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JABCUGA • GALUSHA

BUBBA HO-TEP

and the **COSMIC
BLOOD-
SUCKERS**



BUBBA HO-TEP

and the COSMIC BLOOD-SUCKERS

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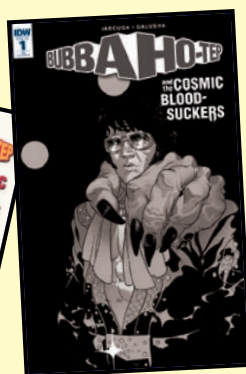
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The zombies are better off staying here. If it starts, and it will start, they'd just be in the way. Jenny, you'll be our server.

No.

I beg your pardon?



Pouring coffee doesn't come with being female. And I didn't join this group to be a waitress. So, just in case you didn't hear me, *hell no*.

I'll do it. I like cooking. Someday I'm going to open my own restaurant.



Hmm. Which key is it?



That is one big nest.

Wasps, bees, yellow jackets—I hate all of them.

Bees are good.

Let 'em be good away from me.



Impressive.

Yeah, sure
are some
digs here.

Who was
the interior
designer?
Aleister
Crowley?

There are
many protective
measures here,
to ward off bad
mojo.

Nine bedrooms
in all. Two are
enormous and one
of 'em is mine.

Other is
for Elvis, on
account of
him being the
designated
team leader
under me.

LATER THAT EVENING.

Sigh.

Goddamn
long way from
Sun Records and
Memphis. And my
mama. No going
back now.

Been away from
pills for a few days.
Forgot how hard it is to
sleep. Maybe I should
try whacking off.
Nah.

S'pose
under these
circumstances,
it's best for me
to be nervous
and alert.

creeek



THE NEXT MORNING.



Anyone need more pancakes?

Yes, please.

I love the smell of sticky buns in the morning. Smells like—

You look as if you might have seen a ghost.

I believe I did.

That's Sarah June. That's why I gave you that room. I knew she'd come.

You put me there so a ghost could visit?

She isn't just any ghost. The house is a woman, and that is her favorite room.

Cut the shit.

The hell you two chattering about?

I had a visitor last night. Ghostly gal in white. Couldn't stand the sight of the pentagram on the ceiling and POOF!, look off.

Colonel says the house is a woman, whatever that means.

