



Capture lightning in a bottle



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Hi,

I didn't think we could do it. How could *Pantheon Monthly* follow last month's issue? Ananke, revealed to be behind a murderous conspiracy that has claimed the lives of Inanna, Lucifer and Tara. Her plans to kill Minerva... and then Minerva's heroic rescue by the Pantheon. We're all fans of the gods or none of us would be here... but did any of you really think it'd turn out like *this*?

How can you follow that? And then a certain walking embodiment of gothic majesty gets in contact, and suddenly we've got ourselves an exclusive. She's never talked. She's never even allowed herself to be caught on film. This issue, you get both... and you won't believe what she has to say. I don't even know why you're reading this introduction. Turn the page! Get the hell out of here.

Okay. Still here? Well, if you *insist*.

Let's talk about theme. Last issue was about the collapse of the gods' old order. We all had no idea what was next. This issue is about what the gods are building out of the rubble. Baal, Amaterasu and Woden, in their own ways, were most used by Ananke. Their responses are as varied as their types, but you get a portrait of anger, resentment, shame and the gods at their most human. Plus, their plans for the future. If there's wreckage, they're working on it.

To round out the issue, we have an interview with the thin white duke of hell herself, finally released from the legal limbo it's languished in for nearly a year (for alluding to the then private relationship between Inanna and Baal, and Lucifer's part in its end). Audacious, funny, brilliant: if you'd forgotten how much you miss her, this is a reminder that it's not only the *good* who die young — it's the good at being bad.

Ananke is dead. Long live...

Well, long live *no one*.

Kieron Gillen, Editor

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KILLING CITIES

in a
NIGHT

Leigh Alexander meets
THE MORRIGAN
in her first ever interview

Only recently did I learn that the Underground was more than a feeling, a fashion: it's a real place. I have to follow The Morrigan's instructions to get there, following endless staircases and black-clad arrows down to the Northern line. I want the last train — the train after the last train, if such a thing exists. It might not. Strangely, no one else is around — I'm alone with the echo of my footsteps and the threads of the stale air that lives down here.

There is no train on the platform and at first I think I might have gotten it wrong — but no. Already I feel bleak, the twinges of a familiar, primeval discomfort setting in. It is cold and my breath just hangs there, unmoving. It's the sense of acting against my better judgement, somehow, like the cold efficiency with which one pursues a relapse or a bad lover. It's the same reason I don't often make the effort to actually see her secret performances beneath the city: the whole time, I feel like I'm going to fall.

It's why her fans love her, I think: she creates spaces where it all feels inevitable, and therefore okay. Or definitely, assuredly *not* okay, so you can stop pretending. You can stop struggling. Or you can only struggle. Either way it's a relief.

