

GODFOLK LIKE BOB AND LAYLA SPOON, OUR NEIGHBORS.

I'VE KNOWN THE SPOONS MY WHOLE LIFE, AND THEY'RE SO GODFOLK IT HURTS TO LOOK AT THEM.

(THAT'S ME, TRYING TO LOOK AT THEM.)

I MEAN, THEY WERE HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEARTS. BOB WORKS WITH BLIND KIDS AND LAYLA FINDS HOMES FOR FERAL CATS. WEEKENDS, THEY HELP RELOCATE MANATEES THAT'VE GONE DEAF FROM BOAT NOISE. OR MAYBE IT'S BOB'S KIDS WHO'RE DEAF AND THE MANATEES ARE BLIND? OR FERAL? EITHER WAY, YOU GET THE POINT.

BUT IF YOU NEED MORE, THERE'S BESS, THE OLD WOMAN UPSTAIRS.

WHEN THE SPOONS BOUGHT THIS HOUSE FROM HER, SHE HAD NO ONE, AND WAS GOING SENILE, SO THEY LET HER STAY HERE AND THEY CARE FOR HER.

BESS WAS AN ARTIST, BUT NOW ONLY MAKES THESE SCULPTURES SHAPED LIKE ANGRY, MELTING PENISES...WHICH THE SPOONS DISPLAY ALL OVER THE HOUSE, TO 'ENCOURAGE HER CREATIVITY,' THEY SAY.

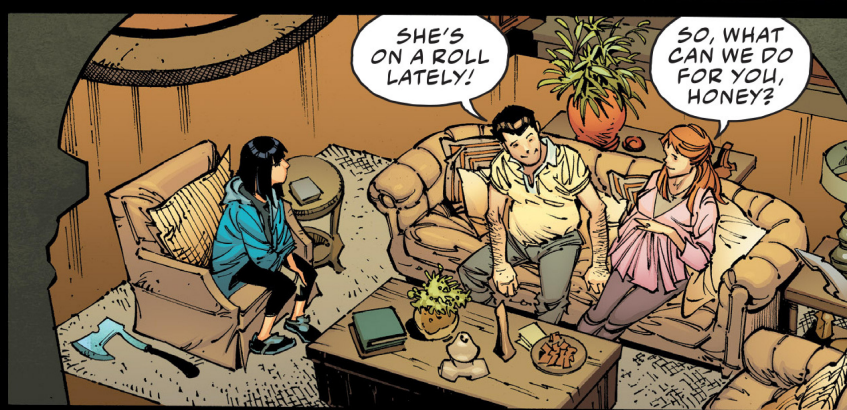
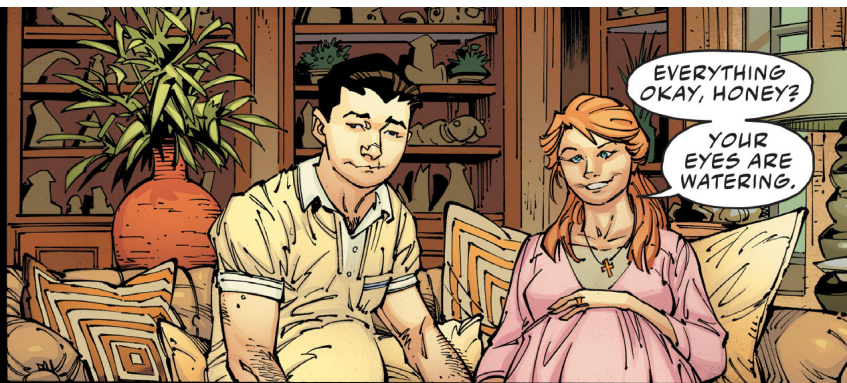
"GODFOLK," THROUGH AND THROUGH.

IN THREE WEEKS, THEY'RE DUE TO HAVE TRIPLETS. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE GODMOTHER TO THE BABIES.

BUT THE THING IS, ONE MINUTE FROM NOW, I'M GOING TO MURDER THE SPOONS WITH THIS HATCHET.

MY NAME IS LAM. AFTER LAMASSU, AN ANCIENT ANGEL.

BUT I AM NOT GODFOLK.







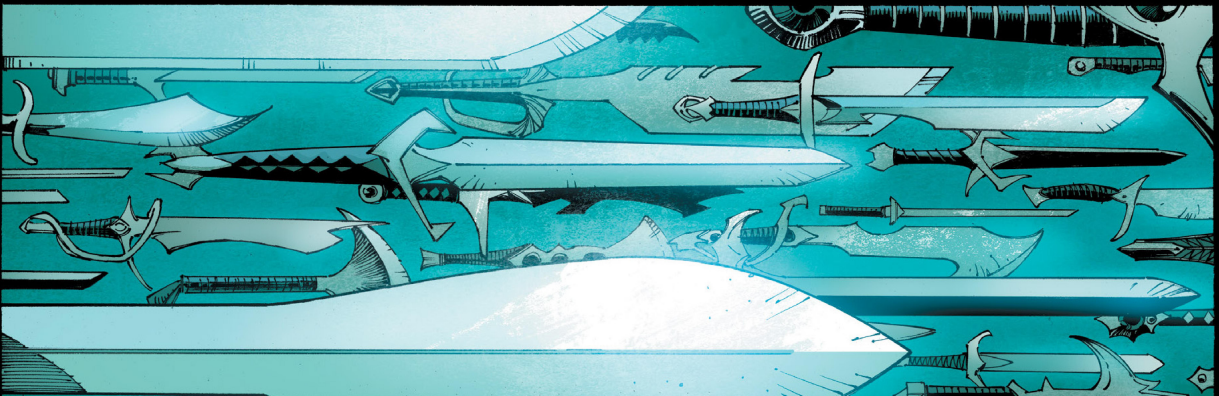
BUT IT'S POSSIBLE I'M  
GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF.

MAYBE I SHOULD START THIS FALL OF MAN  
STORY FARTHER BACK. BUT WHERE? SHOULD  
I START THREE BILLION YEARS AGO? WITH THE  
ARRIVAL OF THE PRIME SERAPHIM STONE?



OR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS  
AGO, WITH THE SECRET SPECIES OF  
MAN NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT?

OR FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO WITH THE  
FORGING OF THE THOUSAND BLADES?

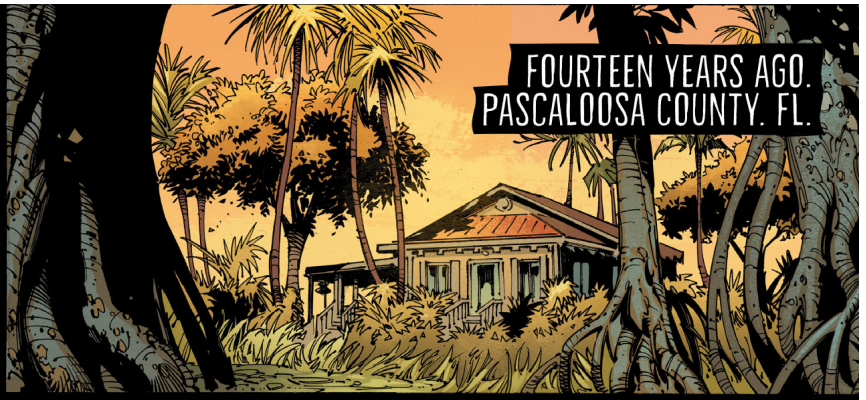


MAYBE WITH THIS F.O.M. STORY,  
I SHOULD JUST START WHERE  
IT FEELS MOST NATURAL...



FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.  
PASCALOOSA COUNTY, FL.

...IN FLORIDA.



THERE. THAT'S  
ME. AGE FIVE.



AND THAT...THAT'S MY  
DAD. CASHEL CULLEN.



MY MOM, SHE DIED IN A HIT AND  
RUN WHEN I WAS TWO, WHICH  
WE'RE NOT GOING TO DISCUSS  
HERE BECAUSE, WELL, WE'RE  
JUST NOT, BUT MY POINT IS,  
IT'S ALWAYS BEEN US AGAINST  
THE WORLD, ME AND CASH.

THIS IS MY FIRST  
MEMORY OF HIM...



...RIGHT BEFORE HE  
CHOPPED OFF MY ARM.

