

WHEN THE MAN EXHALES, THE ROOM REEKS LIKE A SICKBED.

A MINUTE AGO, HABIBI HAD BEEN GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL...AND NOW FEVER FILLS THE APARTMENT FROM WALL TO WALL.

THERE IS SOMETHING WITHIN THE OLD MAN. A SICKNESS, FOR SURE, BUT SOMETHING ELSE.

AND AS ABSTRACT PESTILENCE LEAKS INTO HER PORES, SHE SEES THAT TWO PAIRS OF HUNGRY EYES LOOK OUT FROM ONE.

HABIBI HAD BEEN READING A BOOK THAT OUTLINES PLAGUES AND VIRUSES UNTHINKABLE TO HUMANKIND--WHICH SPREAD THROUGH SUNBEAMS AND TURNED FLESH AND BONE TO METAPHOR OR DREAM.

OH GOD, BIBI--STAY BEHIND ME.

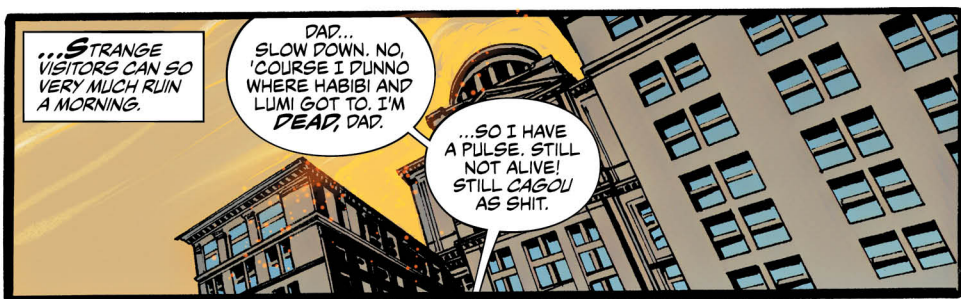
IT'S NOT HARD TO FIGURE OUT THAT THIS TOXIC MAN MUST BE THE BOOK'S AUTHOR.

LESS CONSCIOUS IS THE THOUGHT THAT IT MUST BE KEPT FROM HIM AT ALL COSTS.

LUMI! RUN!

99% DISINFECTANT





...*STRANGE* VISITORS CAN SO VERY MUCH RUIN A MORNING.

DAD... SLOW DOWN. NO, 'COURSE I DUNNO WHERE HABIBI AND LUMI GOT TO. I'M DEAD, DAD.

...SO I HAVE A PULSE. STILL NOT ALIVE! STILL CAGOU AS SHIT.



...WELL, YOU 'N' ME ARE JUST GONNA *DISAGREE* ON THAT.

MISS LATOYA, I'M SORRY TO INTRUDE, BUT I REALLY DO NEED TO FIND *MISS MAGGIE*.



RIGHT. YES.

DAD, I GOTTA GO. JUST...LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU FIND THEM, Y'HEAR ME? I KNOW I PASSED AND ALL, BUT THEY'RE STILL MY *SISTERS*.



ALL RIGHT, BRING YOUR *FREAKY*, SOAKING WET SELF IN HERE.

LET'S GET YOU A TOWEL, THEN WE'LL GO FIND MY WAYWARD GIRLFRIEND.

MAGGIE HASN'T BEEN HOME SINCE WE HAD A FIGHT ABOUT...A *THING*.



WE NOT DONE FIGHTING ABOUT THE *THING*.

THE *THING* IS *WORSE* NOW.

MISS MAGGIE! SHE'S MISS MAGGIE.

BITCH, YOU JOKING? I *KNOW* THAT. WE LIVE TOGETHER.

WHO THIS?



MY NAME IS *MISS TURTLE*. I COME FROM THE *DREAMING* AND I AM A SMALL ISLAND.

I HAVE BEEN SENT ON A QUEST FROM THE *HOUSE OF WHISPERS* TO FETCH A MAGIC BOOK FROM YOU THAT MAY *DOOM* THE WORLD.

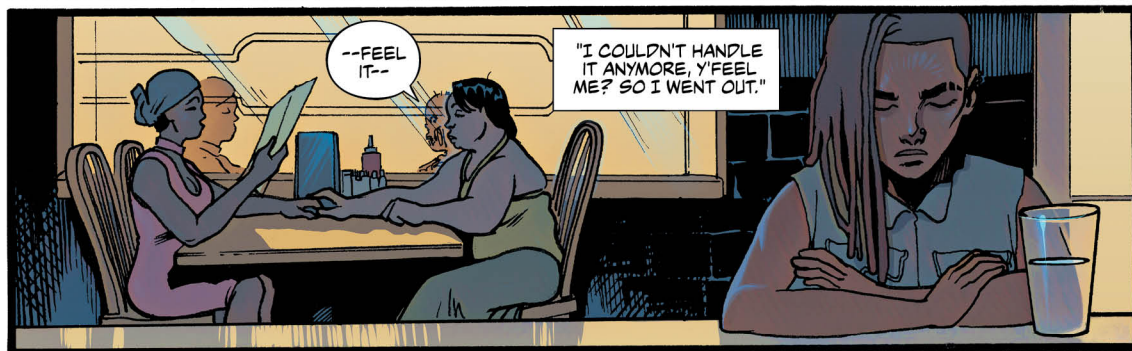
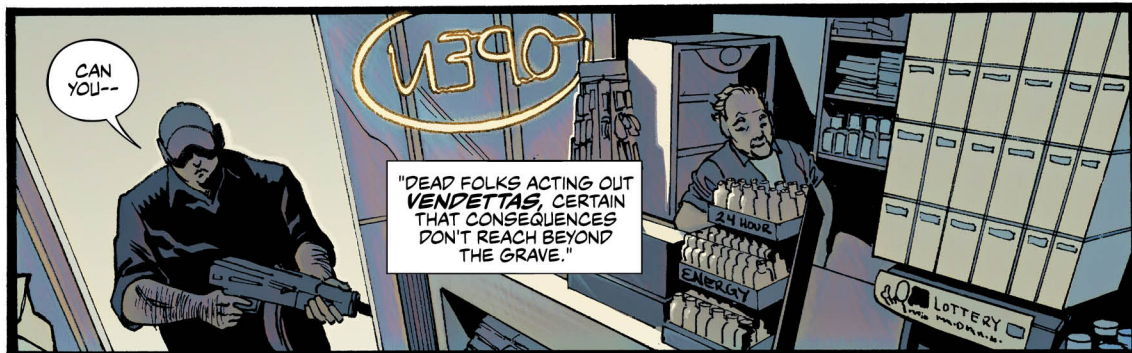


SO, YOU DRIVING PEOPLE *MAD* NOW, TOYA? AS WELL AS KILLING THEM?

SHE-- HOOM... SHE *KILLS* PEOPLE?

NAH, I STOPPED. MAGGIE DIDN'T LIKE IT.

AND WHO USES "QUEST" IN A SENTENCE, ANYHOW?





YOU DID THIS. IT WAS YOU.

OH... HOOM... OH NO, I DON'T THINK IT WAS.

PLEASE, STAY OUT OF THIS.



HIS NAME IS **SHAKPANA**. HE'S A LOA, AN **ORISHA**. VIRUSES ARE HIS DOMAIN. AND I THINK HE MIGHT BE-- HOOM--UNWELL-- HOOM--HIMSELF.

AGAIN.

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THIS IS, I **THINK**... A VIRUS. AND, WELL.

YOU CAN'T BLAME THE FIRST **VICTIM** FOR THE PLAGUE. THAT'S JUST NOT FAIR. BECAUSE THEY'RE SICK, TOO.



RIGHT. WELL NOW I KNOW YOU JOSING.

WHAT'S NEXT, VAMPIRES?

OH. OH GOLLY, ARE THERE... HOOM. **VAMPIRES?** I HATE THOSE, THEY'RE HORRIBLE.

EVEN BEING DEAD, THAT IS ALL A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE, Y'FEEL ME? YOU GOT ANY **PROOF** OF--

KNOCK KNOCK



UHH...

TOYA! THANK GOD. THERE WAS THIS MAN--



BUT HE WAS **TWO** MEN.

AND HE MADE US BOTH **SICK**.

LIKE YOU.

WELL, HE **TRIED!** HE WANTS TO MAKE **EVERYONE** SICK.

LIKE WHEN WE PLAYED TELEPHONE.



RIGHT.