THIS IS THE DAY--

--THAT NEW ORLEANS DIED.

PART SIX OF SIX
DEAD PEOPLE'S LIVES

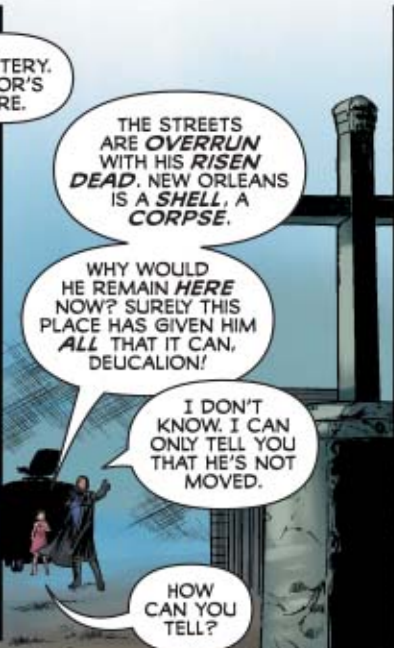
ALIVE!
I'M ALIVE!
THAT WOMAN SHOT ME--KILLED ME! BUT DEATH IS NO OBJECT!
NOT TO VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN!

TSSSHHHHH

FTTZZZZZ

HUFF
HUFF
TRAVELING VIA QUANTUM WINDOW CAN BE A DISCONCERTING EXPERIENCE, ERIKA. TAKE A BREATH.

OKAY.
WHERE ARE WE?
CEMETERY. VICTOR'S HERE.


THE STREETS ARE OVERRUN WITH HIS RISEN DEAD. NEW ORLEANS IS A SHELL, A CORPSE.
WHY WOULD HE REMAIN HERE NOW? SURELY THIS PLACE HAS GIVEN HIM ALL THAT IT CAN, DEUCALION!
I DON'T KNOW. I CAN ONLY TELL YOU THAT HE'S NOT MOVED.
HOW CAN YOU TELL?

BECAUSE VICTOR IS DRAWN TO DEAD THINGS. BECAUSE THE UNIVERSE DOES NOT LIE TO ME, AND NOR DOES IT WITHHOLD SECRETS FROM ME.