

My name is Eddie Dean. This was supposed to be an easy gig. Me, acting as a drug mule, smuggling stuff into the U.S. The reward is a bunch of money, and my brother and I enter a rehab program and get off the junk once and for all.

So what happens? The stewardess figures out something's wrong. I go hide in the bathroom, trying to figure out what to do. And the next thing I know, there's some sort of magic door that I get pulled through, and I'm on a beach with a freaking cowboy!

Except he looks like ten miles of bad road. Hand's bleeding, and his foot...how the hell is he still alive?

You are not listening, Eddie. I have told you: To save your brother from the mobster Balazar...

MID-WORLD

...You must pass the ritual of customs.

Produce the drugs you are carrying.
Now.

Speaking of drugs, you look like you could use some. You look terrible.

You are likely right, but it can wait.

Now as I said: Give me your drugs.

For maybe a second I think of saying I don't know what he's talking about.



But then I realize there's really no point.

You, uh... don't happen to have a *knife*, do you? It'll take way less time.

Of course. It's in my bag.



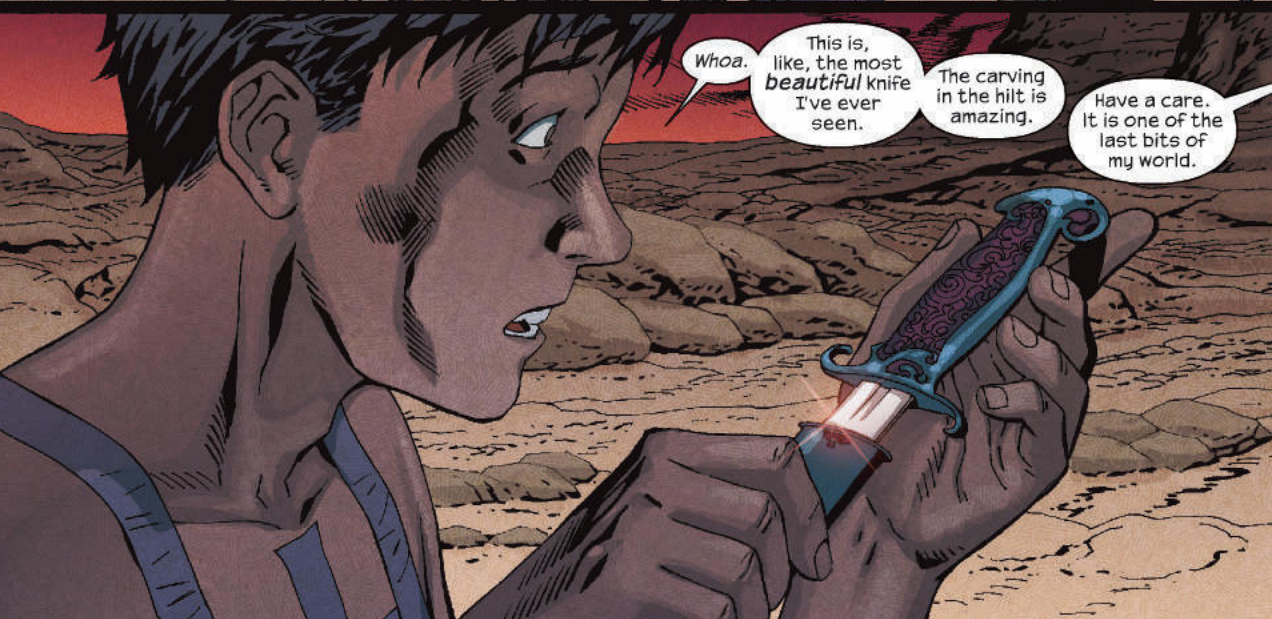
Jesus, man...your fingers...your arm...

You've got some sort of blood poisoning.



Just get the knife out!

Okay, *okay!* Sheesh.



Whoa.

This is, like, the most *beautiful* knife I've ever seen.

The carving in the hilt is amazing.

Have a care. It is one of the last bits of my world.



EARTH.

