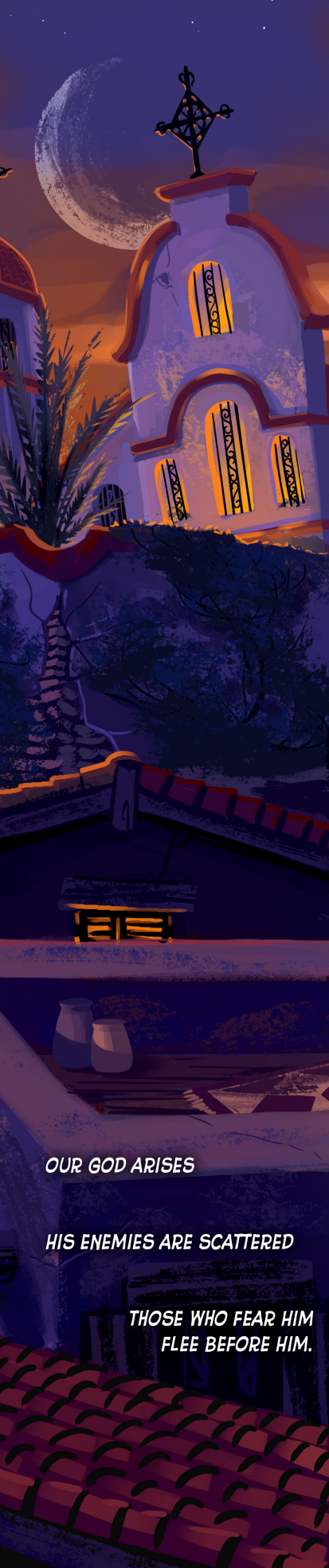












OUR GOD ARISES

HIS ENEMIES ARE SCATTERED

THOSE WHO FEAR HIM
FLEE BEFORE HIM.



AS SMOKE IS DISPELLED
SO ARE THEY DRIVEN;

AS WAX MELTS
BEFORE THE FIRE...



...SO ARE THE WICKED
BANISHED IN THE
PRESENCE OF GOD.

MAY THY MERCY, LORD,
DESCEND UPON US, AS
GREAT AS OUR HOPE IN THEE.

WE DRIVE YOU FROM US,
WHOEVER YOU MAY BE:

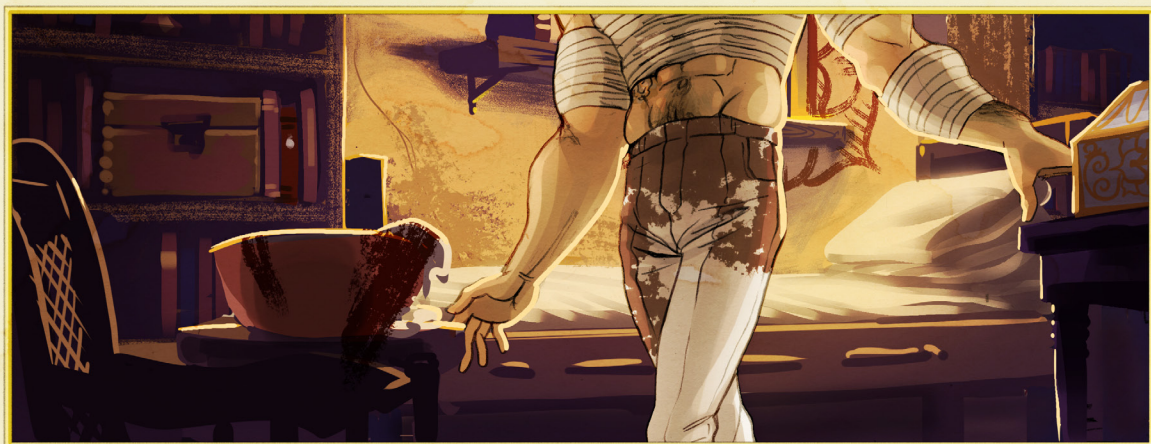


UNCLEAN SPIRITS,
DEMONIC POWERS,
INFERNAL INVADERS,
WICKED LEGIONS,
CUNNING SERPENTS....



BEGONE, MASTER OF DECEIT,
ENEMY OF OUR SALVATION.







YEAH, WELL, THE LITTLE BROTHER'S **BLOOD MAGIC** DON'T HURT, EITHER.

SURPRISED TO FIND ONE OF **HIS ORDER** HERE.



THIS ISN'T THE **EMPIRE**. THE BROTHERS OF THE BLOOD WERE EXILED, SCATTERED, ALMOST WIPED OUT. MOST ARE NOW ITINERANTS ONLY TOLERATED WHEN SOMEONE TAKES ILL. BUT THEIR FAITH IS INCONTRIVERTIBLE IN MY EYES, AS IS THE VALUE OF THEIR SANCTIFIED BLOOD.



S'POSE I CAN ATTEST TO THAT.



SEEMS TO ME THE **SELECTION** OUGHTTA BE HELD SOMEWHAT ACCOUNT-ABLE.



INTERESTING CHOICE OF READING MATERIAL.

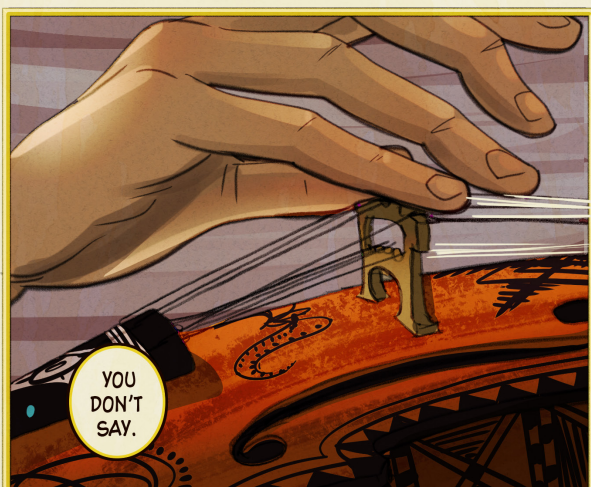
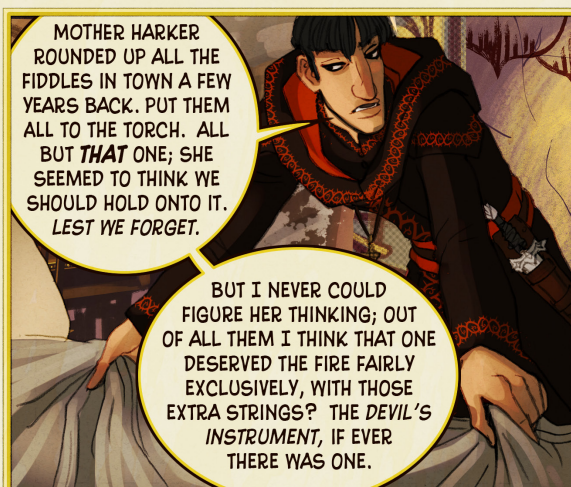


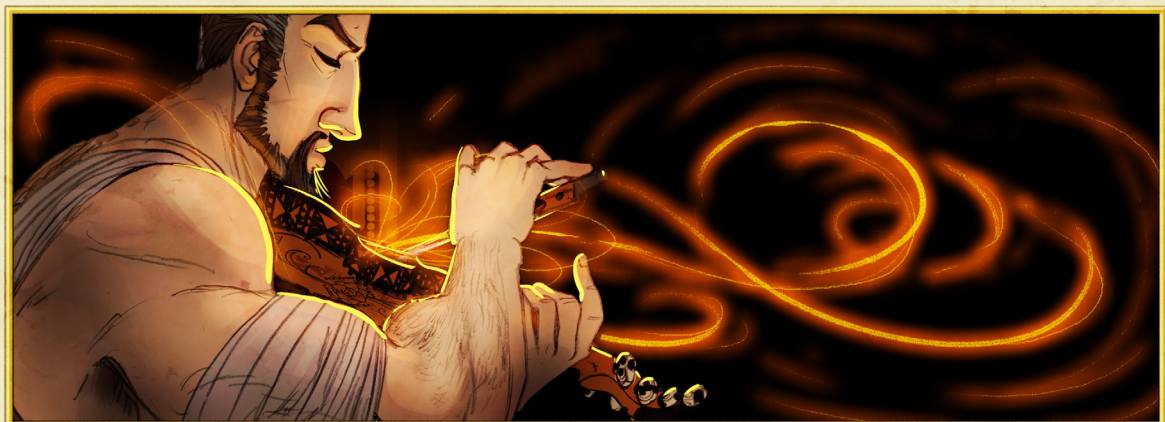
INT'RESTIN' LIBRARY YOU'VE COLLECTED HERE, REVEREND. ECLECTIC AS YOUR MONASTIC MENAGERIE.

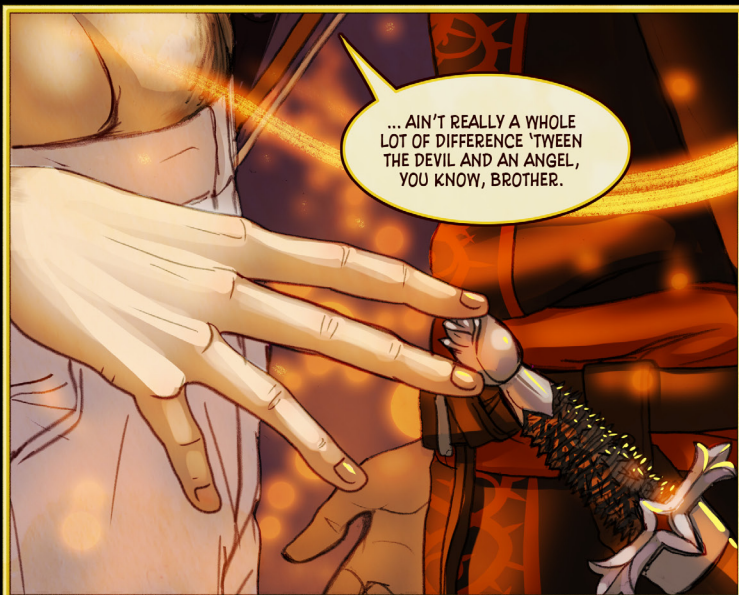
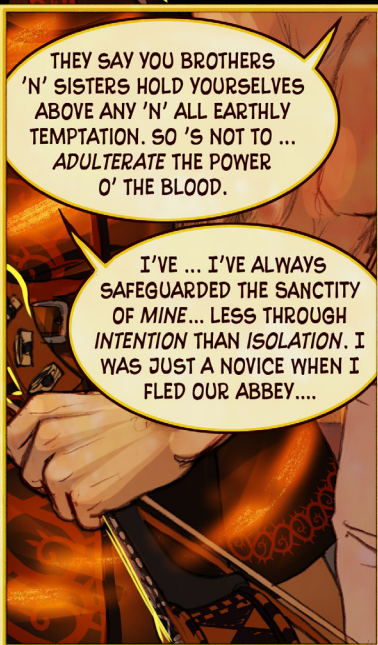
IF THE DEVIL CAN CITE THE HOLY CANTOS TO SERVE HIS OWN ENDS THEN LIKewise SHOULD WE NOT ACQUAINT OURSELVES WITH THE MACHINATIONS OF EVIL THAT WE MIGHT BETTER COMBAT IT?

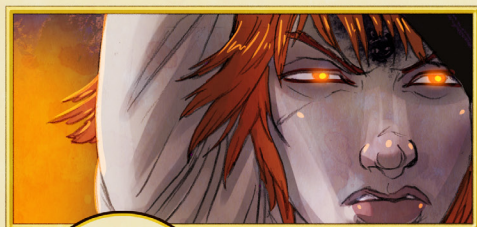
IN THAT CASE I RECKON YOU'LL TAKE NO EXCEPTION TO ME THUMBIN' THROUGH THIS WHILE I'M HERE CONVALESCIN'?

NOT AT ALL. OUR HUMBLE HOUSE IS YOURS. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME....









...BY THE DESCENT OF HIS
HEAVENLY SPIRIT, BY THE COMING
OF OUR LORD OF JUDGMENT,
TO OBEY ME TO THE
LETTER...!

SO DO I
COMMAND YOU,
PARASITE,
UNCLEAN
SPIRIT:

BY THE MYSTERY OF THE
PASSION, RESURRECTION AND
ASCENSION OF OUR LORD
FATHER...!

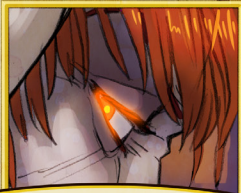


I WHO AM A MINISTER OF
GOD DESPITE MY UNWORTHINESS:



BEGONE!

VACATE THE SINFUL BODY OF
THIS CREATURE OF GOD



AND BE NOT EMBOLDENED TO
FURTHER HARM HIS CHILDREN!



YOU ARE
RESILIENT AS
ONLY A TRUE
AGENT OF EVIL
COULD BE.

BUT MARK MY WORDS,
DEMON, I'LL CLEANSE THIS
FRONTIER OF YOU YET, AND
THIS DESERT WILL BECOME
AS UNTO A GARDEN:

A **PARADISE**, A HAVEN FROM
SIN AND AN EXAMPLE TO ALL
THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

I WOULD LOOK FORWARD
TO CATCHING UP WITH YOU IN
HELL, REVEREND, BUT, **ALAS**:
I DON'T THINK I'LL BE GOING
BACK ANYTIME SOON.

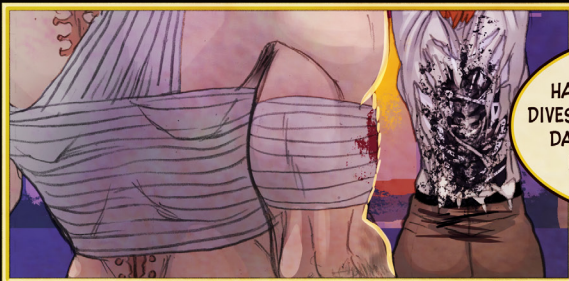


I WILL DRIVE YOU
OUT, DEMON.

KILL ME,
YOU MEAN.

SHAME YOU
STAND EVEN
LESS CHANCE
OF THAT.





GOOD THING YOU
HAD THE FORESIGHT TO
DIVEST YOURSELF O' BLOOD,
DARLIN', OR THIS JUST
MIGHT BORDER ON
GRUESOME.



DON'T SAVOR
THIS **TOO LONG**,
LITTLE JOHN
HUNTER.

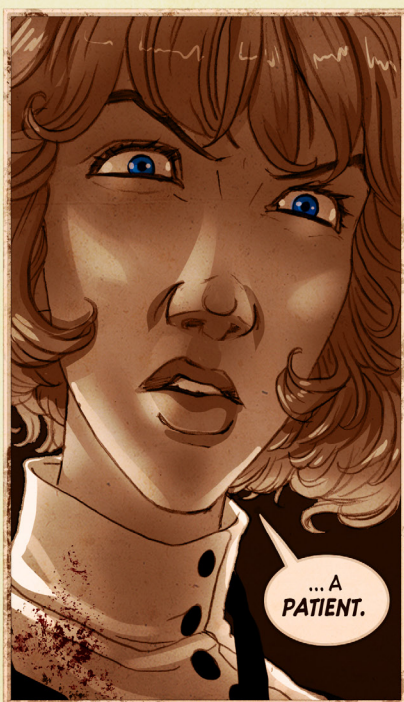
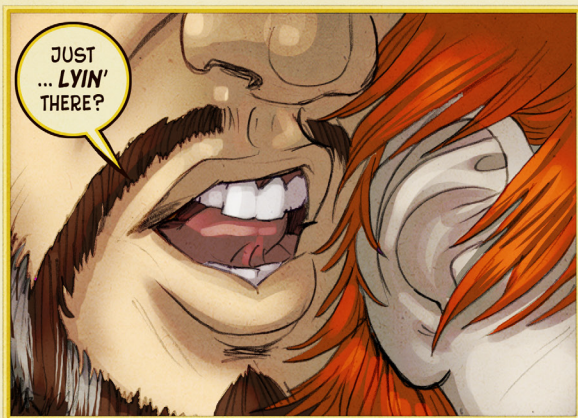


SAVOR THIS?
NO, SEE, DARLIN', I
EMPATHIZE.

SEEIN' YOU
STRUNG UP HERE AT
THE MERCY OF THIS
CRAZY PREACHER?

CALLS TO MIND
HOW I WAS UNABLE
TO MOVE AFTER WHAT
YOU DONE.



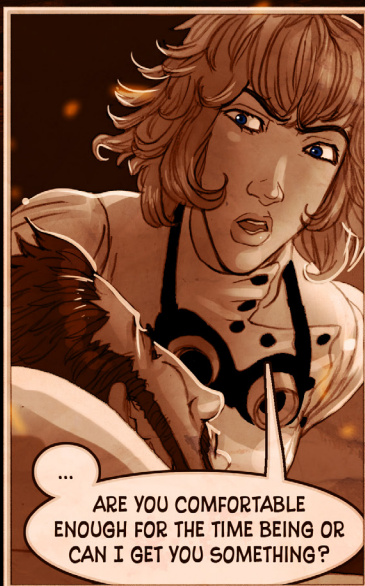




JOHN, YOU KNOW WITHOUT THE SHOW OR THE RAILROAD CONTRACT I'VE HAD TO GO BACK TO PRACTICING.



PRACTICING ... IN YOUR LABORATORY?



...
ARE YOU COMFORTABLE ENOUGH FOR THE TIME BEING OR CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING?



...NO.

I'M DANDY FINE, THANK YOU, DARLIN'.

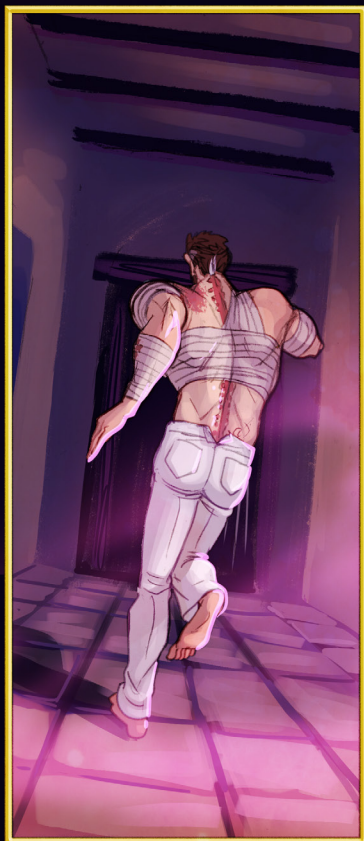
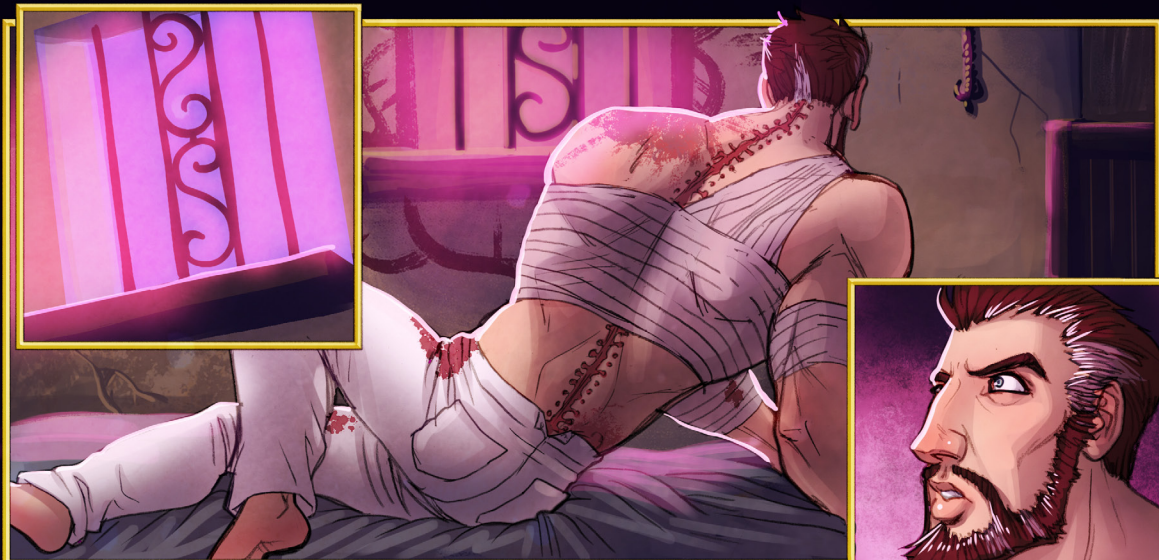


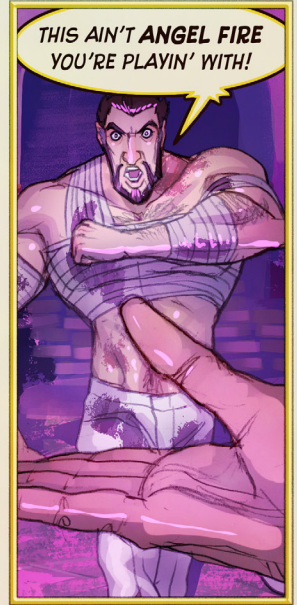
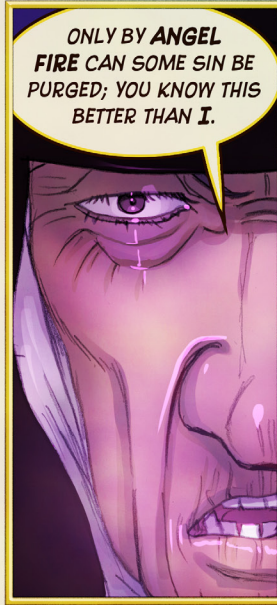
THE HELPLESSNESS WAS *STIFLIN'*.

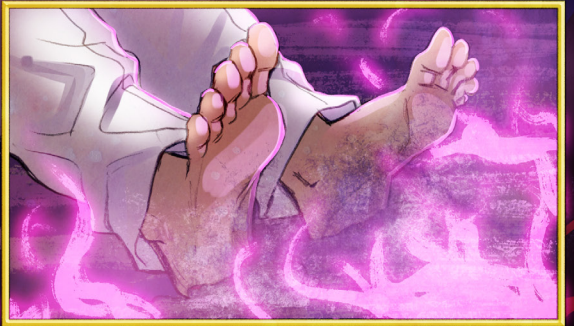
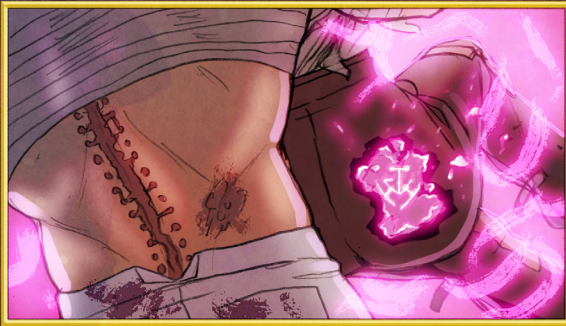
I SUGGEST YOU BREAK OFF YOUR DAMNED JAWING AND GET CRACKING ON A HEAD START.

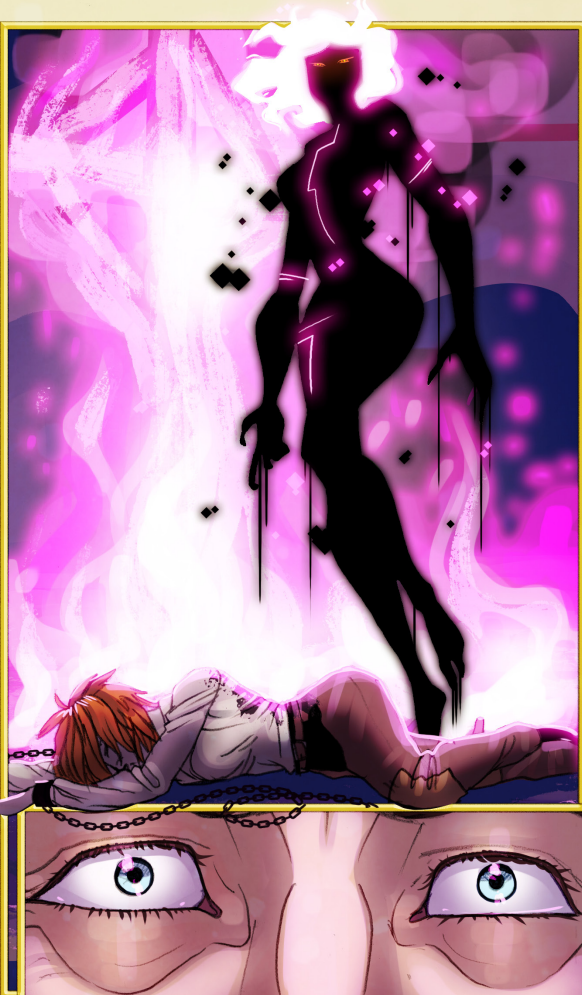
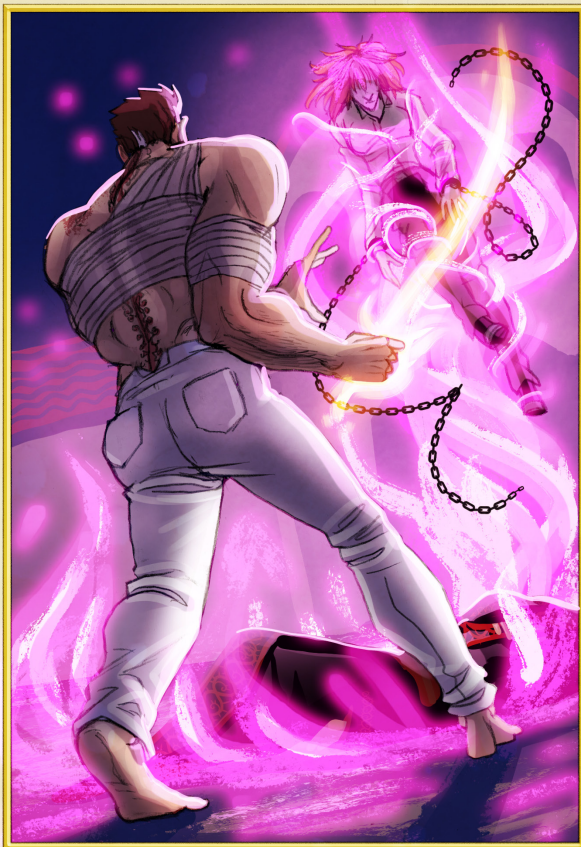


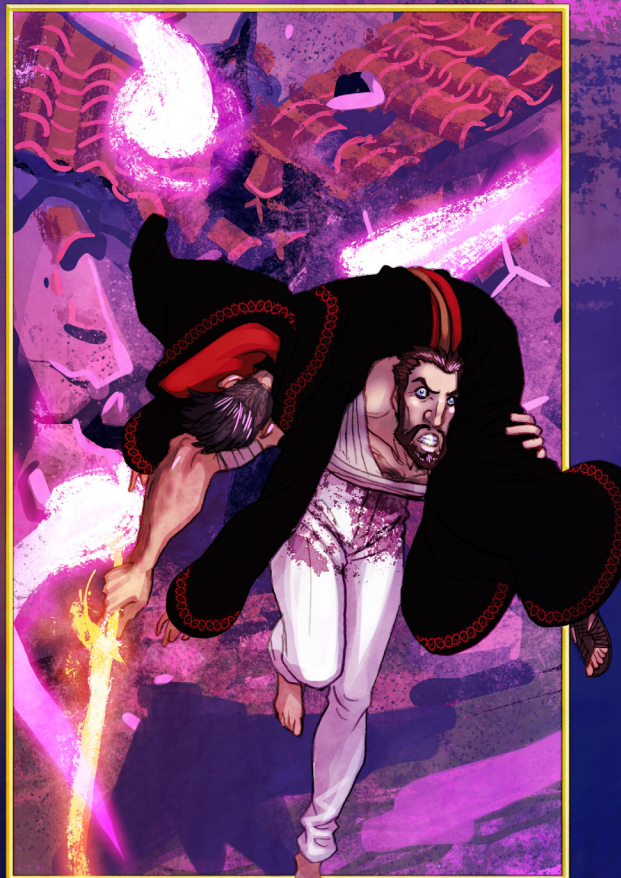


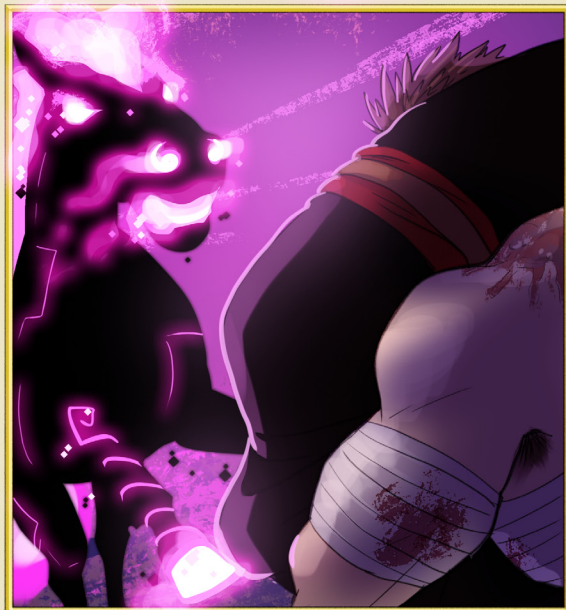








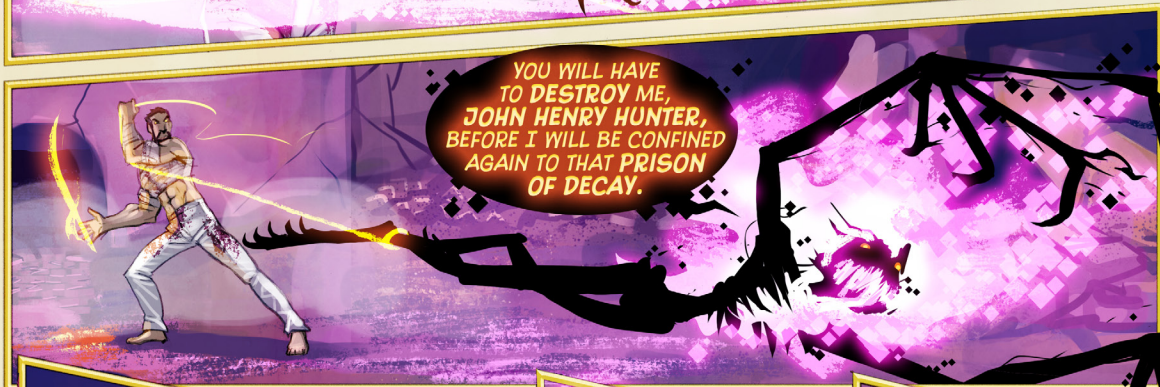




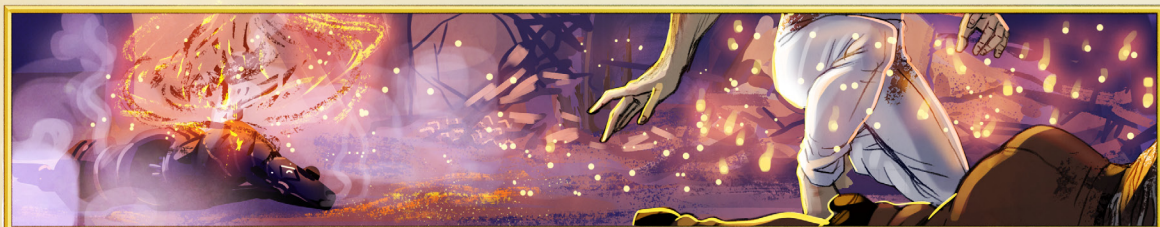
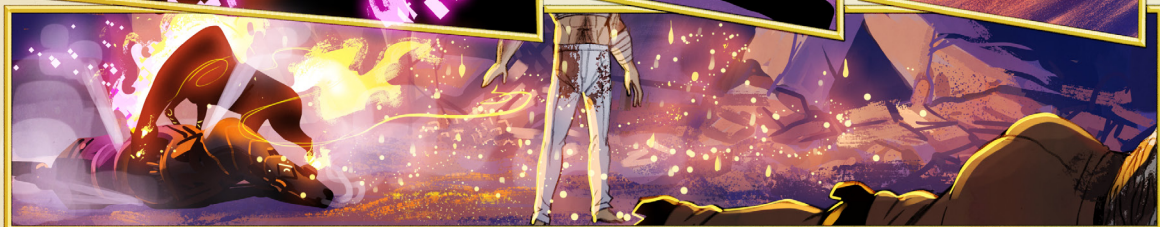
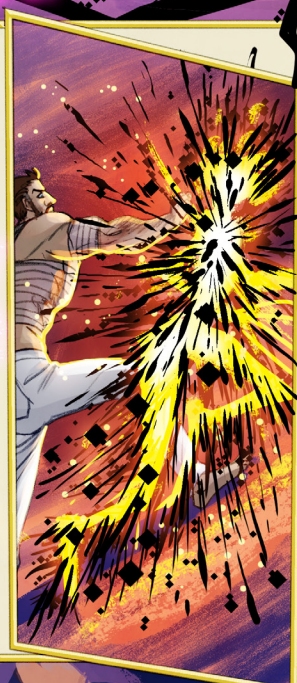


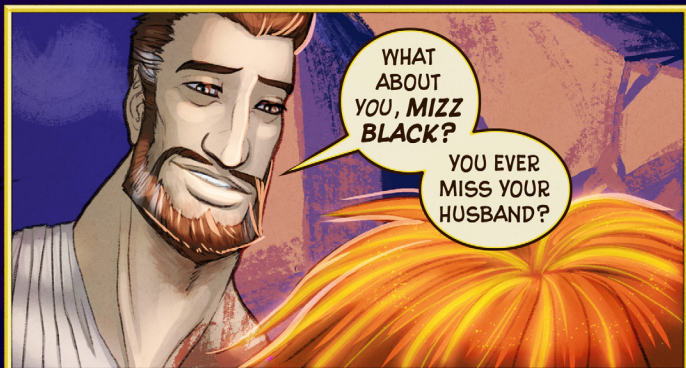


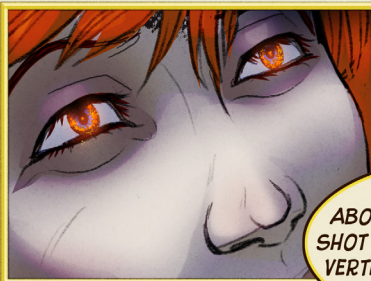
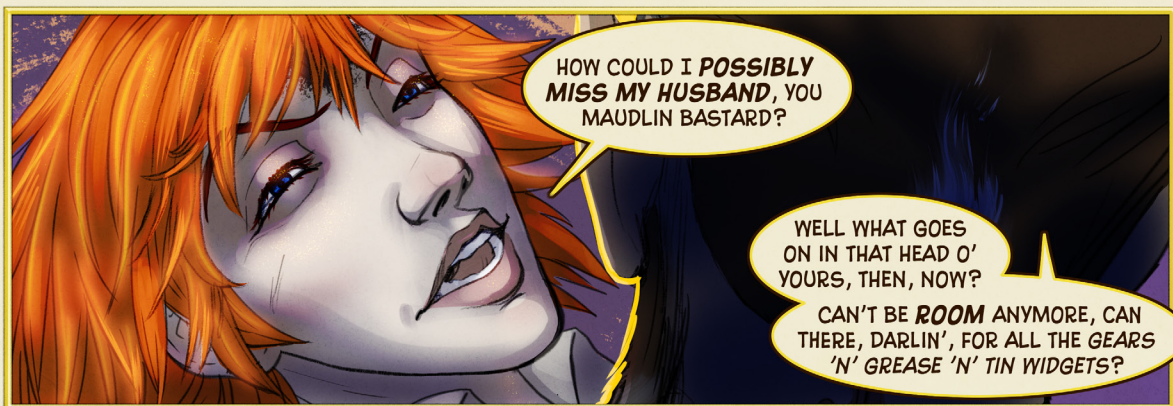


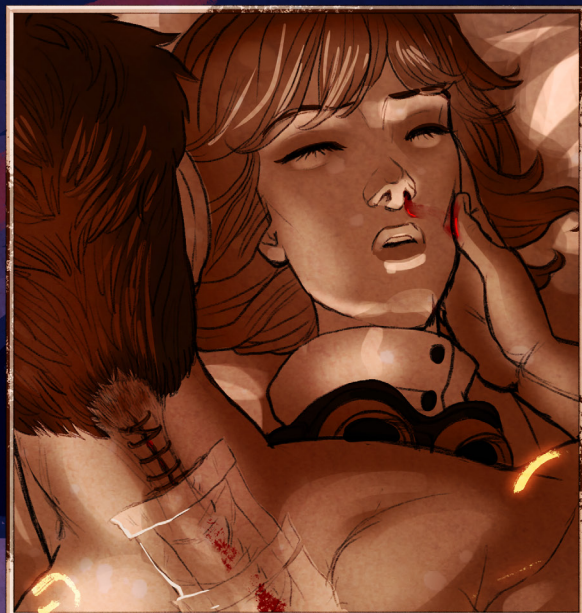
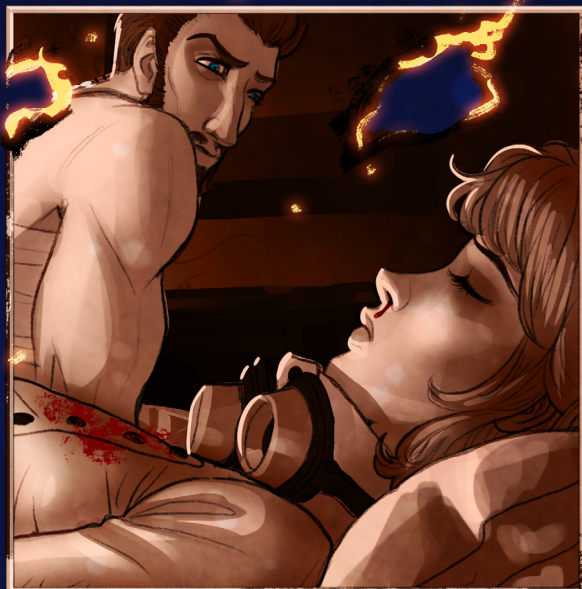


YOU WILL HAVE
TO DESTROY ME,
JOHN HENRY HUNTER,
BEFORE I WILL BE CONFINED
AGAIN TO THAT PRISON
OF DECAY.









...BUT
DON'T WORRY,
DARLIN':

I AIN'T
GONNA RUN
TOO FAST.



CHUFF

SORRY,
BUCKO.

SO SORRY.



WHILE OUT WAND'RIN'
ON THE HIGH PLAINS
ON AN OL' SOR-REL STAL-LION
A YOUNG STRANGER
I HAPPENED A-LONG.
SHE WAS WEEPIN',
SHE WAS CRYIN'
PULLED RIGHT AT MY HEARTSTRINGS
MOURNING DOVES DON'T SING THIS SAD A SONG

WATCHED HER TEARS FALL LIKE STARS
FROM THOSE WIDE ANGEL EYES
AND ASKED WHAT COULD BE MAKING HER CRY
"WELL MY DARLIN,' HE'S A DEVIL,"
WAS THE ANSWER SHE GAVE ME
BUT ALL I COULD SEE WAS THEM EYES

SEEMS THIS DEVIL
SHE'D MENTIONED
WAS A BIT OF A WAND'RER
LEFT THIS DOVE FOR
THE TERRITORIES
GOT ME WEEPIN',
GOT ME CRYIN'
WHEN ANGEL EYES SAID SO
BECAUSE, SON, THE DEVIL WAS ME

AND HER TEARS FELL LIKE STARS
FROM HER BLUE ANGEL EYES
WHEN I TOLD HER "THERE'S NO NEED TO CRY
"CAUSE YOUR DARLIN'S COME HOME NOW,
ACROSS THE BIG BADLANDS.
"PRAIRIE SKY DON'T COMPARE TO YOUR EYES."

