

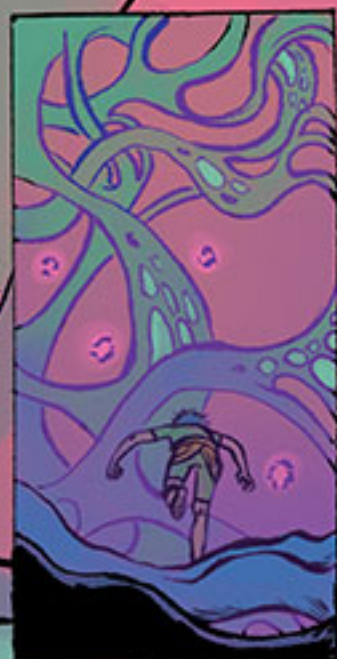


FIRST MOTHER  
WHISPERS THIS TO AUNT  
DURING PRAYERS.

THEY THINK  
I CAN'T HEAR IT  
BENEATH THE  
SINGING.

I DON'T KNOW  
MY MOTHER'S GODS  
BUT I LIKE TO THINK  
I DO THEIR WILL.

TAP



SHE SAYS THIS  
WITH WORDS THAT  
MEAN "BIRDS STARTLED  
INTO A NET."



HUNTED.



TRICKED.



TRAPPED.



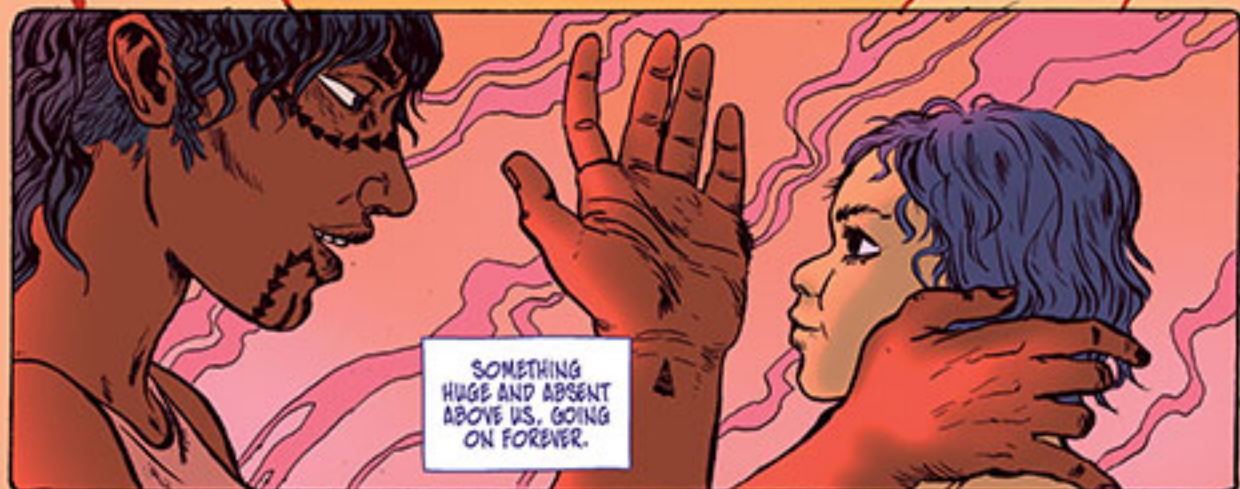
THEY THINK  
THE YOUNG ONES  
DON'T REMEMBER  
INAMA, BUT SOME  
OF US DO.



I DO.



LAVENDER FIELDS  
AND EMERALD  
RIVERS.



SOMETHING  
HUGE AND ABSENT  
ABOVE US, GOING  
ON FOREVER.