

I REMEMBER, BACK WHEN I WAS A YOUNG'UN, CHATTING UP A DEMON IN A CRYPT BAR HALFWAY DOWN TO LONDON, AND I THOUGHT I'D ASK HIM SOMETHING CHEEKY.

I ASKED, "WHAT'S THE ONE PLACE IN ALL OF CREATION YOU FEAR MORE THAN ANYPLACE ELSE?"

I THINK I EXPECTED HIM TO SAY DISNEYLAND OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, BUT I COULD SEE THE SHIFT IN HIS SIX EYES IMMEDIATELY. HE KNEW A PLACE. HE'D WALKED ITS GROUND... I COULD HEAR A TREMBLE ON HIS LIPS WHEN HE SAID THE WORD.

"FAERIE."

# RAVE Unz the Joy fANTASTIC

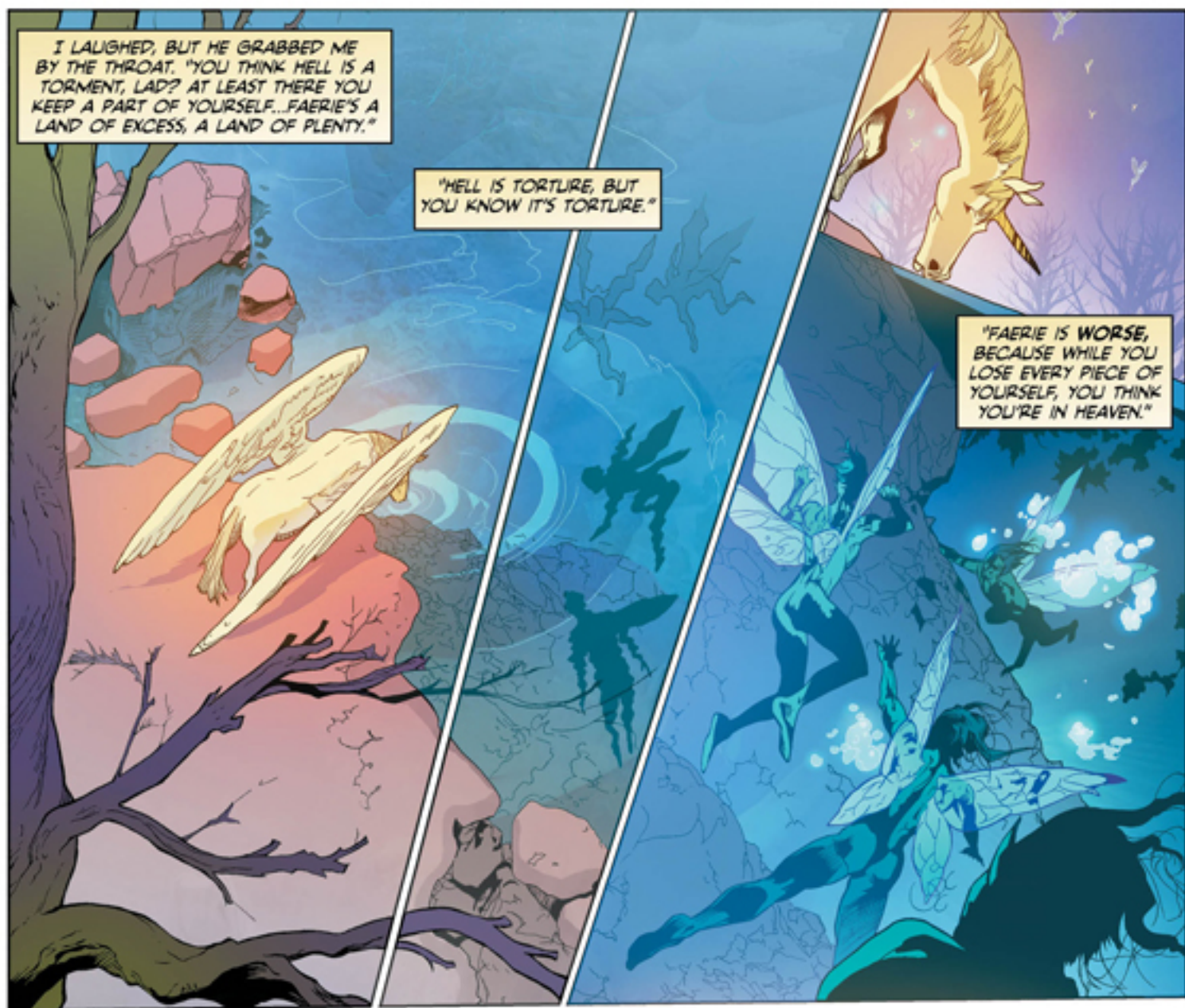
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I LAUGHED, BUT HE GRABBED ME BY THE THROAT. "YOU THINK HELL IS A TORMENT, LAD?? AT LEAST THERE YOU KEEP A PART OF YOURSELF...FAERIE'S A LAND OF EXCESS, A LAND OF PLENTY."

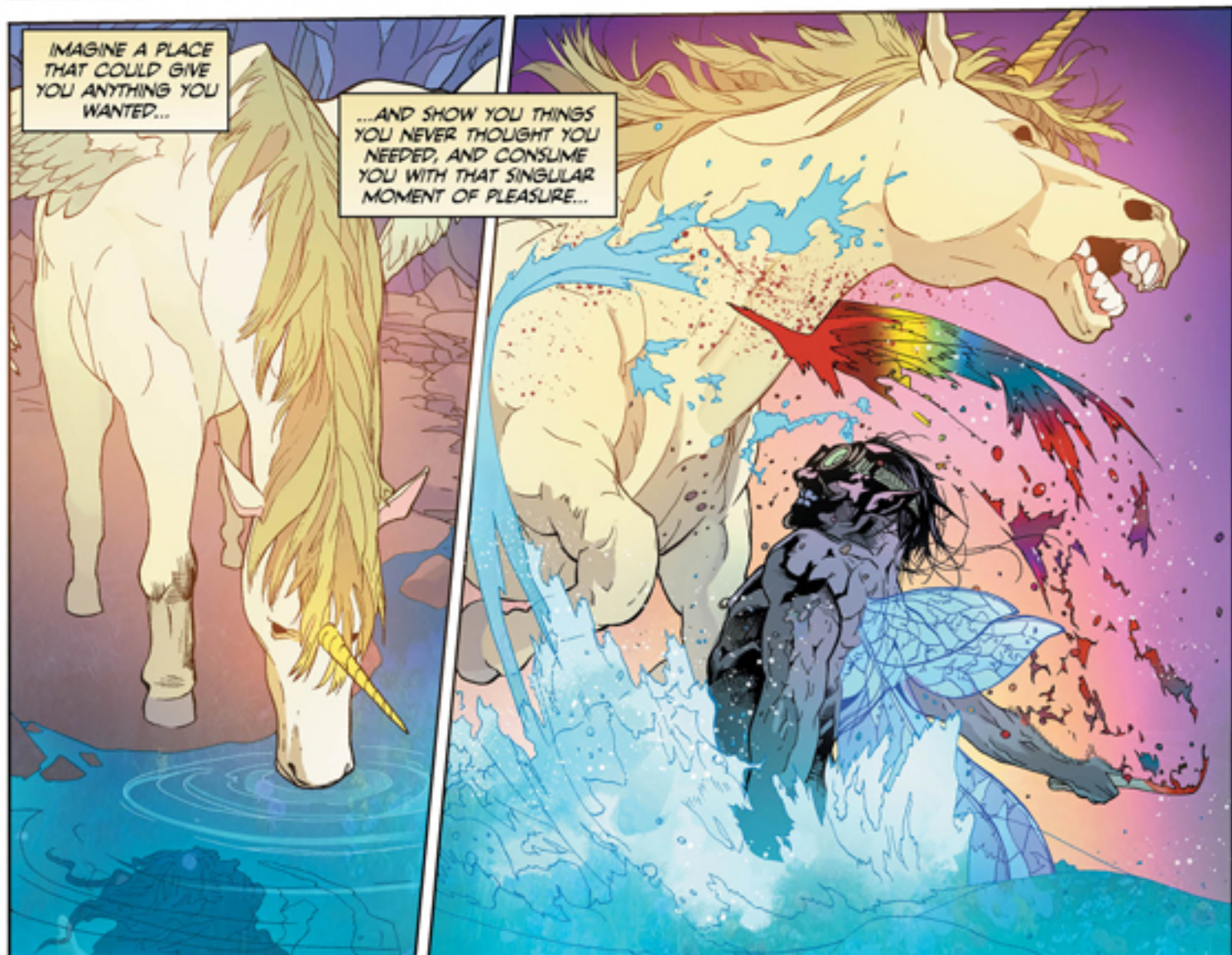
"HELL IS TORTURE, BUT YOU KNOW IT'S TORTURE."

"FAERIE IS WORSE, BECAUSE WHILE YOU LOSE EVERY PIECE OF YOURSELF, YOU THINK YOU'RE IN HEAVEN."

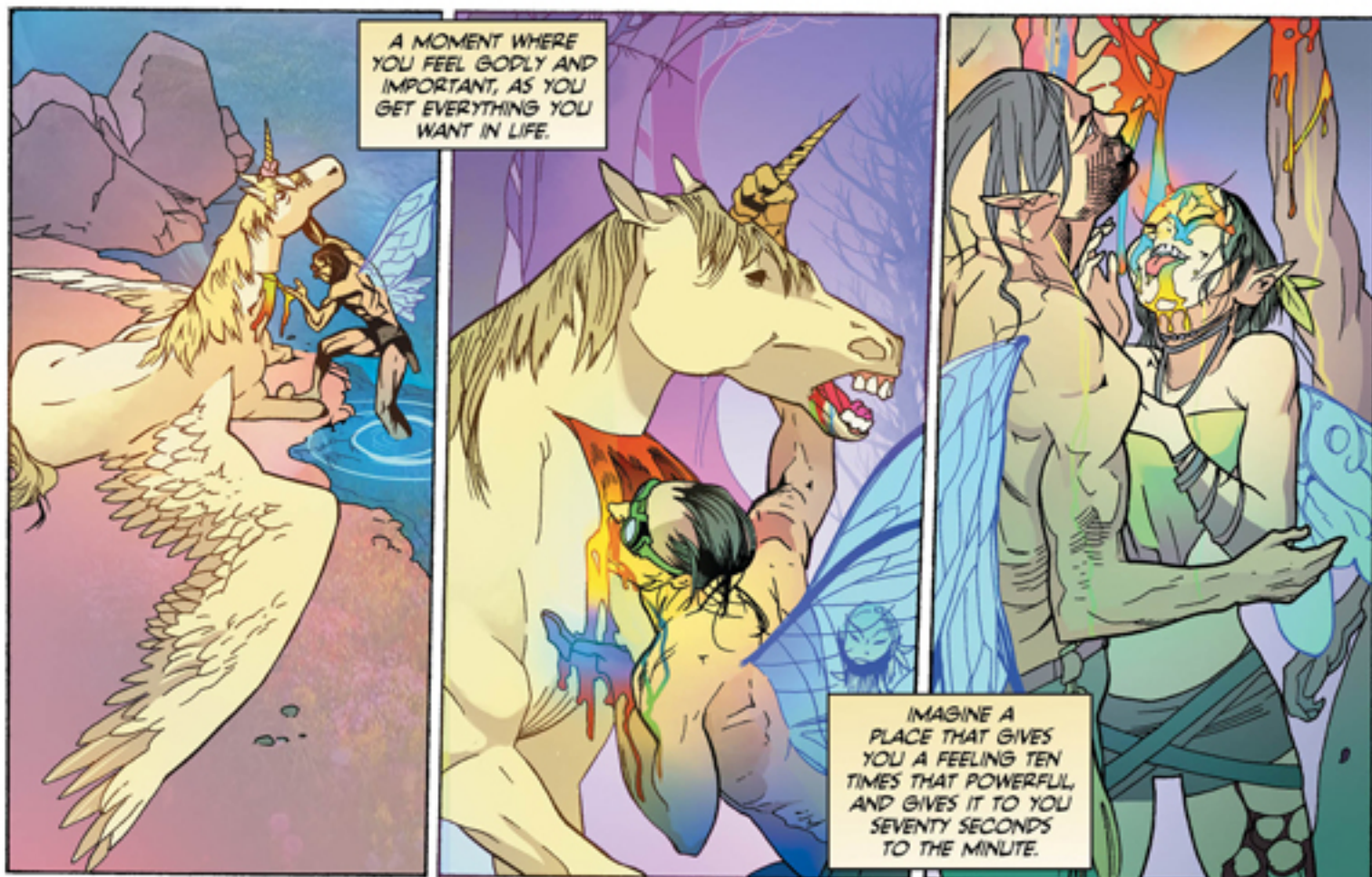


IMAGINE A PLACE THAT COULD GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANTED...

...AND SHOW YOU THINGS YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU NEEDED, AND CONSUME YOU WITH THAT SINGULAR MOMENT OF PLEASURE...

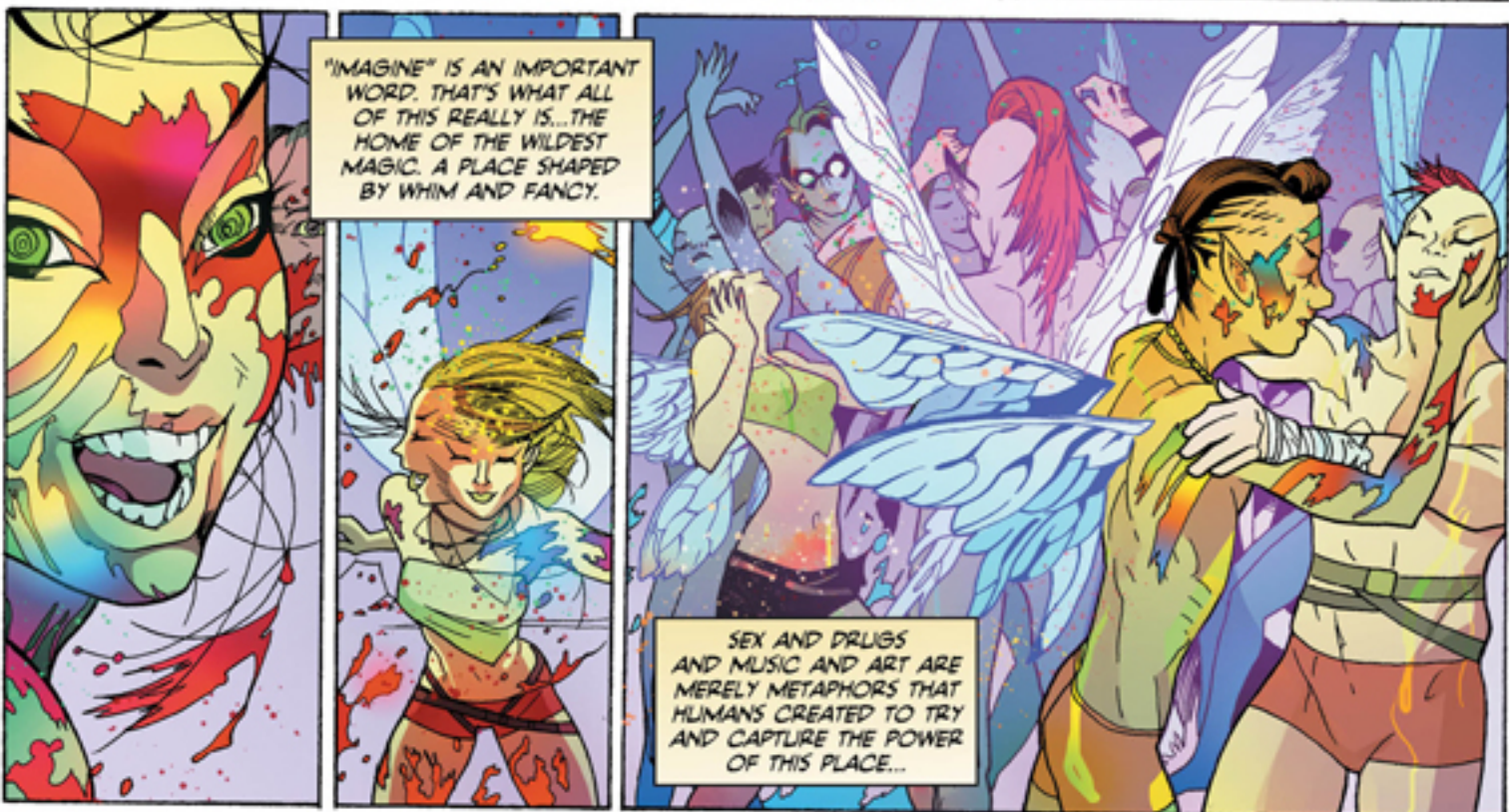






A MOMENT WHERE YOU FEEL GODLY AND IMPORTANT, AS YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN LIFE.

IMAGINE A PLACE THAT GIVES YOU A FEELING TEN TIMES THAT POWERFUL, AND GIVES IT TO YOU SEVENTY SECONDS TO THE MINUTE.



"IMAGINE" IS AN IMPORTANT WORD. THAT'S WHAT ALL OF THIS REALLY IS...THE HOME OF THE WILDEST MAGIC. A PLACE SHAPED BY WHIM AND FANCY.

SEX AND DRUGS AND MUSIC AND ART ARE MERELY METAPHORS THAT HUMANS CREATED TO TRY AND CAPTURE THE POWER OF THIS PLACE...



FAERIES AREN'T THESE PLEASANT LITTLE HELPER TINKERBELLS. THEY'RE CORROSIVE BEINGS OF PURE EMOTION, WHO JUST WANT TO FEEL EVERYTHING AMAZING AND FEEL IT CONSTANTLY AND FOREVER. AND HUMANS ARE THEIR FAVORITE TOYS.





REMEMBER, LADS AND LASSIES, FAIRY TALES WEREN'T FLIN STORIES. THEY WERE WARNINGS...

AND FAERIES? WELL, THEY'RE THE ASSHOLES WHO GET OFF ON THE WHOLE ARRANGEMENT.



I WOULD KNOCK BLYTHE BACK INTO HELL FOR A THIRD TIME IF I KNEW THIS WAS WHERE THEY WERE SENDING ME.



THAT LITTE BITCH... BUT I KNOW WHAT THEY WERE THINKING.



HELL HAS RULES. BUREAUCRACY. YOU CAN'T JUST WALK OUT ONTO EARTH.

BUT FAERIE HAS NO RULES... IT FOLLOWS NO STRUCTURE...



THE ONLY POWER HERE IS PLEASURE. AND THOSE WHO WIELD IT BEST CALL THE SHOTS...







have you found the man?

no, my lady ALEXANDRIEL...

keep searching. LORD NERON OF HELL has made many deals with our house, although he is determined to disrupt our GREAT ORGIASTIC FESTIVAL we must not risk his ire.



at least until our business arrangement falls to amuse me...



then perhaps i will eat his skin.



m'lady, demons do not have literal skin.