

BEDLAM, NY.

Every shift at *Horsefeathers* is another test of self-restraint.

Meet the local *sex pest*, Sam Logan.

This time, I'm not just gonna kick him out. I'm gonna make him fall in love with his own reflection, so he slowly starves to death in front of his bathroom mirror, *Narcissus*-style. Heh.

But...no, I can't.

Over here is our resident *Karen*. She threatens to call the cops on us at least once a week, always for a different reason.

Agoraphobia would be a fun way to get her out of my hair...

But I won't.

Then there's the miserable *health* inspector, Bill Roberts. Bill's actually okay. I'd love to erase whatever memories are haunting him--he could use a break.



The thing is, I promised Sita I wouldn't cause any trouble. I can't lose another job.

Besides, *Shepherds* are always out there--watching, waiting for us to give ourselves away. If they found me, they would take me back to the Underworld. I'd never see my family again.



Even knowing all that...



...I don't know how long I can hold out.





Dad!  
DAAAAAD!  
She's **home**, can  
I show you  
**now?**



Long day,  
huh?



They **said**  
they'd hire another  
receptionist. That was  
**two months**  
ago.

Well yeah,  
they're probably  
dragging their feet.  
They've got **you**,  
and you're doing  
the work of, like,  
**three** people.

**YOU**  
SHHHHHHYS...

Oh, right--  
Jo wants to  
show us her  
video project.

Hey, hon!  
Uh, yeah, one  
minute.

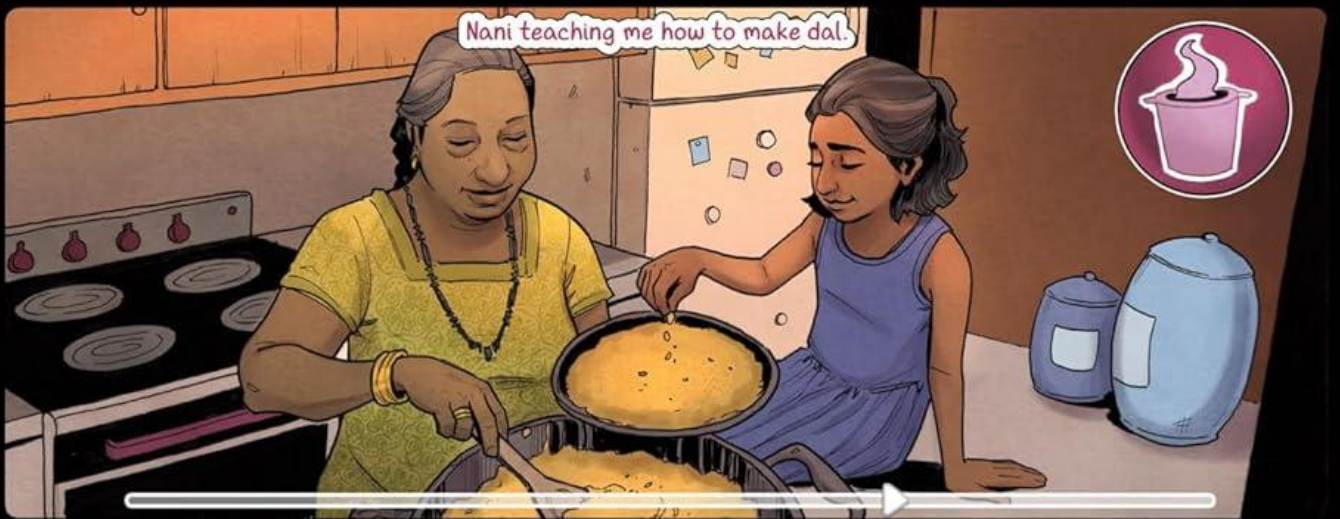


I saw  
a chemtrail on  
the way home--can  
you help me close  
the windows?

















SEE THE  
DESTROYER, LORD  
OF THE RED LAND,  
RULER OF THE SOULS,  
AND TRICKSTER  
OF KEMET.

I, MANANNÁN,  
SHEPHERD OF THE  
FOURTH GATE, BID YOU  
RETURN WITH ME TO THE  
UNDERWORLD, IN THE NAME  
OF OUR ETERNAL LORDS  
AND MASTERS. REFUSE,  
AND YER LIFE  
IS FORFEIT.

No, no,  
no.

I won't go  
back. Not after  
everything, not  
after all this  
time.

AS YOU  
WISH.















