

It was a time when the world
was plunged in darkness.

Barbaric brutes wandered
the lands, preying upon the
weak and taking what they
desired by forceful and
violent means.

Whether they killed for
food or for sport... it was
always without warning.

But my master was
not like them. He
fought only to defend
himself... or to help
the less fortunate.

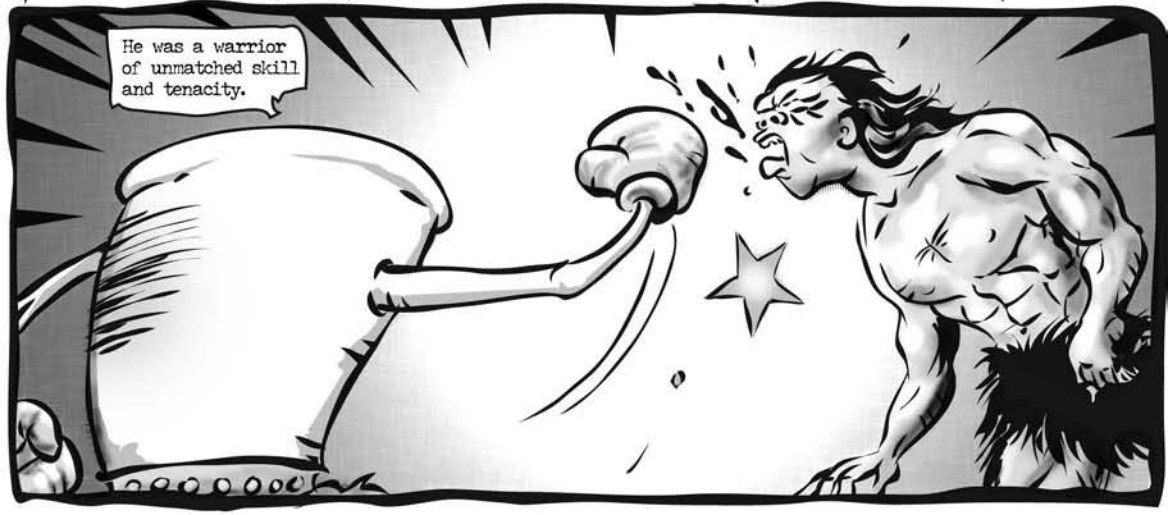
He was called
by many names.

I knew him as...

BOXING BUCKET

the conqueror

Story and Art by Christopher



He was a warrior
of unmatched skill
and tenacity.

He showed no fear
when outnumbered by
tribes of cro-mags...



or ancient
demon gods.



It was by slaying the demon god
Ram Sek Uhl that he set me free...
and I swore myself
into his debt.



We rode together through
vast deserts and wastelands.
Often in somber silence.

He rarely spoke.
Seeming only to brood
on his thoughts.



One day we encountered an old scroll mounted upon the remnants of a decrepit ruin.

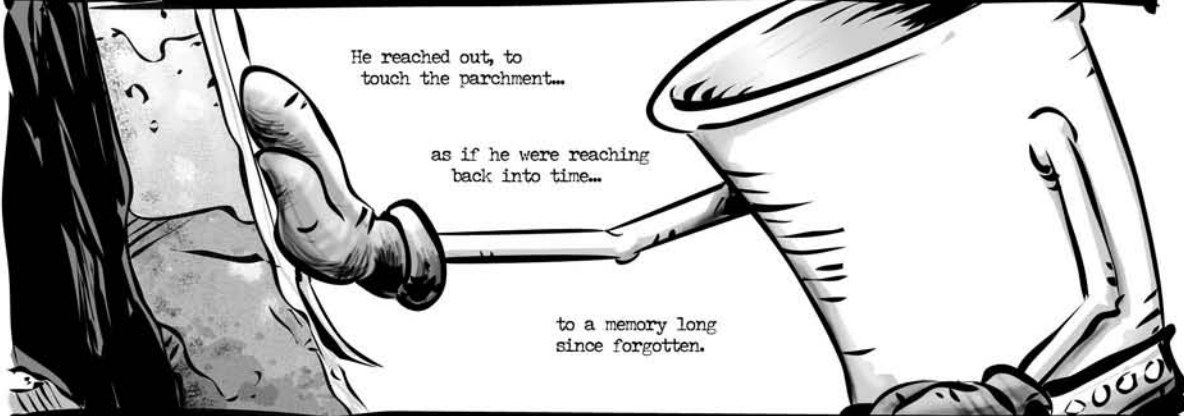
It bore markings from a language unknown to me. I was startled to see his image etched upon it.



He reached out, to touch the parchment...

as if he were reaching back into time...

to a memory long since forgotten.



A memory of a world that died, long, long ago.

