

ACRID STENCH WHIRLS IN THE
CABIN AND COATS MY TONGUE.

TASTES OF SICK AND
STINGS THE EYES.

UNCLEAR IF THE STENCH IS A
WARNING OR INVITATION.

ROYAL RUBBISH

A FANGS AND FEATHERS TALE

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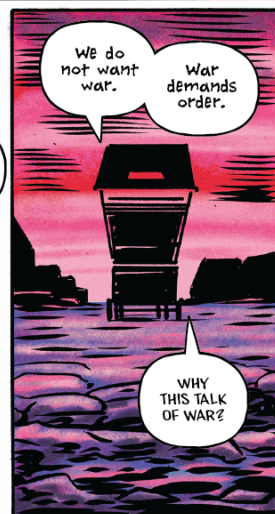
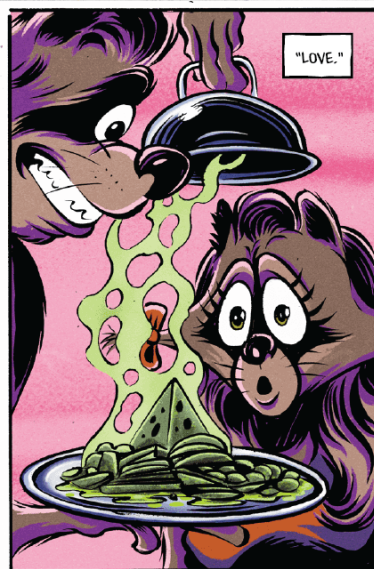
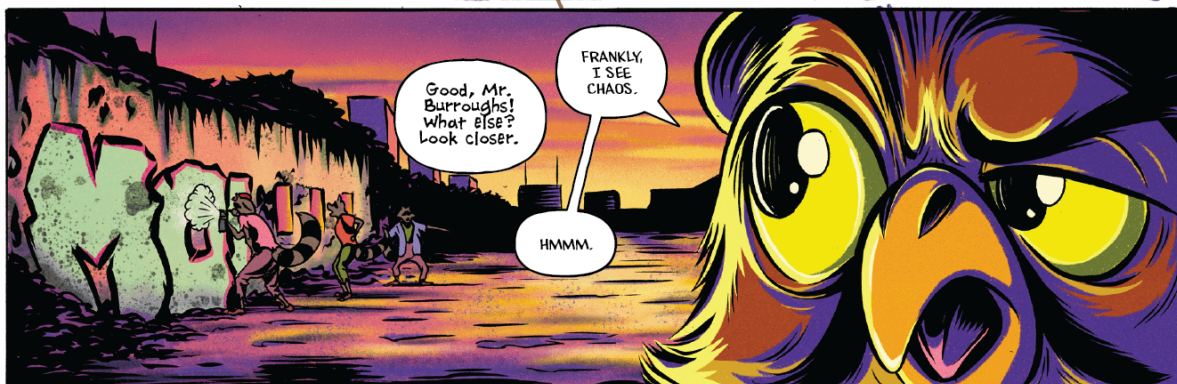
THAT
BLOODY EASTERLY
WIND HOLDS MY
PUNCTUALITY BY
THE THROAT.

NO
MATTER...

WE
HAVE ARRIVED,
AND I SUSPECT I'LL
HAVE MY WORK CUT
OUT FOR ME.

LET'S
GET YOU SAT
DOWN FOR A WELL-
DESERVED REST,
OLD GAL.







"Because I have the ghost of a cat prince in my city..."

"...and I fear if the cats find out..."

"...we will fall under attack from the land of the living and of the dead."



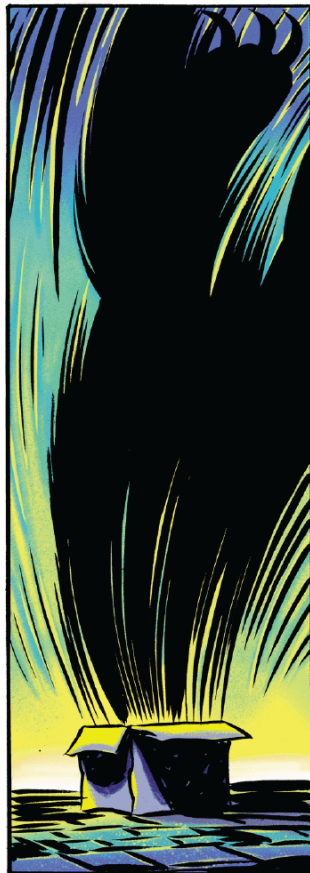
"You see, the cat is an agent of destruction."

SKRITCHH



"It hunts with a full belly and sleeps under the sun."

"War with the cats will mean defeat."



HISSESS HEH HEH HEH HEH

"You're here because I would like to relocate this invader peacefully and swiftly before such a cataclysm can be set in motion."







