

RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY IS EXPERIENCING A BRISK MID-EIGHTIES OCTOBER DAY. (THAT'S CHILLY FROM NOW ON.)

HALLOWEEN WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER...

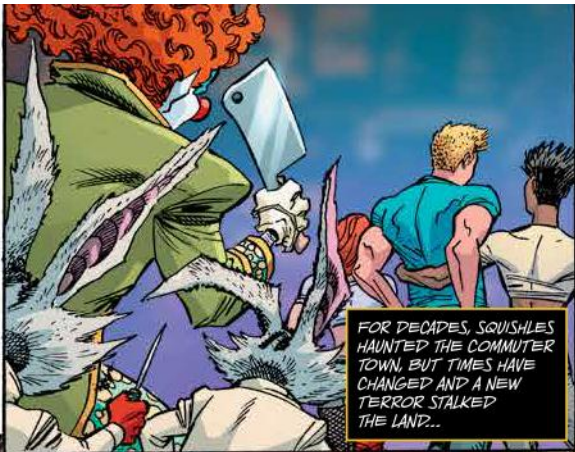
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...AND THE TERRORS WERE JUST WAKING UP FROM THEIR SLUMBER, LIKE THE SQUISHLES THE HAIKU CLOWN AND HIS PET STABBITS.

HEH-HEH.

STABBIT! STABBIT!

AUTUMN IS BRILLIANT.
TERROR REIGNS, AND SO DO I.
BODIES BREAK, BLOOD FLOWS.

LET'S STABBIT!



FOR DECADES, SQUISHLES HAUNTED THE COMMUTER TOWN, BUT TIMES HAVE CHANGED AND A NEW TERROR STALKED THE LAND...



BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

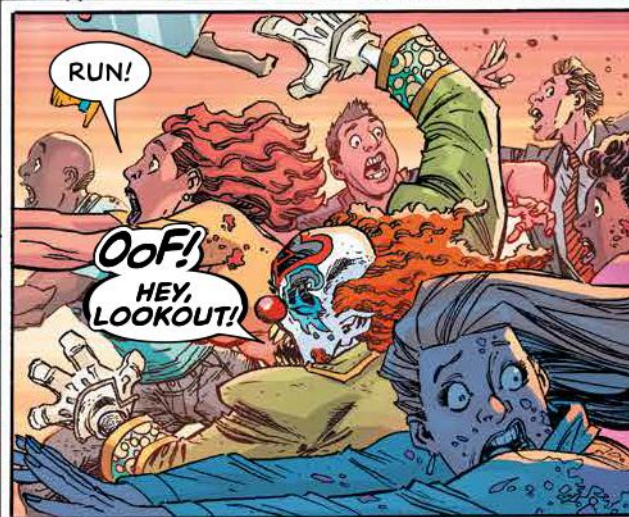
AEEI!

AARGH!

SPIUK! STASHK!

...THE DAY BELONGED TO THE MASS SHOOTER.

SUBSCRIBE TO MY MANIFESTO!



RUN!

OOF!

HEY, LOOKOUT!



SATAN, NO!

POOR STABBIT.



POOR SQUISHLES HAD BROUGHT A CLEAVER TO A GUN FIGHT.

WHO ARE THESE JAMOKES?!



HONESTLY, YOUR NARRATOR DOESN'T KNOW EITHER, SQUISHLES.

THEY'RE JUST ORDINARY AMERICANS DOING THEIR Z-A THING.



OOPS!

AAEEI!

GOTTA BEAT CLOWN FEET!

POW!



JESUS CHRIST!

DA [REDACTED] IS WRONG WITH PEOPLE?

I'M NOT THE HORROR.

A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE KICKOFF TO THE HALLOWEEN SEASON AT THE ANNUAL MONSTER MIRTHALOOZA. (NOT AFFILIATED WITH THE MONSTER MASH.)

GOOD EVENING, SQUISHLES.

YOU LOOK HORRIBLE.

THANKS. ROUGH DAY.

THE MONSTER MIRTHALOOZA IS A REAL WHO'S WHO OF OLD TIMEY MURDERERS.

TIME TO KILL!

I USED TO DINE WELL OFF THE FEAR OF AMERICANS.

HA-HA!

BUT HOW'S ONE CLOWN WITH SOME KNIVES SUPPOSED TO COMPETE WHEN THEY'RE AFRAID OF BEING MURDERED BY AN INCEL WITH A MACHINE GUN?

IT SURE IS, TIME TO KILL.

BUMMER, DUDE.

YEESH, COUNT REGINALD, I DUNNO WHEN YOU LAST TRIED TO SUCK A MEATBAG DRY, BUT LEMME TELL YOU-- WE GOT SOME SERIOUS COMPETITION OUT THERE.

OH, MY. I KNOW. I'VE JUST BEEN ORDERING IN.

IT'S A DISASTER. EVERY MAN A MONSTER NOW.

KLIK KLIK KLIK!



ON THE ONE HAND, AMERICA HAS NEVER BEEN SO BEAUTIFUL, HORRIFYING.

I JUST DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S A PLACE IN IT FER A GHOUL LIKE ME.

BRAIN CAN TELL CLOWN IS FLUSTERED. CLOWN NOT EVEN YELL STUPID POEMS.

GIMME A BREAK, I'M OFF THE CLOCK.



I'M EMBARRASSED TO SAY I MUST AGREE. THIS WOMAN THAT I'VE BEEN HAUNTING LONG-TERM IS BARELY HOME ANYMORE BETWEEN HER TWO WAREHOUSE JOBS...



~GASP~

"...THEN SHE CAUGHT LONG COVID, AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF SHE EVEN REMEMBERS ME."

TAP TAP!

YOO-HOO!



SHE GETS WINDED TAKING ~~██████~~, NOW.

YOU THINK YOU GOT IT BAD?

TRY SCARING THE NATURAL WORLD WHEN ITS ON FIRE.

YOU GUYS ARE REAL PARTY BUMMERS.

I CAME HERE TO LAY SOME EGGS, AND YOU'RE DRYING UP MY SACKS.



AT LEAST YOU STILL HAVE PEOPLE TO HAUNT. ALL MINE OVERDOSED ON OPIATES.

THE CRACKLER FAMILY PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY OVER THERE KILLED MORE PEOPLE THAN ALL OF US COMBINED.



DON'T HATE THE PLAYER.

TSK. THERE'S PLENTY MORE UNPOISONED AND UNMURDERED TO GO AROUND.