



ONCE UPON A TIME,
THERE WAS A TRIPLE
GODDESS CALLED
ERZULIE.



NOW THERE IS
ONLY A **FEAST**
FOR THE CHILDREN
OF ANANSE.

WHEN GODS DIE,
THEY RETURN TO
THE DREAMING.



UNLESS
SOMETHING
KEEPS THEM.

UNLESS THEY
BECOME TANGLED
IN SOME WEB...

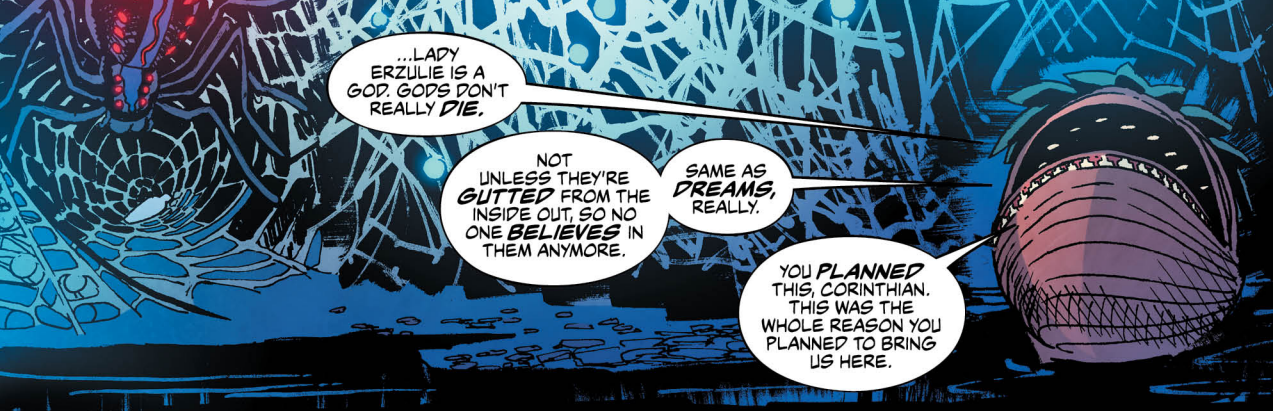


...NOW **EAT,**
LITTLE ONES. GORGE
YOURSELVES ON
OLD BELIEF, AND
NEW IDEAS.



GROW BIG AND
STRONG LIKE YOUR
MOTHER.

"SHE'S COMING
BACK, RIGHT?"



...LADY ERZULIE IS A GOD. GODS DON'T REALLY DIE.

NOT UNLESS THEY'RE **GUTTED** FROM THE INSIDE OUT, SO NO ONE **BELIEVES** IN THEM ANYMORE.

SAME AS **DREAMS**, REALLY.

YOU **PLANNED** THIS, CORINTHIAN. THIS WAS THE WHOLE REASON YOU PLANNED TO BRING US HERE.

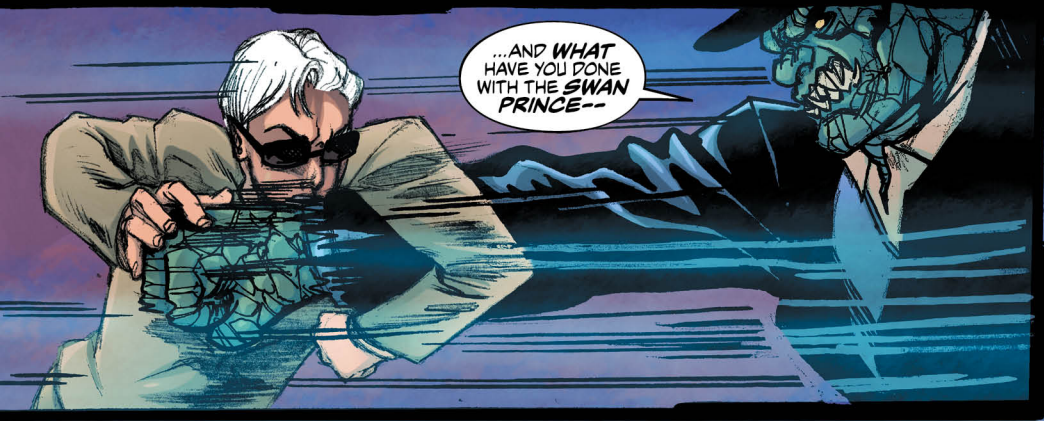


NOW LADY ERZULIE'S **DEAD**.

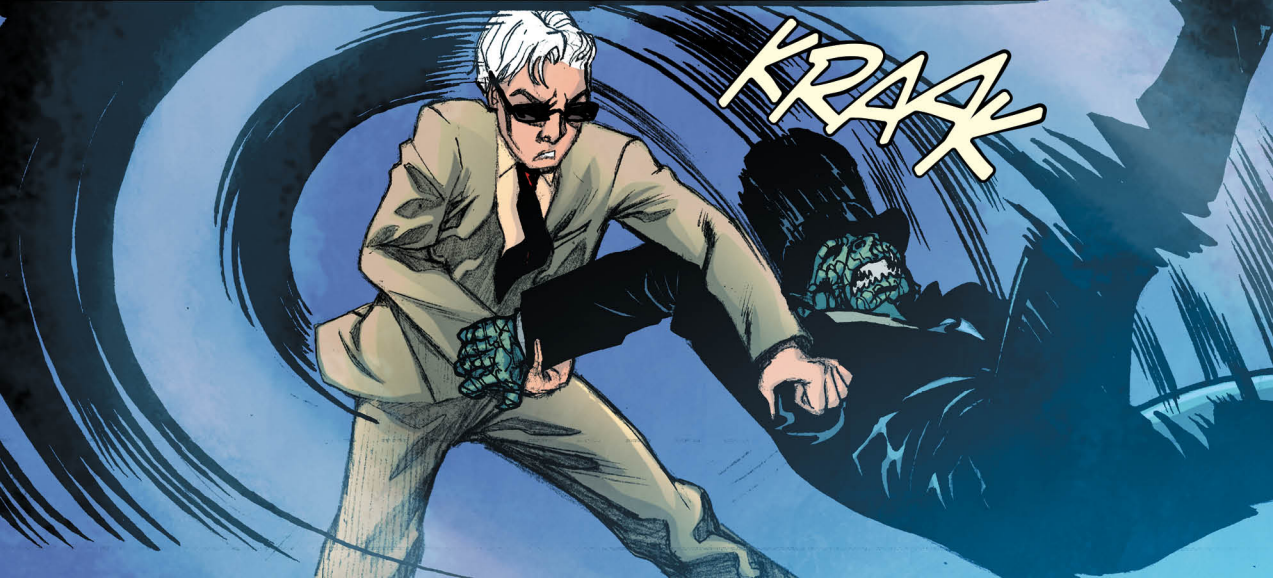
CONTROL YOURSELF, UNCLE MONDAY.



LORD AGWE'S ESSENCE HAS BEEN ABSORBED INTO THE WOOD OF THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS...



...AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE **SWAN PRINCE**--



KRASH



I WARNED YOU TO CONTROL YOURSELF, MONDAY.

NIGHTMARES ARE TOO AMORPHOUS TO FIGHT. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT.

FATHER!

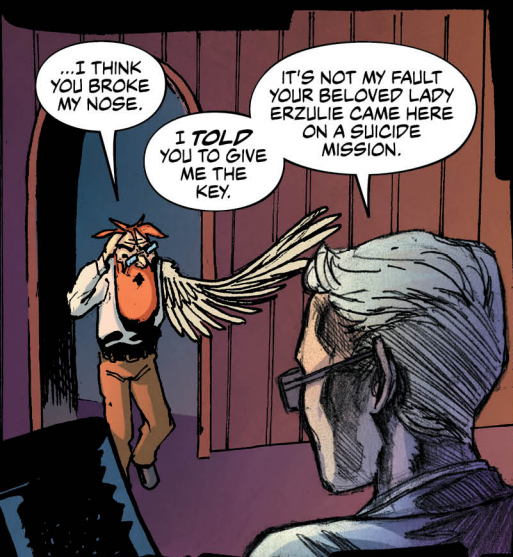
SHANG--S-STAY BACK!



YOU JUST HAVE TO HOPE THEY DON'T GET HOLD OF YOU...

...FOR THE MORE YOU STRUGGLE, THE WORSE THEY TEND TO GET.

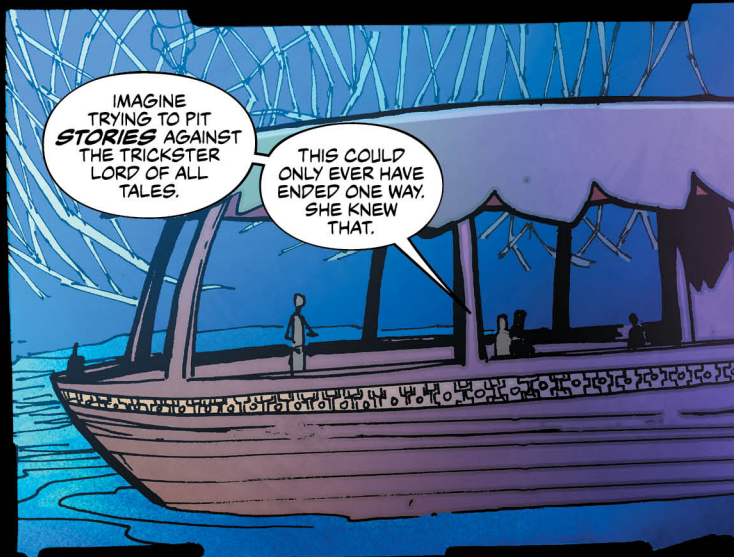
CORINTHIAN, YOU BASTARD...



...I THINK YOU BROKE MY NOSE.

I TOLD YOU TO GIVE ME THE KEY.

IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOUR BELOVED LADY ERZULIE CAME HERE ON A SUICIDE MISSION.



IMAGINE TRYING TO PIT **STORIES** AGAINST THE TRICKSTER LORD OF ALL TALES.

THIS COULD ONLY EVER HAVE ENDED ONE WAY. SHE KNEW THAT.



SOMEONE'S GOING TO NEED TO KEEP THIS HOUSE AFLOAT NOW THAT SHE'S GONE.

DO YOU WANT TO DO IT, MONDAY?

HOW ABOUT YOU, PRINCE THEODORE?

LADY ERZULIE USED THIS HOUSE TO ANSWER PRAYERS.



AH, BUT THAT WASN'T ITS ORIGINAL PURPOSE, WAS IT?

MUCH LIKE THE HOUSES OF MYSTERIES AND SECRETS, THIS WOOD WAS BORN IN THE DREAMING. THIS CRAFT WAS A **GIFT** FROM DREAM.

A HOME FOR ALL WHISPERED THINGS. AND NOT **ALL** WHISPERS ARE FOR COMFORT. SOME ARE TO BE **CRUEL**.

PERHAPS IT'S TIME **THOSE** FINALLY GOT THEIR DUE.

YOU'RE SICK.

I'M THE **CORINTHIAN**. I ONLY FOLLOW WHAT'S IN MY NATURE.

IT--IT'S TRUE. THIS IS HOW OUR LATE LORD MORPHEUS MADE HIM. HE **MEANT** FOR HIM TO BE LIKE THIS.

BUT YOU **CAN'T** LEAVE HER HERE. SHE'S A GOD.

WHEN GODS DIE, THEIR **ESSENCES** RETURN TO THE DREAMING, BUT ANANSE'S KEPT HER **BODY**. THEY'RE **EATING** IT.

TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THAT'S MY PROBLEM.

ANANSE'S NOT GOING TO GIVE UP HIS PRIZE FOR ME, OR FOR ANYONE.

MAKING SURE GODS RETURN TO THE DREAMING, BODY AND SOUL, IS ONE OF LORD DREAM'S DUTIES. WHAT WOULD **HE** SAY IF HE KNEW YOU WERE HERE WHEN HE COULDN'T BE, YET YOU **DID NOTHING?**

WHAT WOULD HE DO TO **YOU?**

SHIT.

FINE. ANY BRIGHT IDEAS?

ANANSE OWNS ALL STORIES. HE STOLE THEM FROM THE CREATOR AT THE BEGINNING OF TIME. THAT MEANS HE KNOWS EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK.

IN **EVERY** BOOK.

WAIT... WHAT ABOUT BOOKS THAT WERE **NEVER** WRITTEN?



LUCIEN'S BOOKS?

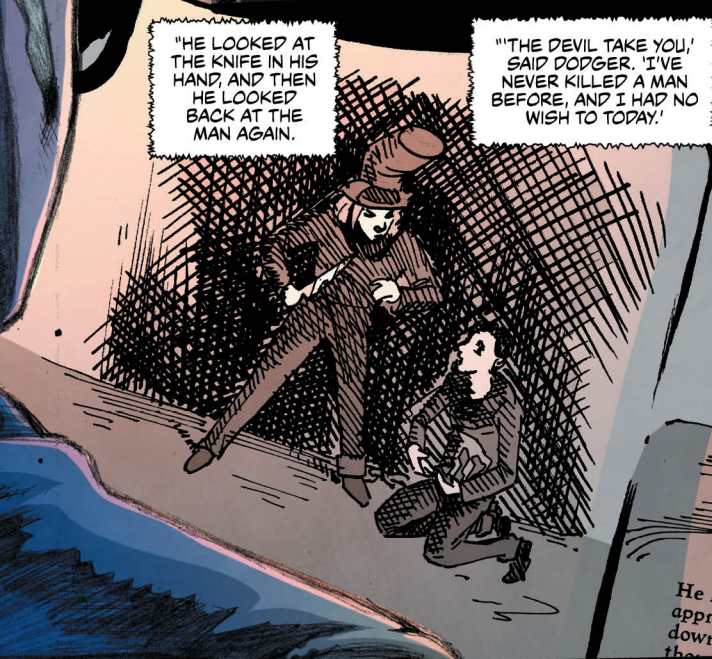
HEHEHEHE

GIVE THEM TO ME.



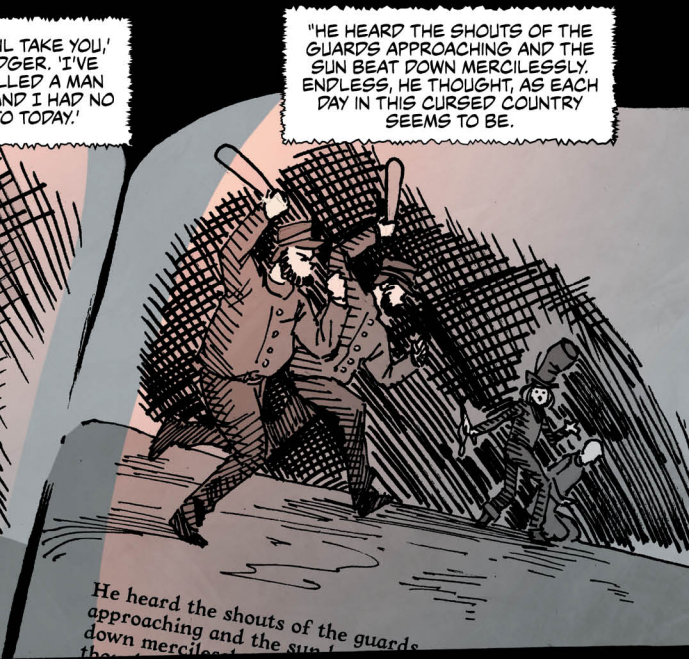
CHARLES DICKENS' DODGER IN THE COLONIES.

"DODGER LOOKED DOWN AT THE MAN ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HIM..."



"HE LOOKED AT THE KNIFE IN HIS HAND, AND THEN HE LOOKED BACK AT THE MAN AGAIN."

"THE DEVIL TAKE YOU," SAID DODGER. "I'VE NEVER KILLED A MAN BEFORE, AND I HAD NO WISH TO TODAY."



"HE HEARD THE SHOUTS OF THE GUARDS APPROACHING AND THE SUN BEAT DOWN MERCILESSLY. ENDLESS, HE THOUGHT, AS EACH DAY IN THIS CURSED COUNTRY SEEMS TO BE."

He heard the shouts of the guards approaching and the sun beat down mercilessly.



WHAT ELSE IS HERE?



...OKAY. HERE'S WHAT WE DO.