



CORB

**Castle
Ragemoor.**

FORTRESS...

SENTINEL...

GUARDIAN...

PRISON!

YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE
COME.





I WAS JUST A *BOY*, YOU KNOW, WHEN THEY SHUFFLED ME OFF TO THE STATES! GOOD THING, TOO! MADE A FORTUNE IN LADIES' *CORSETS!*



THE CASTLE *LET* YOU LEAVE, UNCLE. MY FATHER AND I WERE COMPELLED TO *REMAIN*.



COME NOW, COUSIN HERBERT! IN THESE MODERN TIMES A MAN IS FREE TO GO WHEREVER HIS HEART BECKONS!



EVEN A *WOMAN* MAY DO AS SHE DESIRES, UNFETTERED BY THE CONSTRAINTS OF CUSTOM AND *TRADITION!*





WHERE IS MY DEAR BROTHER *MACHLAN*? IS HE FEELING POORLY?

RAGEMOOR HAS DRIVEN HIM QUITE *MAD*, UNCLE.



"I'LL SPY HIM ON OCCASION IN THE *GARDEN*, DANCING NAKED TO A MUSIC ONLY HE CAN HEAR.



"I CAUGHT HIM ONE NIGHT URINATING IN A *HALLWAY*.



"HE WINKED AT ME, AND SPOKE IN A LANGUAGE I DID NOT EVEN RECOGNIZE AS HUMAN SPEECH--



"--THEN CRAWLED OFF ALONG THE CEILING LIKE AN *APE*! I HAVE NO IDEA HOW HE *MANAGED* IT!"



EVEN IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME SUCH BEHAVIOR ON THE *CASTLE*! RAGEMOOR IS JUST A *THING*... A PLACE!



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
CASTLE RAGEMOOR
IS A *LIVING BEING*.
IT HAS A *HEART*
AND A *MIND!*

IF IT
HAS A *SOUL*,
I HAVE YET TO
DISCOVER
IT!

POPPYCOCK.



