



DEUCALION SELDOM
SLEPT, BUT WHEN HE
DID, HE DREAMED.

EVERY DREAM WAS
A NIGHTMARE.



NONE FRIGHTENED HIM.

HE WAS THE *SPAWN*
OF NIGHTMARES.

A MESSENGER
APPROACHES. LIFE
CHANGES WITH A
LETTER.



HE HAD BEEN
TOUGHENED BY A
LIFE OF TERROR.

THIS DREAM WAS
DIFFERENT FROM
THE OTHERS.



HE POSSESSED NO
PSYCHIC POWERS OF
A CLASSIC NATURE.

BUT SOMETIMES
OMENS CAME IN
HIS SLEEP.

RRRRRR!

AND THIS ONE WAS STRONGER THAN MOST.

DEUCALION...
ARE YOU LOOKING
AT THE MOUNTAINS
OR BEYOND
THEM?

TO WHAT
YOU LEFT
BEHIND?

I DON'T
MISS MUCH OF
THAT WORLD,
NEBO.

THE SEA.
THE SOUND OF
SHORE BIRDS.

CHEEZ-ITS.

CHEESES?

CHEDDAR
FLAVORED
CRACKERS.

HERE IN THIS
MONASTERY YOU
SEEK ENLIGHTENMENT.
BUT IT'S THE SMALL
PLEASURES THAT
SEEM TO DEFINE
EXISTENCE
FOR ME.

I'M AFRAID
I'M A SHALLOW
STUDENT,
NEBO.

TO THE
CONTRARY--

--NEVER HAVE
I HAD ONE LESS
SHALLOW THAN
YOU.

THE VIGIL
HORN IS
SOUNDED.





A MESSENGER.

THE SURGEON
IN THE DREAM
SPOKE TRUE.



I MAY BE
LEAVING HERE VERY
SOON, NEBO.

WE MUST
MEET HIM AT
THE GATE.



HERE. THIS IS FOR
ONE DESCRIBED AS
YOU ARE. FROM
FAR AWAY.

EVERY-
WHERE'S FAR
FROM HERE,
SON.



NEW
ORLEANS.

BAD
NEWS? HAS
SOMEONE
DIED?

WORSE.
SOMEONE'S STILL
ALIVE.



I MUST
LEAVE
ROMBUK.

I HAD TAKEN
COMFORT FOR
SOME TIME THAT
YOU WOULD BE
THE ONE TO SAY THE
PRAYERS AT MY
DEATH.

YOU'RE TOO
FULL OF PISS TO
DIE ANYTIME
SOON.

BESIDES, I
AM PERHAPS THE
LAST ONE ON EARTH
TO WHOM GOD
WOULD LISTEN.

OR
PERHAPS THE
FIRST.

IF YOU
INTEND TO WALK
ONCE MORE THE
LANDS BEYOND THESE
MOUNTAINS--

--FIRST
ALLOW ME
TO GIVE YOU
A GIFT.



THIS IS
MY GIFT TO YOU.
A PATTERN OF
PROTECTION.

ARE YOU
CREATING A
PUZZLE ON MY
FACE?

THE
PUZZLE
IS YOUR
FACE.

THIS WILL SERVE AS A DIVERSION
FOR THE CURIOUS. OF COURSE,
NOT EVEN SUCH A **DETAILED**
PATTERN WILL HIDE
EVERYTHING.

I'LL LIVE
BY NIGHT AND BY
DISTRACTION AS
SO OFTEN I HAVE
BEFORE.