







...I WOULD CHOOSE TO NOT BE IN THIS CONVERSATION!!!

BUT I CAN'T EVEN DO THAT!!



IS THAT TRUE?

BABIES DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

DO YOU?

HOLD ON! DO I REMEMBER BEING A BABY?

NOT EVEN CHOSEN ONE BABIES?



I DIDN'T CHOOSE TO BE THE CHOSEN ONE!!

OKAY?? ALL RIGHT??

THANK YOU.

I'M TRULY SORRY I YELLED!!!!



THIS IS OBVIOUSLY PENT UP FROM STUFF THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU!!



OH YEAH. CHOSEN ONE. COOL.

THAT WAS COOL.

YOU STOOD UP FOR ME GOOD, BABY.

YEAH, YOU SAW THAT?



"DEATH TO YOU!!"





OKAY, THAT'S THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK.

OH, BARB! WE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT THESE ARE AND WHERE THEY ARE COMING FROM.

THEY'RE DEMONS, DOROTHY.

THAT WAS A DEMON.



UGH! WE'RE NOT HAVING THIS CONVERSATION.

ELEVEN YEARS, DOROTHY.

I KNOW WHAT I KNOW.



THEN YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU.

BUT YOU'VE BEEN A DEMON SLAYER FOR OVER ELEVEN YEARS.

ELEVEN YEARS.

OH MY GOD, HAS IT BEEN THAT LONG?



AND AFTER ELEVEN YEARS OF DEMON SLAYING...

...YOUR RELUCTANCE TO BELIEVE IN THEIR EXISTENCE IS BEGINNING TO...

...FRUSTRATE ME.

I CAN SEE THAT.

DEEPLY.

WELL, LET'S JUST AGREE TO DISAGREE.



SEE, I HAVE DIED AT THE HANDS OF YOUR DEMON ENEMIES--

THREE TIMES!!

THREE TIMES!!

THIS AGAIN?

SO THERAPY WAS FOR NOT--

