

MY FATHER WAS JOSIAH BONIFACE.

THROUGH FORCE OF WILL AND SHEER OBSTINACY HE TAMED THAT VOLATILE FORCE OF DARKNESS.

HE CONTROLLED THE SHADOW LOA.

THE LOA POSSESSED AND DESTROYED GENERATIONS OF BONIFACES.

IT WAS THEIR GIFT AND THEIR CURSE.



BUT JOSIAH WAS DIFFERENT.

HE BETTERED THAT ANCIENT SPIRIT.



EVERYTHING I LEARN ABOUT JOSIAH MAKES IT ABUNDANTLY CLEAR.



NOW, DARQUE. NOW.



HE WAS TWICE THE MAN I'LL EVER BE.

J-JOSIAH... HONEY... S-STOP...



MY FATHER WAS SHADOWMAN.

PLEASE, JOSIAH... IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN...

--?



HELENA?

OH GOD.

OH GOD, I'M SORRY. IT'S...IT'S...



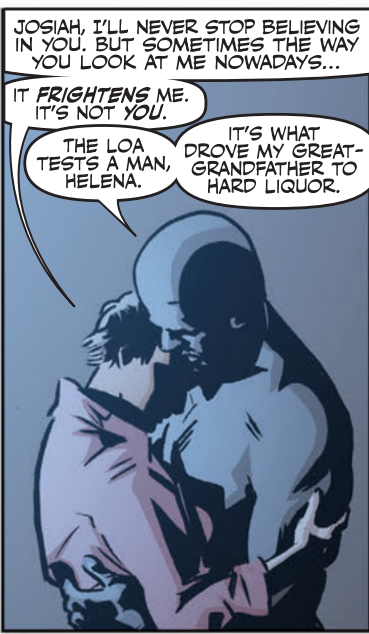
S-SWEETHEART... UNH...MAYBE WE SH-SHOULD... GO TELL THE ABETTORS...WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU. MAYBE THEY COULD...

THE ABETTORS EXIST ONLY TO SERVE THE SHADOWMAN LOA. IF THEY THOUGHT I WAS LOSING IT...

Y-YOU ARE STARTING TO LOSE IT, HONEY.



NO-NO. I CAN CONTROL THIS THING. MY FATHER CONTROLLED IT. H-HIS FATHER TOO. IF YOU'VE STOPPED BELIEVING IN ME...

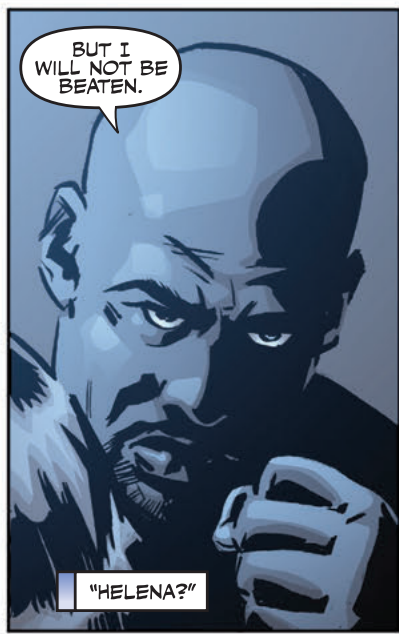


JOSIAH, I'LL NEVER STOP BELIEVING IN YOU. BUT SOMETIMES THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME NOWADAYS...

IT FRIGHTENS ME. IT'S NOT YOU.

THE LOA TESTS A MAN, HELENA.

IT'S WHAT DROVE MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER TO HARD LIQUOR.



BUT I WILL NOT BE BEATEN.

"HELENA?"

Abettor safe house.
The next morning.

WE ASKED
YOU A CIVILIZED
QUESTION,
HELENA.

BUT WHEN WE
HAVE TO BE, WE CAN
BE QUITE *UNCIVILIZED*.
NOW TELL US, *IS* THERE
A PROBLEM WITH
JOSIAH?

HOW MANY
TIMES DO I HAVE
TO TELL YOU?

JOSIAH'S
FINE.

ONLY HE'S
BEEN SEEN ACTING
KIND OF...UNUSUALLY
RECENTLY. IF HE'S HAVING
TROUBLE WITH THE LOA,
WE ABETTORS ARE
HERE TO--

MY HUSBAND
IS JUST FINE.

YOU'RE
PREGNANT,
AREN'T YOU,
HELENA?

HOW DO
YOU KNOW THAT,
COPELAND?

THAT'S *MISTER*
COPELAND.
HOW WOULD
YOU FEEL IF YOUR
CHILD CAME TO WEAR
THE SHADOW LOA?

THAT'S NOT
SOMETHING I'VE
THOUGHT ABOUT.
MY HUSBAND IS STILL
A YOUNG MAN. AND HE
HASN'T HAD ANY
PROBLEMS...

Today.

THERE ARE LOAS HIDING IN NEW ORLEANS, EXILED MANY CENTURIES AGO BY THE ANCIENT ELITE OF THE VOODOO WORLD KNOWN AS THE PANTHEON.

THESE EXILES ARE CREATURES OF DARK AND TERRIBLE CRAVINGS, EATERS OF HUMAN FLESH, KILLERS OF HONEST PRIESTS.

MONSTERS LIKE MAKOOT, THE CHILD-STEALER.

THE LOA THAT HAS BONDED TO ME WAS ONE OF THESE CREATURES, AND IT HUNGERS TO HUNT AND KILL ITS FELLOW EXILES.

THE STRANGE THING-- THE REALLY SCARY THING--IS THAT I FEEL THE HUNGER, TOO. DEEP IN MY BONES.

BUT TONIGHT THE LOA WILL BE DISAPPOINTED.

COME ON, JACK. I CAN SMELL THAT ROTTEN OLD EXILE. HE'S CLOSE.

I REALLY NEED TO DO THIS.

AND I REALLY DO HAVE A DATE WITH ALYSSA.

TO HELL WITH HER. I'LL MAKE YOU DO WHAT I WANT LIKE I MADE ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS. ONE LITTLE SEIZURE...AND HE WAS MINE.

YOU LOOK FOR WEAKNESSES IN A MAN, LOA.

AND MY POOR ANCESTOR, HE PROBABLY HAD A LOT OF BAGGAGE...



"JUST LIKE SOMEONE ELSE I KNOW..."

WHERE DO I PUT THIS ONE?



BABY, DID YOU *HAVE* TO BRING THE STUFFED LLAMA HEAD?

IT WAS ONE OF DOX'S FAVORITE OCCULT TOOLS. AFTER HE DIED, IT WAS A GREAT COMFORT TO ME.



I'M SORRY, BUT IF YOU WANT TO LOVE ME, YOU HAVE TO LOVE MY LLAMA HEAD.

HM. I GUESS THAT MAKES ME ONE BIG LLAMA LOVER.



I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, JACK.

IT'S EARLY DAYS.

NO, I CAN SEE IT. YOU'RE GETTING THE BETTER OF THAT ANCIENT SPIRIT. YOU'RE WINNING.

TOGETHER WE CAN *BEAT* THIS THING.



I COULDN'T DO IT WITHOUT YOU.

TELL ME SOMETHING I *DON'T* KNOW!

THERE IS A DREAM I HAVE...