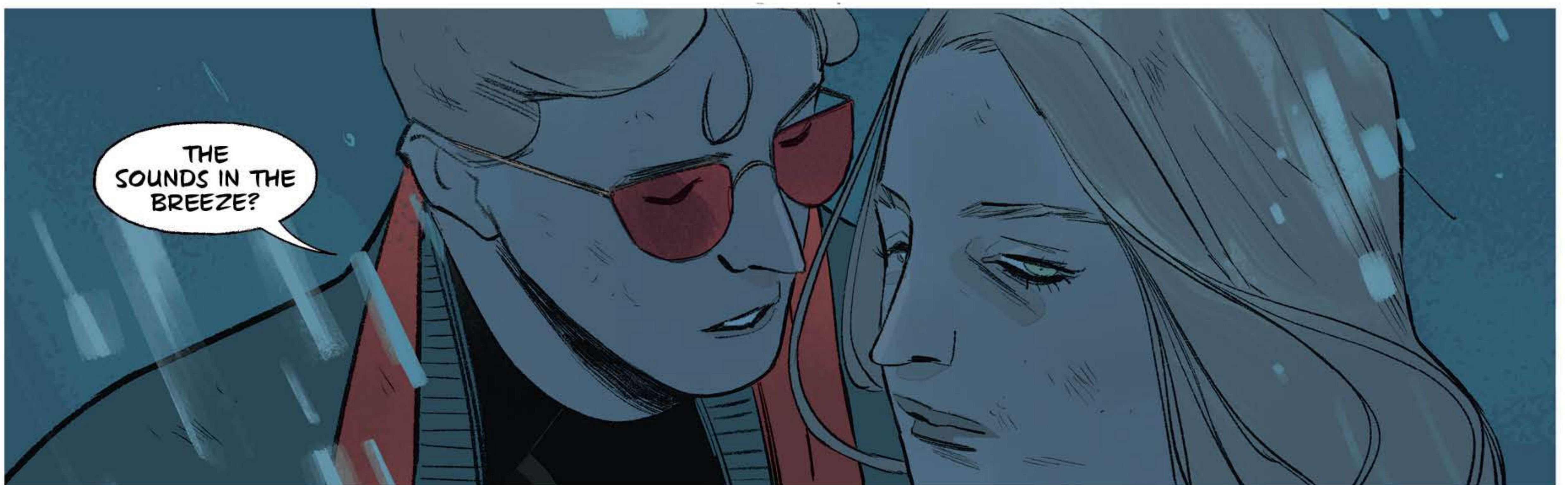



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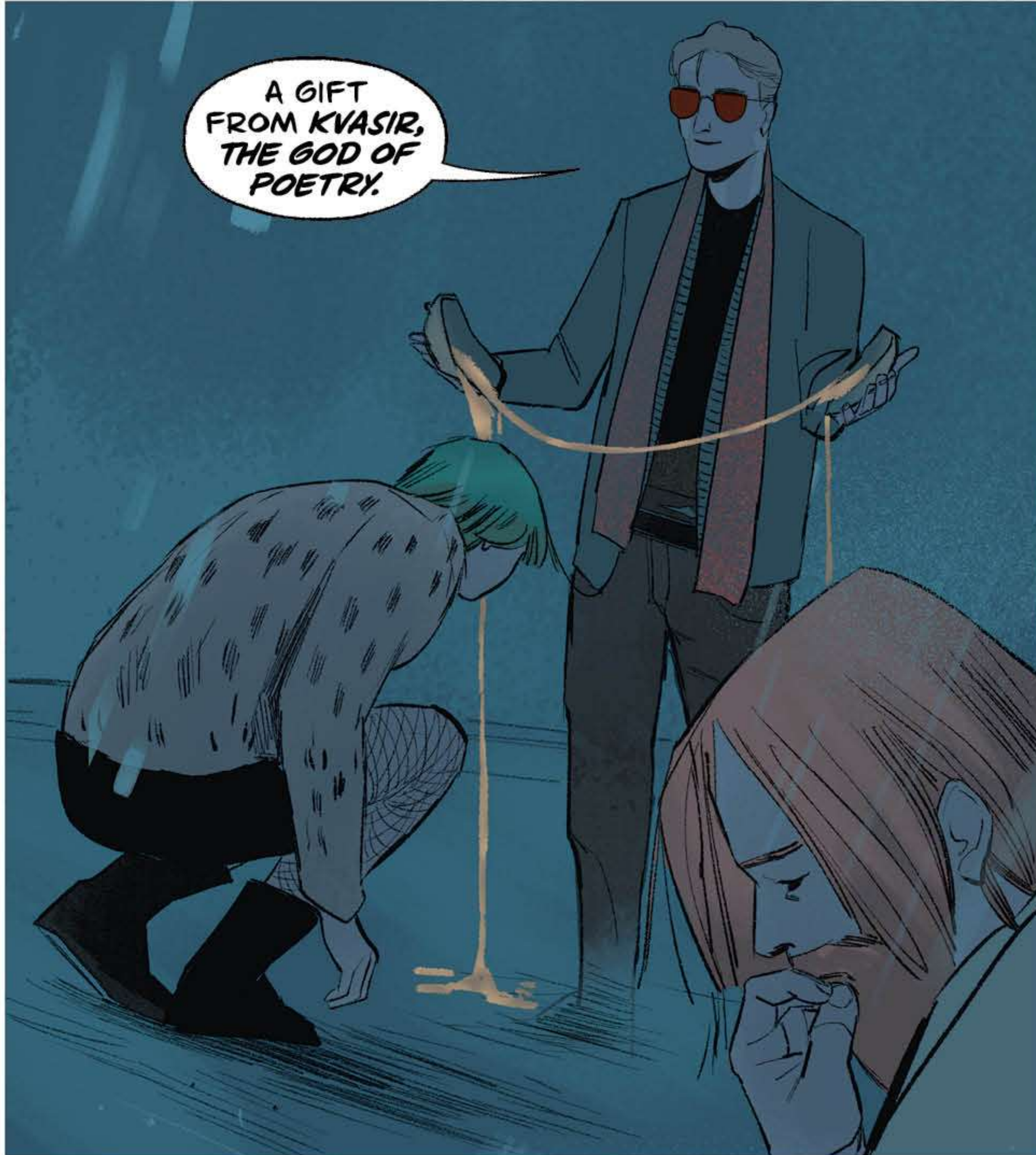


Emma barges in like a schoolgirl, hoping her whimsical antics are taken for cute and feminine instead of obnoxious and greedy.

OH MY GOD, I'M SO HUNGRY.



A GIFT FROM KVASIR, THE GOD OF POETRY.



"POETRY"?

FAGGY-ASS, LIKE, LACE CUFFS, BUTTERFLIES AND FLOWERS AND SHIT?

NOT THE GOD OF FUCKING...BOAR HUNTING?



COME ON, LET'S KEEP MOVING, WE NEED TO STAY WARM.



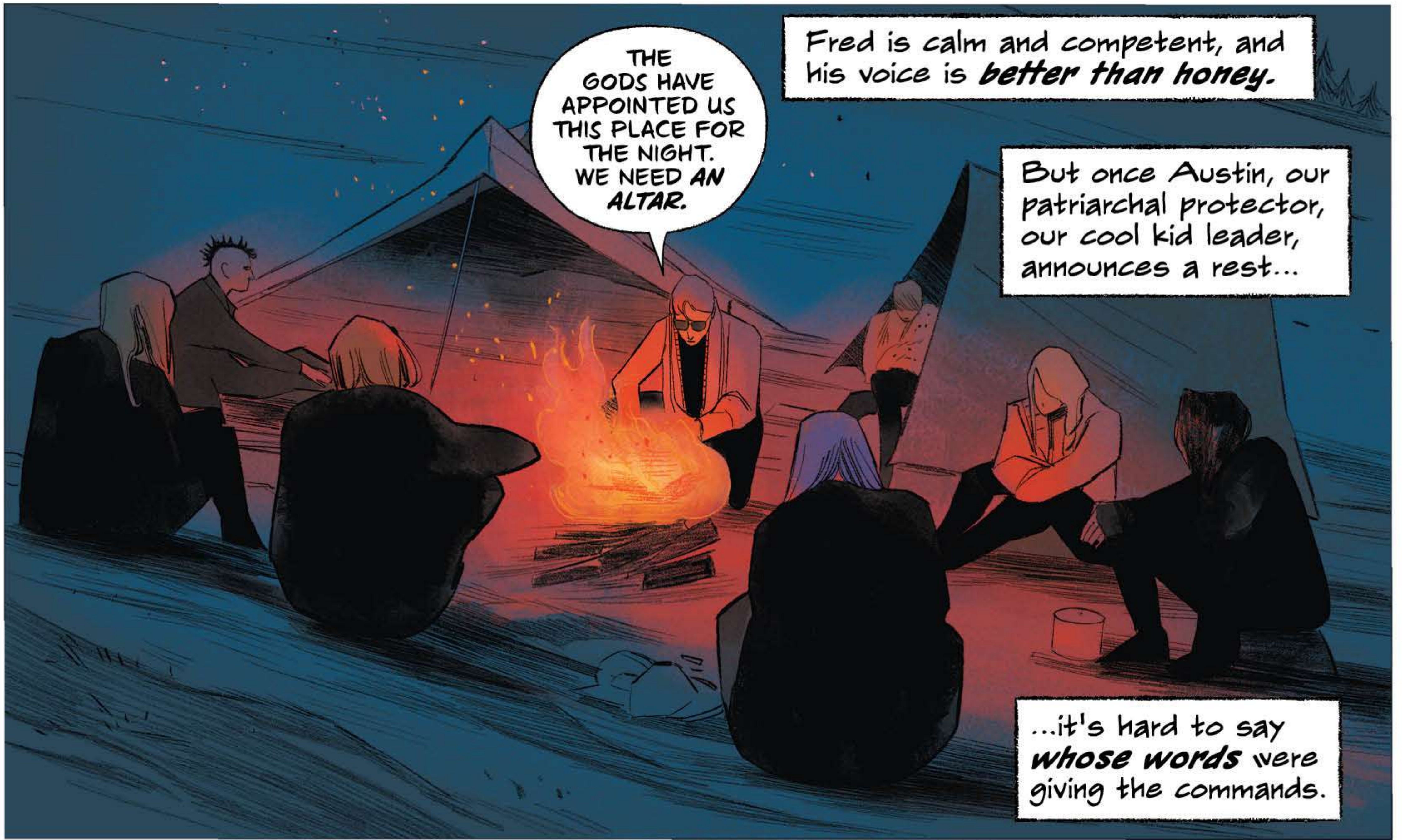
DON'T IGNORE THE GIFT OF KVASIR, AUSTIN.

IT WOULD BE RUDE.



O... OKAY.



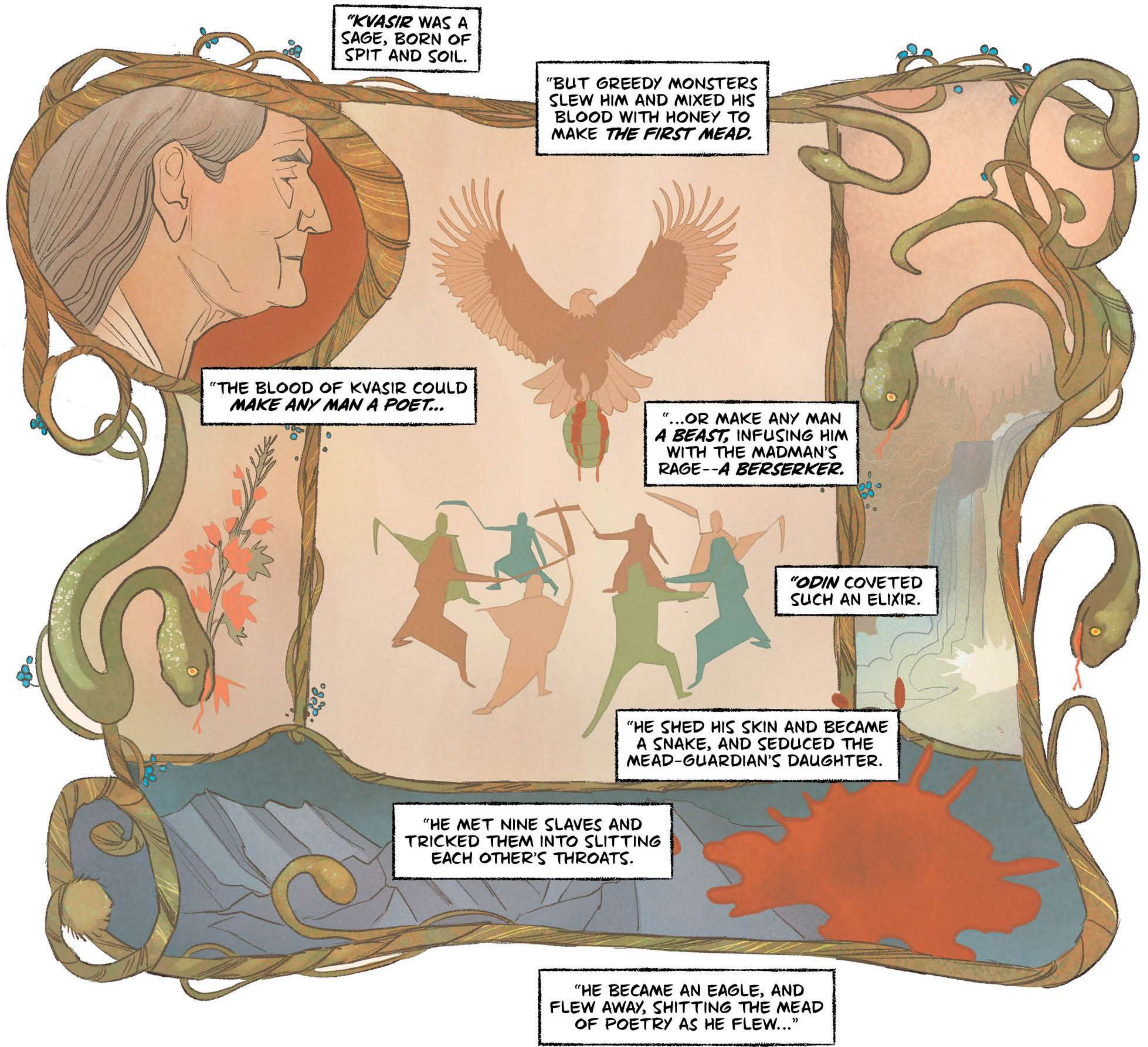


THE GODS HAVE APPOINTED US THIS PLACE FOR THE NIGHT. WE NEED AN ALTAR.

Fred is calm and competent, and his voice is *better than honey*.

But once Austin, our patriarchal protector, our cool kid leader, announces a rest...

...it's hard to say *whose words* were giving the commands.



"KVASIR WAS A SAGE, BORN OF SPIT AND SOIL.

"BUT GREEDY MONSTERS SLEW HIM AND MIXED HIS BLOOD WITH HONEY TO MAKE THE FIRST MEAD.

"THE BLOOD OF KVASIR COULD MAKE ANY MAN A POET..."

"...OR MAKE ANY MAN A BEAST, INFUSING HIM WITH THE MADMAN'S RAGE--A BERSERKER.

"ODIN COVETED SUCH AN ELIXIR.

"HE SHED HIS SKIN AND BECAME A SNAKE, AND SEDUCED THE MEAD-GUARDIAN'S DAUGHTER.

"HE MET NINE SLAVES AND TRICKED THEM INTO SLITTING EACH OTHER'S THROATS.

"HE BECAME AN EAGLE, AND FLEW AWAY, SHITTING THE MEAD OF POETRY AS HE FLEW..."



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