



# EAST OF WEST

HICKMAN • DRAGOTTA • MARTIN

# 44

NOVEMBER 2019

This is the world. It's not the one we were supposed to have, but it's the one we made.

We did this. We did it with open eyes and willing hands. We broke it, and there is no putting it back together.





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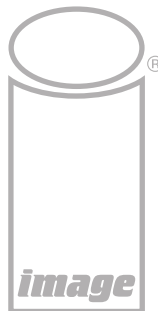
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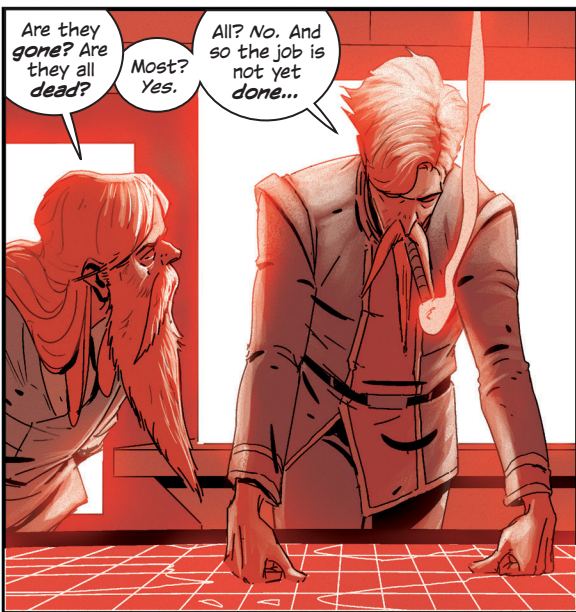
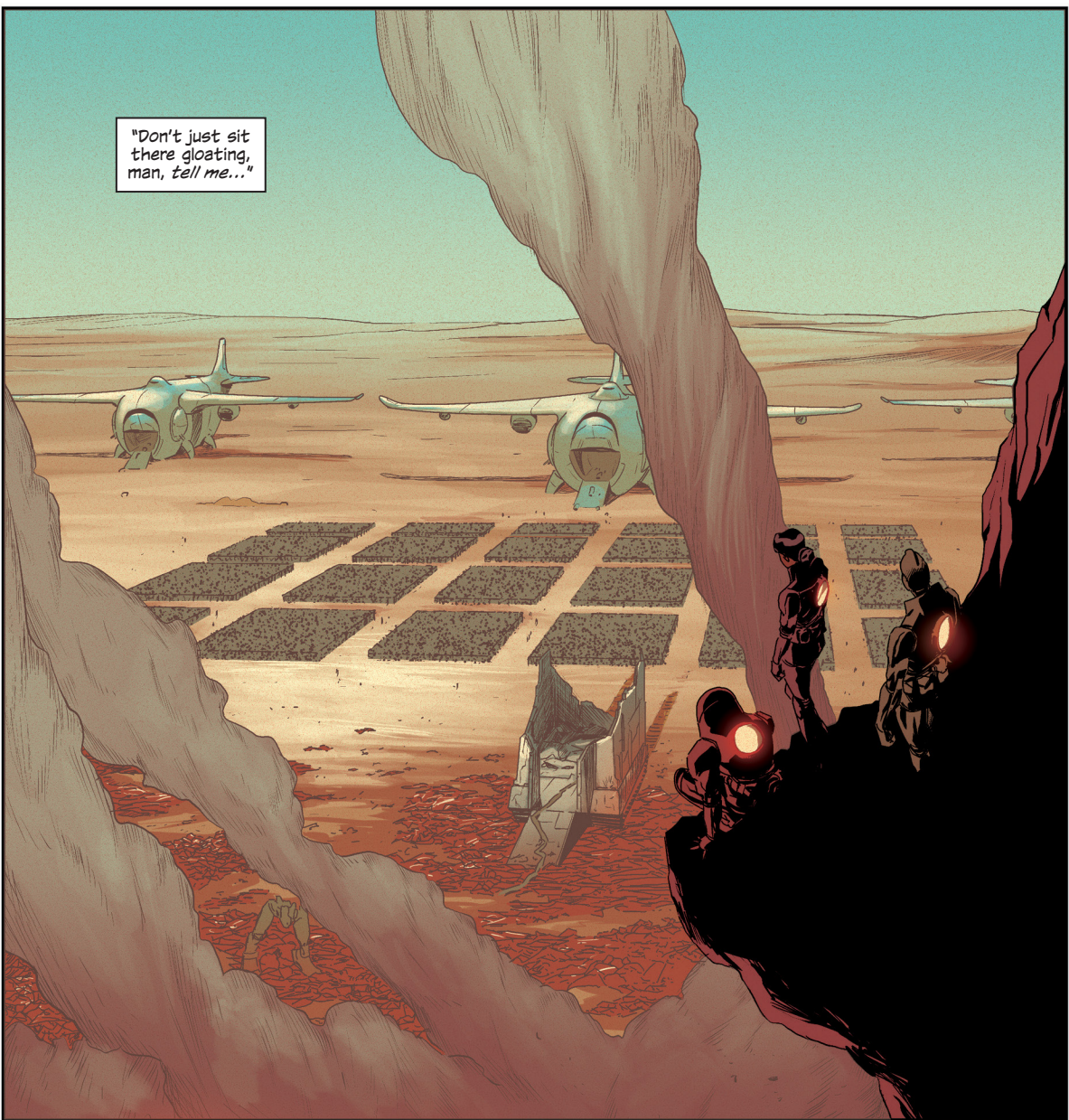
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THERE'S ONLY **ONE WAY**  
THIS **ENDS...**



"Don't just sit there gloating, man, *tell me...*"



Are they gone? Are they all dead?

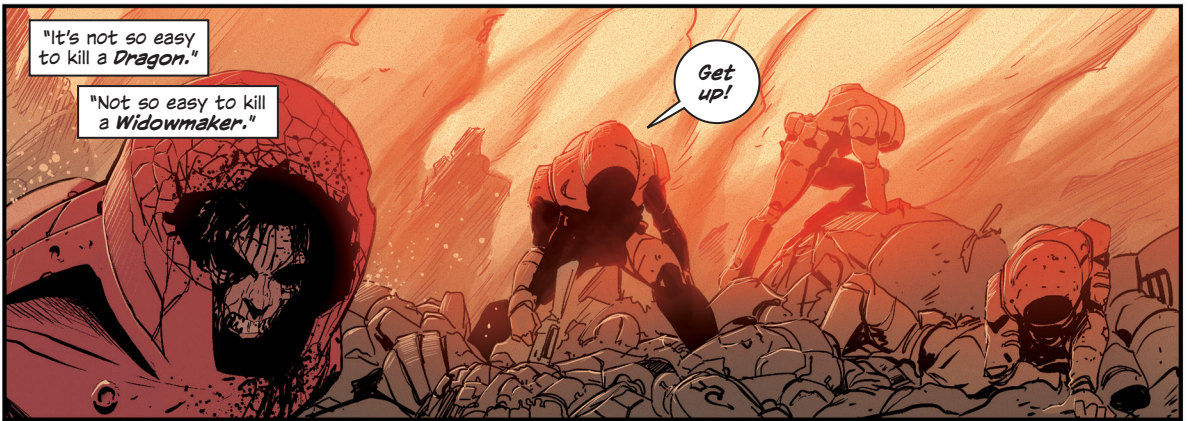
Most? Yes.

All? No. And so the job is not yet done...



Great Mao?

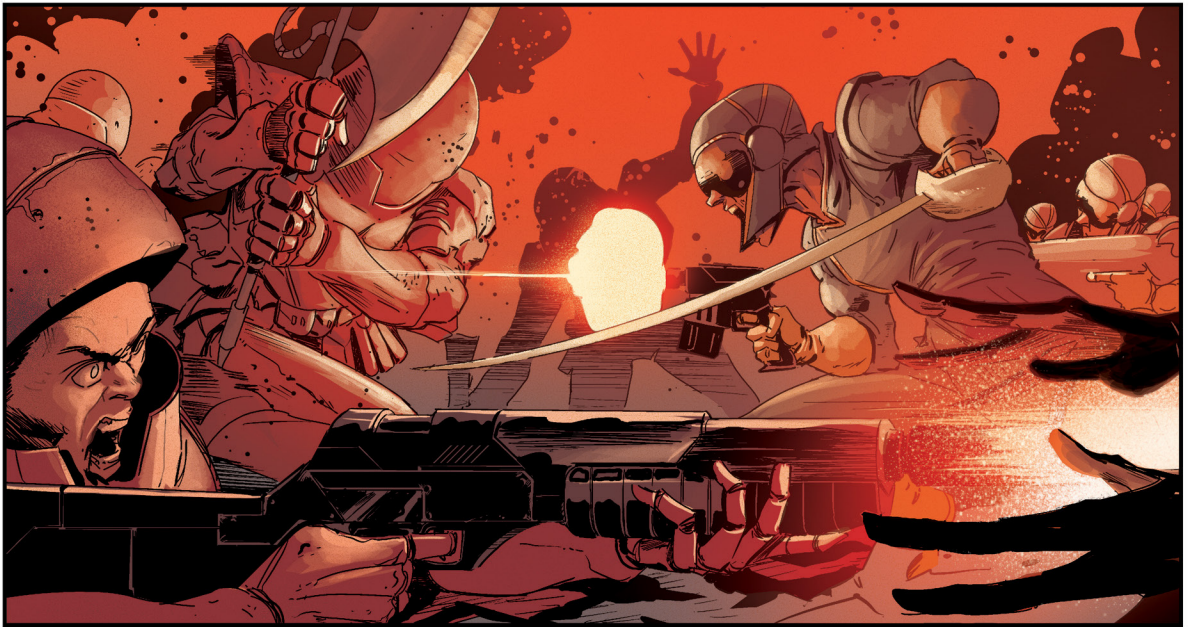
Yes?





"Forward!"

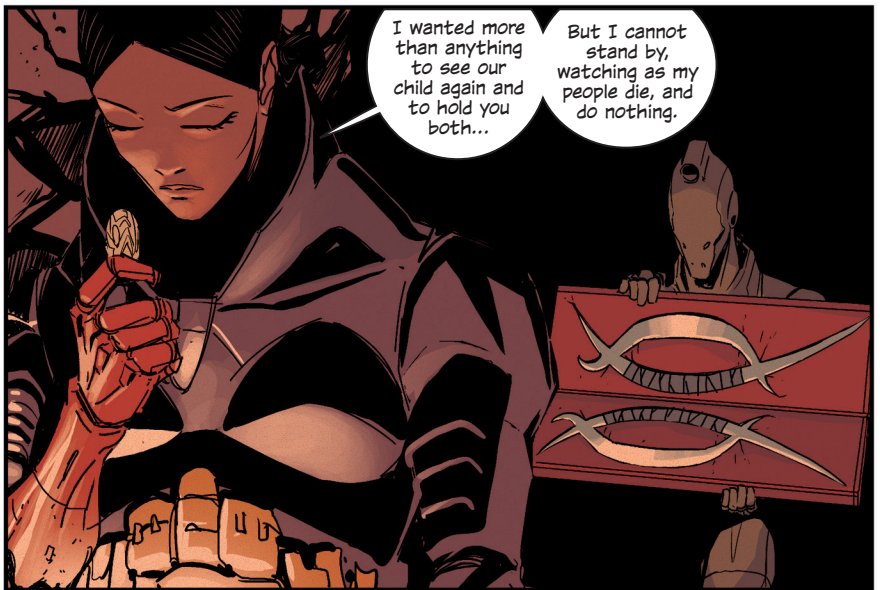
"For MAO!"



"I'm sorry,  
my love..."

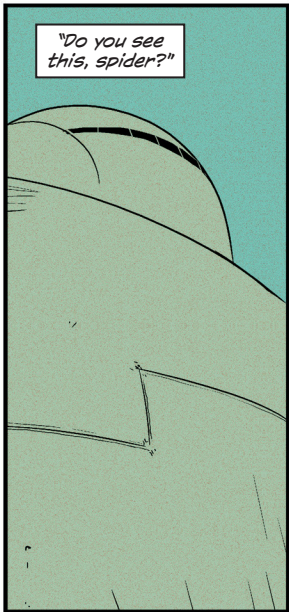


If you can hear me...I'm sorry.

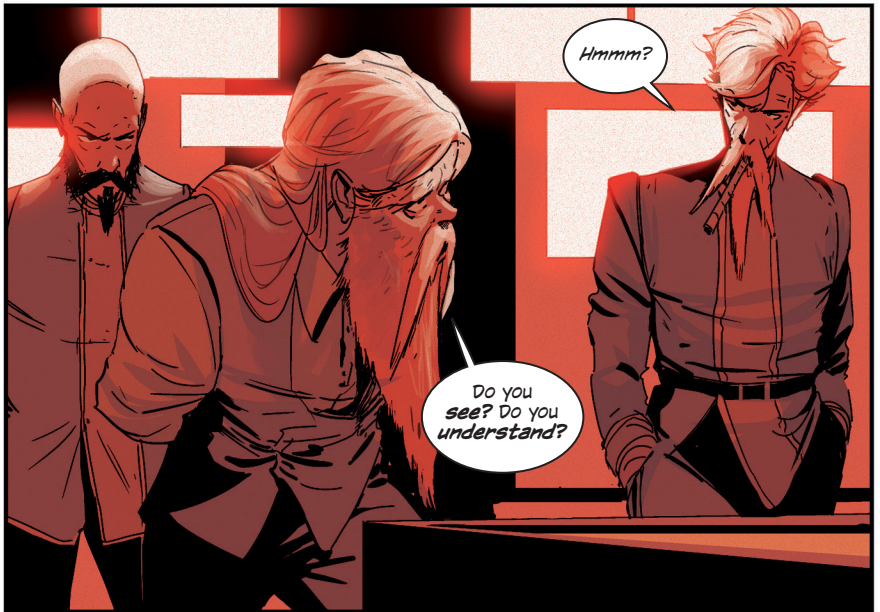


I wanted more than anything to see our child again and to hold you both...

But I cannot stand by, watching as my people die, and do nothing.



"Do you see this, spider?"

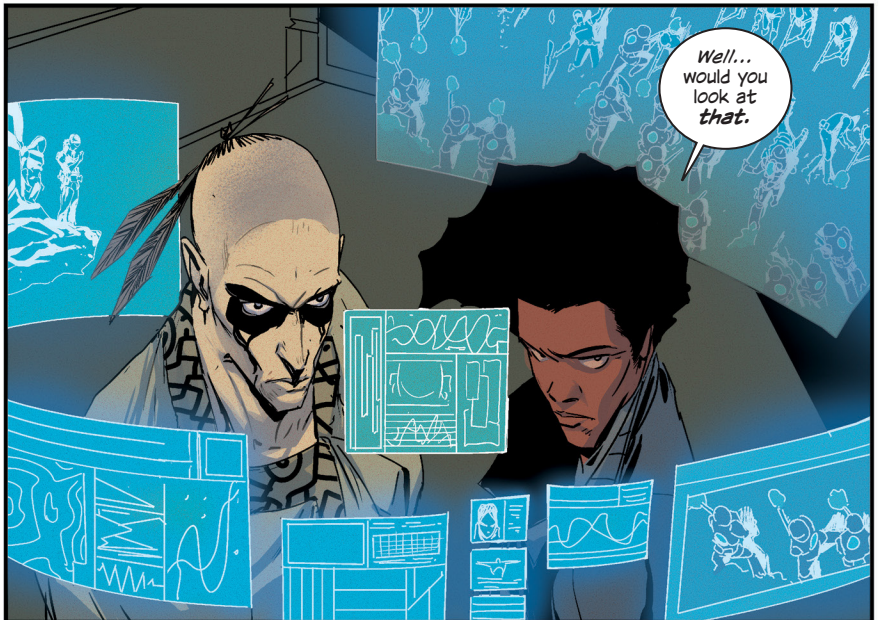


Hmmm?

Do you see? Do you understand?



"This is what you face."



Well... would you look at *that*.



"Glorious."

ONE OF US **LIVES**, ONE  
OF US **DIES**.



**EAS**

**WWW**

# ST OF ES

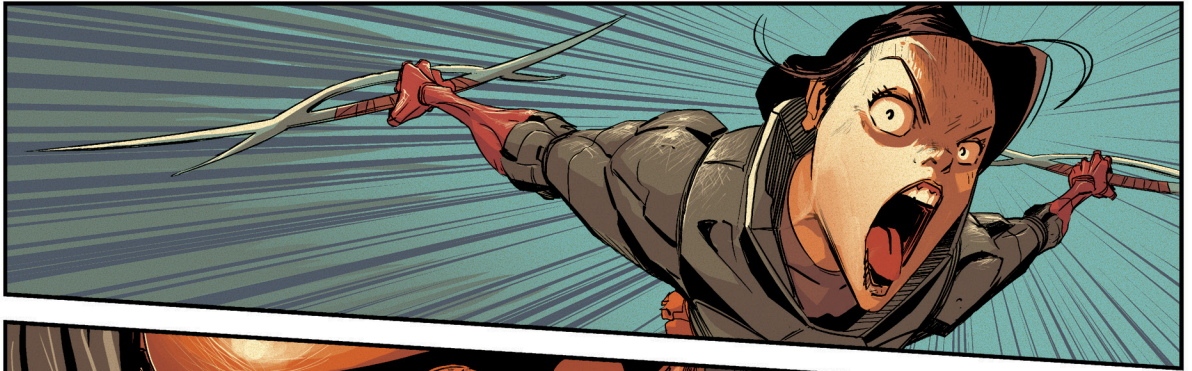
FORTY-FOUR: ONE EYE, ONE WINNER



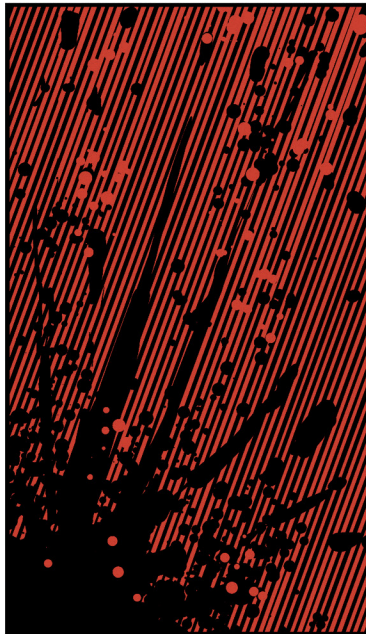
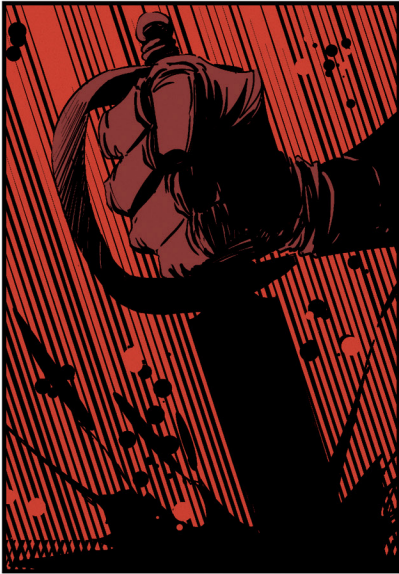
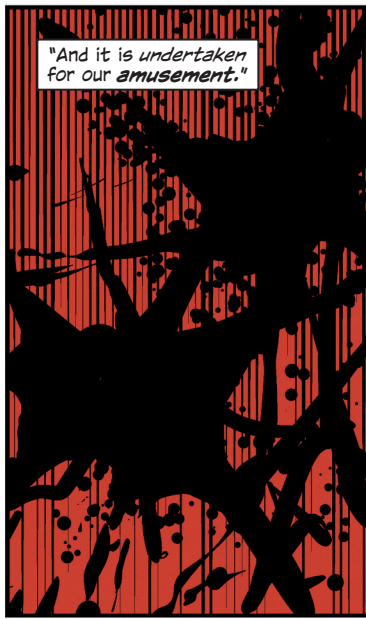


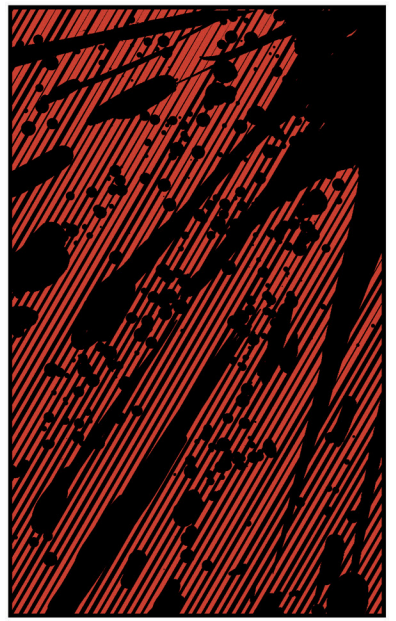
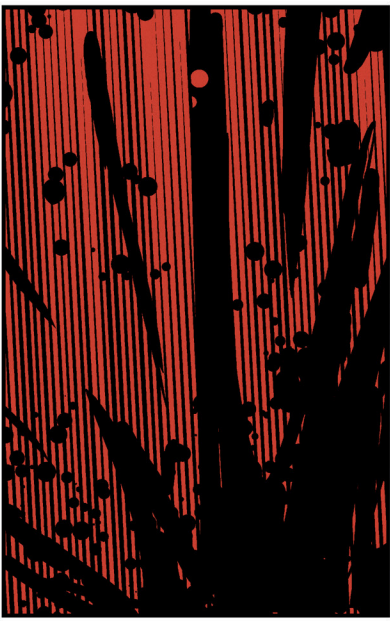


"Sit back, Bel..."



"Sit back and watch."







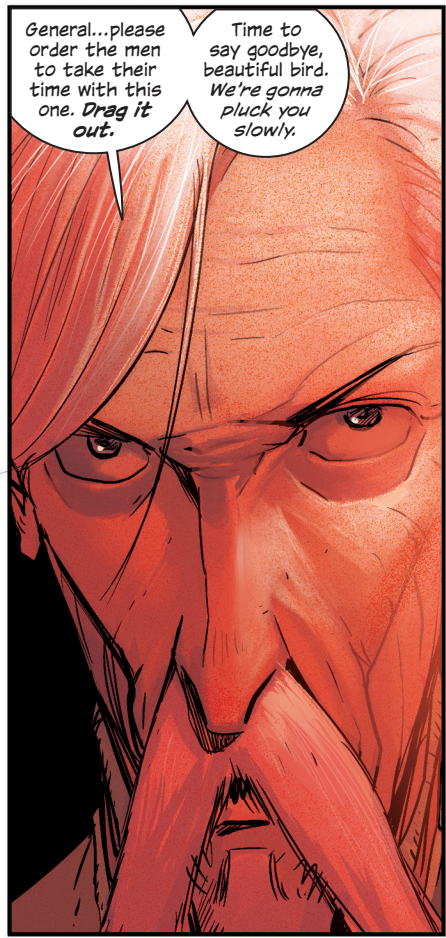
Who  
wants  
to  
die  
next?



I'm not gonna lie, I am impressed with that one's spirit. *It moves me.*

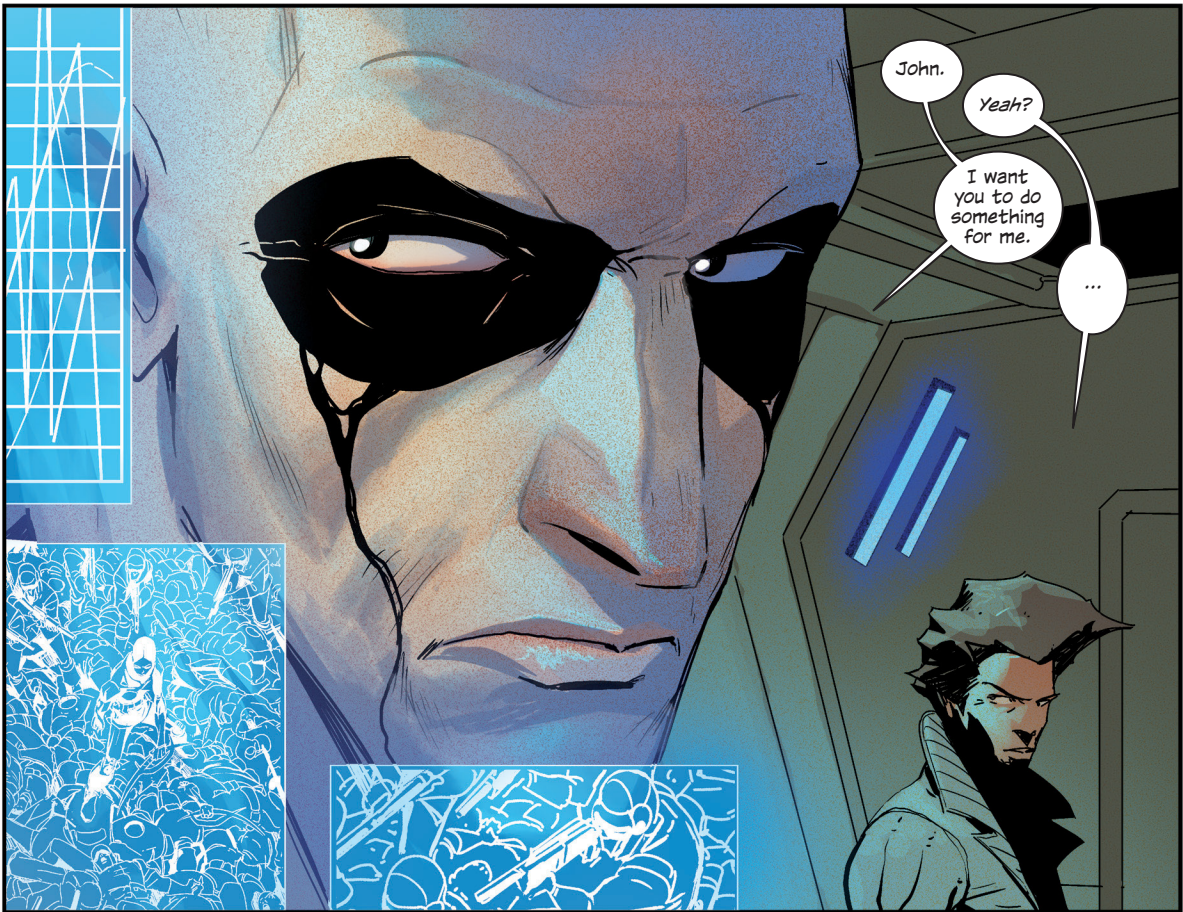
But am I impressed enough for mercy? *No.* I am not a merciful man on my best day, Bel, and my best days are far beyond me.

All I can offer is a swift end. *Which I will not.*



General...please order the men to take their time with this one. *Drag it out.*

Time to say goodbye, beautiful bird. *We're gonna pluck you slowly.*



John.

Yeah?

I want you to do something for me.

...



Ha!

-Hruff!-  
Whoa. You're stronger than you look.

Nice one.

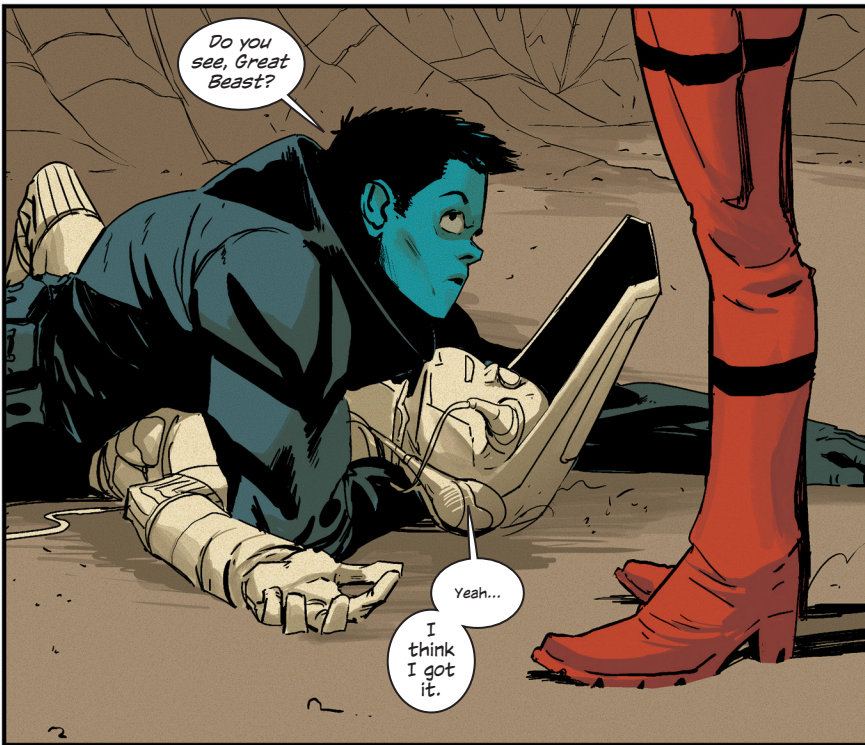


But you have to be careful not to push yourself too far -- being overly aggressive can be a weakness...



It puts you off balance...

Makes you vulnerable to your strength being used against you.



Do you see, Great Beast?

Yeah...

I think I got it.



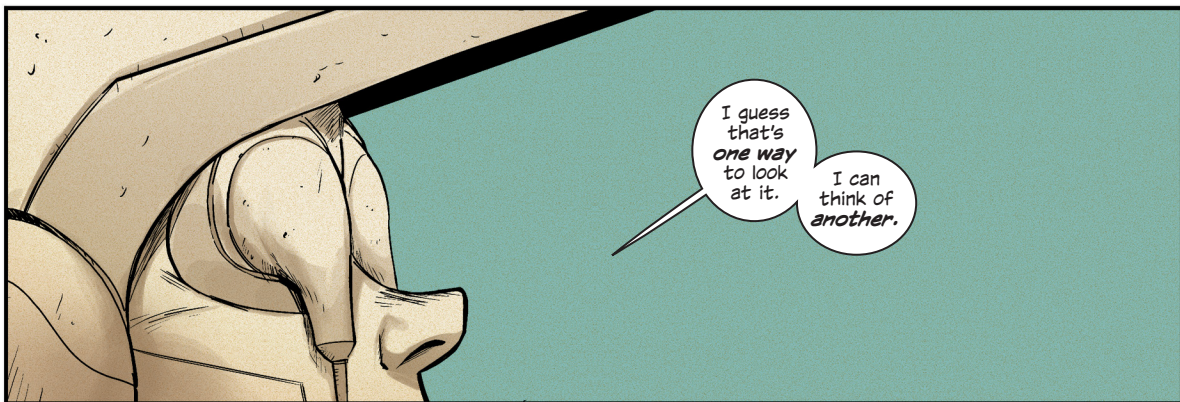
Do you now?



Then I guess that means you understand...

You're the manifestation of Death pushing himself too far.

You're his *weakness...* and you'll be his *undoing.*



I guess that's *one way* to look at it.

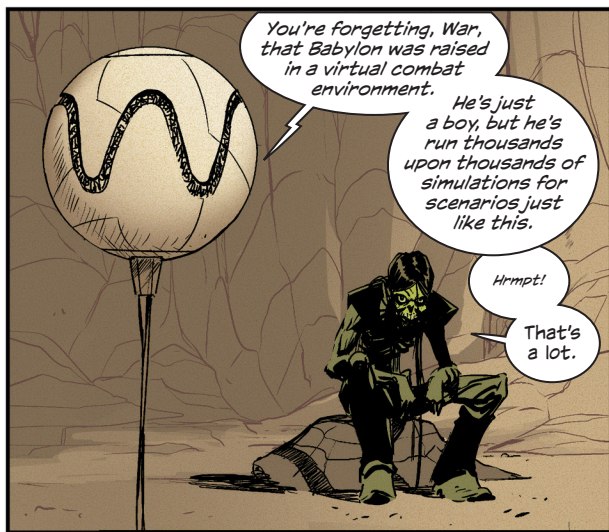
I can think of *another.*



You have to see this place is a *killing field.*

Oh, I can see more than that.

Tell him what he's won, Balloon.



You're forgetting, War, that Babylon was raised in a virtual combat environment.

He's just a boy, but he's run thousands upon thousands of simulations for scenarios just like this.

Hrmp!

That's a lot.



It's legion, and worth remembering...

He's the *Great Beast.*

Why don't you ask him what we should do?



Yeah. If you want to, I can tell you how to defeat my father.

I've already figured it out.



Sigh. Okay. I'll bite.

How do we defeat him?

It's really quite easy.

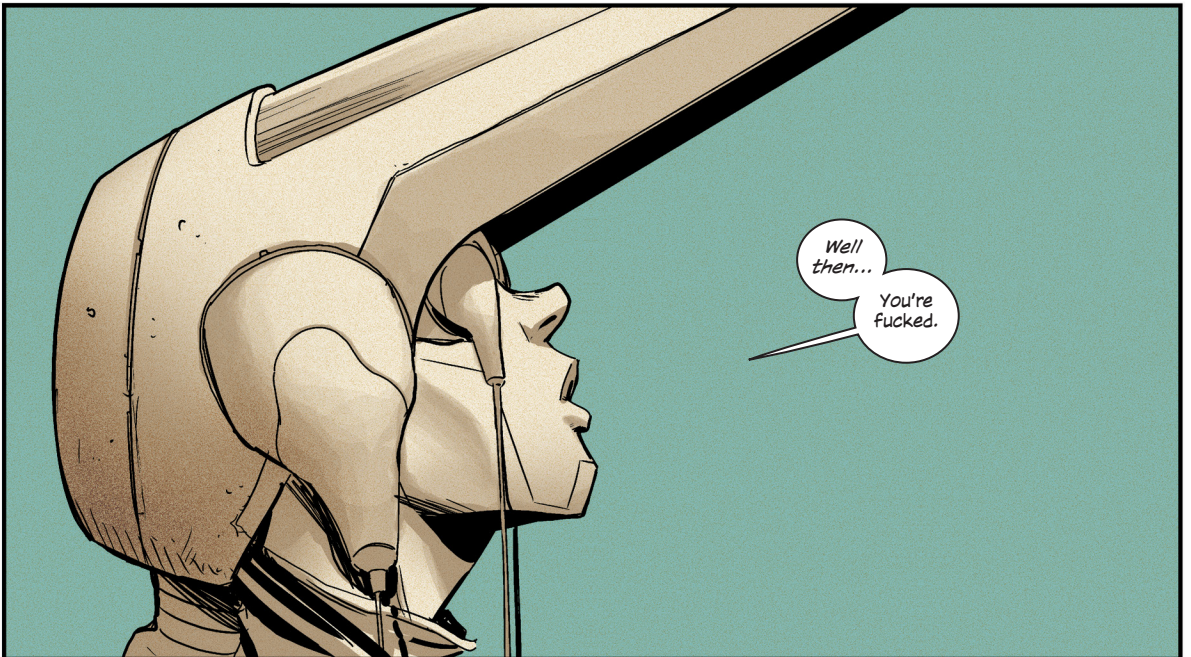
You just have to be his friend again. Apologize.

Tell him you want to live. Give me back. And then he'll forgive you. I promise.



...

Yeah. Can't see that coming to pass -- we're just going to have to fight it out.



Well then...

You're fucked.



Well, come on!

Let's finish this!

Let's-

Raaarrrrrrr...

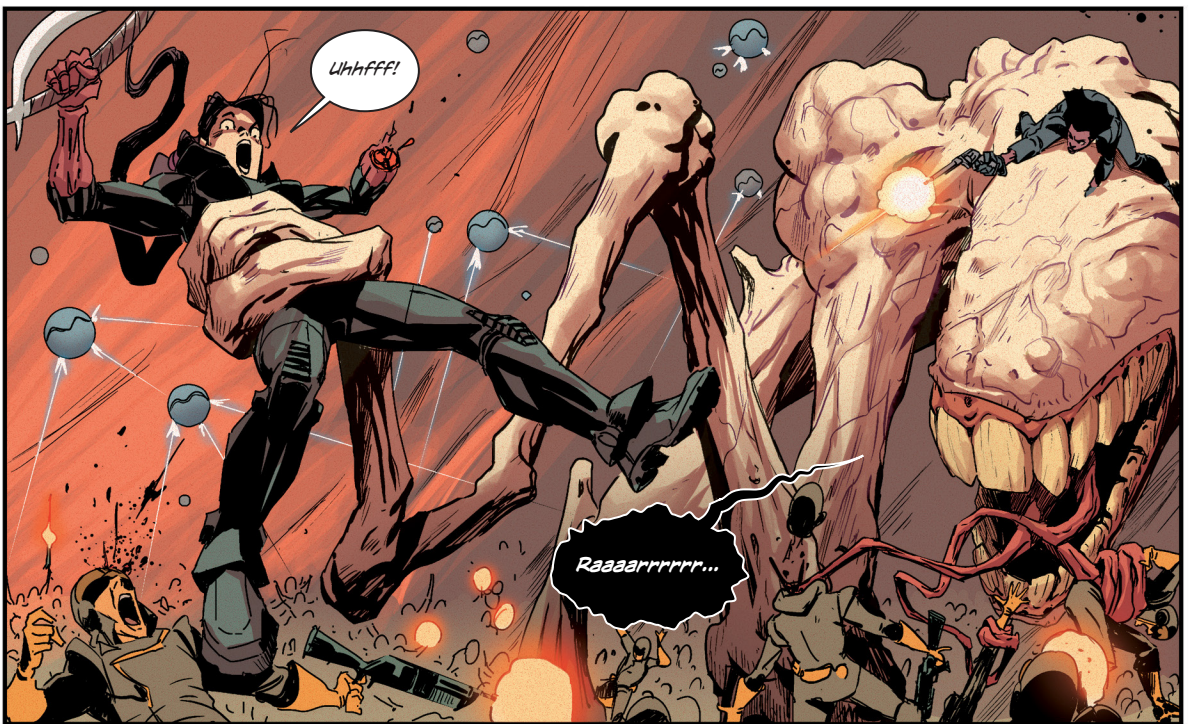
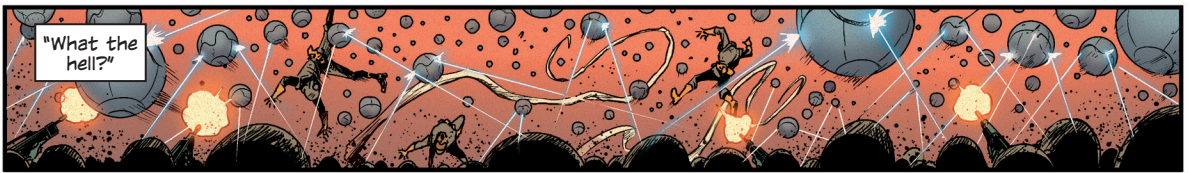


Raaarrrrrrr...



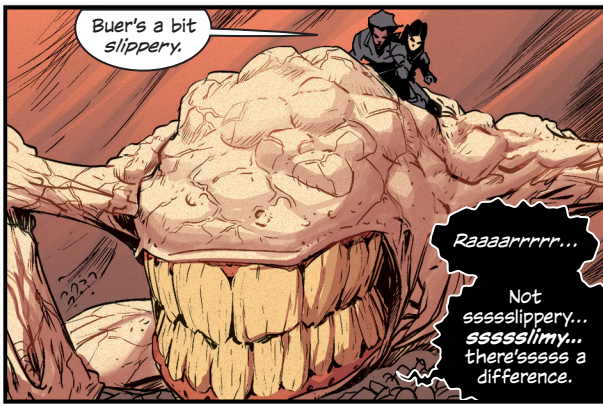
Raaarrrrrrrrr...

What...





Hold on tight.



Buer's a bit slippery.

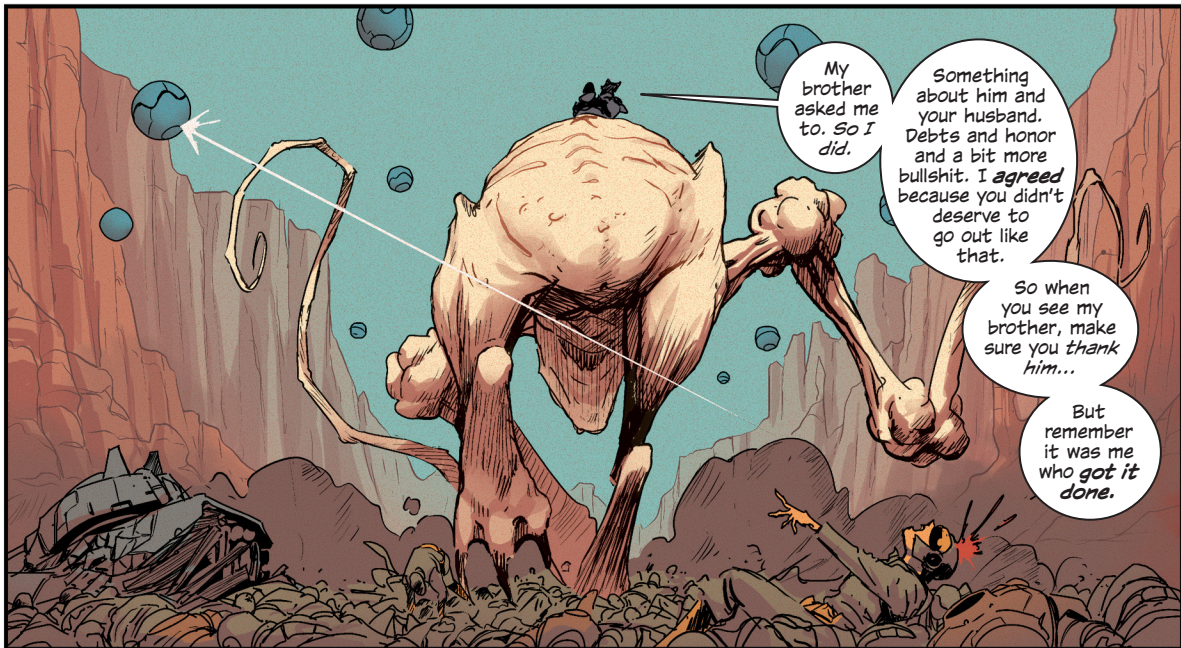
Raaaaarrrrr...

Not sssslippery... sssslimy... there'ssss a difference.



Why...

Why'd you save me?



My brother asked me to. So I did.

Something about him and your husband. Debts and honor and a bit more bullshit. I agreed because you didn't deserve to go out like that.

So when you see my brother, make sure you thank him...

But remember it was me who got it done.



They've escaped with Xiaolian, sir! But all her remaining forces have been defeated. Should we pursue completely.

Chase after them?

To what end?

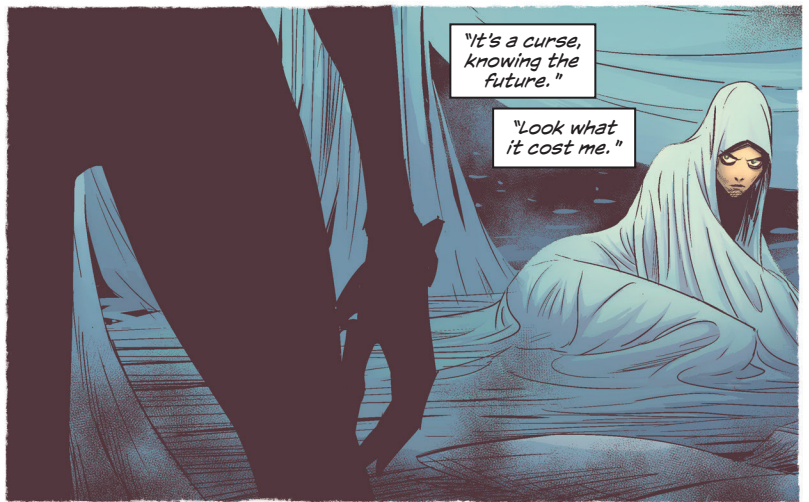


I thought killing her slow would be the worst thing I could do to her...

But now that I ponder my predicament in a more thorough fashion -- let her live with being a queen of nothing. It suits her.



*The Axis.*

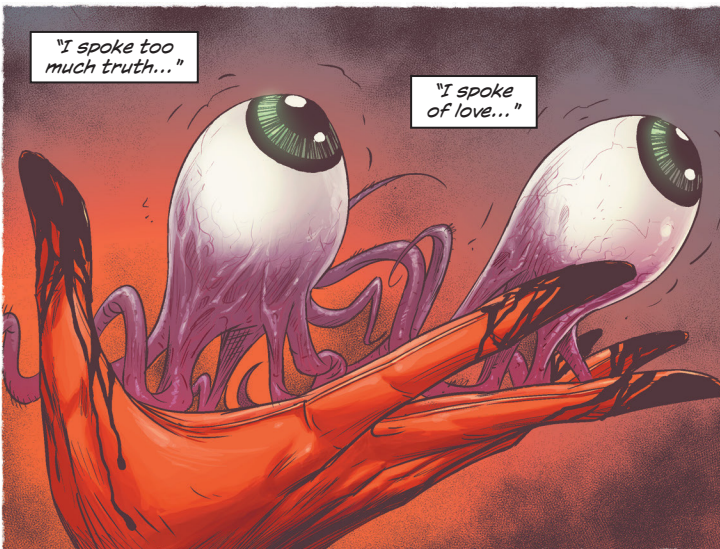


*"It's a curse,  
knowing the  
future."*

*"Look what  
it cost me."*



*"I was an oracle who  
offended the Horsemen  
of the End Times."*

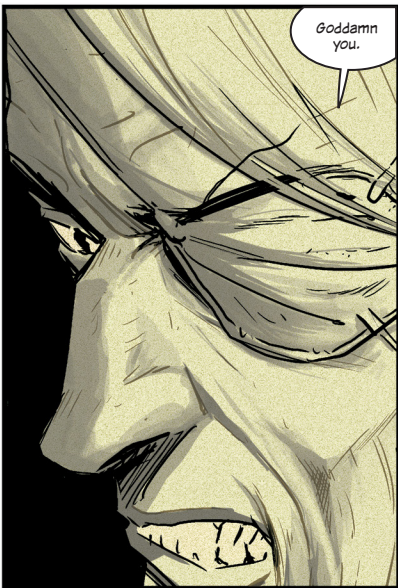
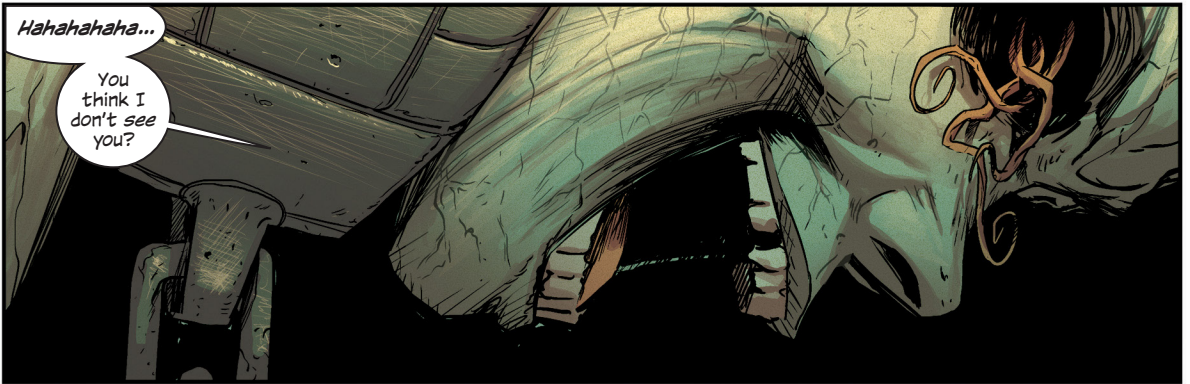
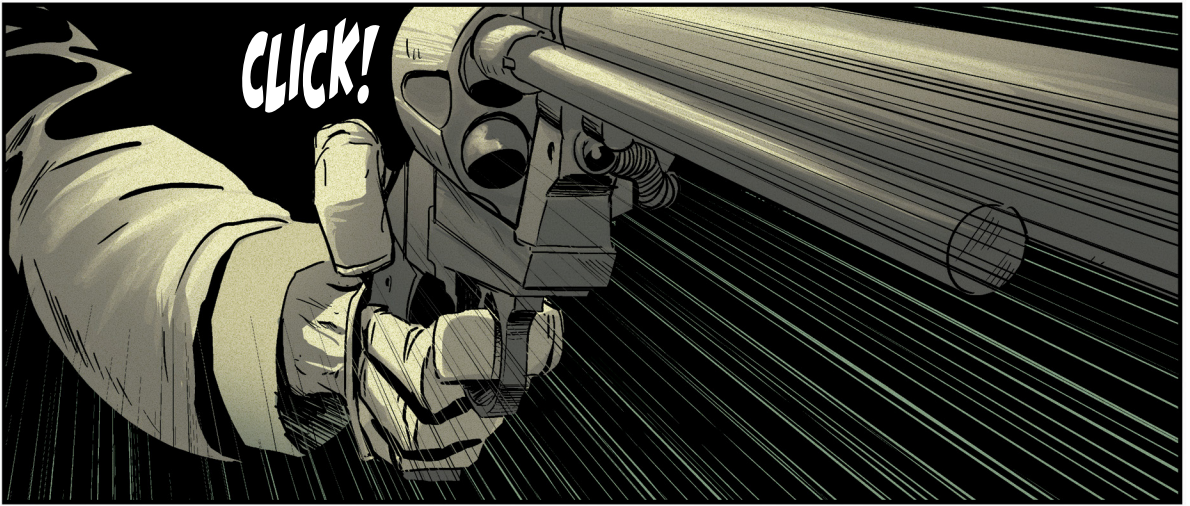


*"I spoke too  
much truth..."*

*"I spoke  
of love..."*

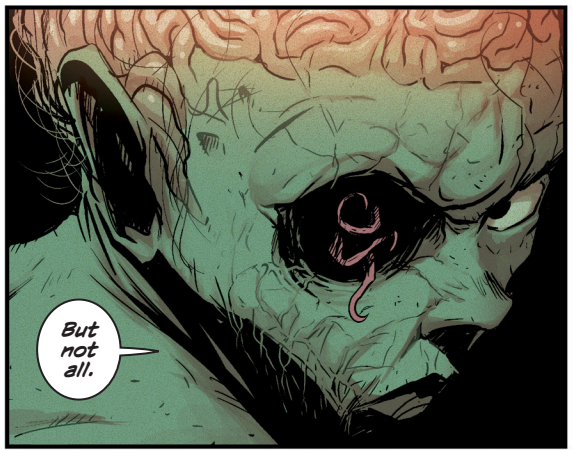


*"And your defeat at  
the hands of it."*





Yes...  
That's part of it.



But not all.



You still owe me an eye, Death!



I know. I brought you one.



!



Oh, I can see it clearly.  
And though I've missed you dearly.



You don't feel the same way.  
I guess I'll call it a --



CHOMP!

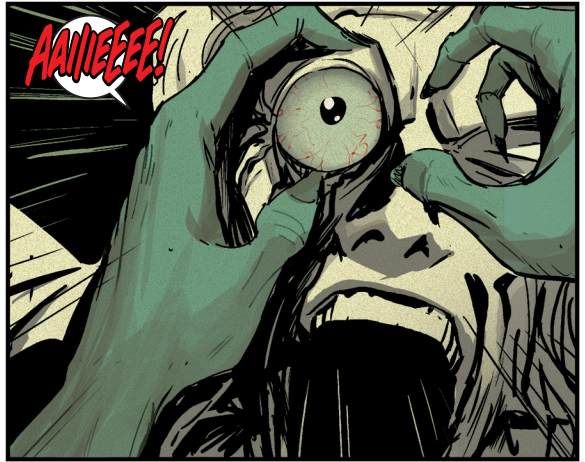


CHOMP!  
CHOMP!

I've always hated them -- my old eyes. Because I've always known...  
They were never the pair I was meant to end with.



shit.



AAHHH!!!



Thank you,  
Death...



Thank you  
for *righting*  
this old  
wrong.



Ahhhh  
hhhhhhhh  
hhhhhhhh  
hhhhhh  
hh...



Ah.  
Much  
better.



Now, you  
blind fool  
of a  
man...



Let's go  
find your  
son.



"Tell me, Bel..."



Was today as satisfying for you as it was for me?

I mean, surely you can find it in your heart to celebrate my accomplishments. Doesn't it warm your heart just a little to see me do so well in this cold, cruel world?

I'm very happy for you.

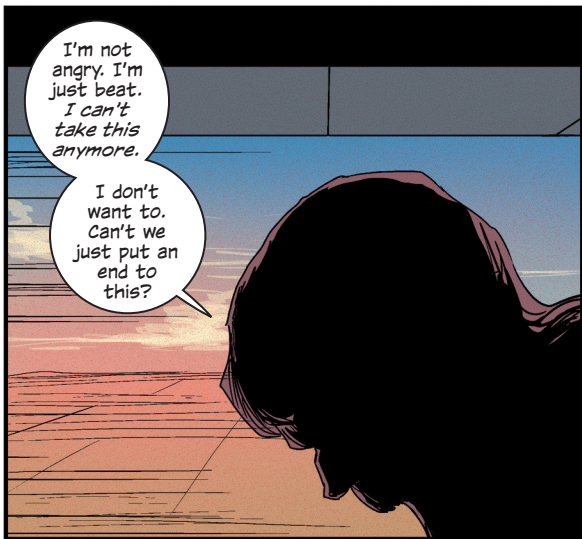
...

I don't believe you.



Perhaps I've been misguided all this time. Thinking with my *heart* and not my *head*.

Do you have anger in yours, Bel? I mean your heart, of course. It's been hard to know what's going on in that head of yours for quite some time.



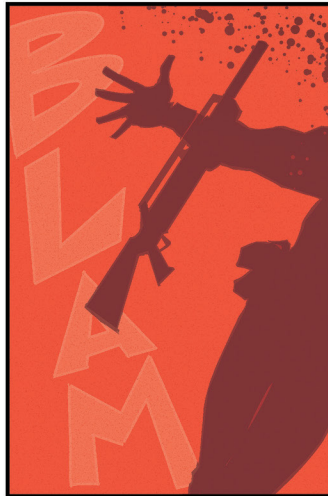
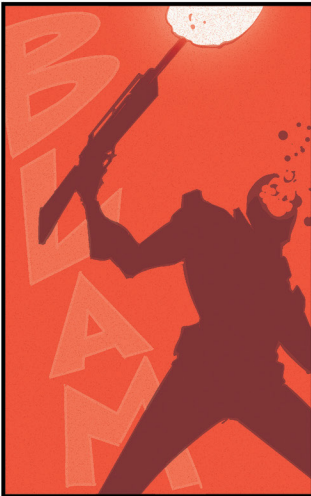
I'm not angry. I'm just beat. I can't take this anymore.

I don't want to. Can't we just put an end to this?



Put you down?

Absolutely not. You're Bel Solomon. A *titan*. And if it's the last thing I do, I will raise you up...





Oh.  
You.

Look,  
Bel, it's  
the  
law...

I remember fondly  
our first meeting --  
it went so well -- but  
for the life of me, I  
cannot recall your  
name.

What  
was it  
again?



I am  
**Justice.**

And I  
am here  
to deliver  
that very  
thing.



Hmmm.

So you  
say...

So  
we'll  
see.



WE WOULD TELL YOU TO  
PRAY, BUT IT WOULDN'T  
DO ANY GOOD.

YOU HAVE EARNED WHAT  
IS COMING TO YOU.



RATED **T+** / TEEN PLUS