



#1

NEIL
GAIMAN

P. CRAIG
RUSSELL

SCOTT
HAMPTON

AMERICAN GODS™

— THE MOMENT OF THE STORM —





MINNEAPOLIS. AS THEY WAITED TO CHANGE CARS IN THE AIRPORT'S PARKING LOT, THEY WERE APPROACHED BY THE BARREL-CHESTED YOUNG MAN WHO HAD HUMMED SO DEEPLY AS THEY DROVE AWAY FROM THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK THAT THE CAR HAD VIBRATED.

I HEARD OF THE ALL-FATHER'S DEATH. THEY WILL PAY, AND THEY WILL PAY DEARLY.

WEDNESDAY WAS YOUR FATHER?

HE WAS THE ALL-FATHER. YOU TELL THEM, TELL THEM ALL, THAT WHEN WE ARE NEEDED, MY PEOPLE WILL BE THERE.

AND HOW MANY OF YOU IS THAT? TEN? TWENTY?



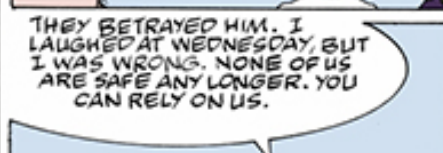
AND AREN'T TEN OF US WORTH A HUNDRED OF THEM? BUT THERE ARE MORE OF US THAN THAT AT THE EDGES OF THE CITIES. SOME IN THE CATSKILLS, A FEW IN THE CARNY TOWNS IN FLORIDA. THEY KEEP THEIR AXES SHARP. THEY WILL COME IF I CALL THEM.



YOU DO THAT, ELVIS. YOU CALL THEM. IT'S WHAT THE OLD BASTARD WOULD HAVE WANTED.



ELVIS?



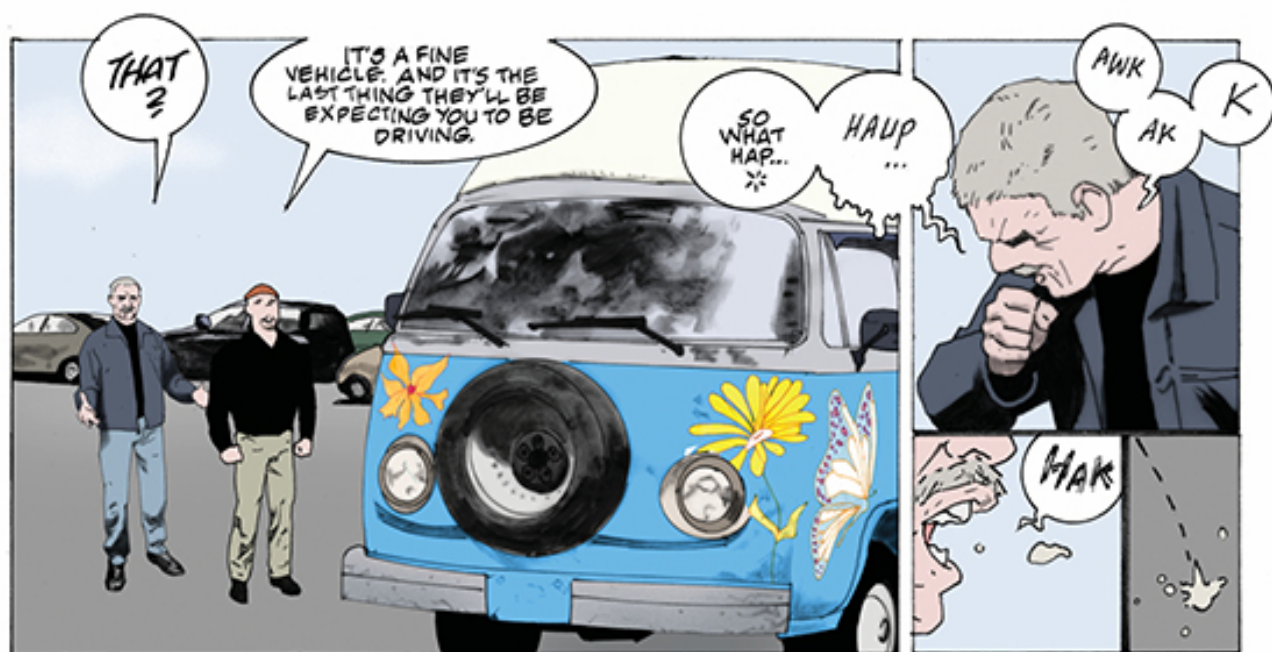
THEY BETRAYED HIM. I LAUGHED AT WEDNESDAY, BUT I WAS WRONG. NONE OF US ARE SAFE ANY LONGER. YOU CAN RELY ON US.



YOU WILL PARDON ME ASKING, BUT OUR NEW VEHICLE IS WHICH?



THERE.





SMELLS LIKE PATCHOULI OIL IN HERE. AND WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT A VIGIL?



WELL? HE WAS TALKING ABOUT A VIGIL. YOU HEARD HIM.



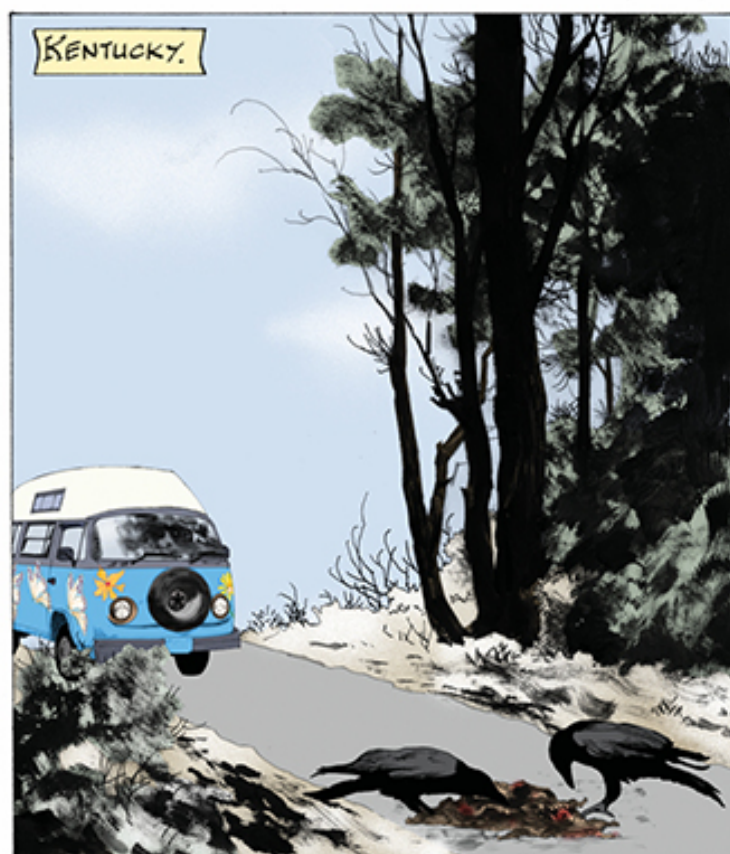
YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO DO IT.



DO WHAT?

THE VIGIL. HE TALKS TOO MUCH. ALL DWARFS TALK TOO MUCH.





I DREAMED THAT I AM TRULY BIELEBOG.

THAT FOREVER THE WORLD IMAGINES THAT THERE ARE TWO OF US, THE LIGHT GOD AND THE DARK, BUT NOW THAT WE ARE BOTH OLD, I FIND IT WAS ONLY ME ALL THE TIME...

GIVING THEM GIFTS, TAKING MY GIFTS AWAY.



