

# HISTOIRES DE FINS DU MONDE

TALES OF WORLD'S ENDS

*Ou petites suites de bémols en guise de génèses*





ANYONE, HERE ?



AH! HEY,  
THE TITLE HAS CHANGED.  
NO HARM IN THAT.

AND GOD LOOKS  
DIFFERENT TOO,  
HE SEEMS MORE CHEERFUL...

LET'S TAKE A LOOK...



HA, HA! I INVENTED THIS  
A FISHING ROD



YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE  
HOW GOOD IT FEELS  
TO FISH... AND TO 'SIN'  
A LITTLE



BUT I HAVEN'T  
INVENTED FISH...



FISH STINK,  
AND THEY'RE FULL OF  
BONES...

ALRIGHT,  
LET'S SEND  
THIS OUT



AND NOW WE WAIT FOR  
SOMETHING TO BITE...



AND SINCE THERE AREN'T  
ANY FISH, I'M IN FOR  
A LONG WAIT...

NICE  
AND QUIET.

M M



Ta di doo dda daas  
La tein bin hong tadaa

**BODOROP**  
**BODOROP**  
**EDAROP**

WHAT,  
AGAIN?!







## ON HIS THRONE, GOD WAS KEEPING BUSY



NORMALLY, ACCORDING TO THE TITLE, HE SHOULD BE SITTING ON HIS THRONE, BUT OBVIOUSLY, HE ISN'T. IT'S CRAZY HOW EVERY TIME YOU SAY SOMETHING, REALITY TURNS OUT DIFFERENT BUT WELL, IT'S GOD AFTER ALL - YOU CAN'T REALLY COMPLAIN. BUT WHAT ON EARTH IS HE DOING?



SO, IT'S SIMPLE:  
FIRST YOU NEED A SMALL BALL



I NAMED IT  
THE LITTLE ONE.

THEN YOU ADD BIGGER BALLS... IN DIFFERENT COLORS



TO START, YOU THROW THE LITTLE ONE...



NOT TOO FAR, THOUGH



BUT NOT TOO CLOSE EITHER.

THEN YOU TOSS THE OTHER  
BALLS TOWARD  
THE LITTLE ONE.



YOU'LL SEE - I'M SURE  
THIS GAME HAS A BRILLIANT  
FUTURE...



WHEN ALL THE BALLS  
HAVE BEEN THROWN,  
THE ONE CLOSEST  
TO THE LITTLE ONE WINS

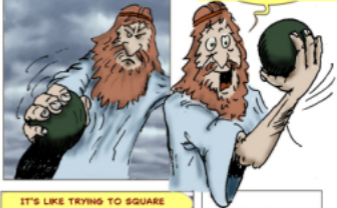


NOW! LET'S GET STARTED!

BY THROWING  
THE BALL WITH GRACE  
AND PRECISION,



GENTLY, PLEASE.



A FANTASTIC TECHNIQUE:  
THE CARREAU!

WELL,  
YOU MIGHT SAY  
IT'S A BIT ODD TO MAKE  
A 'CARREAU'  
WITH A ROUND BALL.

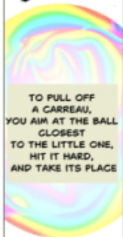


IT'S LIKE TRYING TO SQUARE  
THE CIRCLE...

BUT THAT'S  
HOW IT IS



I'M GOD,  
AFTER ALL



TO PULL OFF  
A CARREAU,  
YOU AIM AT THE BALL  
CLOSEST  
TO THE LITTLE ONE,  
HIT IT HARD,  
AND TAKE ITS PLACE

AAAAA!!!  
A GIANT METEOR  
IS HEADING  
STRAIGHT FOR  
EARTH!



Ow...

PLAC!

AND THAT WAS YET ANOTHER END OF THE WORLD...



ON HIS THRONE, GOD WAS MEDITATING...



WELL WHEN I SAY  
'MEDITATING',  
THAT'S HIM,  
BECAUSE HE,  
I WAS NEVER EDITED  
ANYWAY  
IN SHORT, GOD,  
ON HIS THRONE,  
WAS IN A STATE OF SOUL,  
WHICH AFTER ALL IS FAIR  
ENOUGH, BECAUSE GOD,  
WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE  
, IT'S HIM AND SOULS  
ARE HIS BUSINESS.

GOD...

THAT'S NOT  
A NAME, THAT.

HELLO, LET'S KEEP IT  
SIMPLE, CALL ME GOD

STILL, DON'T YOU FIND THAT  
A LITTLE...

...SUFFICIENT?

STILL THOUGH

NOT

BUT THEN AGAIN,  
'HEY POPE, IT'S ME, GOD'  
- THAT WORKS.  
HUN, PRETTY IMPRESSIVE,  
HUNT

STILL, THAT'S  
A LITTLE...  
TOO MUCH



