

I HATE ATTENDING
CURSE CEREMONIES...

... NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA
WHAT THEY ARE DOING.



MY MOTHER
THINKS IT'S
A FASHION
SHOW...

... MY AUNTY
THINKS IT'S
A SOCIAL
EVENT...

DON'T
SLOUCH
DEAR!

BLEHBL!



THEY PUT ME IN
THIS DUMB DRESS
& ITCHY CORSET
TO MAKE ME SIT
UP STRAIGHT.

FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS
I'D BETTER NOT MOVE—

THEY'LL BE
WATCHING
ME...


... BUT
THEY ARE
BLIND.



THE ATTENDEES
CAN ONLY SEE MY
FATHER...

... RECEIVING
THE CURSE
STONE FROM
MY BROTHER.

BUT I
SEE ...



... MY FATHER'S ANGER
CONGEALED INTO A
MINDFORM, THE CAUSE
OF HIS UNDIAGNOSED
BRAIN TUMOR.



THE VAPORS
FROM MY
BROTHER'S
BITTER HEART.

WHICH WILL MANIFEST
INTO AN AILMENT
LATER IN HIS LIFE.

AND THE HATE
SEETHING OFF
THE CURSE
STONE.



NO ONE HERE
REALIZES THE
CONSEQUENCES
OF THEIR
ACTIONS.

THIS
IS JUST
ROUTINE.

A SECRET
CEREMONY.




THE PARTICIPANTS
RECITE RITUAL CURSES
WITH ALL THEIR HATRED
AND MALICE ...

...TOWARDS OUR
ENEMIES, THE
"UN-TIED"
ACROSS THE BAY.

WHO WERE ONCE
OUR FAMILY.

BUT MY CLAN DOESN'T
REALIZE THAT THEIR
CHANTING EVOKES AN
ANCIENT MINDFORM
CREATURE ...



... WHICH WAS BOUND
INTO THE CURSE STONE
BY OUR CLANCESTORS
GENERATIONS AGO .

A LIVING WEAPON —
USED IN THE LAST
CENTENNIAL WAR!

GROWING MORE
POWERFUL WITH
EACH CEREMONY...

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