

GENESIS DESERT 1866

**HELLO
FRIEND!**

DOES THE
WORLD HAVE YOU SICK
TO YOUR STOMACH?
DOES IT MAKE YOU WANT TO
BASH YOUR NEIGHBOR'S
SKULL AGAINST A WALL
AND LIGHT HIS HOUSE
ON FIRE?

WELL, HAVE
NO FEAR.
DR. TOMB'S
MIRACLE CURES
CAN HELP YOU WITH
THAT!

TAKE A SIP
WHILE I TELL YOU
THE **BLOODIEST**
LOVE STORY
GENESIS HAS EVER
PRODUCED:

**THE
COMEDY OF
DIRT AND
DOROTHEA.**

A
TALE FULL OF
VENGEANCE, LOVE,
LIVE BURIALS AND
MORE SNAKES THAN
YOU CAN SHAKE A
SIX SHOOTER
AT.

BUT
FIRST--

--TAKE A LITTLE
SOMETHING FOR
YOUR SOUL.

My name's Dirt.

And this right here is my
whole life, bottled and distilled.
When we were kids, my wife
Dorothea, said we'd get away
from this patch of desert where
the Garden of Eden shriveled
up and died.

But she was wrong.

I got sent to war.
And she got sent to
a grave. And this
town? It didn't
know when to quit.

'Cause when I
was ready to give
up and die...

...it kept coming for me.

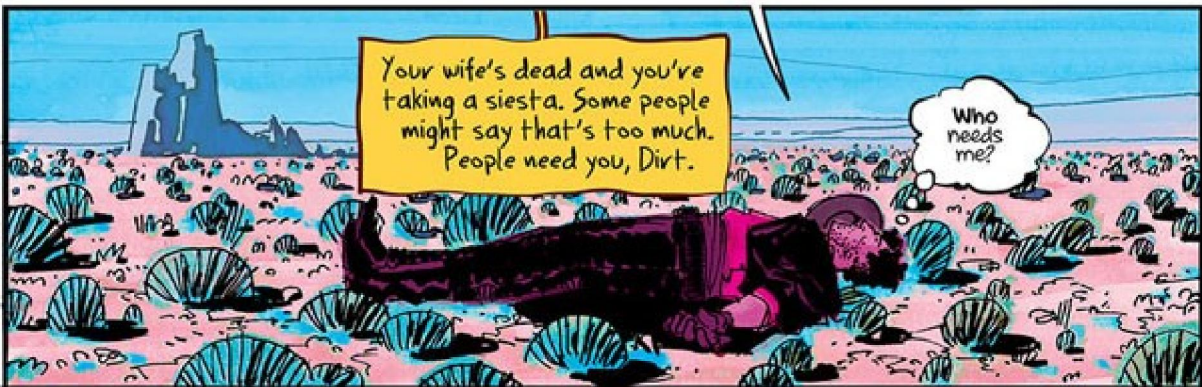
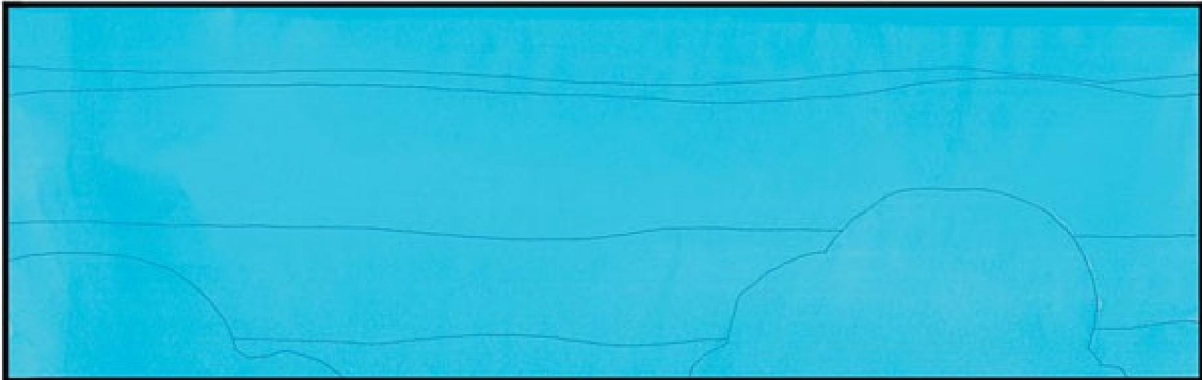
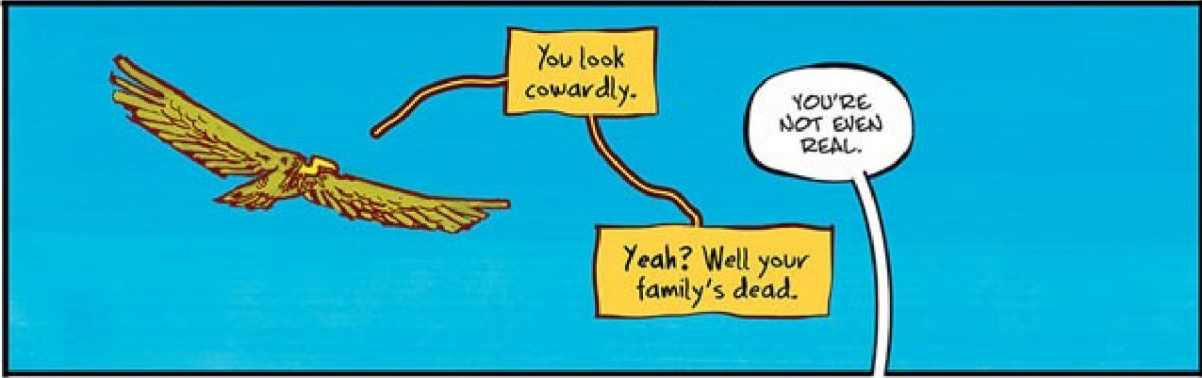
GET UP,
DIRT.
GET UP AND
DO WHAT YOU
HAVE TO.

You're thinking that's the Lord God talking to me.

Nah. That's just the bird.

Speck.

And he's way more vicious than God.





There were those Church People you rode past.

Like a dick.

I JUST DIDN'T WANT THEM SAYING GOD BLESS WHEN I FIXED THEIR WHEEL.

THEY WANT TO BLESS PEOPLE. THEY NEED TO LEARN BASIC MECHANICS AND STAY THE HELL OFF THE ROAD.

Hate 'God bless.'



What about those thirsty natives out near Apache Junction?



I DREW THEM A MAP TO A WATER WELL.

You had water on you.

I ALSO HAD PLACES OF MY OWN TO GO.