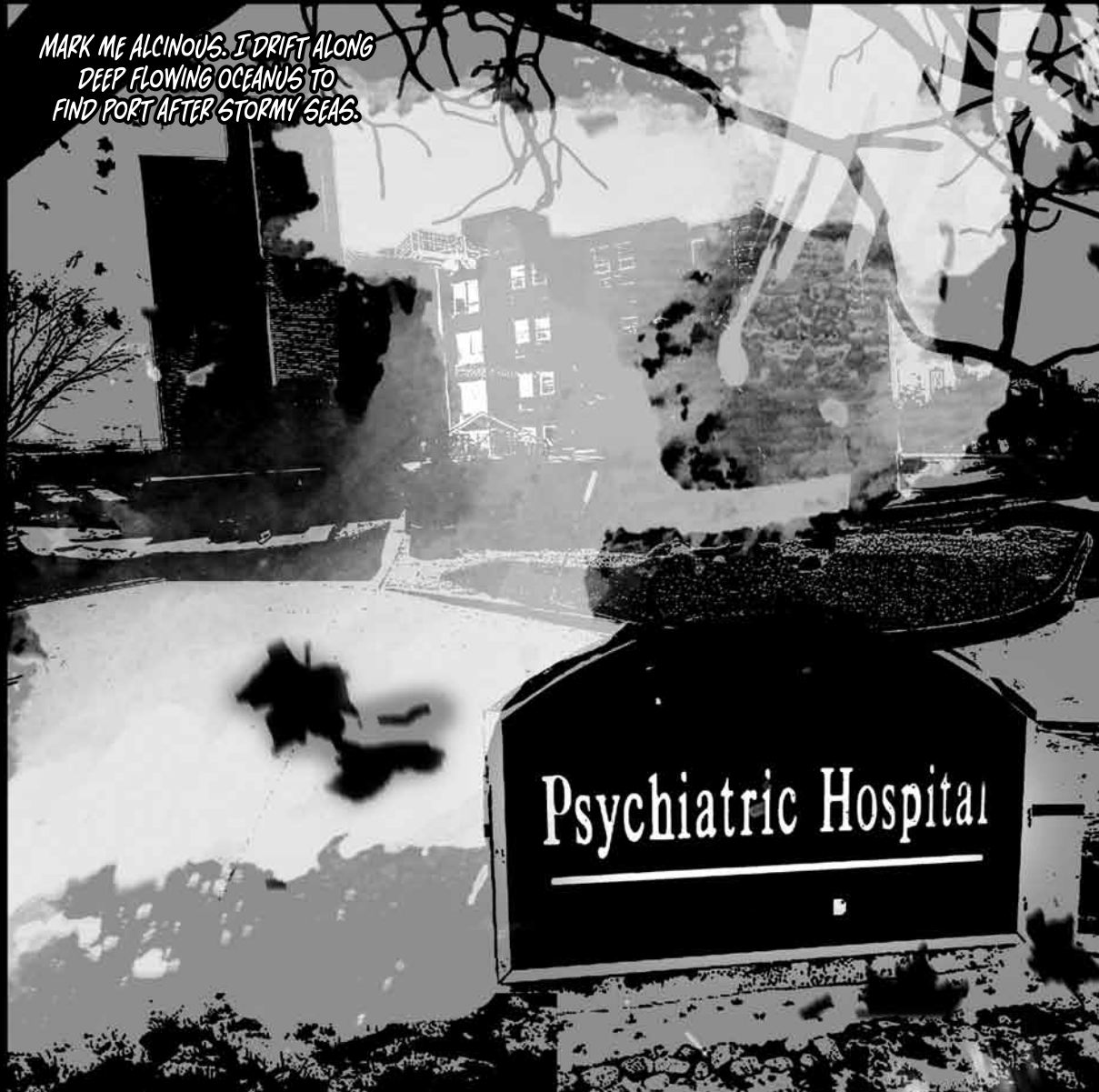


*MARK ME ALCINOUS. I DRIFT ALONG
DEEP FLOWING OCEANUS TO
FIND PORT AFTER STORMY SEAS.*



*BRIGHT APOLLO SEES
NOTHING OF THIS LAND.*



*THIS DWELLING WHERE
DIRE NIGHT COVERS
THESE MORTALS.*





I HAVE STAYED
TOO LONG ON THIS
ISLAND. TOO LONG
HAVE I LEFT OFF
CARING FOR HOME.

THE GIFTS
OF THE LOTUS
EATERS
DISARM.



I'VE JOINED
THE HOST OF
THE STRENGTHLESS
DEAD.

CIRCE! SHE
HAS STEERED
ME WRONG.



MY
SUPPLICATIONS GO
UNANSWERED.



THE
CYCLOPS
CURSE!

SHE'S TURNED
THEM TO BEASTS.
THEY BRING ME
THE FRUITS OF
THE FLOWER.

THESE
BEASTS WITH
THE MINDS
OF MEN.

Down the Red River not far from the hospital.

STOP!

"STOP OR
I'LL SHOOT!"





OKAY! OKAY
KERA. JUST
CALM DOWN
WE CAN WORK
THIS OUT.



NO.



BANNING



NO FRANK,
WE CAN'T.
GIMME THE
FUCKING
TAPE!



SHIT! YOU
COULD
HAVE HIT
ME.



FUCKING
CRAZY
BITCH!



TRY AND
CATCH ME
NOW!

I'M THE
CRAZY ONE?!
SUICIDAL
ASSHOLE!

Out of the hospital into the night.

ARGUS?
ARGUS, IT'S ME.
WHY ARE YOU
BARKING?

ARGUS.

EREBUS.

ORTHUS.



CERBERUS!

*HOUND OF HADES!
WHY ARE YOU HERE?*

*SO FAR FROM YOUR
MASTER? YOUR PARENTS?*

*DID ECHIDNA BEGET
YOU OR WAS IT THOSE
CURSED FLOWERS?*



THOSE
TEETH!



NO!



ANTIQUITY ITSELF
DEFEATS MY ESCAPE.




AND INTO THE
STYGIAN RIVER I GO.



POLYPHEMUS! YOUR CURSE
PULLS AND SWEEPS ME
ALONG THIS TARTAREAN
TRIBUTARY!




HOLD
POSEIDON!
I WILL NOT
SURRENDER!



THIS GLOOMY
RIVER CAN ONLY BE
THE STYX. THESE
BARREN BRANCHES
STRAIN FOR THE
DISTANT SHORE.

THIS IS THE
PLACE OF SHADES,
OF SLEEP AND
DROWSY NIGHT.



CIRCE KEPT HER
PROMISE. ACROSS
THESE FIELDS OF
MOURNING I WILL FIND
MY WAY HOME.



I HEAR THE
WAILING OF SOULS
IN THE DISTANCE.



HERE ARE THE
WEEPING INFANTS.



HERE ARE THE
CONDEMNED.



HERE ARE
THOSE THAT
ABANDONED
THEIR LIVES.



ALL BOUND UNDER HADES' HATEFUL
REIGN AND THE STYX FLOWING NINE
TIMES AROUND IMPRISONS THEM!




IONIAN.

A high-contrast, black and white illustration of an Ionian capital. The capital is a woman's face with flowing hair, looking upwards. The background shows a building with windows.

CORINTHIAN.

CHTHONIAN.



A man in a dark shirt stands in profile, looking up at a classical building with columns. The scene is split into two panels by a vertical line.

ALL THE AGES
OF MAN ARE
REPRESENTED HERE
IN THIS PLACE.

CAN WE
NEVER ESCAPE
THE PAST?