

QUE J'AI
FAIM, UNCLE
MONDAY!

JUST...PUT
THIS TABLE...
OVER HERE
AGAIN...

TASTES LIKE
PUKE. **EVERYTHING**
TASTES LIKE PUKE. AND
WHY AM I SO COLD,
AND WHY CAN'T
I--

I CAN'T **SENSE**
KIN, OR MY MILLIONS
OF BELIEVERS! AM I
DEAD, UNCLE? IS
THIS DEATH?

THE VOODOO DEITY ERZULIE AND HER
HOUSEBOAT HAVE BEEN **WRENCHED**
FROM HER OTHERWORLDLY DOMAIN AND
PLUNGED THROUGH A RIP IN THE
DREAMING TO ARRIVE BESIDE
ABEL'S AND CAIN'S HOUSES.

OW!
WHY'D YOU
DO THAT?

IF **PAIN** CAN STILL
MAKE YOU DANCE ITS
TUNE, YOU'RE NOT
DEAD.

I'M NOT
SUPPOSED TO **FEEL**
PAIN EITHER. NOW I
KNOW WHY EVERYTHING
TASTES LIKE
ASH.

I'M **CUT**
OFF FROM THE
WORSHIP WHICH
ACTUALLY SUSTAINS
ME. MERE FOOD
DOESN'T.

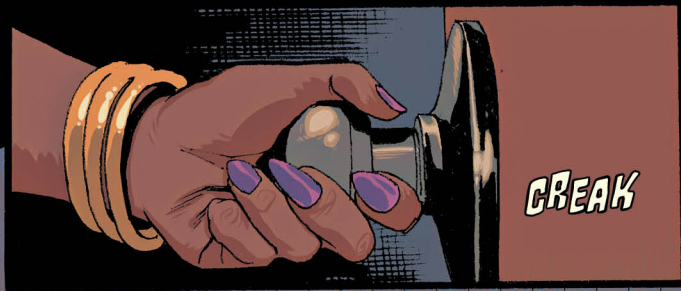
WHERE'S MY
MIRROR?

PEU
IMPORTE.
I'LL JUST GO
THROUGH ONE
OF **MY DOORS**
TO THE FRENCH
QUARTER.

AND DID
MY **NEPHEW**
SHAKPANA COME
THROUGH IT LIKE I
TOLD HIM TO?

DOESN'T
SEEM SO.

MY WAKING
WORLD **HOUSE**
OF **DAHOMEY FAM**
WILL HELP ME REBOOT
MY CONNECTION TO
THE PIPELINE.



ABEL!
CAIN! DID WE
FETCH UP IN THE
DREAMING?

YES! BUH-BUT
YOU CAN'T B-BE
HERE WITHOUT AN INV-
ITATION FROM
LORD DREAM!

YOU NEARLY
DESTROYED MY
HOUSE OF MYSTERY
AND ABEL'S HOUSE
OF SECRETS!

COULDN'T
SOMEONE FROM THE
DREAMING TAKE
ME HOME?

YOU *AND*
YUH-YOUR
HOUSEBOAT,
MILADY?

I CAME
THROUGH
THAT?

L-L-LIKE
A BUH-BABY
THROUGH A BIRTH
CANAL.

GODS NEED
PERMISSION TO
VISIT THE DREAMING.
SHE JUST BARGED
IN. *LORD DANIEL*
ISN'T GOING TO
LIKE THAT...

DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE SHE HAD A
CHOICE. HOOM.

UNCLE, I
JUST REALIZED
YOU'RE STUCK HERE, TOO!
YOU MUST BE FEELING
AS *HEADBLIND* AND
HUNGRY AS
I AM!

NOT AS BAD,
MISTRESS. SOME OF
THE DENIZENS OF THE
BAYOU CAME THROUGH
WITH US. THEY *REVERE*
ME WELL ENOUGH. I'M
MERELY *PECKISH*,
NOT STARVED.

...AND IF I
GET *TOO HUNGRY*,
THEY'LL MAKE TASTY
SNACKS. WON'T YOU,
BROTHER?

I'D BETTER GET
BACK HOME SOON,
THOUGH. IT'S DATE
NIGHT WITH THE
WIFE TOMORROW.

AND *DAMN*, IS
CUDDLE TIME WITH
MY GATOR WOMAN
SOME KINDA
EPIC!

IF I RUN HER
DEEP DOWNWIND AT AN
ANGLE, THAT SHOULD
REDUCE THE JIBE TILL
I GET THROUGH
THE RIFT...

YOOP!

PLOP

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THEY STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HER, DO THEY, MAGGIE?

NO. AND I **FREAKING** HATE HOSPITALS, Y'HEAR ME?

GIRLS, YOU CAN GO SEE HER, YOU KNOW. YOU DON'T NEED TO WAIT OUT HERE.

C'MON, LUMI. LET'S GO SEE YOUR SISTER.

PA, IS TOYA GOING TO DIE?

THE DOC CALLED IT A COMA, **HABIBI**. IT'S LIKE LATOYA'S SLEEPING, BABY. TILL SHE GETS BETTER.

WE WERE ONLY PLAYING A GAME!

I KNOW, CHER. THE GAME **DIDN'T** MAKE YOUR SISTER SICK.

C'MON, GIRL. WAKE UP SO WE CAN GET OUTTA HERE.

FRENCH QUARTER.

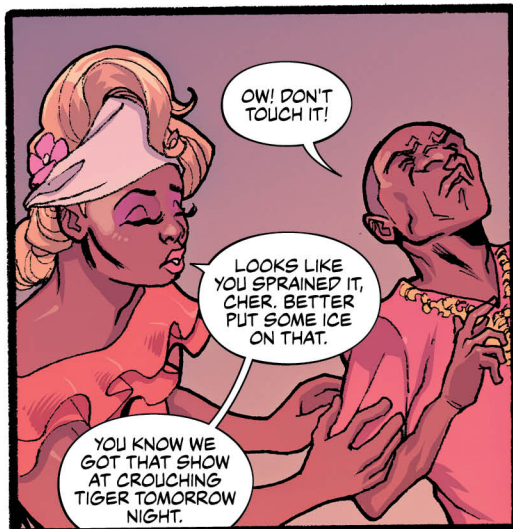
THE INHABITANTS OF THE HOUSE OF DAHOMEY, NAMED FOR THEIR PATRON GODDESS, ERZULIE FRÉPA OF DAHOMEY, THEY'D BEEN HAVING A SIMPLE CEREMONY, GOING INTO TRANCE SO THEY COULD VISIT WITH HER IN HER OTHERWORLDLY DOMAIN.



"GROAN"
WHAT'S GOING
ON, ROGER?
MAITRESSE
ERZULIE'S NOT
IN MY HEAD
ANMORE.

I THINK
SOMETHING
THREW US OUT OF
SACRED SPACE,
ALTER BOI, AND
WE LANDED
BACK IN OUR
BODIES.

OKAY, BUT WHY
IT GOTTA F*TRUE
THROW US?



OW! DON'T
TOUCH IT!

LOOKS LIKE
YOU SPRAINED IT,
CHER. BETTER
PUT SOME ICE
ON THAT.

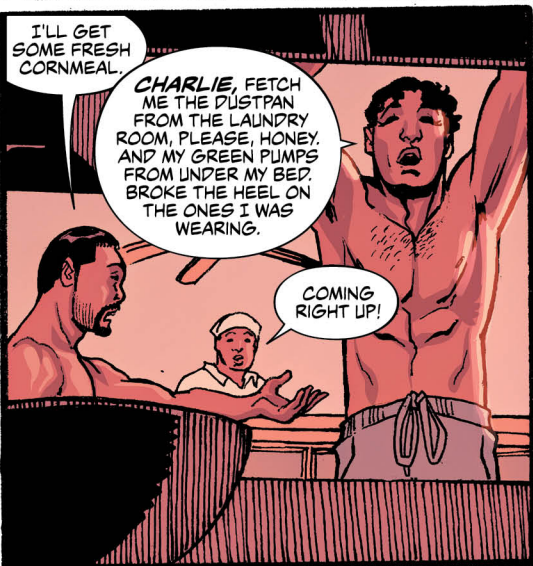
YOU KNOW WE
GOT THAT SHOW
AT CROUCHING
TIGER TOMORROW
NIGHT.



SOMETHING'S REALLY WRONG,
DEFILÉE. WHEN I THINK ABOUT
HER, IT'S LIKE TRYING TO SWIM
THROUGH SMOKE. I CAN'T
KEEP MY MIND ON
HER.

MAYBE WE
SHOULD TRY
AGAIN.

YOU MEAN,
ANOTHER
CEREMONY? TRY
TO BRING MAMA
ERZULIE
BACK?



I'LL GET
SOME FRESH
CORNMEAL.

CHARLIE, FETCH
ME THE DUSTPAN
FROM THE LAUNDRY
ROOM, PLEASE, HONEY.
AND MY GREEN PUMPS
FROM UNDER MY BED.
BROKE THE HEEL ON
THE ONES I WAS
WEARING.

COMING
RIGHT UP!