

In the trembling evil of the world
A place is set aside
So that souls in bitter torment
May lick their wounds and hide.

Rama holds a court-in care.
Tho' cold and stygian gloom enfolds, -
The blossom that is Nanda Parbat.
There the balance that is life is told.

ZEEA...

...OUR **SISTER**...
YOUR DAUGHTER...GOT HER
HANDS ON THIS SCROLL...AND
USING ONLY **THIS**, WENT OFF
TO FIND NANDA PARBAT, AND
AARON...

...BY
HERSELF?

WE
TRIED...MANY
TIMES, TO GET TO
NANDA PARBAT...BUT
WE WERE TURNED
AWAY.

HOW...
BY WHO?

CLEVELAND...
YOU COULD...NEVER
UNDERSTAND...WE WENT
THROUGH HELL.

BY
WHO?

ILLUSTRATED BY GUY HERRING & COLLABORATED BY
NEAL ADAMS
COVER DESIGNER: JAMES HERRING
ART: GUY HERRING, JIMMY HERRING, JIMMY HERRING
DESIGNED BY GUY HERRING

**DEAD MEN
TELL NO
TALES!**



"BY THE YETI."

"YETI? YETI?
YOU'RE... NOT..."

"...HAIRY WHITE-HAIRED
APE-MEN? YETI?"

"THESE HAD DARK
HAIR... AND THEY
WERE YETI. MEAN,
CRANKY AND
DEADLY... **YETI.**"

"THE
WORST
KIND."

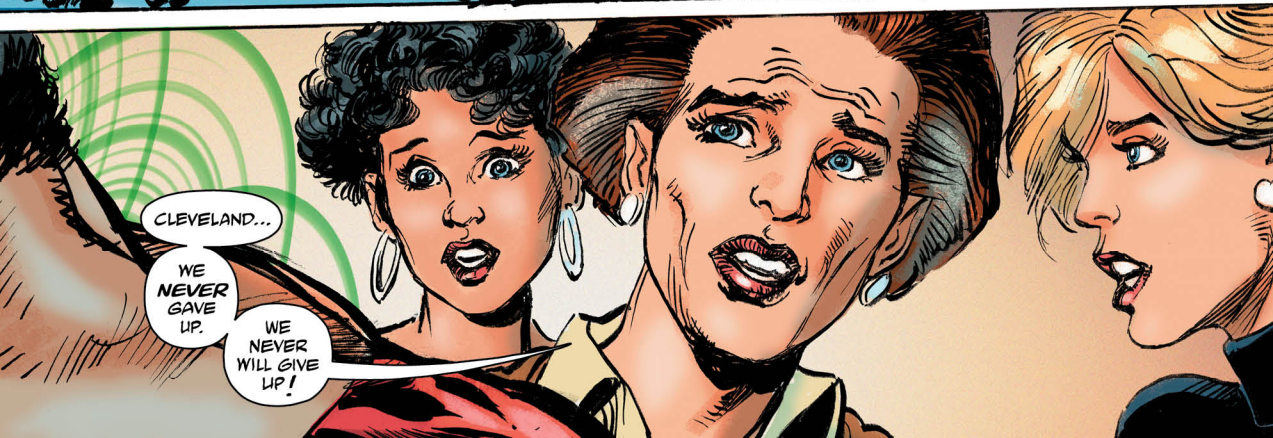


"I KILLED SEVERAL OF
THEM IN THE COURSE
OF OUR SEARCH...
BUT THEY WERE
RELENTLESS."

"THEY
ATTACKED,
STOLE OUR
SUPPLIES, KILLED
OUR GUIDES AND
RAINED BOULDERS
AND ICEFALLS
ON US..."

"BUT WE KEPT
LOOKING."

"UNTIL...?"



CLEVELAND...

WE
NEVER
GAVE
UP.

WE
NEVER
WILL GIVE
UP!

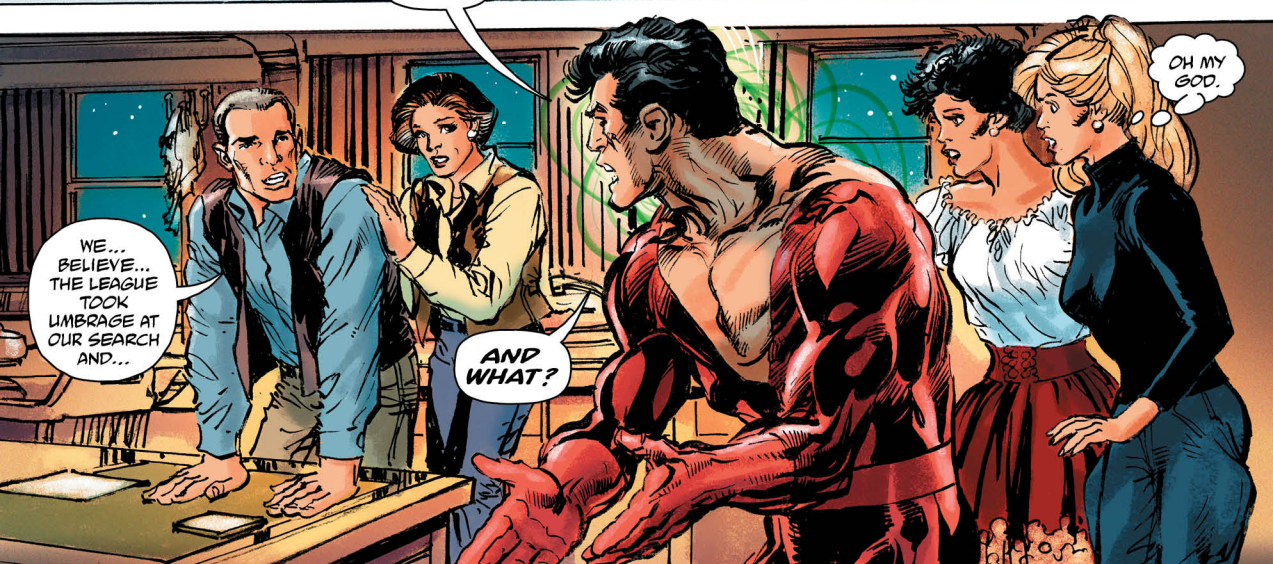
"WE CAME BACK, TIME AFTER TIME.
FOLLOWING DIFFERENT PATHS..."

"EACH TIME, THEY FOUND US. EACH
TIME, THEY DROVE US AWAY...AND
YES...AT A DEADLY TOLL TO THEM.

"UNTIL
FINALLY..."



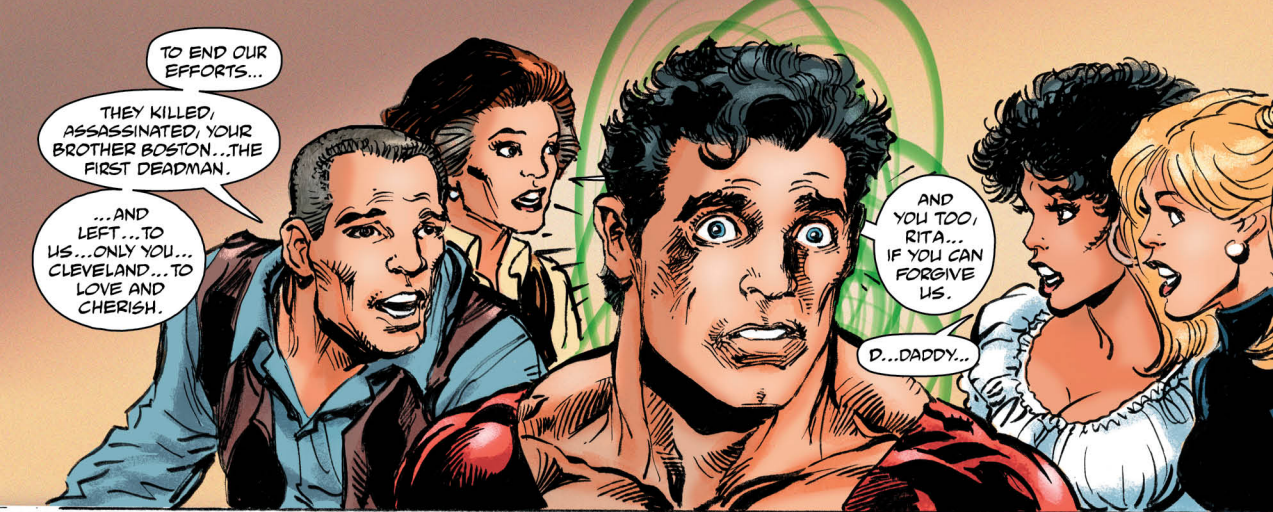
UNTIL...?



WE...
BELIEVE...
THE LEAGUE
TOOK
UMBRAGE AT
OUR SEARCH
AND...

AND
WHAT?

OH MY
GOD.



TO END OUR EFFORTS...

THEY KILLED, ASSASSINATED, YOUR BROTHER BOSTON...THE FIRST DEADMAN.

...AND LEFT...TO US...ONLY YOU...CLEVELAND...TO LOVE AND CHERISH.

AND YOU TOO, RITA... IF YOU CAN FORGIVE US.

D...DADDY...



AND TRULY...THAT IS THE REAL REASON WE WANT YOU...BOTH... TO COME AND JOIN US.

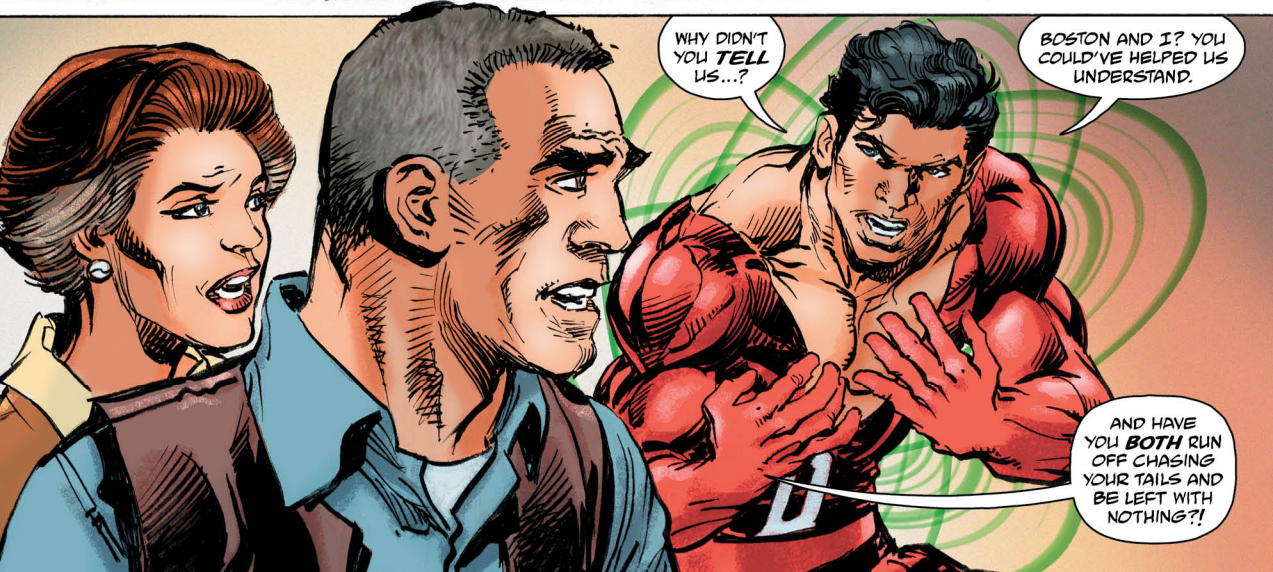
DADDY??

THEY... KILLED... ME...



AND BECAUSE HE'S **GOLD** AT THE BOX OFFICE.

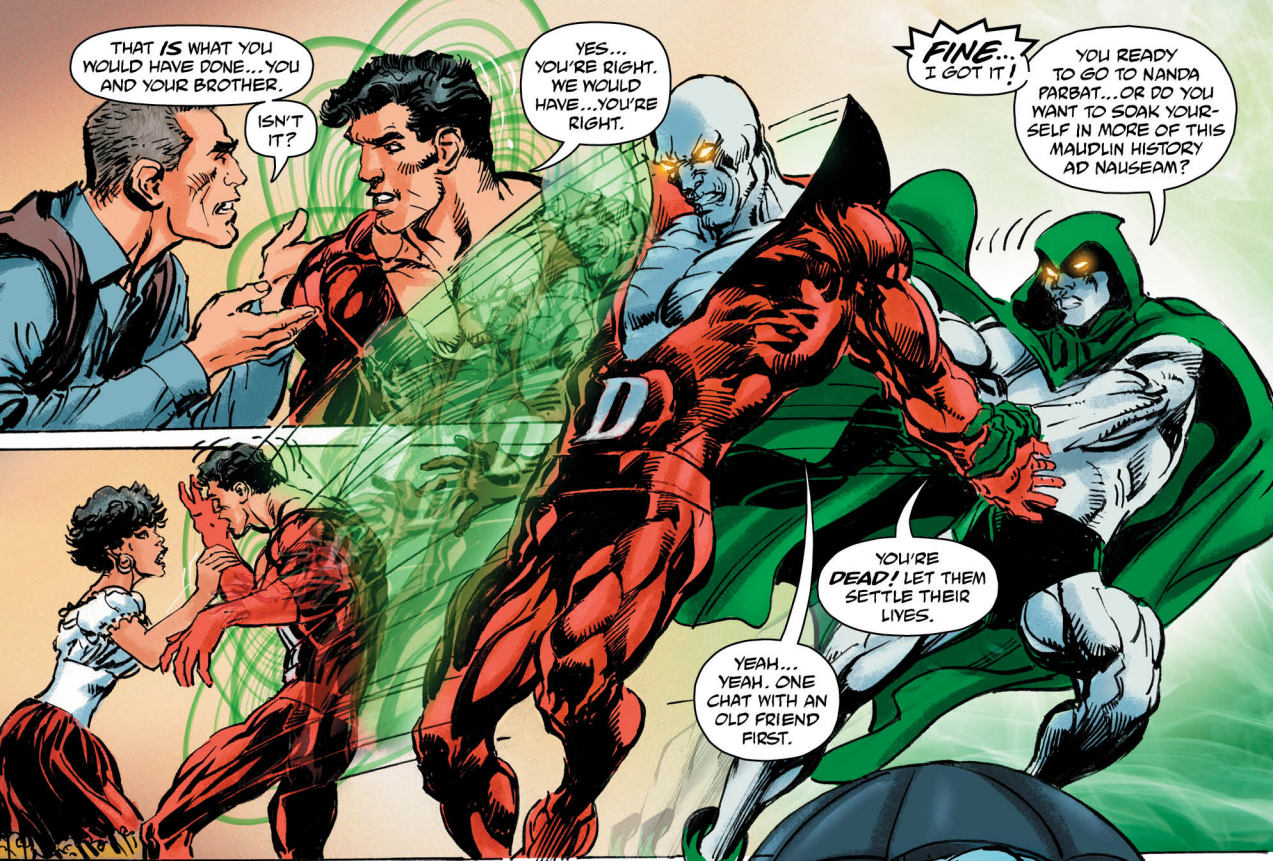
HE IS! I WON'T LIE, BUT THAT'S NOT...



WHY DIDN'T YOU **TELL** US...?

BOSTON AND I? YOU COULD'VE HELPED US UNDERSTAND.

AND HAVE YOU **BOTH** RUN OFF CHASING YOUR TAILS AND BE LEFT WITH NOTHING?!



THAT IS WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE DONE... YOU AND YOUR BROTHER.

ISN'T IT?

YES... YOU'RE RIGHT. WE WOULD HAVE... YOU'RE RIGHT.

FINE...
I GOT IT!

YOU READY TO GO TO NANDA PARBAT... OR DO YOU WANT TO SOAK YOURSELF IN MORE OF THIS MAULDIN HISTORY AD NAUSEAM?

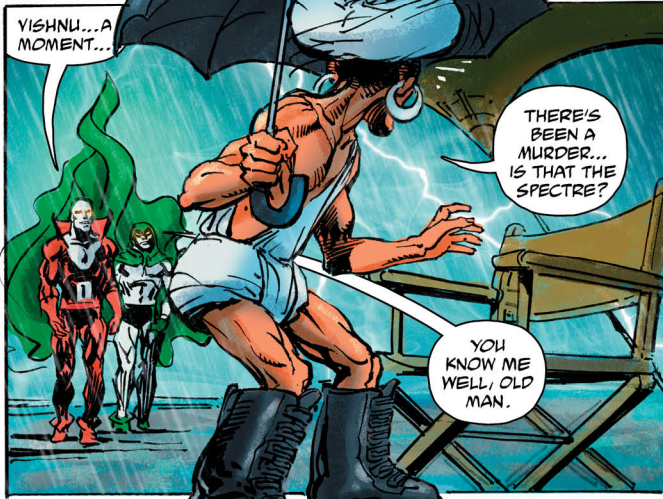
YOU'RE DEAD! LET THEM SETTLE THEIR LIVES.

YEAH... YEAH. ONE CHAT WITH AN OLD FRIEND FIRST.



ISN'T IT SUPPOSED TO BE RAINING OUT HERE?

IT'S BEGINNING TO DRIZZLE.



YISHNU... A MOMENT...

THERE'S BEEN A MURDER... IS THAT THE SPECTRE?

YOU KNOW ME WELL, OLD MAN.

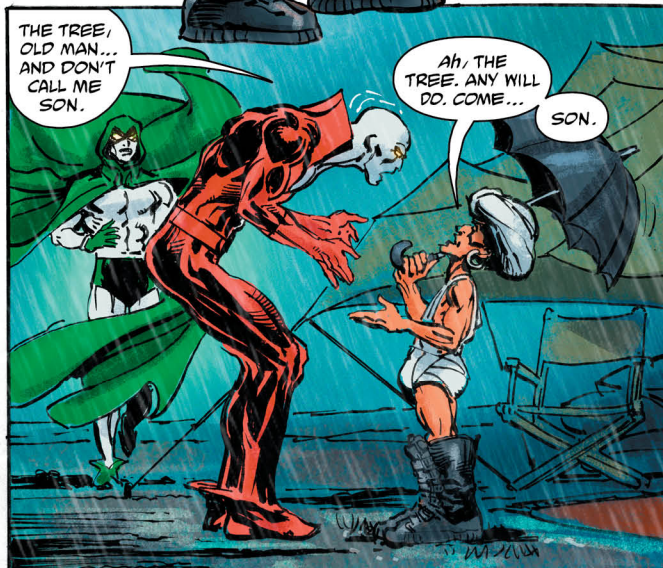


I DO... WITH MY THIRD EYE.

AND 'TIS BOSTON BRAND... SON OF TORMENT.

AH, MORE ANGUISH.

WHAT CAN I PROVIDE TO OR FOR YOU, MY SON?



THE TREE, OLD MAN... AND DON'T CALL ME SON.

AH, THE TREE. ANY WILL DO. COME... SON.