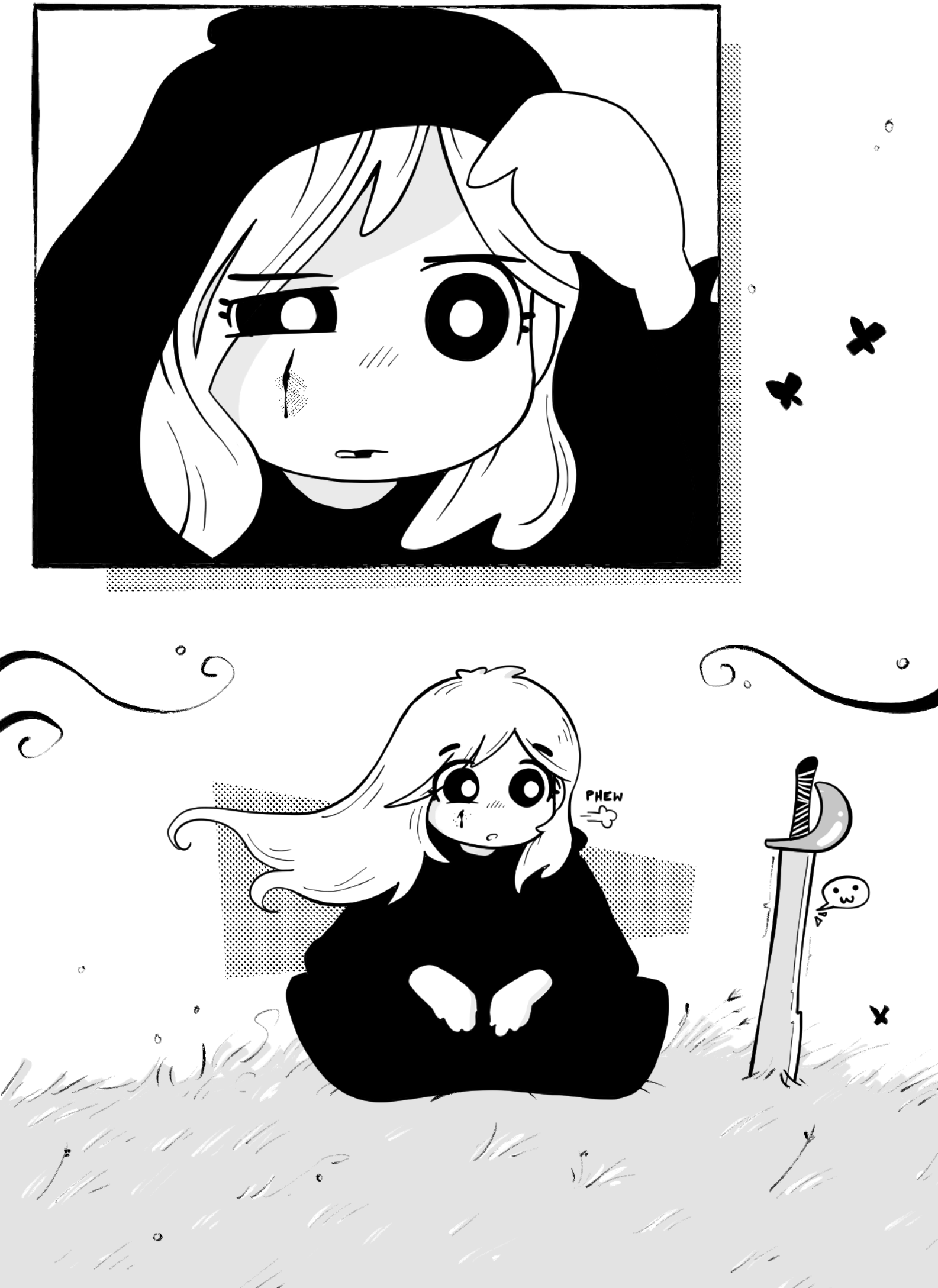
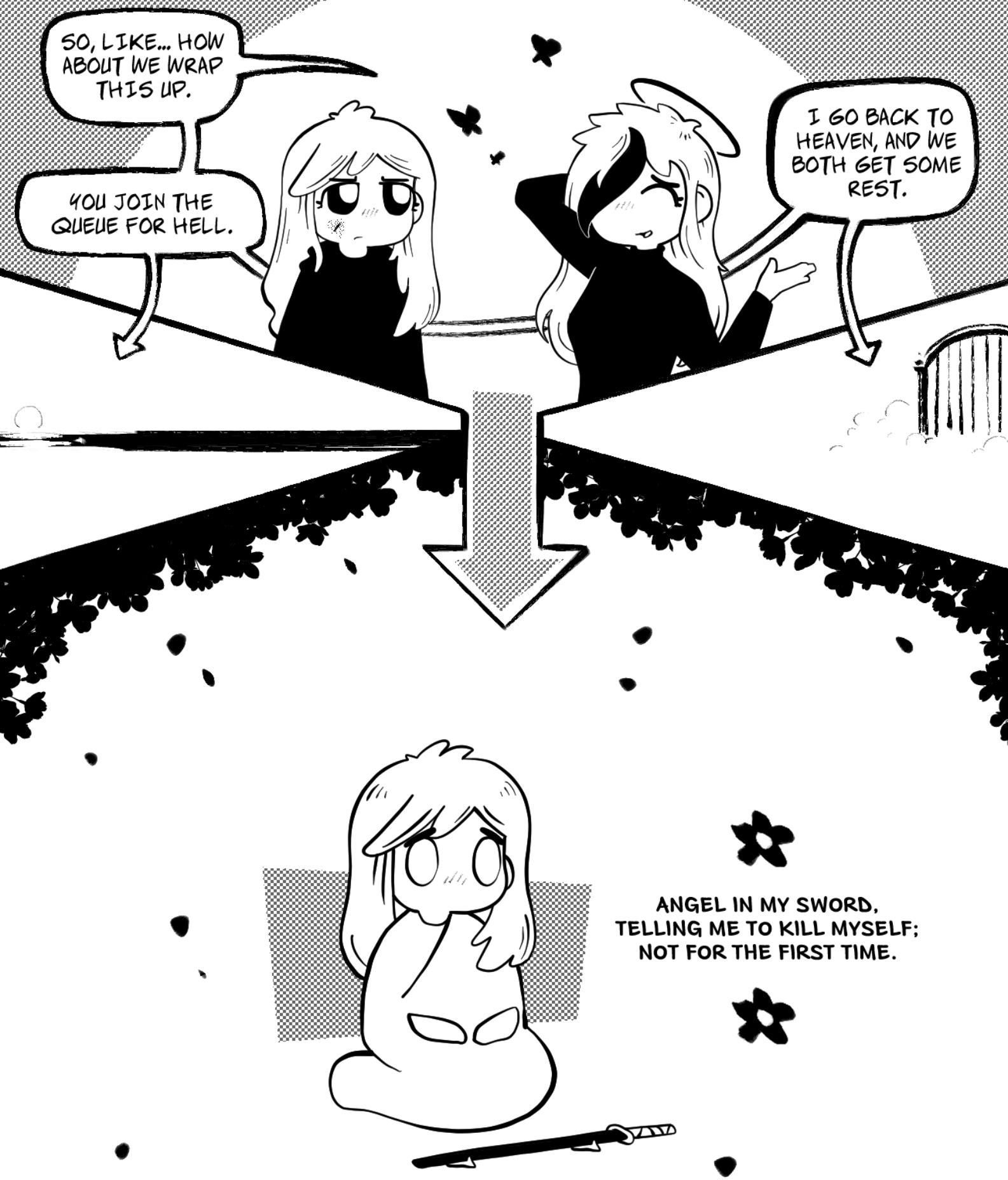
for the joy of just being here

BY MOUETTE


PHEW

ZAP
POOF
PAT PAT PAT
YAAY GOOD WITCH, GOOD WITCH, WHAT A GOOD WITCH!
YOU KILLED THEM ALL. AGAIN. ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER DEMON ARMY!

SAME TIME TOMORROW, I GUESS?
WELL, YEAH. AND TOMORROW. AND THE DAY AFTER THAT. YOU REALISE THEY ONLY KEEP COMING BACK BECAUSE YOU'RE HERE THOUGH, RIGHT?
HUMANITY IS FINISHED. WHEN YOU GO, THEY GO.



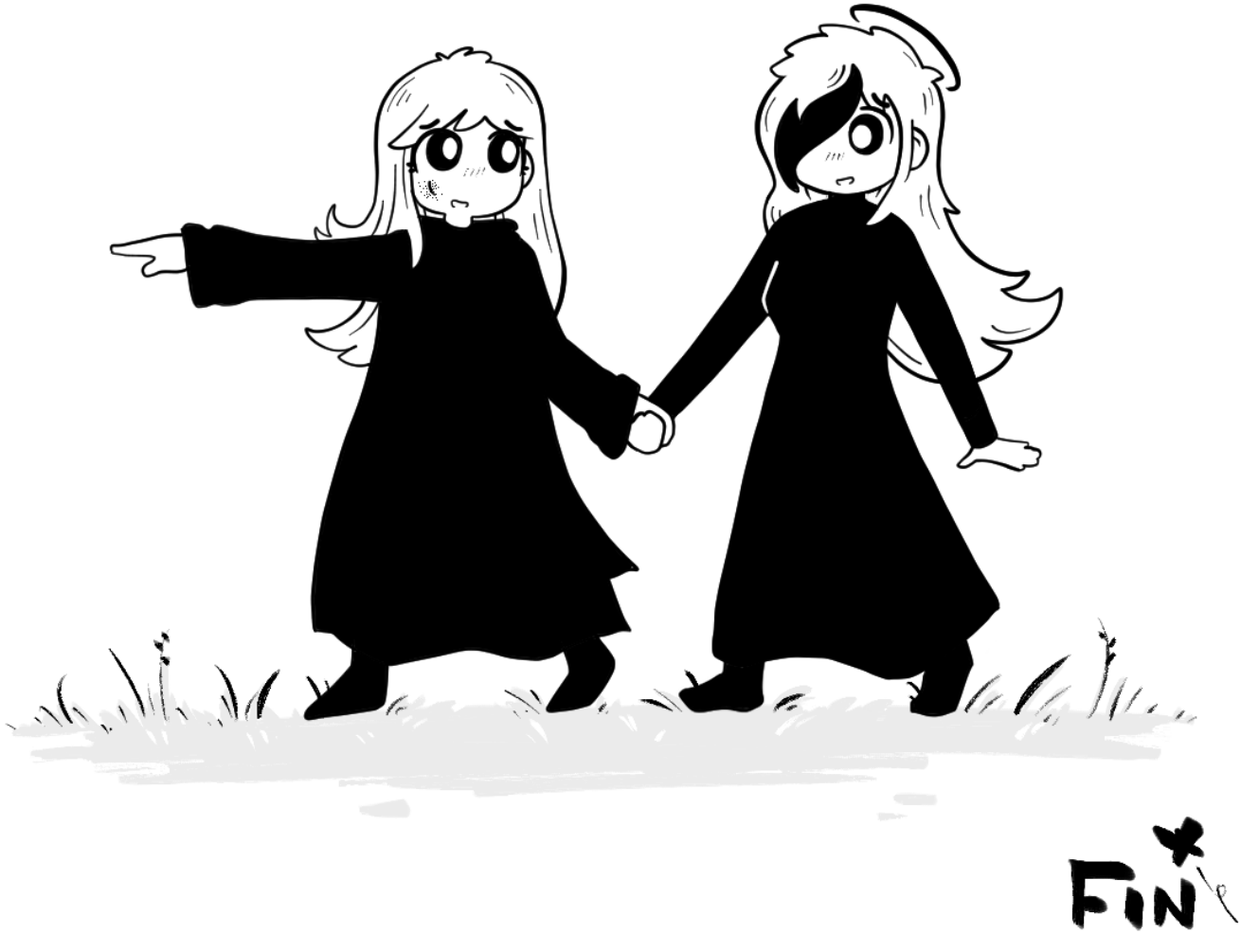
ANGEL IN MY SWORD,
TELLING ME TO KILL MYSELF;
NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

NO CAN DO, CASSIEL.
UGH
IT'S TRUE THAT THE CRUSHING ELEMENTAL HATRED DIRECTED TOWARDS MY EXISTENCE CAN SOMETIMES GET ME DOWN.
BUT, I DON'T KNOW...

BEING ALIVE IS JUST TOO BEAUTIFUL.

EVEN IF THE UNIVERSE WANTS WITH EVERY FIBRE OF ITS BEING TO DESTROY ME.
I'D SUFFER FOREVER JUST SO I COULD KEEP BLINKING MY EYES IN THE LIGHT...
AND BREATHING THE COOL EVENING AIR.
WOULDN'T YOU?

SIGH...
HUMANS.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