The trans-national MURKOFF CORPORATION tirelessly pushes the frontier of scientific research and development. Partnering with the greatest minds of tomorrow, Murkoff expands the reach of every branch of scientific inquiry, including gene therapy, behavioral psychology, information technology, and medicine.

In the event of mistake or oversight, the MURKOFF INSURANCE MITIGATION DEPARTMENT comes in to minimize economic fallout. Mitigation Officers are damage control. They are not here to save lives or help people, they are here to make sure it doesn’t cost the company any more than it has to.

PAUL MARION & PAULINE GLICK,
MURKOFF INSURANCE MITIGATION OFFICERS

THE MURKOFF ACCOUNT
EPILOGUE
Story by JT PETTY & Art by THE BLACK FROG
There we go, my child. Every last drop of salvation, your children are waiting for you in heaven.

God does not pour half measures.

The storm is abating. All these undeserved blessings.
Seven hours later,

WHERE'S PAUL MARION?

SOMEBODY OUTSIDE MURKOFF CONNECTED THE DOTS BETWEEN MOUNT MAJOR AND TEMPLE GATE AND THEY'VE BEEN FEEDING MARION INFORMATION,

THAT'S NO GOOD.

I'D PUT MY MONEY ON SIMON PEACOCK, AND IF WE FIND HIM, I'LL PUT ELECTRODES ON SIMON PEACOCK.

HOW MANY BODIES WE LOOKING AT?

HUNDREDS, IT'LL TAKE UP DAYS TO GET THEM ALL SORTED, LOT OF THESE LOCAL CORPSES SHOW SIGNS OF CYANIDE POISONING.

GOD DARN THIS CITY'S HEAVY...
That doesn't look like cyanide.

Yeah, a lot of them got creative about dying.

The woman's the real mystery.

Multiple traumas, took a lot of whatever killed her to get the job done, by her teeth I'd guess she's not a local.

This is her, right? Lynn something, last name sounds like a crustacean you're not supposed to eat.

Langerman, how did you know?

She was at the hospital last week, asking questions about the escaped temple gate woman.

Fucking Paul Marion, he was supposed to be making sure she and her husband Blake didn't find this place.
“AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED ALONE TO TELL THEE.”

“I KNOW WHAT IT IS, AGENT, YOU DON’T HAVE TO TRY TO IMPRESS ME.”

“IT’S ACTUALLY THE BOOK OF JOB, BY WAY OF MOBY...”

“IS THAT FROM WRATH OF KHAN?”

“Well, holy shit, it’s him, it’s Blake.”

“THOUGH HIS EYES ARE ALL PUPIL, COMPLETELY CATATONIC.”
What's the closest black facility with M.E. compatible forensic psych? Elrich?

Afraid so.

Well, take him there, we need to dig in his head, don't be gentle.

They rarely are.

Agent Click? Our guys just broke down the door to Paul Marion's, no sign of him or his daughter, but there's blood on the walls, looks like something was written and smeared away.

Agent Click? What do you want to do?

Find Paul Marion.

Actually, no. Do me a favor and find his corpse, because if he's still alive, he's fucking dangerous.
WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?

YOU'RE ASKING THE WRONG QUESTION. I'LL STILL HELP YOU FIND THE ANSWER, BUT YOU'LL NEED TO TRUST ME, WE HAVE TO FIND THE WALRIDER.

MURKOFF DESTROYED THE WALRIDER.

WHAT ABOUT MILES UPSHUR?

DEAD,

AND BILLY HOPE?

DEAD, TWICE.

AND YOU FOUND NOTHING IN TEMPLE GATE?

HOW ABOUT YOU JUST TELL ME WHATEVER IT IS YOU WANT TO TELL ME,

I DON'T KNOW MUCH, EXCEPT THAT WHAT MURKOFF MADE OF ME WAS A ROUGH DRAFT, AND WHAT THEY STUMBLED ON TO WHEN MILES UPSHUR FOUND BILLY HOPE AND THE WALRIDER IS THE MASTERPIECE,

THE MORPHOGENIC ENGINE PROCESS NEEDS A DELIVERY MECHANISM, A METHOD OF INFECTION,

AT MOUNT MASSIVE, IN THE LAB, THEY COULD CUSTOMIZE THE PROCESS TO THE PATIENT, FORCE IT INTO THEIR BRAINS WITH VIDEO, MOLD THE NIGHTMARES TO OPEN THEIR MINDS, BUT OUT IN THE WORLD...

IT'S NOT SURPRISING RELIGION WOULD BE SUCH AN EFFECTIVE DELIVERY MECHANISM,

GODS COMMUNICATING WITH MEN, GODS DIVIDING THEMSELVES INTO COMPONENTS THAT MEN COULD UNDERSTAND, A TRINITY,

EVEN IN TEMPLE GATE, THEY PRACTICED THE SIGN OF THE CROSS...
IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER...

AND OF THE SON...

AND OF THE HOLY SPIRIT,
AMEN.