

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A GODDESS CALLED ERZULIE FRÈPA, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

SHE DIED AT THE MAXILLAE OF ANANSE THE SPIDER, TRYING TO SAVE HER HUSBAND AGWE FROM DISSOLVING INTO THE ENCHANTED WOOD AND VARNISH OF HER SHIP.

L-LADY ERZULIE?

CONSUMED WITH GRIEF, ONE OF HER MOST DEVOUT FOLLOWERS SOUGHT TO RETURN HER TO LIFE.

ZIE SUCCEEDED...

NO.

...AFTER A FASHION.

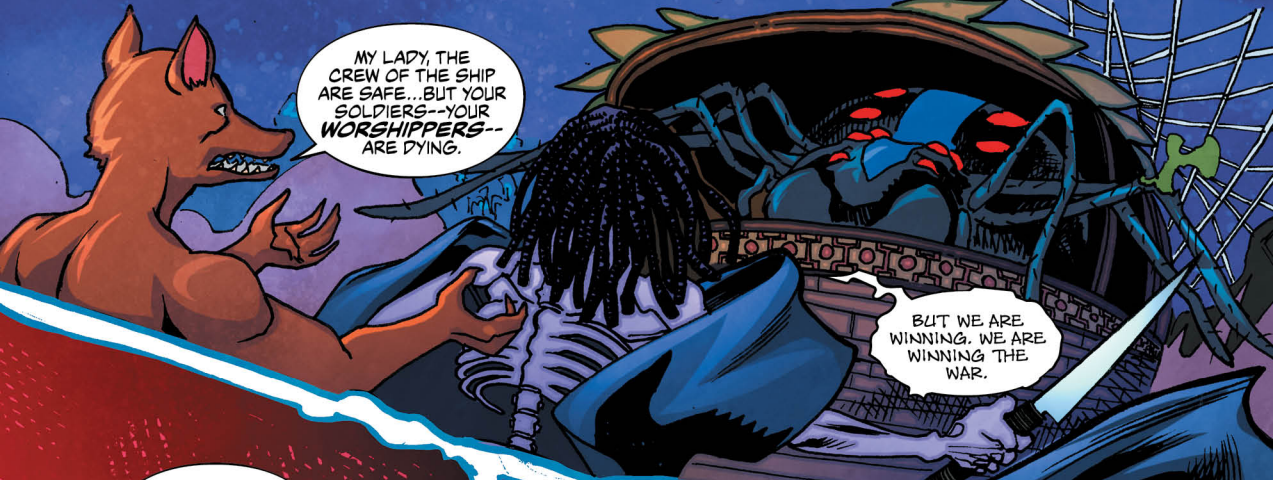
AND NOW THE THING THAT STALKS ERZULIE'S BODY, RAISED BY THE WORSHIP OF ANGLISH AND MISERY, LEADS AN ARMY...

AND THE ARMY  
IS GOING TO WAR.



ARROOOW



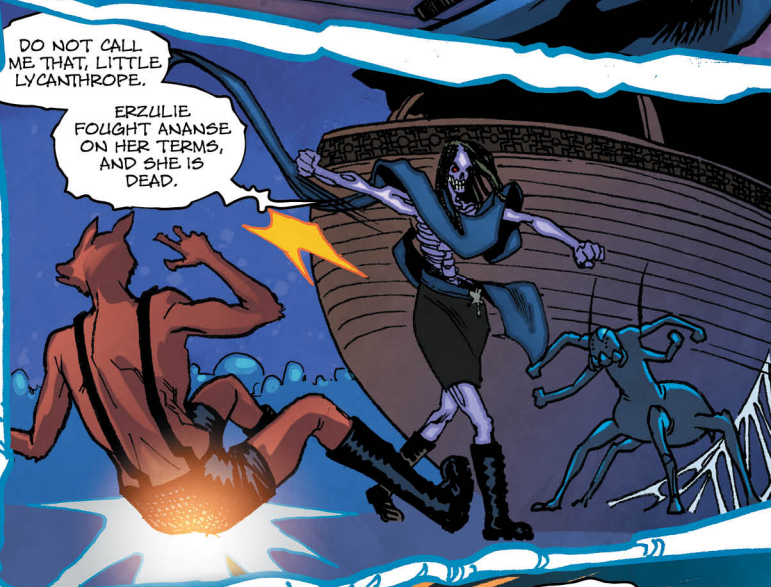


MY LADY, THE CREW OF THE SHIP ARE SAFE...BUT YOUR SOLDIERS--YOUR **WORSHIPPERS**--ARE DYING.

BUT WE ARE WINNING. WE ARE WINNING THE WAR.

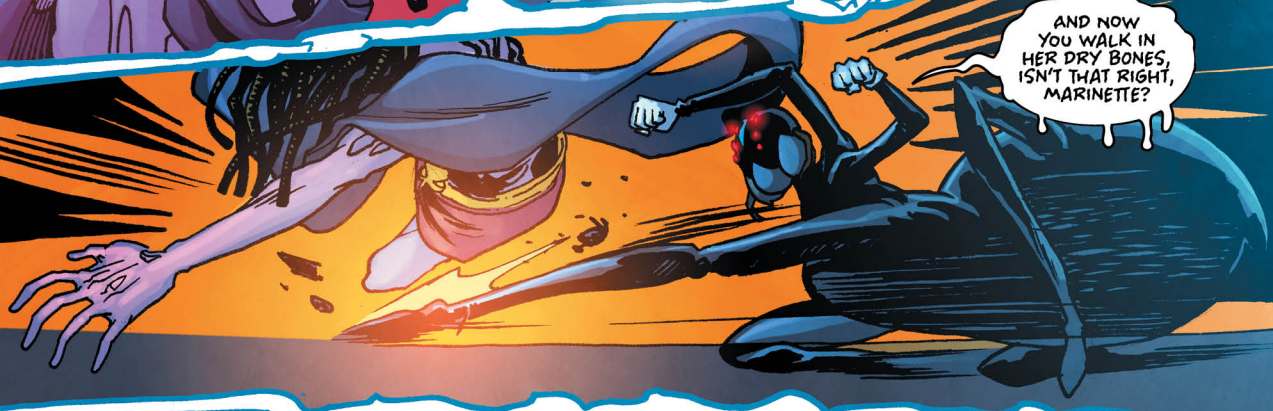


THIS IS NOT THE WAY, ERZULIE. THIS IS NOT HOW TO DEFEAT ANANSE.

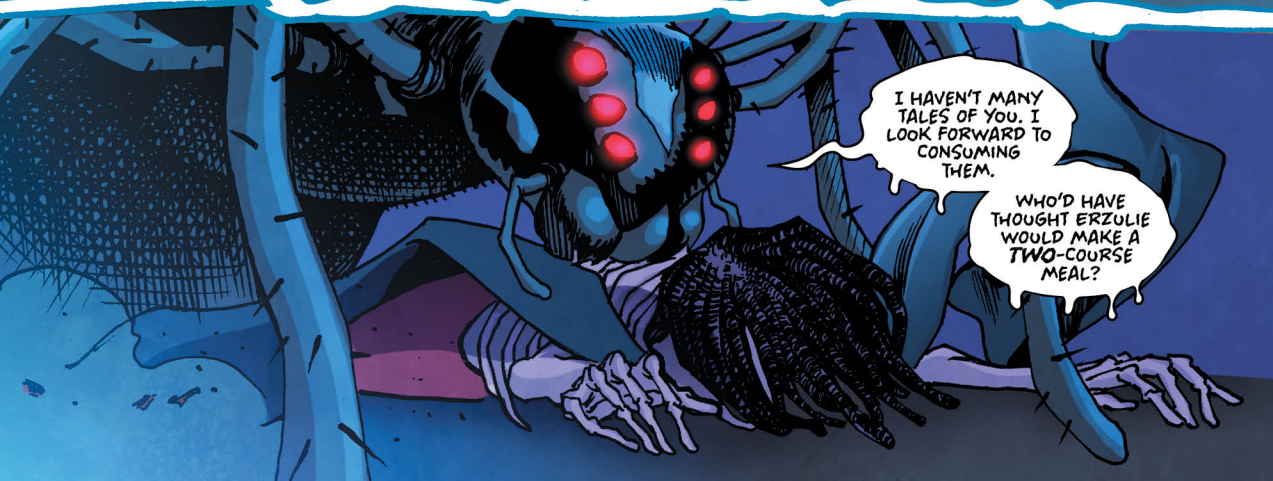


DO NOT CALL ME THAT, LITTLE LYCANTHROPE.

ERZULIE FOUGHT ANANSE ON HER TERMS, AND SHE IS DEAD.



AND NOW YOU WALK IN HER DRY BONES, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MARINETTE?



I HAVEN'T MANY TALES OF YOU. I LOOK FORWARD TO CONSUMING THEM.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT ERZULIE WOULD MAKE A TWO-COURSE MEAL?