


The Strange Chronicles of Ava Giddy

LENSE of BAST

"A CAT NAMED MAX"

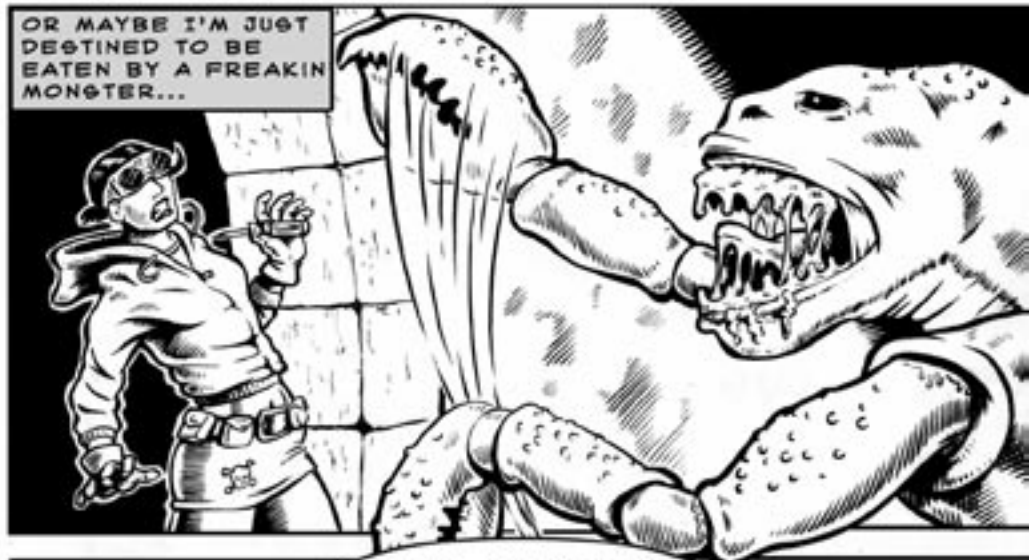


IF PEOPLE COULD SEE THE STUFF I SEE THROUGH THESE GOGGLES... WELL, THEY SAY I'M CRAZY AND I GUESS I AM, BUT I THINK THE STUFF I SEE COULD DRIVE ANYONE NUTS.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I FOUND THEM. MAYBE GOD OR THAT BAST OR WHOEVER FIGURED THAT, INSTEAD OF DRIVING A REGULAR OLD SANE PERSON BONKERS, WHY NOT JUST DROP THIS DEMON-SEEBIN' EYEWEAR IN THE LAP OF SOMEONE WHO'S ALREADY OFF THEIR ROCKER?

BY
MAGGIE
MCFEE

OR MAYBE I'M JUST DESTINED TO BE EATEN BY A FREAKIN MONSTER...



MAN... OK THIS IS SERIOUSLY MESS@D UP. WHAT POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE COULD YOU GET FROM LOOKING LIKE A PIRATE TO NORMAL PEOPLE?



OK, FINE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL I'M DOING BUT I GUESS I SHOULD DO SOMETHING... A PIRATE. WHAT THE HELL? MAN, DEMONS... YARRH. RIGHT. THAT MAKE@ SENSE





OH GOD. I'M
GONNA BE EATEN
BY A MONSTER
WHOSE BREATH
SMELLS LIKE
CAT FOOD.



I HAD A CAT ONCE.
HIS NAME WAS MAX.

OH GOD! OH GOD!
WHAT AM I DOING?
I'M GONNA DIE!



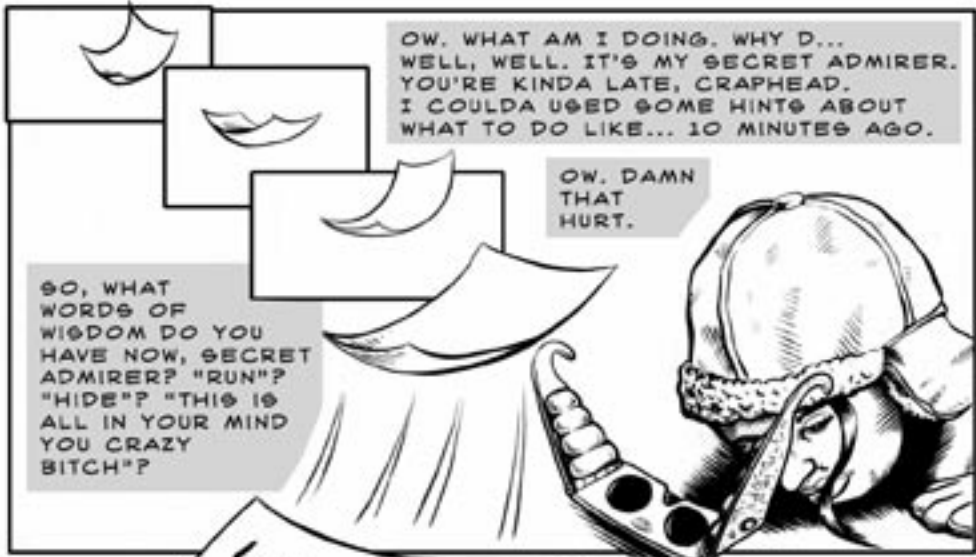
CALM DOWN, AVA.
YOU HAVE YOUR
SCREWDRIVER.
IT'LL PROTECT
YOU. OH GOD.

AAAAHHHH!

MAX WAS
GOOD AT
FALLING.



I GUCK.



OW. WHAT AM I DOING. WHY D...
WELL, WELL. IT'S MY SECRET ADMIRER.
YOU'RE KINDA LATE, CRAPHEAD.
I COULDA USED SOME HINTS ABOUT
WHAT TO DO LIKE... 10 MINUTES AGO.

OW. DAMN
THAT
HURT.


SO, WHAT
WORDS OF
WISDOM DO YOU
HAVE NOW, SECRET
ADMIRER? "RUN"?
"HIDE"? "THIS IS
ALL IN YOUR MIND
YOU CRAZY
BITCH"?

Let him go
ava you're
not ready
for this.

OH, GREAT. NOW YOU
TELL ME. THANKS.

WELL, I KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, MISTER JACK
STRAW. I KNOW IT.

ALTHOUGH THE PAW PRINT
IS KINDA WEIRD, MAN.



OH, WELL. TOO LATE
NOW, JACK. I'M, UH...
COMMITTED. HEHE...
COMMITTED...

