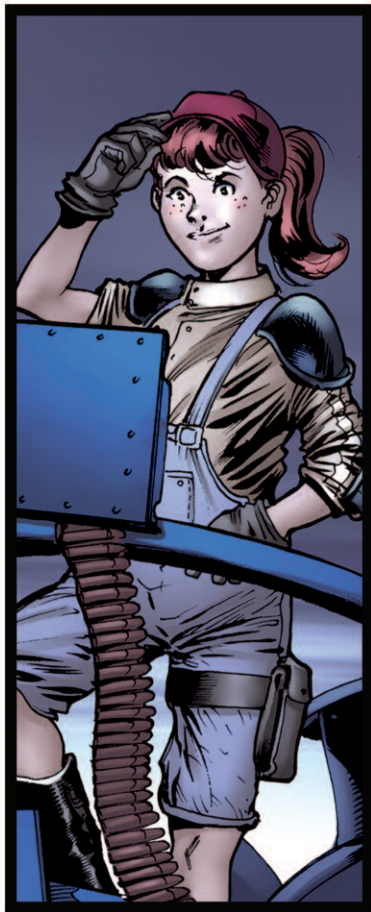


GEORGE R.R. MARTIN'S DOORWAYS



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DOORWAYS





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WHAT IF ?

BY GEORGE R.R. MARTIN

*For all sad words of tongue and pen,
the saddest are those, "it might have been."*

- JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Every life has its turning points, its might-have-beens, the places where the road forks, leading off in two different directions. Sometimes you choose which way to go after long deliberation, carefully weighing your options. At other times you hurry past, taking the broader path or the busiest, hardly even pausing to look down the other fork. And sometimes the choice is made for you by time or chance or other people. However you decide, life is what it is, and there is seldom any turning back... though all of us, I think, look behind us later on and wonder. "What if things had turned out differently?" we ask ourselves. "What if I had done that instead of this, gone left instead of right, bet on red instead of black? What if I had gone to the other school, taken the other job, married the other girl, what would my life have been? What if, what if, what if..."

A writing career is often full of such "what if" moments, both good and bad. What if I had been able to get an actual entry-level job on a newspaper in the spring of 1971, when I left Northwestern with my master's degree in journalism? I might still be a journalist today. Instead, unemployed, I spent that summer writing science fiction and fantasy stories, subsequently sold them all, and took another road. What if my fourth novel, *The Armageddon Rag*, had not been such a huge commercial failure? Most likely I would never have gone to Hollywood or written for television and film. What if I had not put aside the SF novel that I was working on during the summer of 1991 to write this fantasy idea I had, about some direwolf pups found in the summer snows? *Avalon* might have been a good book, even a popular one, but would it have transformed my life and career the way *A Game of Thrones* did? Not likely.

But the biggest "what if" and "might-have-been" in my career, appropriately enough, was a story about what ifs and might-have-beens, called *Doorways*.

The Armageddon Rag did flop, after all. So I found myself unable to sell my journalism novel, *Black and White and Red All Over*, when I offered it to publishers in 1985. So I did go out to L.A., where I joined the writing staff of *The Twilight Zone*, and later *Beauty and the Beast*. After both of those series had run their course, I continued to work in Hollywood, writing screenplays and

pitching television pilots. In that fateful (for me) summer of 1991, finding myself back home in New Mexico and between contracts, I started that SF novel (*Avalon*), then put it aside for the fantasy that would become *A Game of Thrones*. I was only about a hundred pages into the book when my agent Jodi Levine called to tell me that she'd set pitch meetings for me at ABC, NBC, and Fox. So I hopped on a plane and flew back out to L.A. to try and sell a series of my own.

I had a great concept for a show, I thought. I wanted to base a series on "The Skin Trade," my World Fantasy Award-winning novella about a sexy female private eye and an asthmatic, hypochondriac werewolf collection agent. But you don't go into pitch meetings with only one arrow in your quiver. I needed a second idea, in case the suits did not warm to my first. On the flight to Burbank, I found one. I remembered an old fantasy story that I had written back in the '70s, called "The Lonely Songs of Laren Dorr." High fantasy romance, not what the networks wanted back then—but the first line of that story still resonated with me:

"There is a girl who goes between the worlds."

That old line from an old story was the seed that sprouted *Doorways*. The rest of "The Lonely Songs of Laren Dorr," I put aside. This was a whole new story, with new characters. Television had done plenty of shows about space travel and time travel, but there was one huge SF trope that had gone almost (not entirely, but almost) untouched: alternate worlds.

The perfect television pitch, as my old friend and partner in mayhem Michael Cassutt likes to say, goes like this: "He's the pope. She's a chimp. They fight crime." They call it "high concept," and if your idea can't be boiled down into three sentences to fit that pattern, you're probably dead before you open your mouth. My pitch went like this: "He's an emergency room doc. She's a feral slave girl fleeing her alien masters. They travel to parallel worlds."

Over the span of two days, I met with the development execs at NBC, Fox, and ABC, and pitched them my ideas. As the fates would have it, none of them showed the slightest bit of interest in "The Skin Trade," but they all went wild for the concept I was then calling simply *Doors*. Fox had seemed the most enthusiastic in the room, and for a day or two I thought we would end up there, but ABC moved the fastest, and that's where we cut the deal. I needed a studio, so I took the project

to Columbia Pictures. James Crocker, a colleague and friend from my days on *The Twilight Zone*, joined me as an executive producer.

For the next year and a half, my life was *Doors*.

I spent the rest of 1991 plotting out the pilot story, revising it, expanding it when the network decided they wanted to do a ninety-minute pilot instead of just an hour, writing the first-draft teleplay, rewriting the teleplay when the network decided they wanted a completely different second half, revising again, revising again, cutting, polishing, revising, cutting...

In January of 1992, after a few suspenseful weeks, we got great news. ABC loved the script. We got the greenlight to shoot the pilot.

There were more revisions, of course. (In television, there are always more revisions.) We hired a director and a line producer, the director hired a DP and the line producer a crew. We found our Cat in Paris, in the person of a wonderful young French actress named Anne LeGuerrec... but the Tom that we wanted, an actor named George Newbern, was tied up filming a movie all through the spring. We looked at a hundred other possibilities, but none of them were as good as George, so finally it was decided to push back filming until he was free. (Which had the unfortunate side effect of taking us out of contention for a slot in the fall schedule for 1992, since we would not be filming until May, when all the other pilots were in the can, and the networks were already deciding which shows to slot for fall.) Rob Knepper, another fine young actor, was cast as our third regular, Thane. The guest cast consisted of Kurtwood Smith as Trager, Carrie Ann Moss as Laura, Hoyt Axton as Jake, and the delightful and vivacious Tisha Putman as Cissy. With Peter Werner at the helm, we started shooting in May of 1992, wrapped in July, then spent a month in editing and post-production. And somewhere along the line, the title was changed to *Doorways*, after the network expressed concern that people might confuse *Doors* with Jim Morrison's band or Oliver Stone's film about the same (though in the script, and in the show, the doors are still called doors, never doorways.)

In August of 1992 we screened a rough cut for ABC.

The network loved it. The reaction could not have been more positive, despite the fact that there was still a lot of work to be done on the pilot (the special effects, in particular). If it had been May, I don't doubt we would have gotten a series order right then and there.

Alas, it was August. ABC's fall schedule was already set. "No problem," the network told us. "We will put you on in February as a mid-season replacement." And they backed up those sweet words with an immediate order for six back up scripts.

Then or now, that sort of order was very unusual, and a real sign of the network's enthusiasm for a show. A pilot that the network is lukewarm about won't get any script order whatsoever. One that they think might be a strong contender might get an order for two scripts. And six scripts? Even the guys at Columbia said that was unprecedented. It was the nearest thing to a series order you could get, aside from an actual series order.

Doorways was so close to prime time that I could taste it.

I spent the rest of 1992 and the first few months of 1993 working on those six back up scripts, intended as the first six episodes of our eventual series. One episode I wrote myself. Another was scripted by Jim Crocker, my fellow executive producer and showrunner. The remaining scripts were assigned to four terrific freelance writers: Michael Cassutt, Ed Zuckerman, Steve DeJarnett, and J.D. Feigelson. We met, we plotted, we outlined, we revised, we wrote, and rewrote, and rewrote, and polished, and rewrote some more... with one eye on the calendar, waiting for that pickup. All that fall and into the winter, I went forward fully expecting to have my own show on the air Real Soon Now, and jotting down ideas about the worlds that Tom and Cat might visit, the adventures they might have.

(Meanwhile, I was also going over pattern budgets, frowning a little, then a lot, fretting, worrying, sweating, wondering how the hell we were going to do the show I wanted to do on an episodic television budget. But that's a story for another day).

But as the months passed, things happened, as things often do. Television is inexorable, and even as the new shows are debuting in the fall, pilot scripts are being ordered for the following year's schedule... even newer shows, to take the place of any of the current crop that falter. Meanwhile, one of our biggest supporters at ABC got moved to the New York office, another took a job heading a studio, a third quit when he did not get a promotion. All of them were replaced by people who did not know *Doorways*, and had no part in its development.

We did not go on the air as a mid-season replacement in 1993. Instead we were thrown back in the hopper, to compete for a fall slot with all the new

pilots. But by then we were old news, a leftover show from the previous season and the previous regime... and come May, when ABC announced its fall schedule, we were not on it. "We only had room for one SF show on the schedule," we were told, "and we thought *Lois & Clark* had more name recognition." And that pretty much was the end of *Doorways*... until now.

It was not the end of my stint in Hollywood, mind you. I wrote two more pilots, neither of which got as far as *Doorways*. As a producer, I supervised other writers on other pilots. I wrote three screenplays for the live-action division of Disney, and one for a small indie studio, none of which ever got filmed. I made wheelbarrows full of money. But eventually I got tired of it all, and dusted off that novel I'd been writing in 1991, when I was called out to Hollywood to pitch. It turned into *A Game of Thrones*, the first book in my epic fantasy series *A Song of Ice and Fire*. I'm working on the fifth book in the series now, with two more yet to come.

But I won't say that I've never looked back. We all look back.

Doorways was a huge turning point for me. If we had not been out of sync with the inexorable timetable of network television... if we had delivered our pilot in May instead of August... if ABC had made a different call... everything might have changed. Would we have lasted ten episodes, or ten years? Would we have been a hit, a flop? Would the critics have thrown laurels or brickbats? Would Anne LeGuernec, George Newbern, and Rob Knepper have become stars (for one of them, at least, I think the answer is "yes")? Would I have gone on from *Doorways* to create more television shows, become the new Steven Bochco, the new Dick Wolf, a Joss Whedon before Joss Whedon, made dump trucks full of money instead of mere wheelbarrows?

Maybe. Maybe not. Probably not. We'll never know. That's the nature of what ifs and might-have-beens. But I will always wonder. We came so close...

One thing is pretty certain, though. If *Doorways* had gone to series, I would have remained in television much longer than I did, *A Game of Thrones* might never have been finished, and no one would be calling me "the American Tolkien" today. So all in all, I can't complain. I'm pretty pleased with the way that all worked out.

I do grieve for the untold stories, though. A writer's characters are like his children, I've often said. Tom and Cat were a huge part of my life for a year and a half, and of course I came to love

them, just as I love Tyrion and Daenerys and Jon Snow, Jay Ackroyd and the Great and Powerful Turtle, Haviland Tuf and Abner Marsh, and all the other characters that I've created over the years. It broke my heart to know that the world would never know them, or share their exploits and adventures.

Which is why this comic series is such a thrill for me. Thanks to Stefano Martino and the good folks at IDW, Tom and Cat live again, and their stories will at last be told. That pleases me more than I can say.

One thing I should make clear, however. A few of you may have seen the pilot that we filmed for ABC back in 1992. Though it was never screened on American television (ABC did schedule it in the summer of 1993, during the dog days of August when all the busted pilots are "burned off," but their bright boys forgot that it was a ninety-minute pilot and put it in a sixty-minute timeslot, so they had to scrap it at the last moment), *Doorways* was released on videotape (VHS) around the world, albeit in a bloated two-hour version.

But this comic and that video are two different animals. Tom and Cat and the other characters depicted here look nothing like the actors who portrayed them in the pilot; these versions were created by Stefano, who has never seen the video. We've changed some things as well. The great thing about a graphic novel is that you don't have the sort of budgetary limitations you do on a television show... you can afford all the special effects you want, elaborate sets, spectacular costumes, astonishing architecture... and your aliens won't need to be actors dressed up in rubber suits. Television requires hard choices and compromises, more often than not. A graphic novel gives you much more freedom. So all in all, I think, this version of *Doorways* is going to be much cooler than the television show could ever have been.

We're thirteen years late, but at last the door is opening, and...

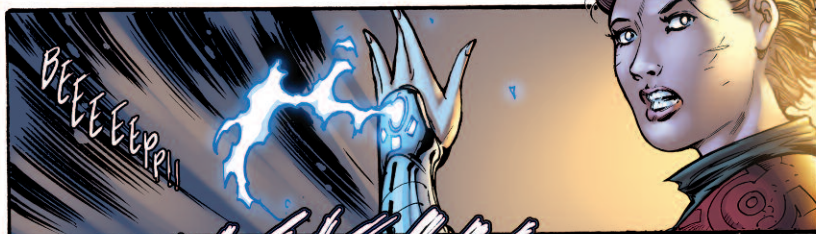
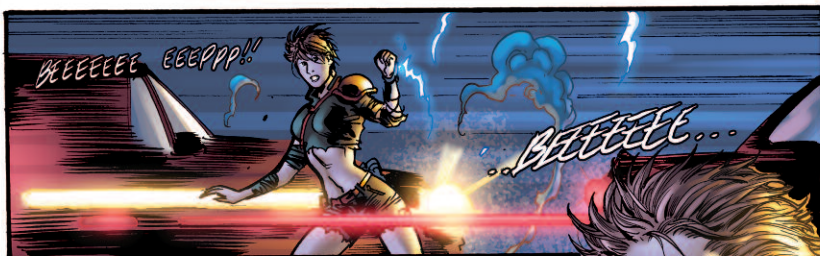
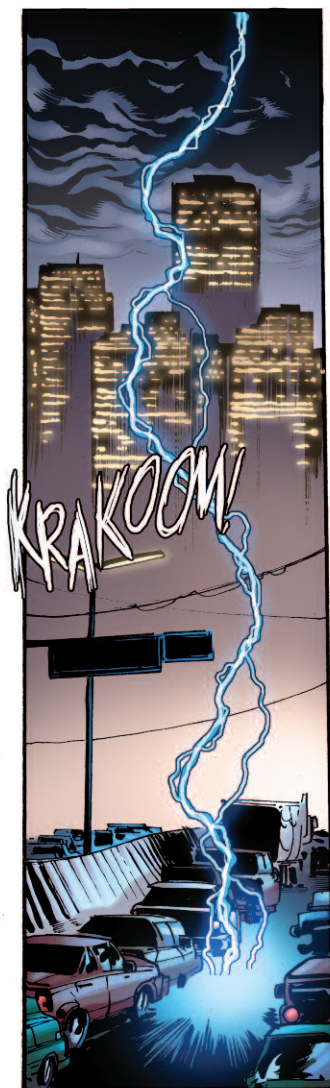
There is a girl who goes between the worlds.

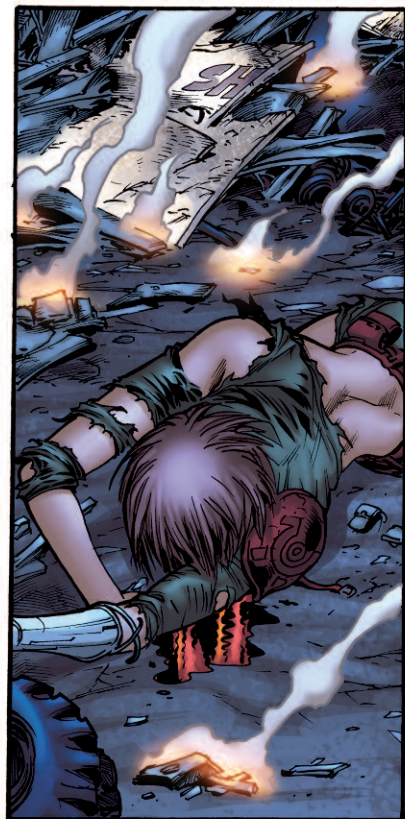
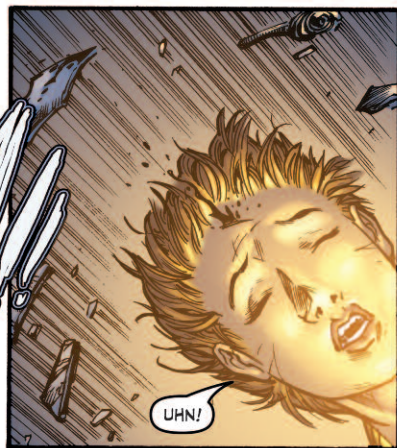
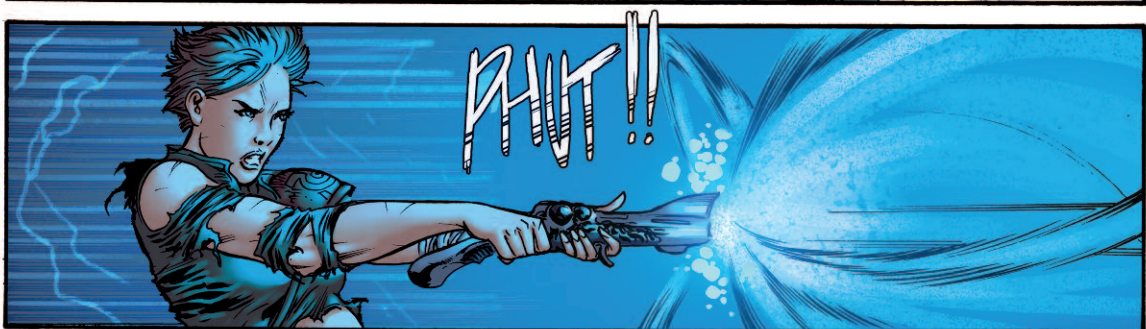
George R.R. Martin

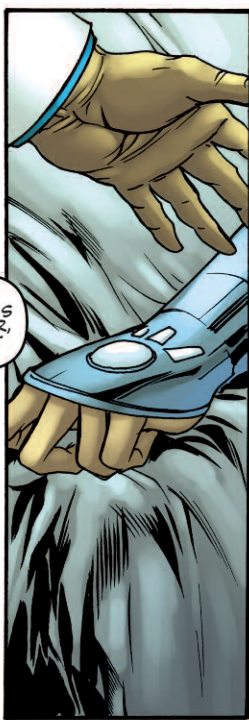
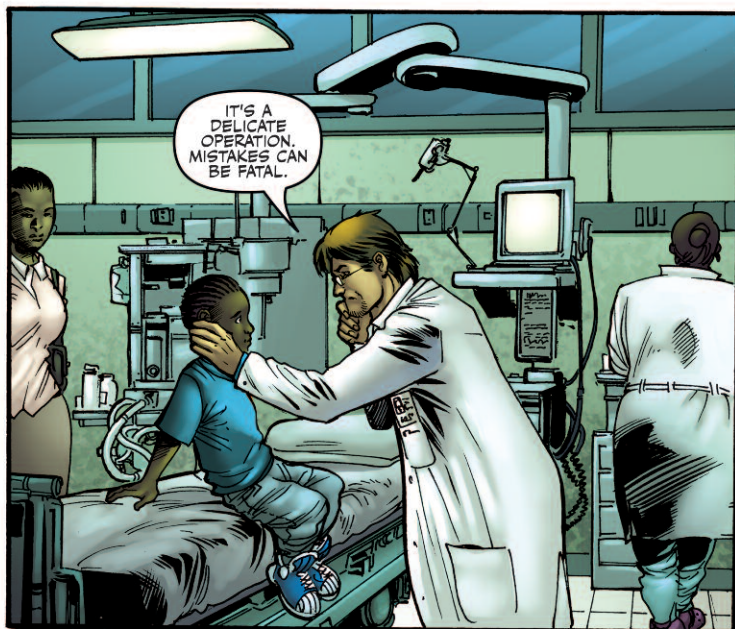
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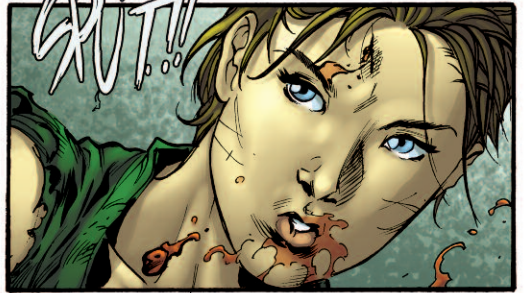
August 2010

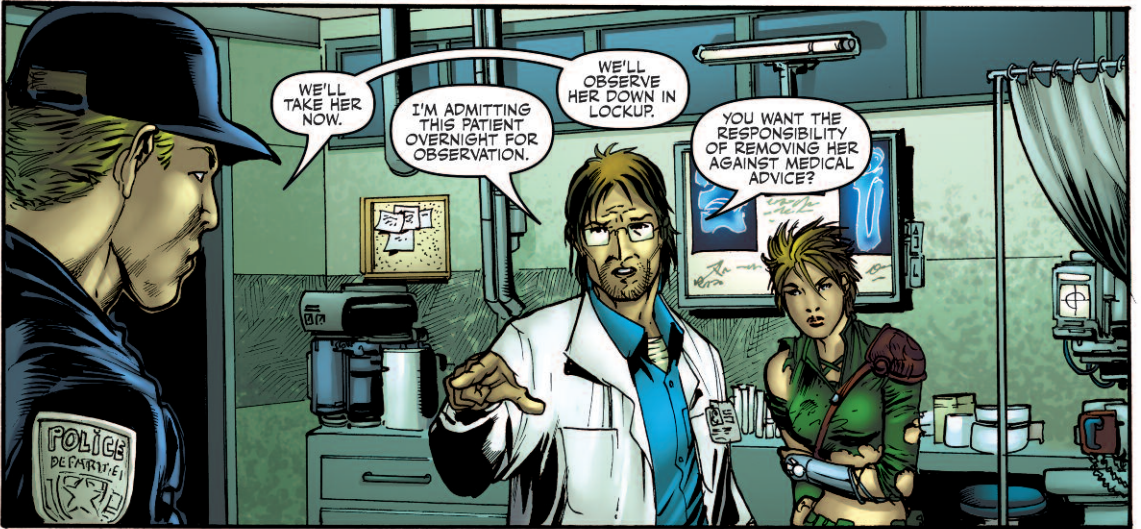
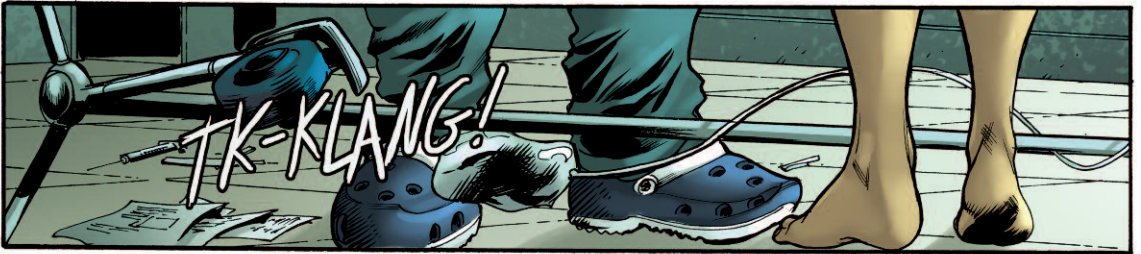
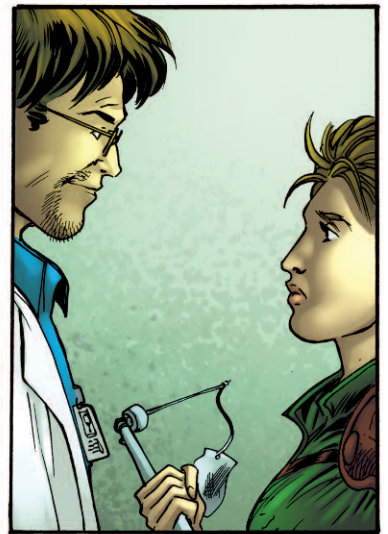
(Did someone mention *Sliders*? *Sliders!!!* Slowly I turned. Step by step... inch by inch...)

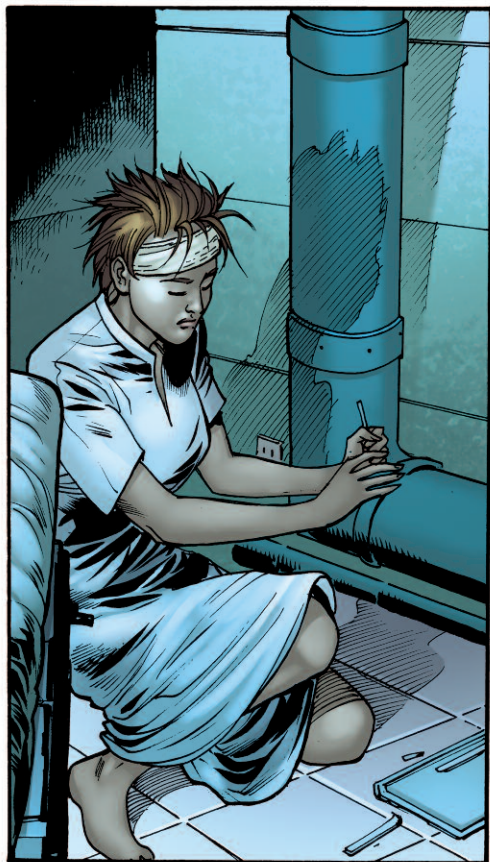


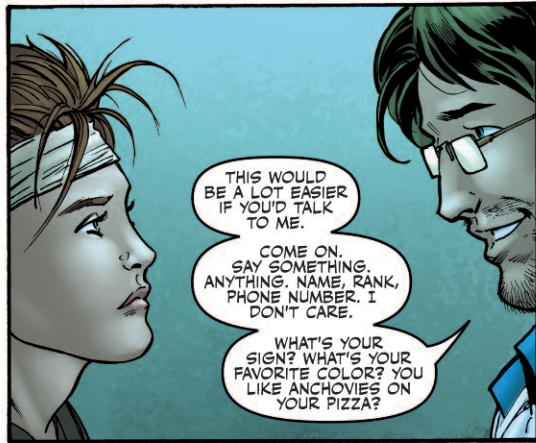
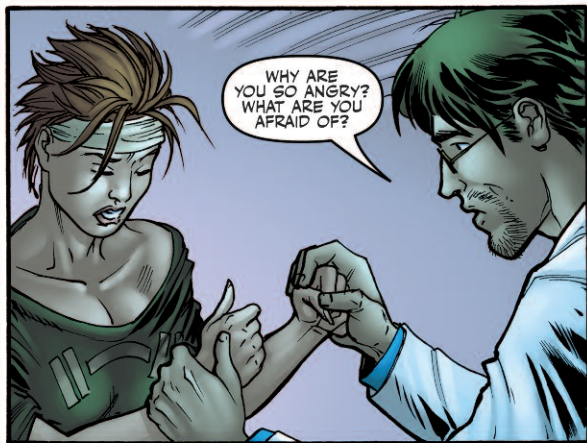


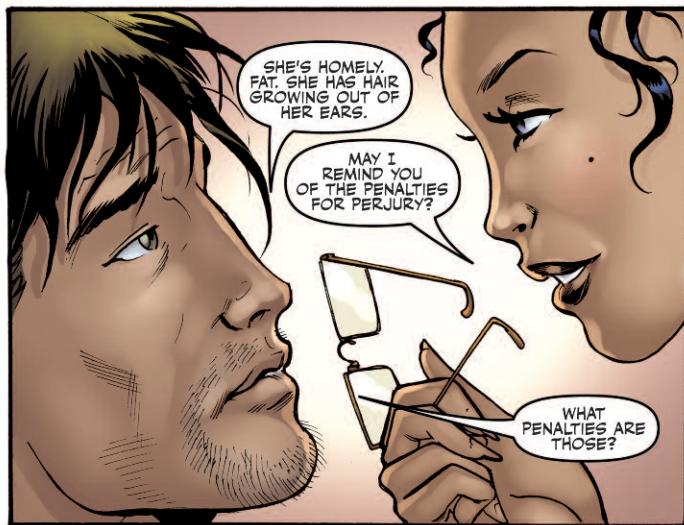




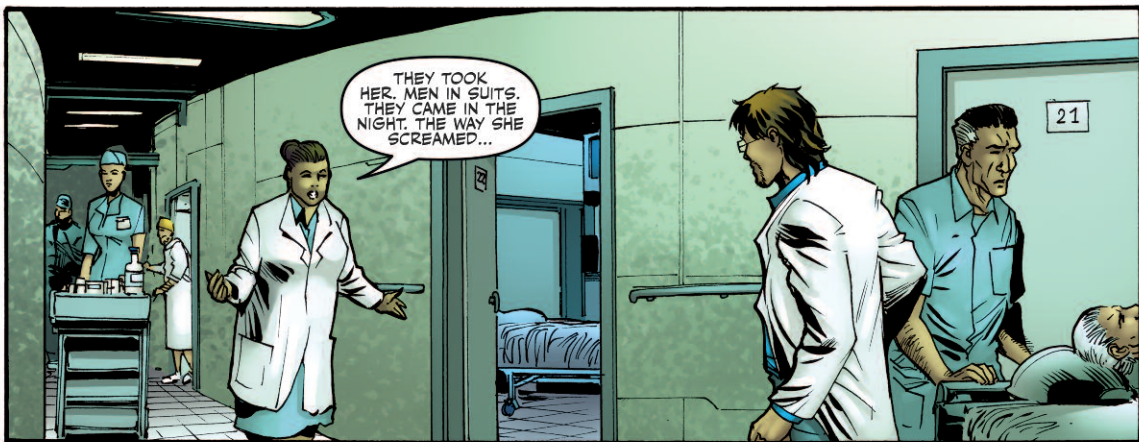


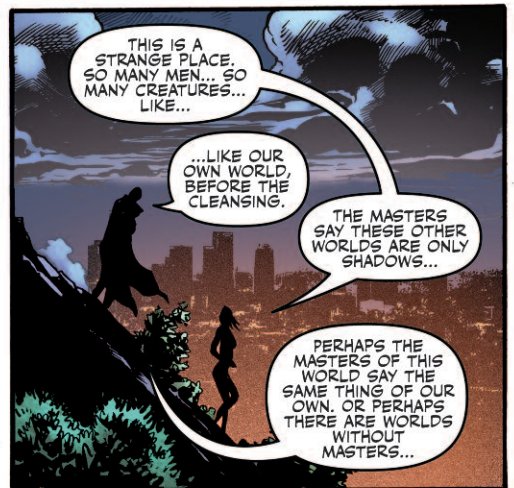
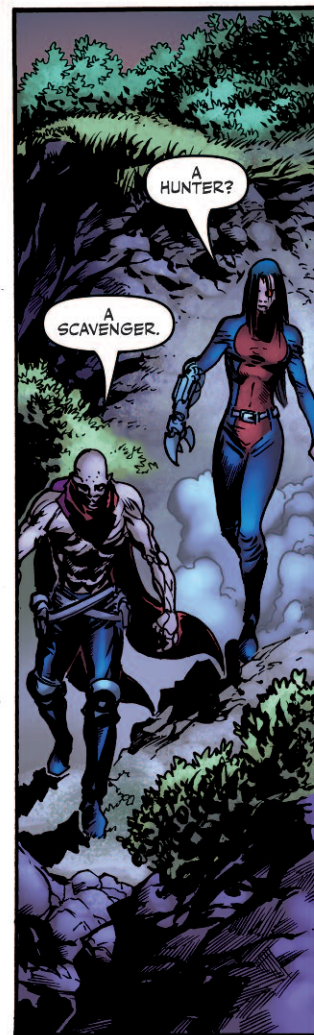


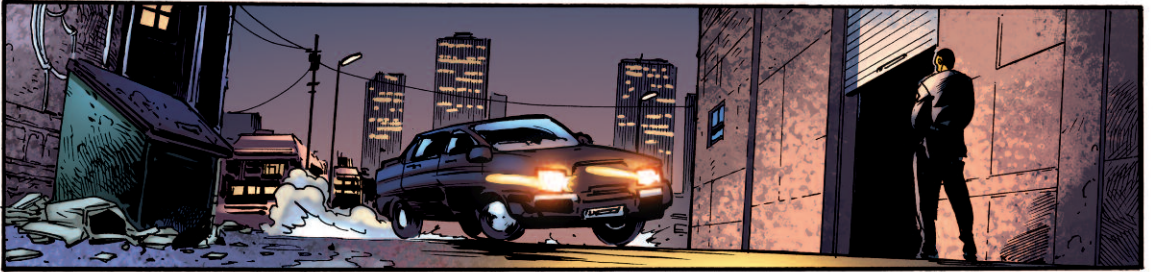


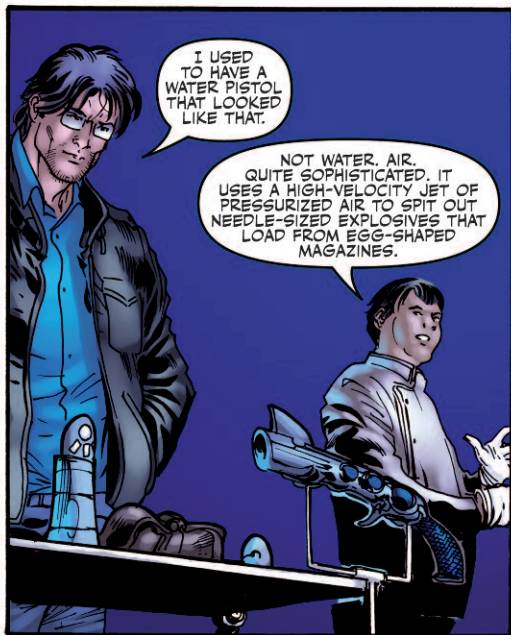












I USED TO HAVE A WATER PISTOL THAT LOOKED LIKE THAT.

NOT WATER. AIR. QUITE SOPHISTICATED. IT USES A HIGH-VELOCITY JET OF PRESSURIZED AIR TO SPIT OUT NEEDLE-SIZED EXPLOSIVES THAT LOAD FROM EGG-SHAPED MAGAZINES.

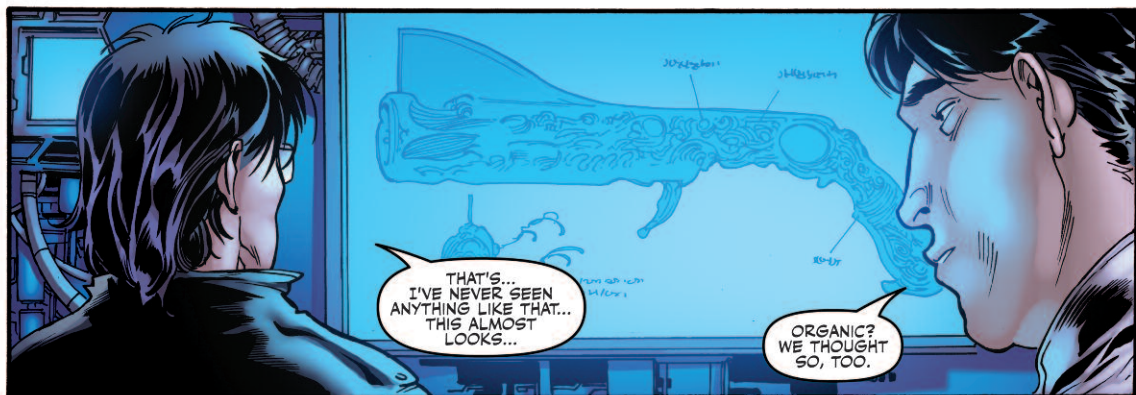


NOTICE THE AWKWARD GRIP ON THE GUN? THE GIRL HAS TO USE BOTH HANDS TO FIRE.

WE BELIEVE THE WEAPON WAS ENGINEERED FOR SOMEONE WITH BIGGER HANDS.

YOU'D NEED FINGERS LIKE A SQUID.

THE POLICE FOUND THREE OF THESE MAGAZINES IN HER POCKETS. EACH ONE HOLDS ONE HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR NEEDLES. TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.



THAT'S... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT... THIS ALMOST LOOKS...

ORGANIC? WE THOUGHT SO, TOO.



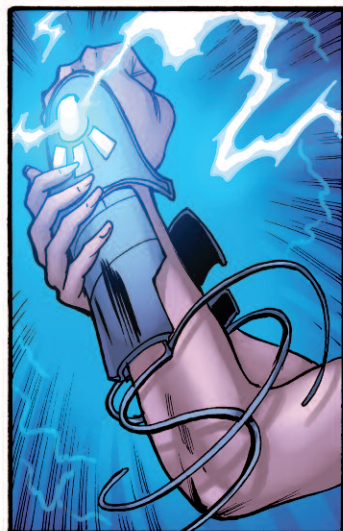
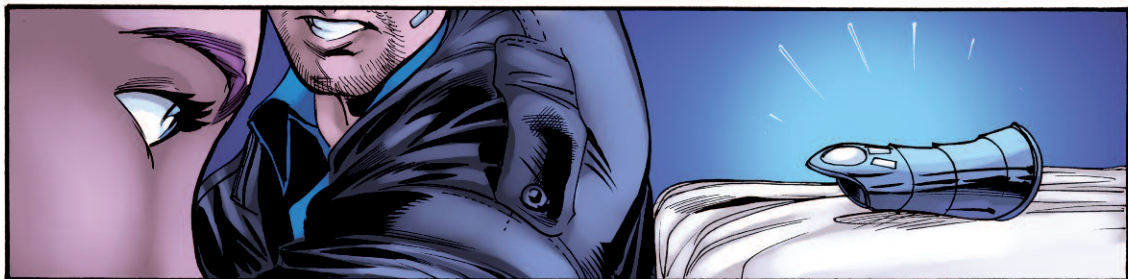
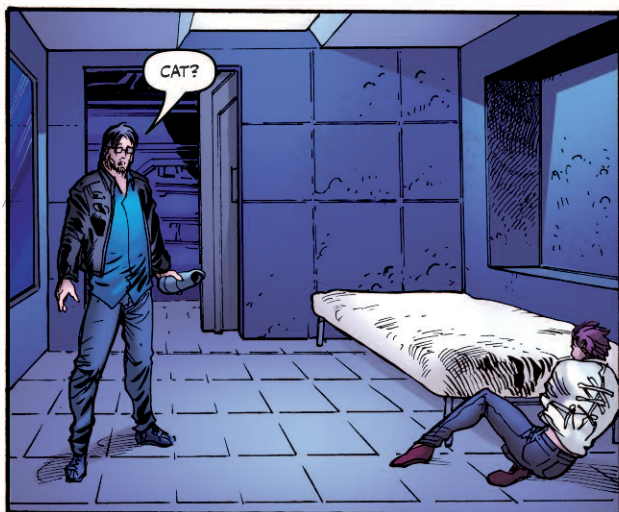
THE SHELL IS MORE LIKE HORN THAN METAL, BUT WITH A TENSILE STRENGTH GREATER THAN STEEL.

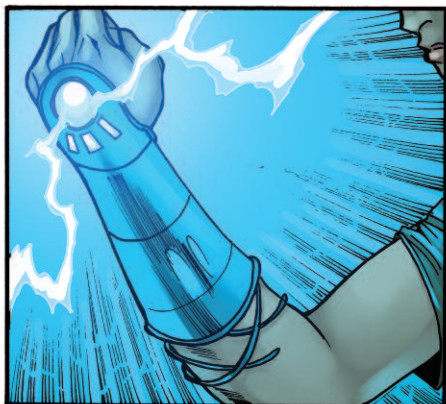
YOU COULD CALL IT MICROCIRCUITRY, BUT ONCE AGAIN IT HAS CERTAIN ORGANIC CHARACTERISTICS. AT FIVE-THIRTEEN THIS MORNING THESE INSETS EMITTED AN INTENSE YELLOW LIGHT FOR ABOUT NINE SECONDS. WE DON'T KNOW WHY.



WELL, I DIDN'T DO IT. LOOK, GUYS, THE SHOW-AND-TELL HAS BEEN FASCINATING, IF SLIGHTLY SURREAL, BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME.

I'LL MAKE IT REAL SIMPLE FOR YOU. WE DIDN'T MAKE THESE. WE WANT TO KNOW WHO DID. YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT.

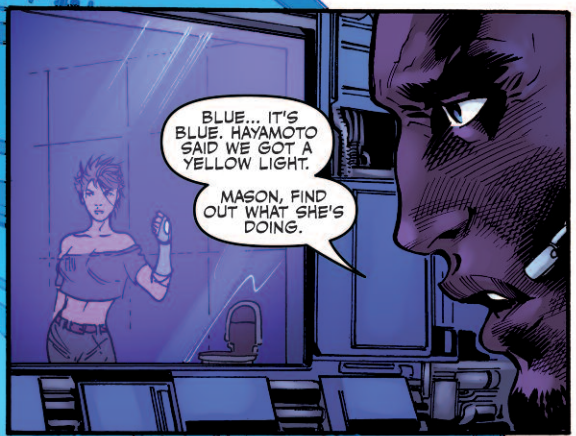






CAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THAT WAY.



BLUE... IT'S BLUE. HAYAMOTO SAID WE GOT A YELLOW LIGHT.

MASON, FIND OUT WHAT SHE'S DOING.



CAT, WHAT ARE YOU POINTING AT?

DOOR.



CAT, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT? AND THE WEAPON, THE AIR GUN?



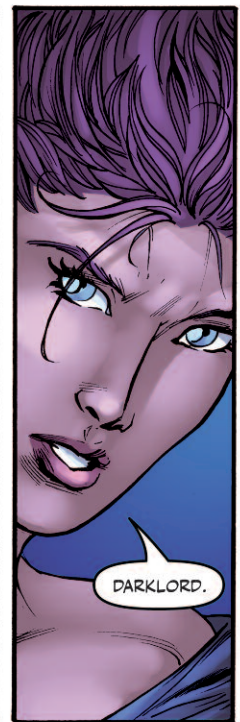
YOU KNOW... PHUT BOOM!



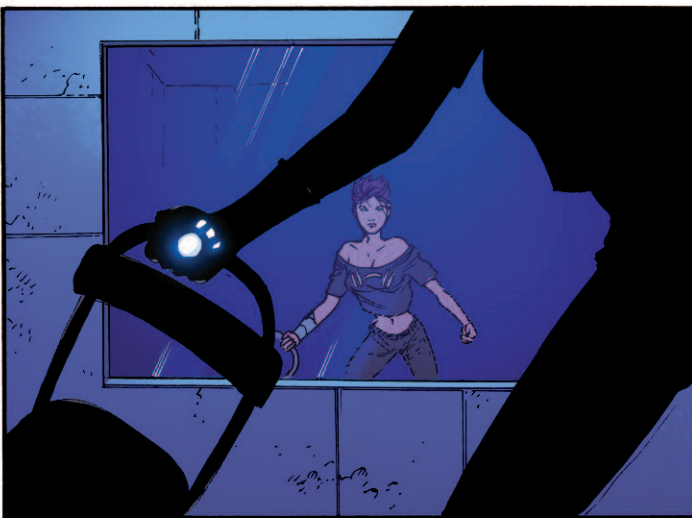
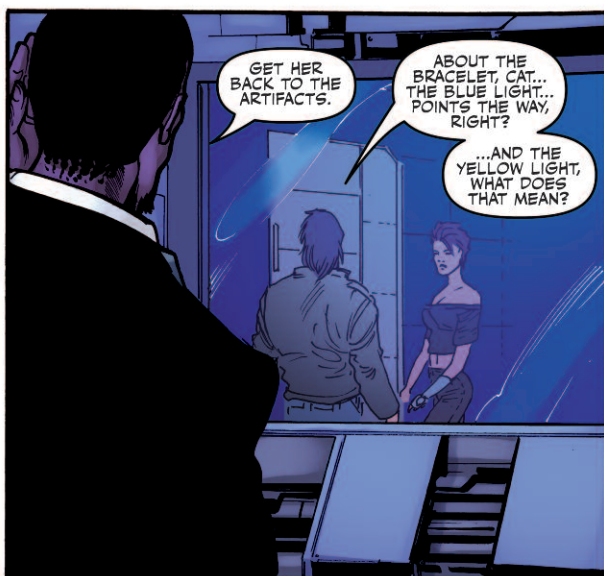
PHUT BOOM?

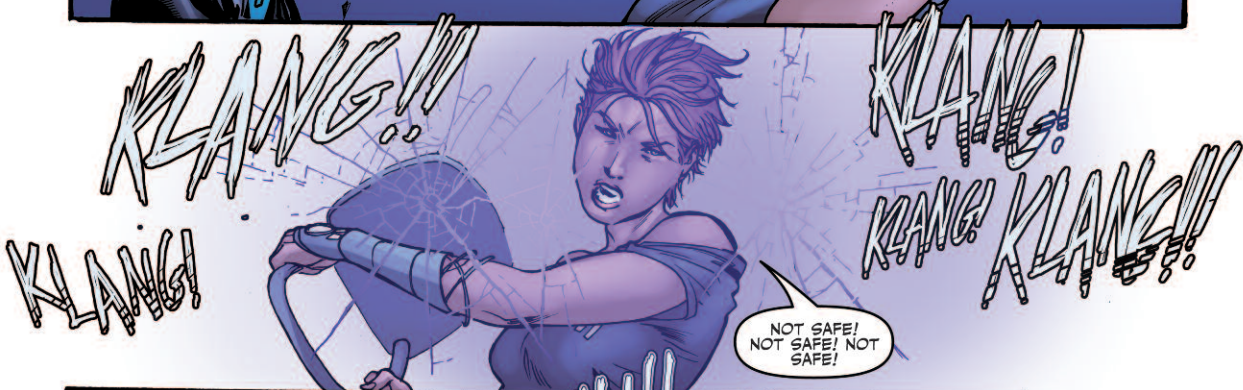
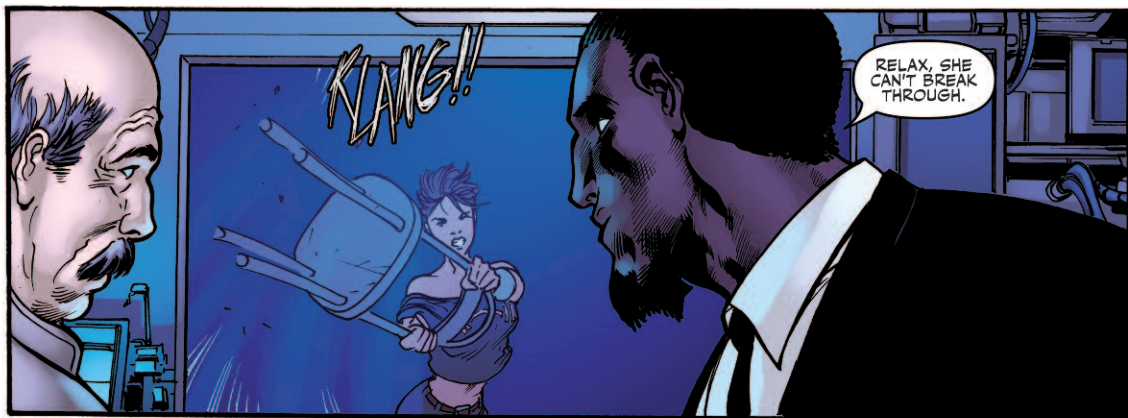
HAND CANNON, TOE MAS, NOT-FOR-MEN, HAND CANNON. NEEDING, TAKING IT, STEALING IT. GOOD FOR KILLING.

KILLING? CAT, WHO DID YOU KILL?

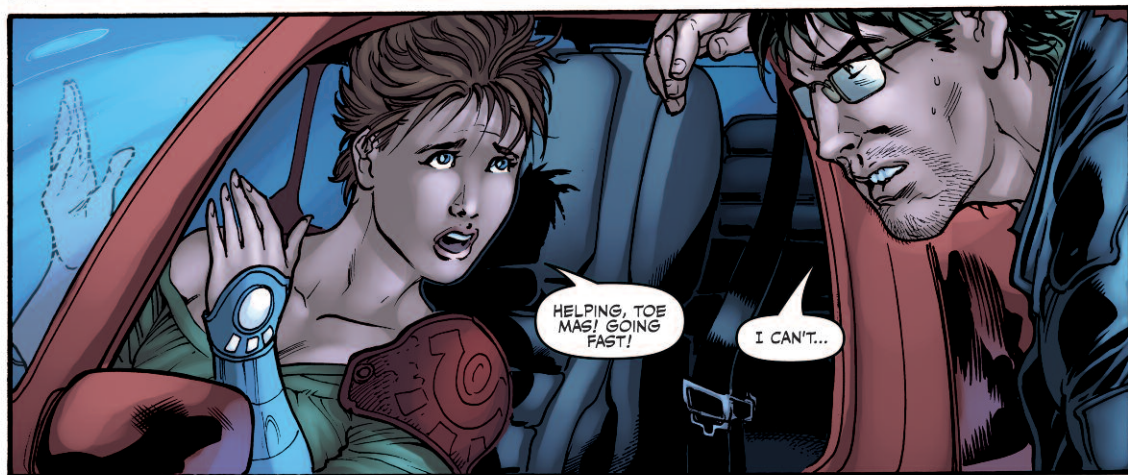
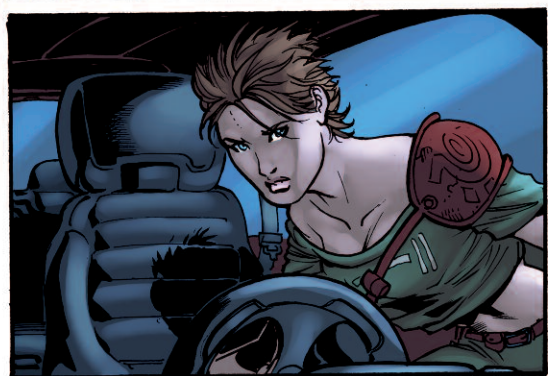


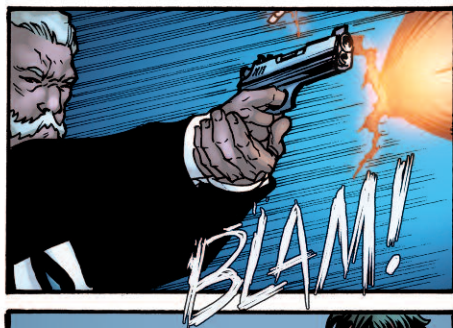
DARKLORD.

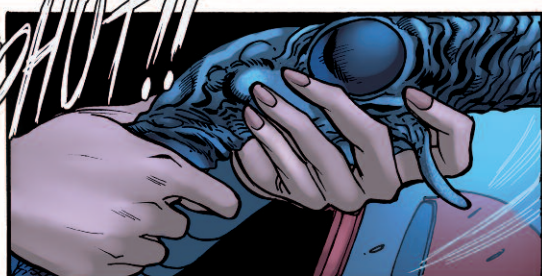
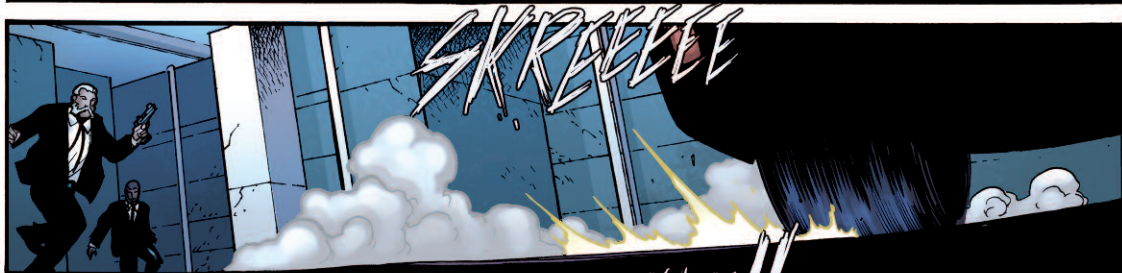


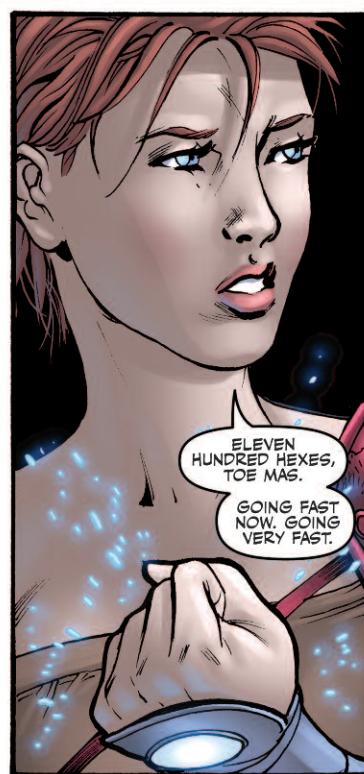
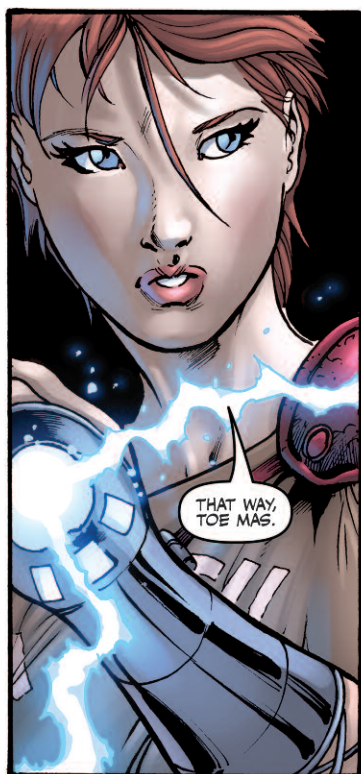
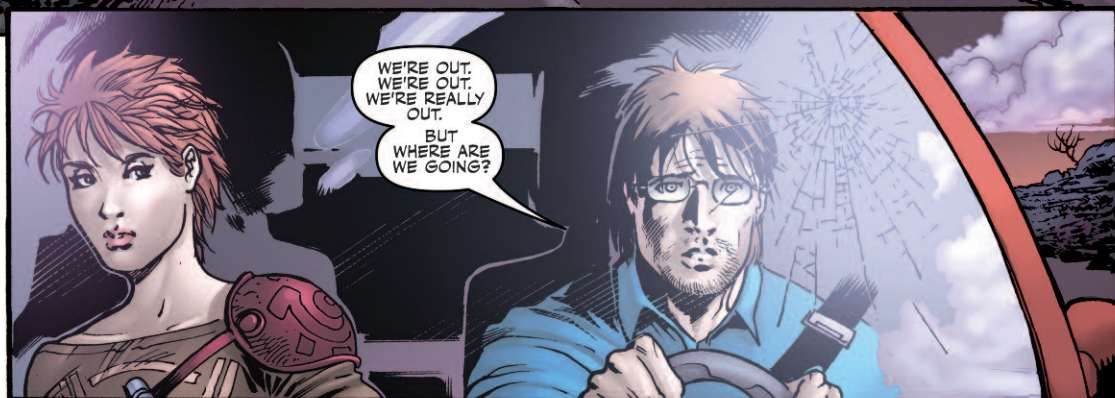
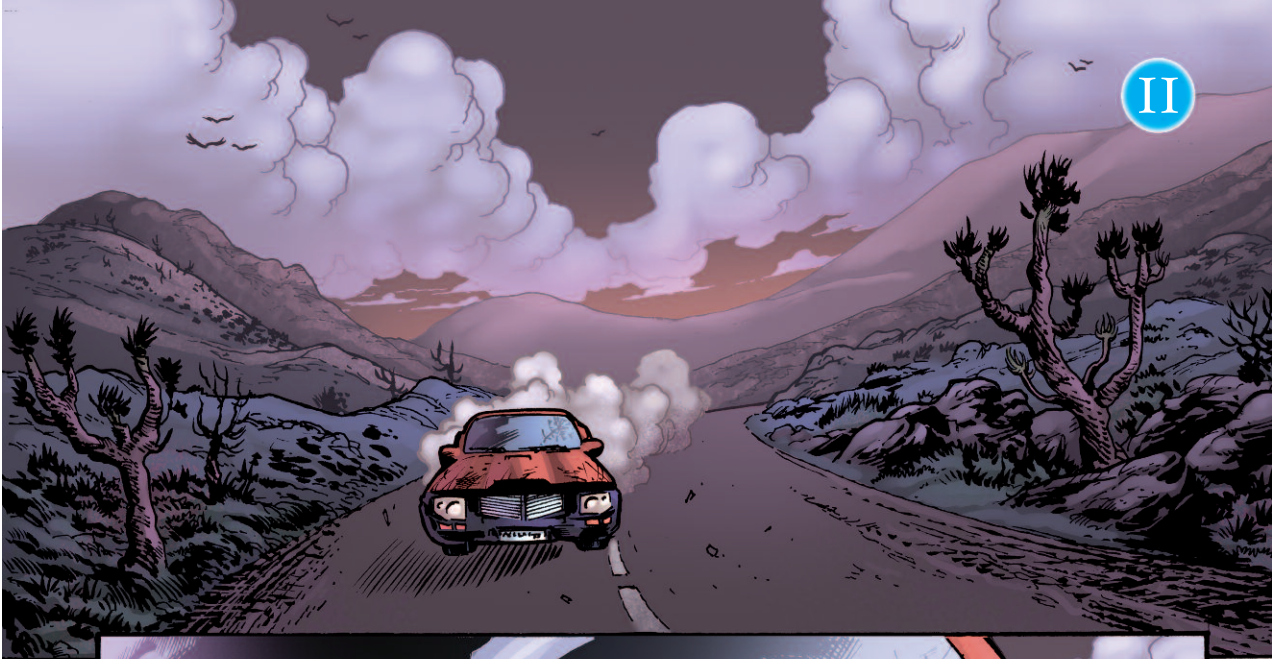


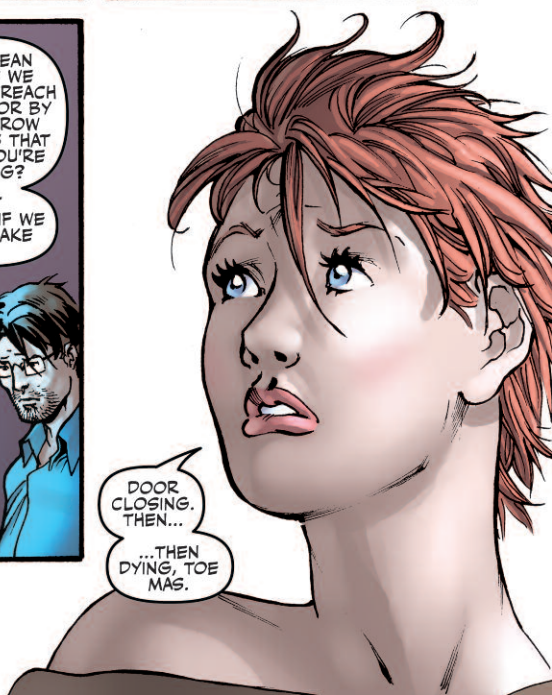
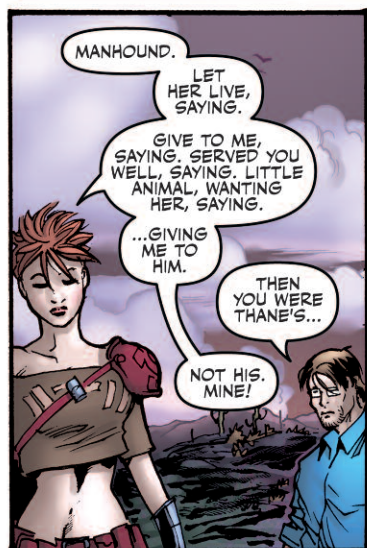
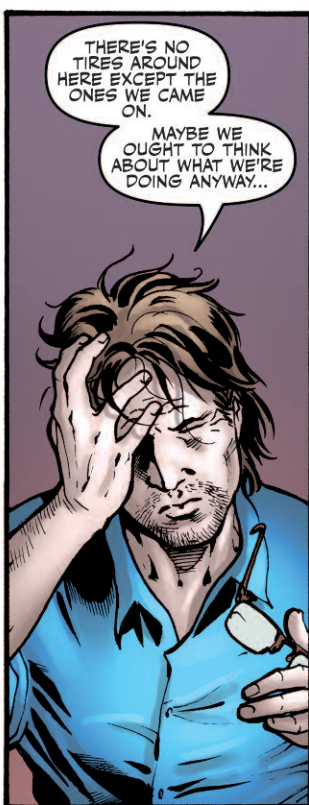
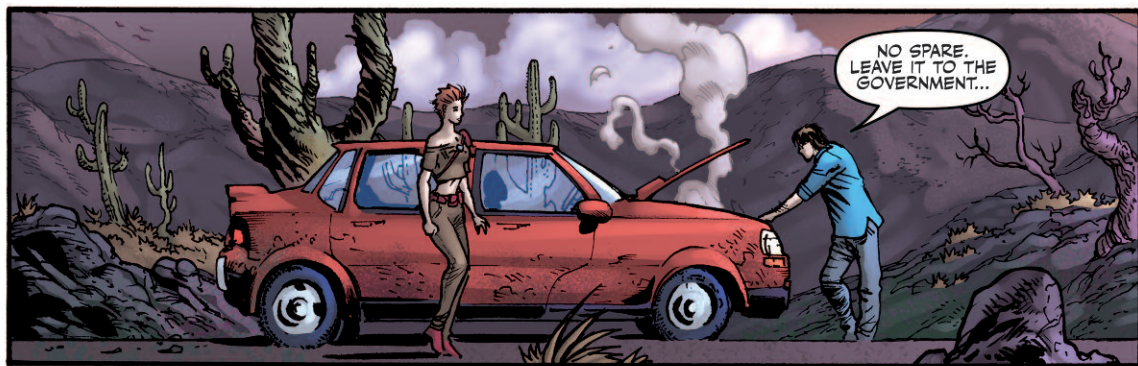


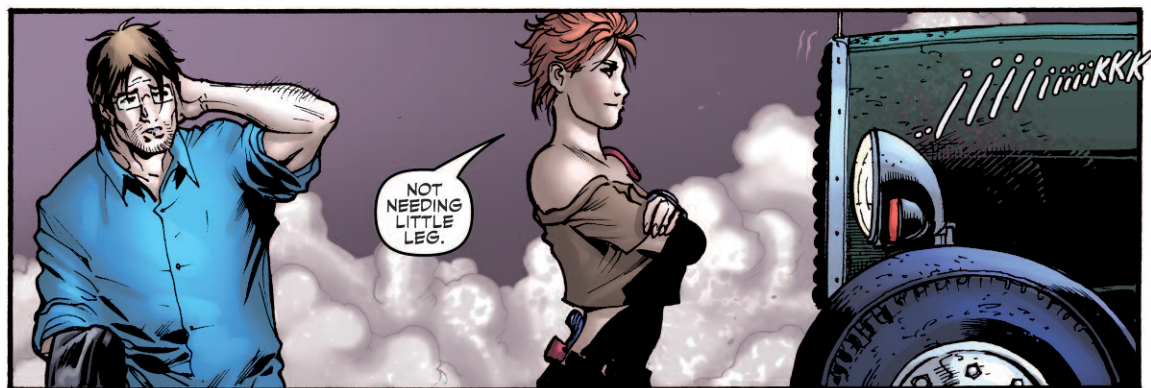
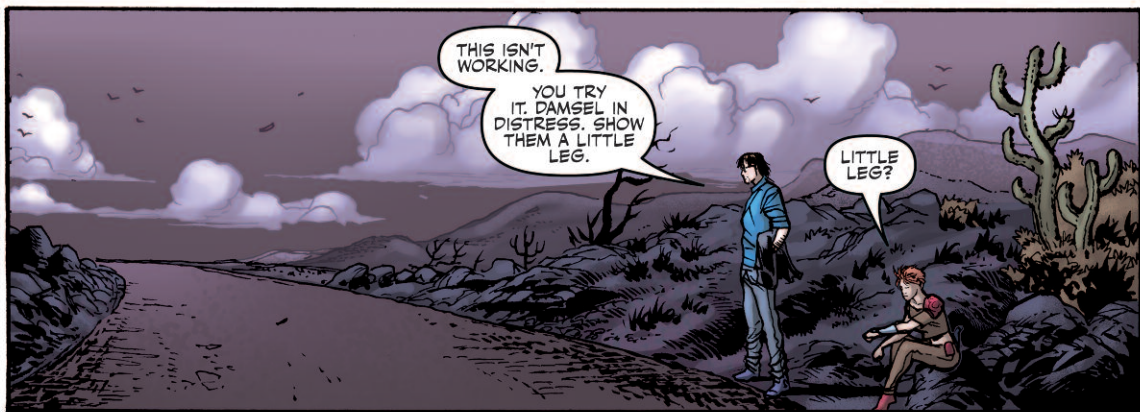


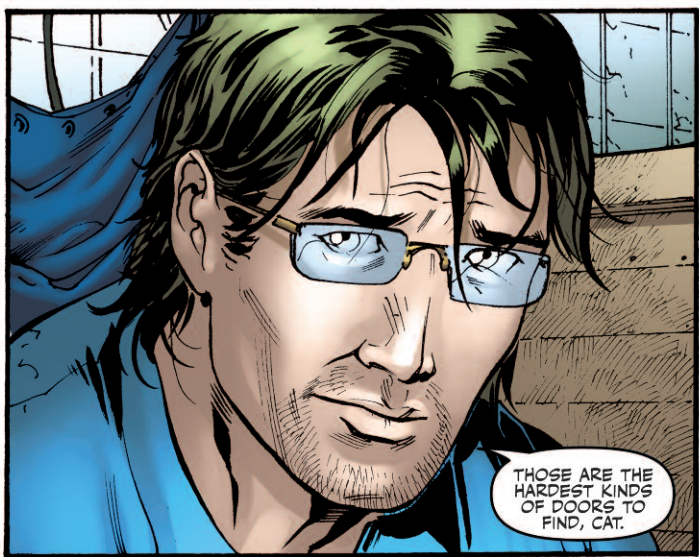
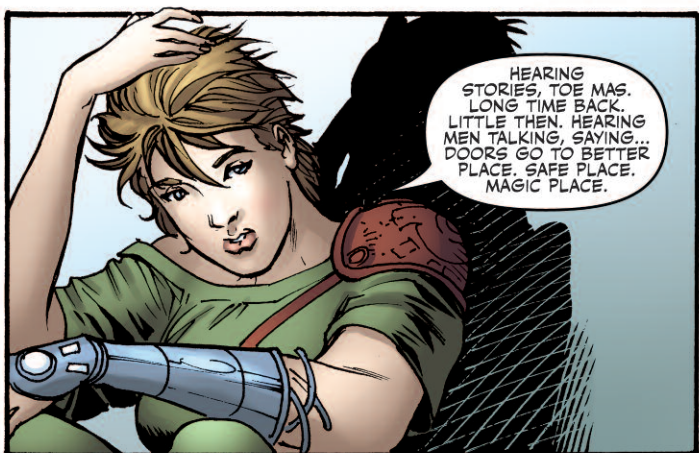
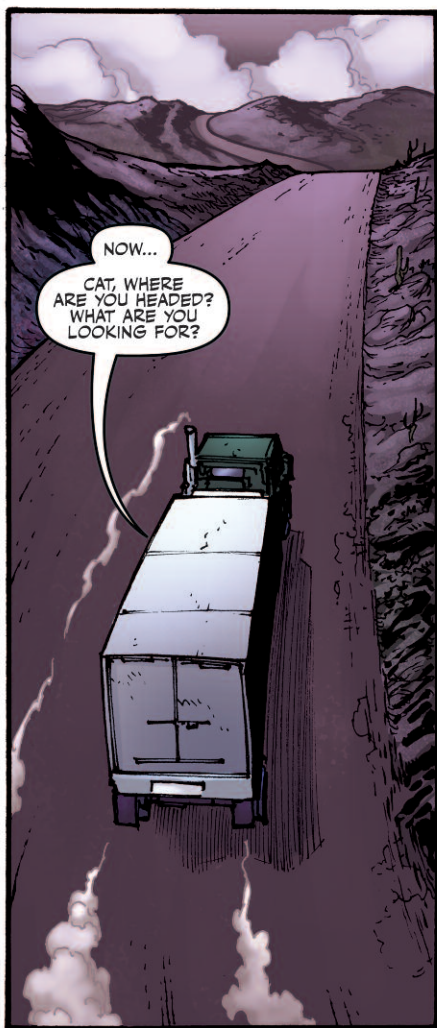
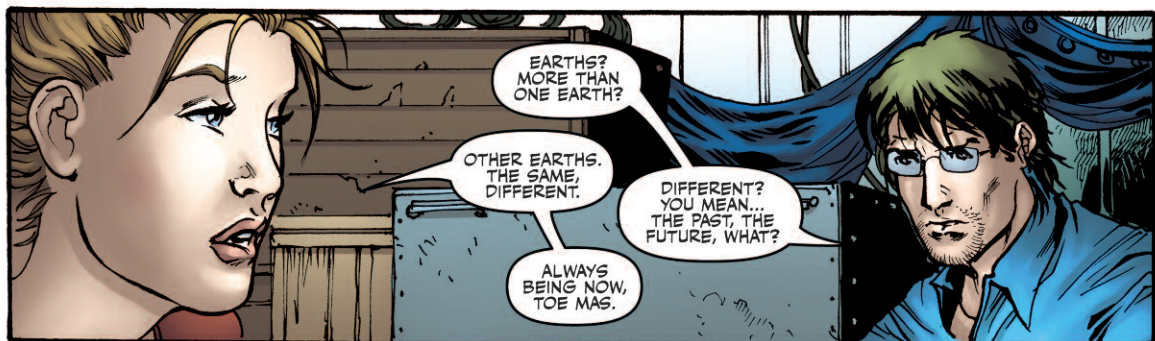


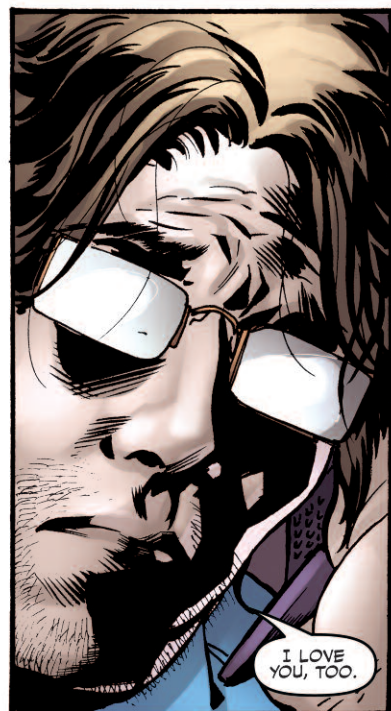










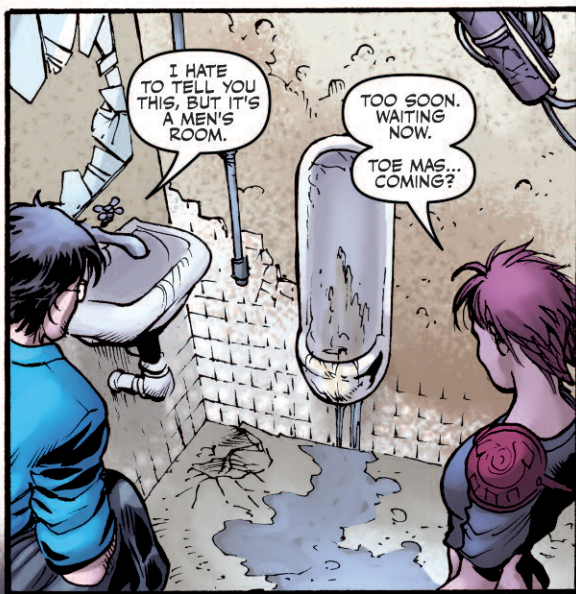




WE MUST
BE CLOSE.



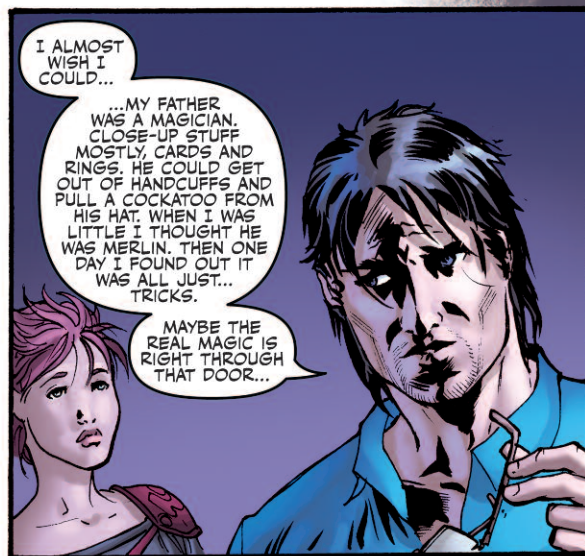
THERE.



I HATE
TO TELL YOU
THIS, BUT IT'S
A MEN'S ROOM.

TOO SOON.
WAITING
NOW.

TOE MAS...
COMING?



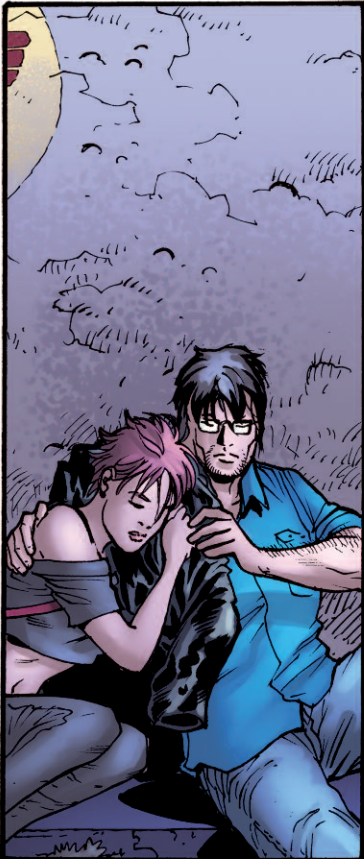
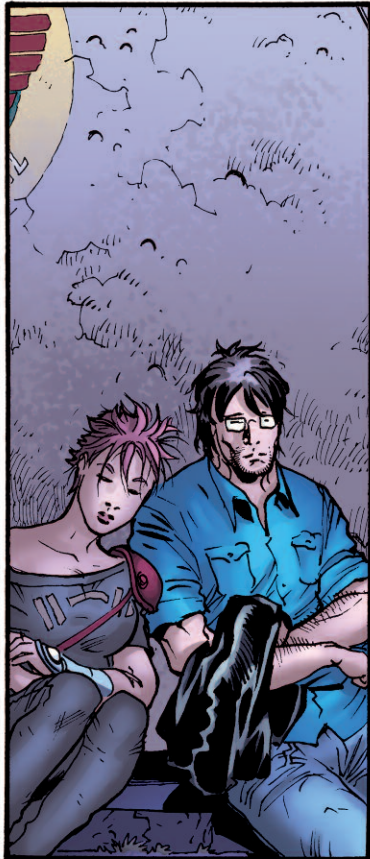
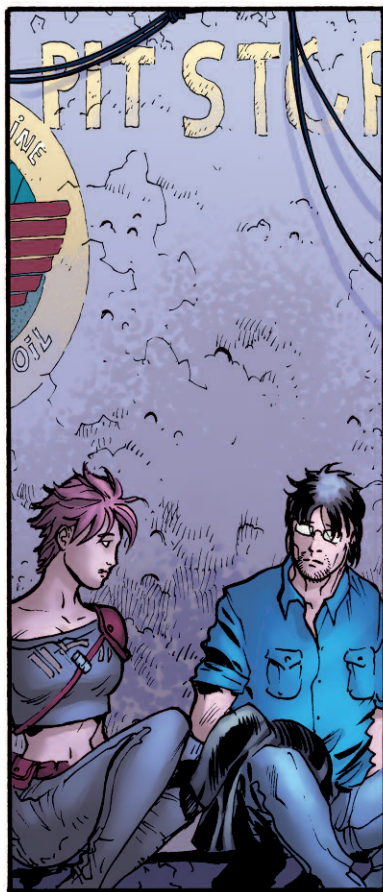
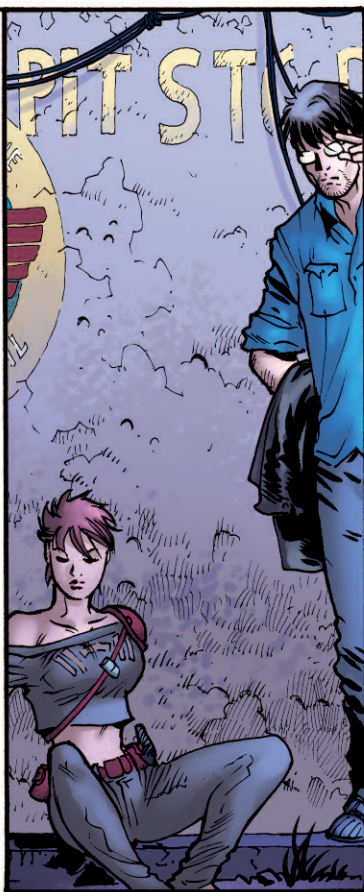
I ALMOST
WISH I
COULD...

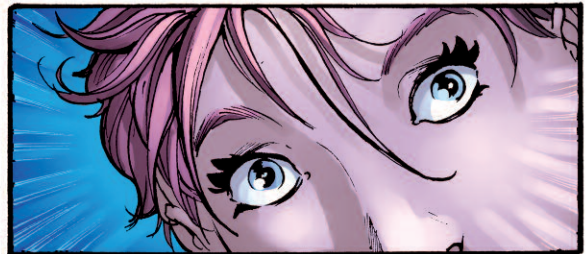
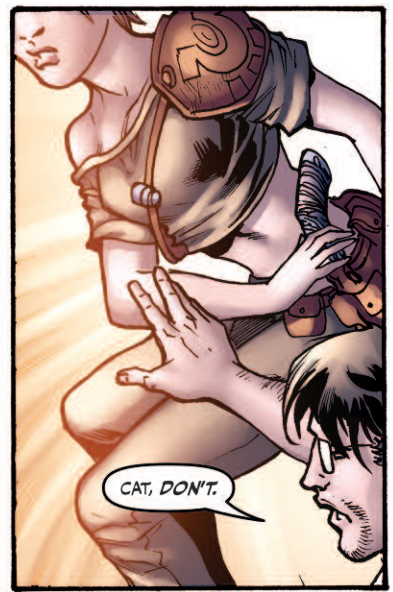
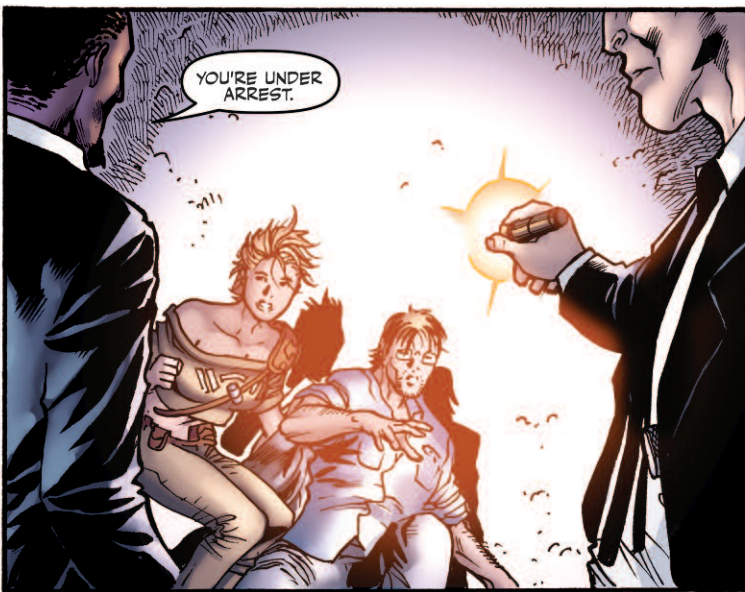
...MY FATHER
WAS A MAGICIAN.
CLOSE-UP STUFF
MOSTLY, CARDS AND
RINGS. HE COULD GET
OUT OF HANDCUFFS AND
PULL A COCKATOO FROM
HIS HAT. WHEN I WAS
LITTLE I THOUGHT HE
WAS MERLIN. THEN ONE
DAY I FOUND OUT IT
WAS ALL JUST...
TRICKS.

MAYBE THE
REAL MAGIC IS
RIGHT THROUGH
THAT DOOR...



...BUT IT'S
TOO LATE, CAT.
I'M ALL GROWN
UP NOW. I HAVE
A GIRLFRIEND, A
CAREER... I HAVE
STUDENT LOANS TO
REPAY, AND I DON'T
BELIEVE IN FAIRIES
ANYMORE. THIS
IS AS FAR AS
I GO.



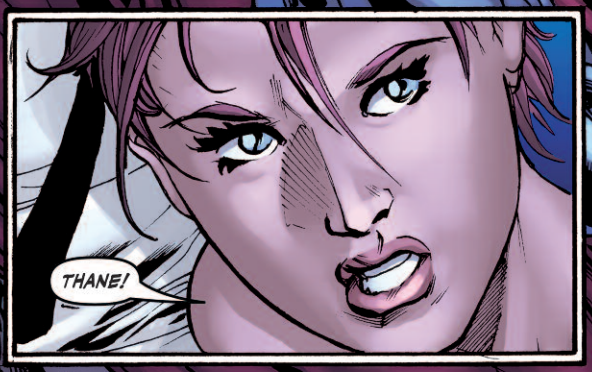




GIVE ME
THE FEMALE
AND I WILL
NOT HARM
YOU.

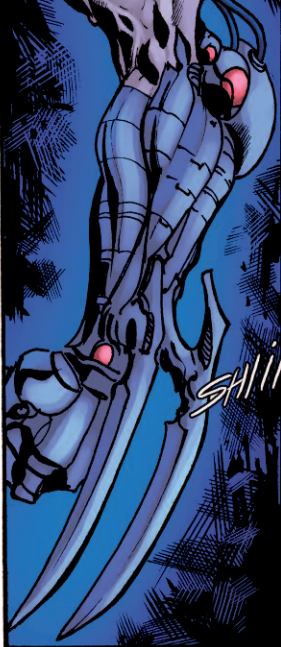


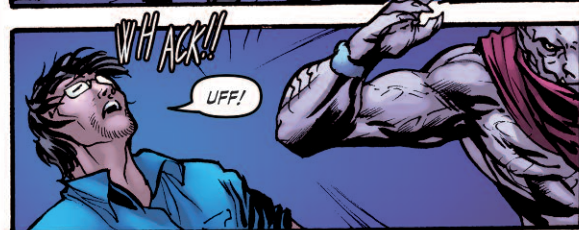
THE GIRL IS A
FEDERAL PRISONER.
WHO THE HELL
ARE YOU?



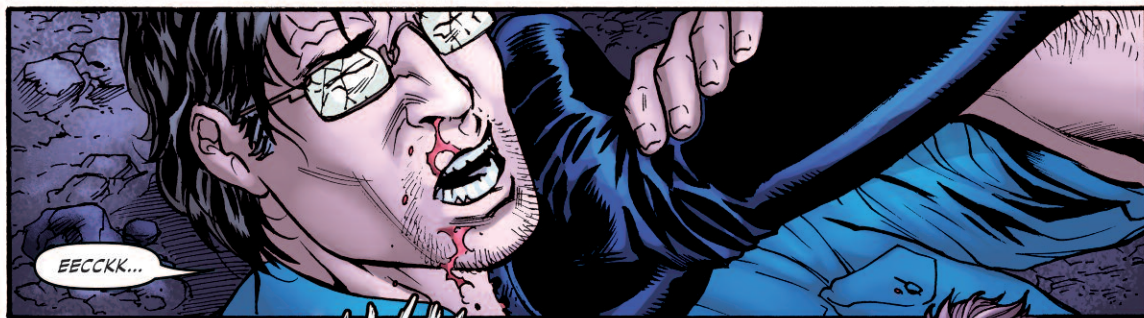
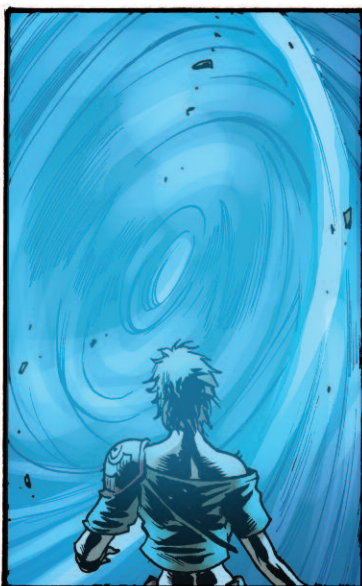
THANE!

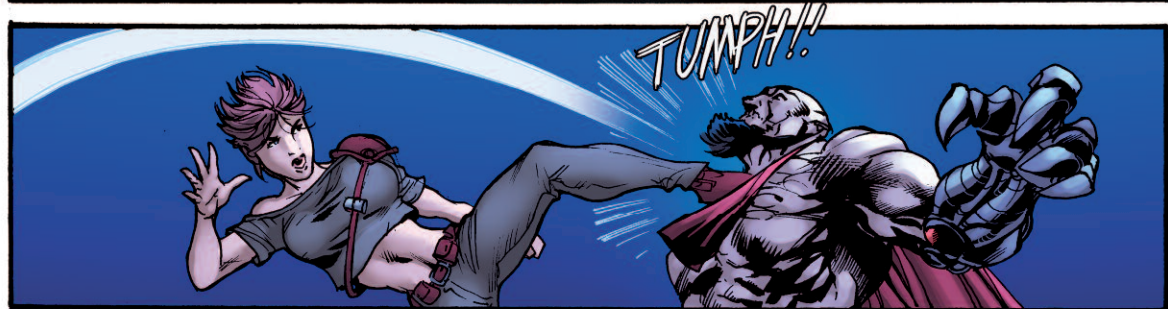
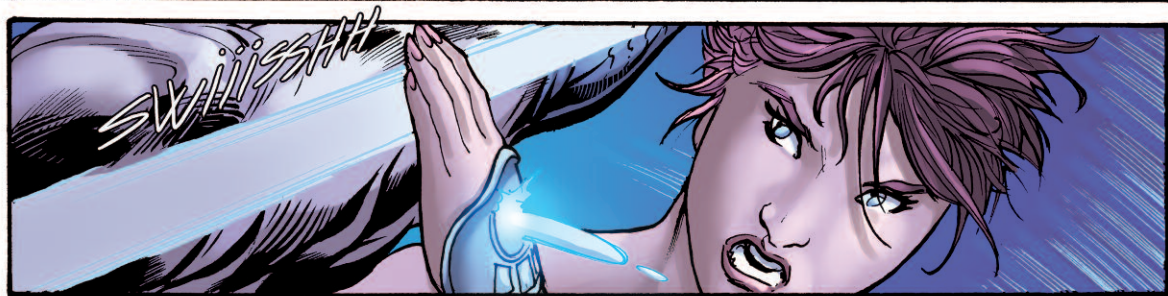
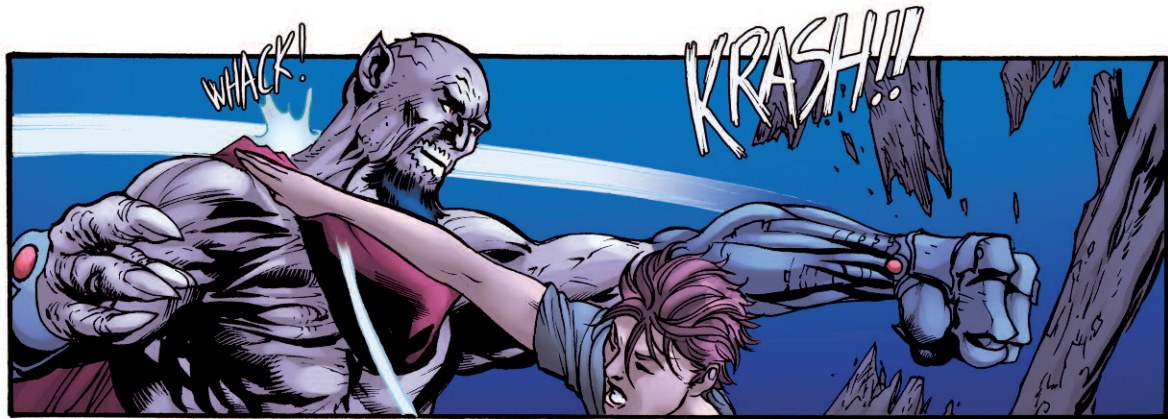


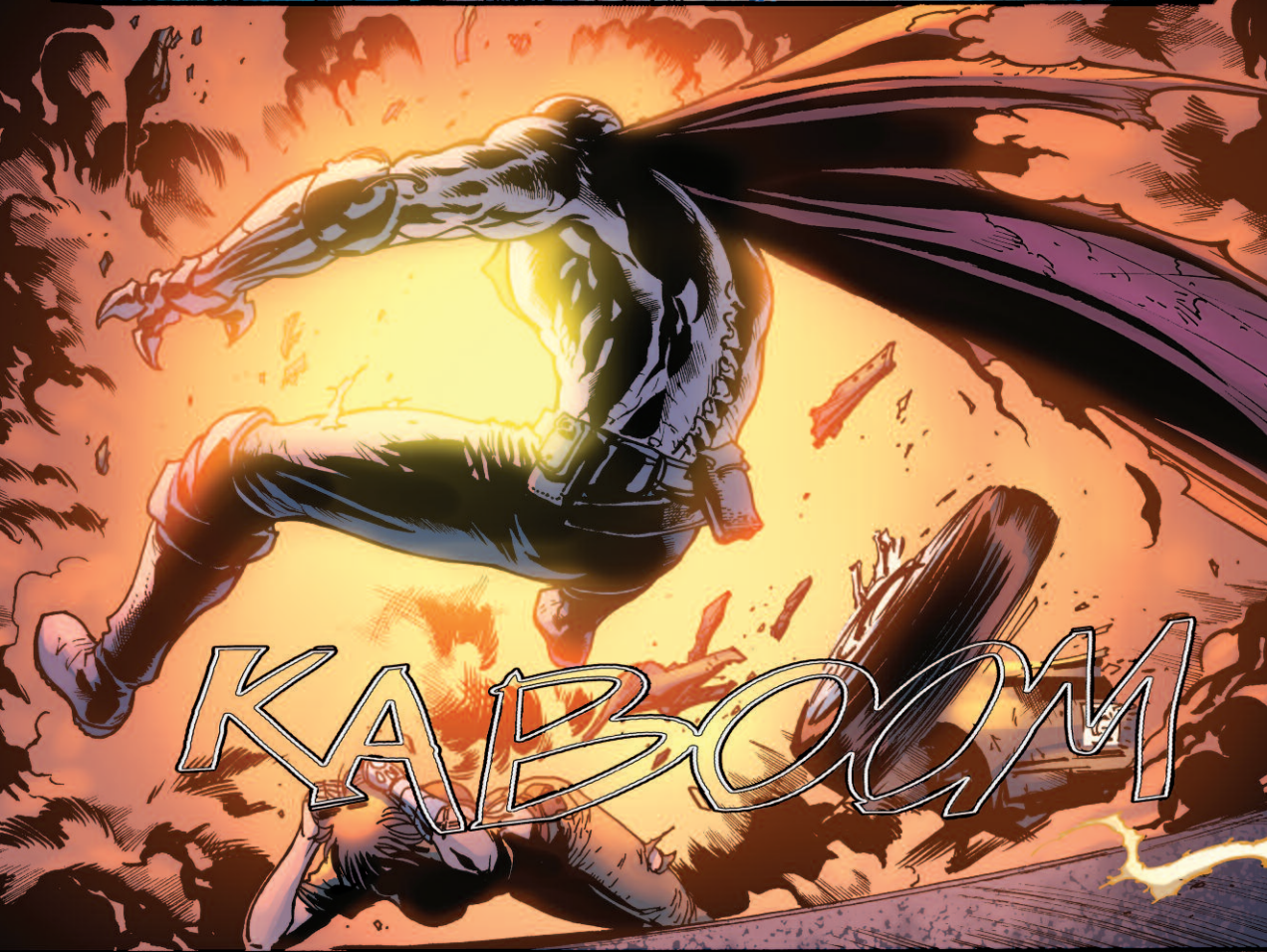
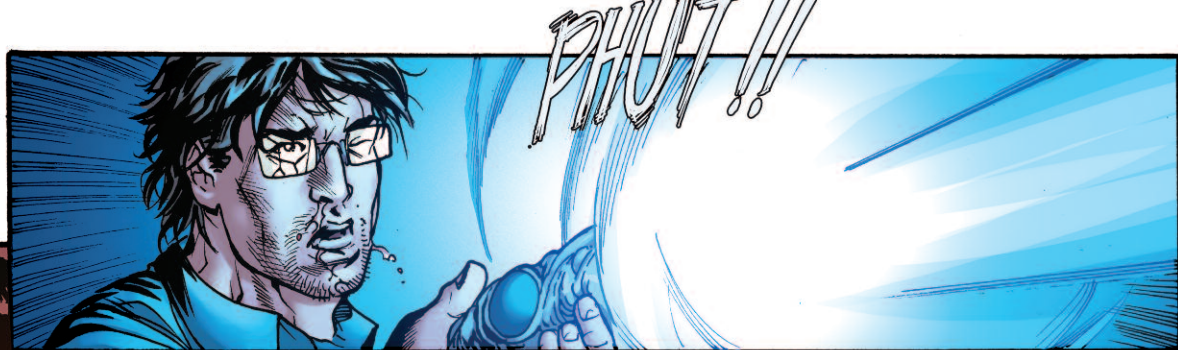




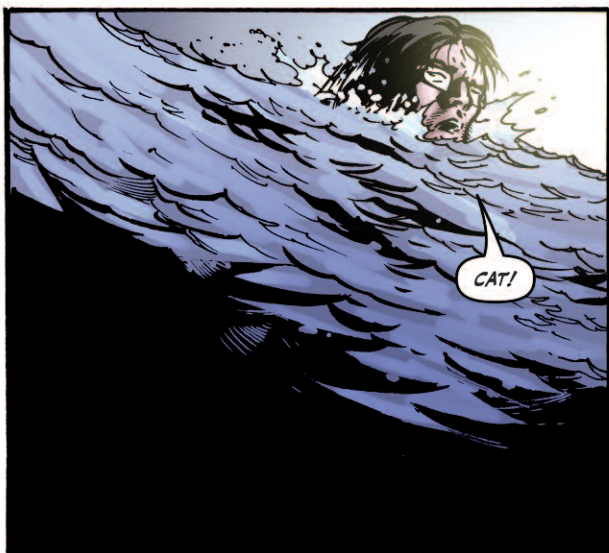
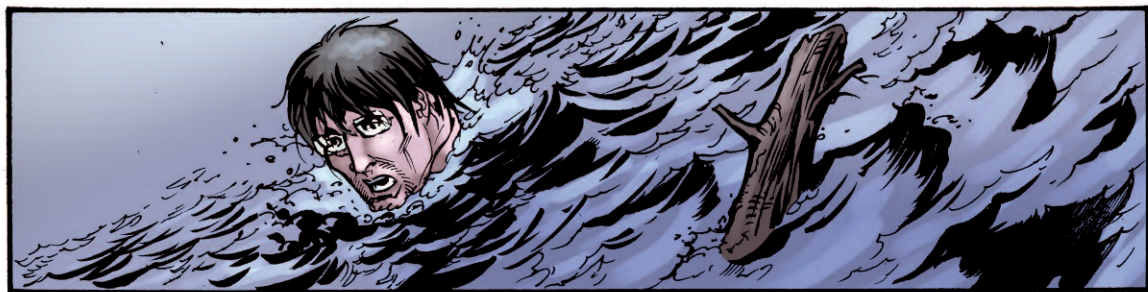
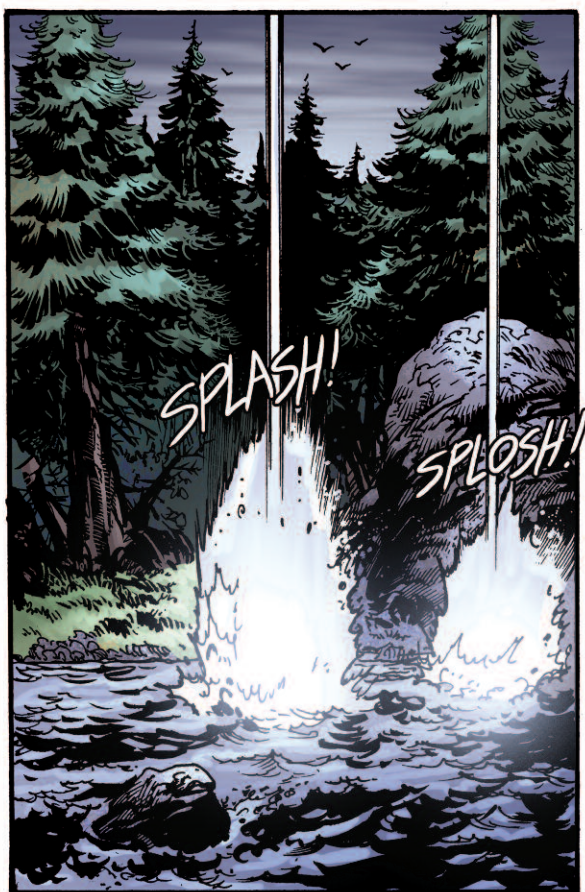


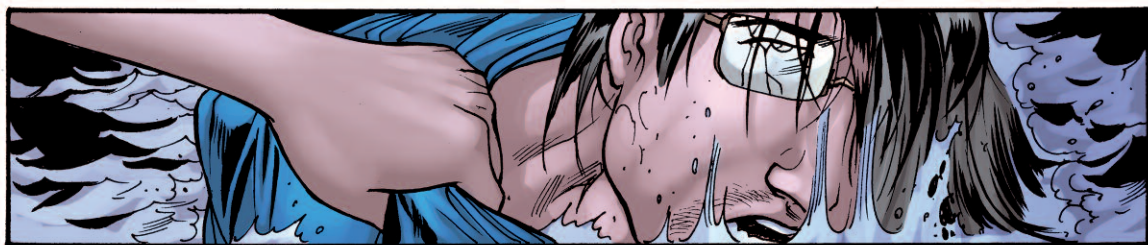


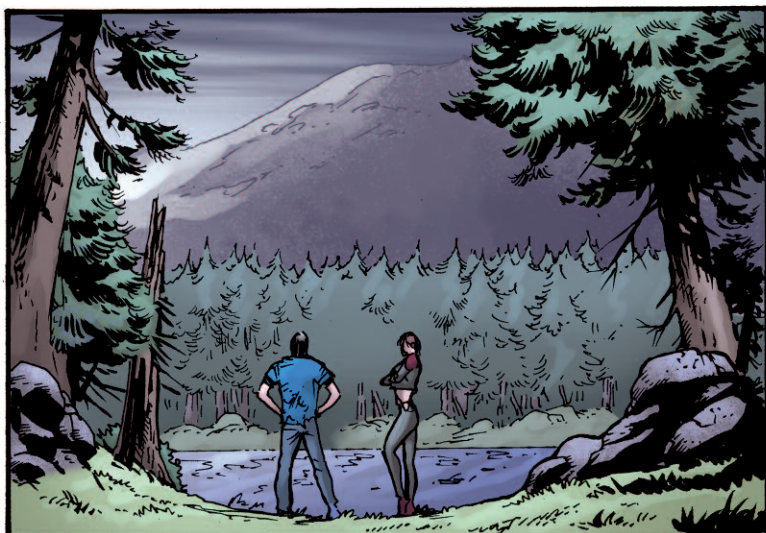




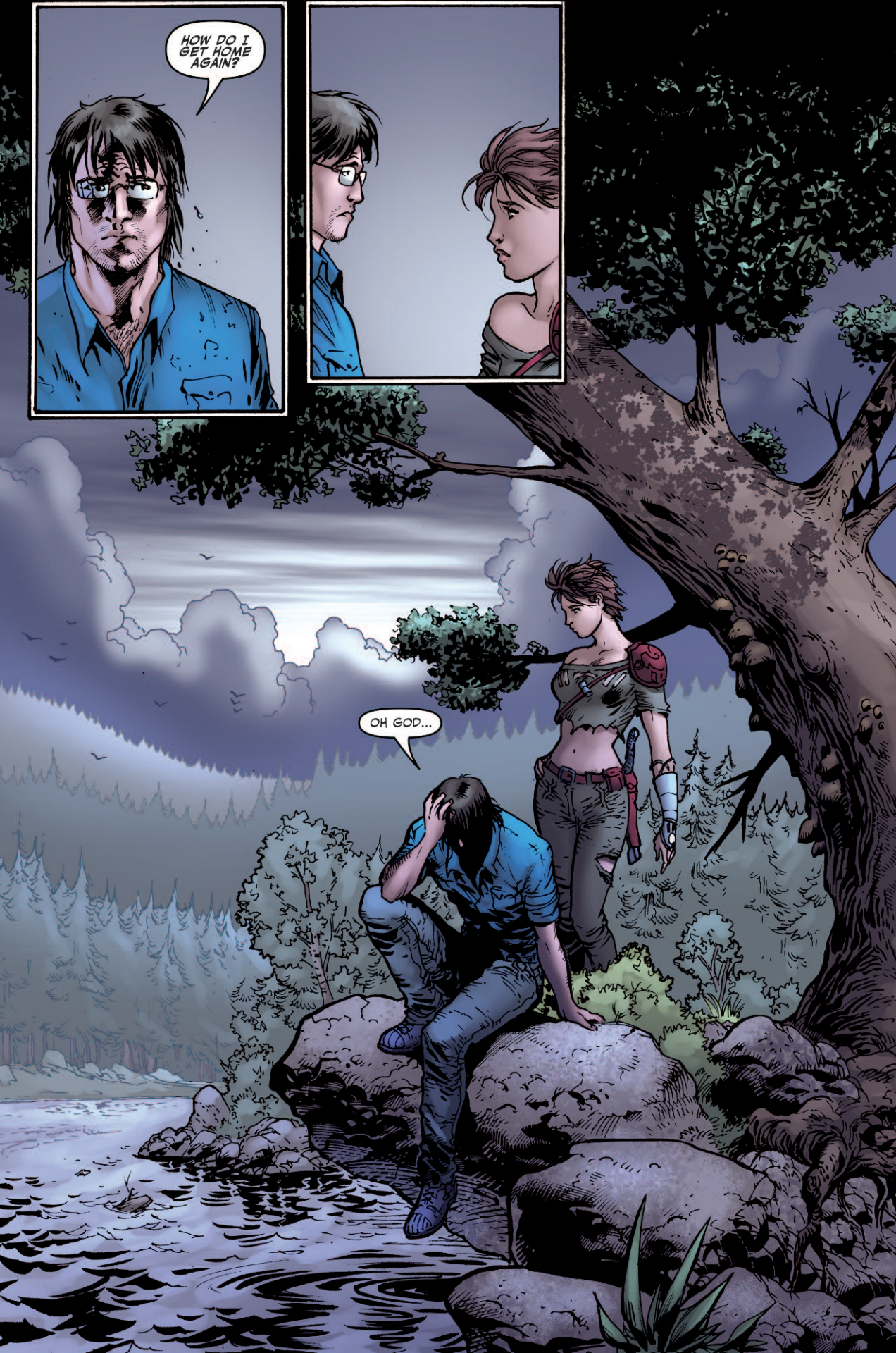
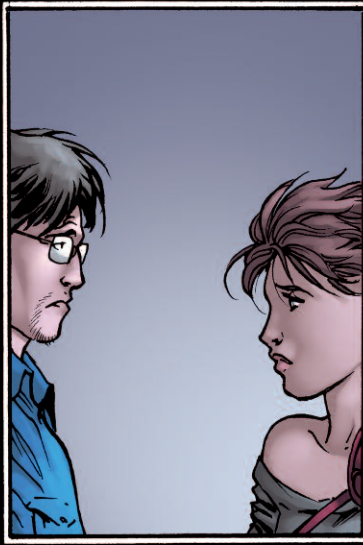


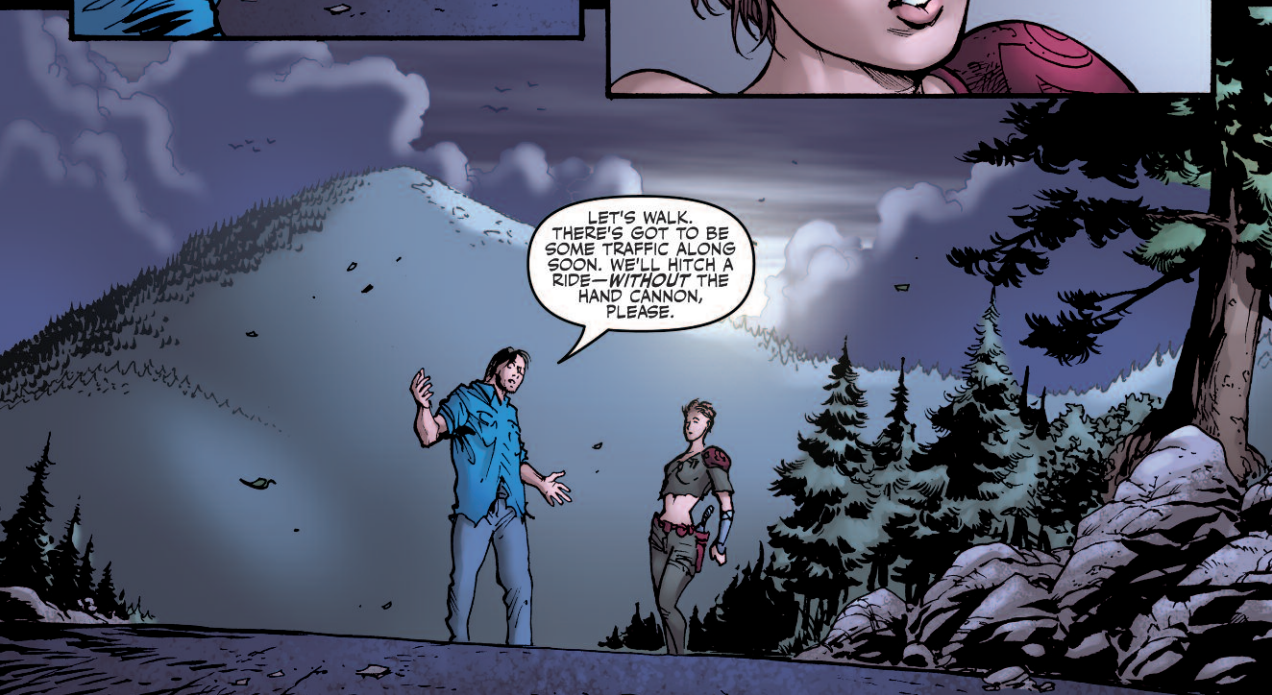
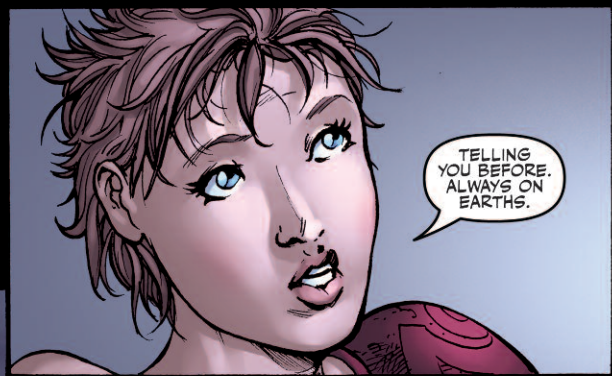
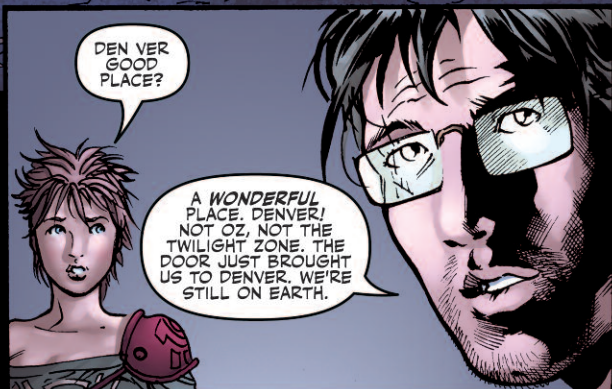


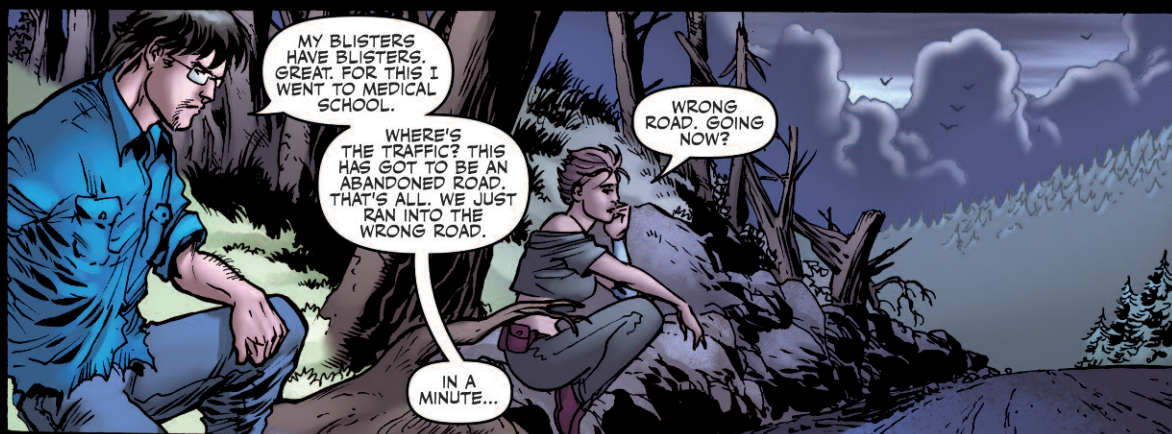




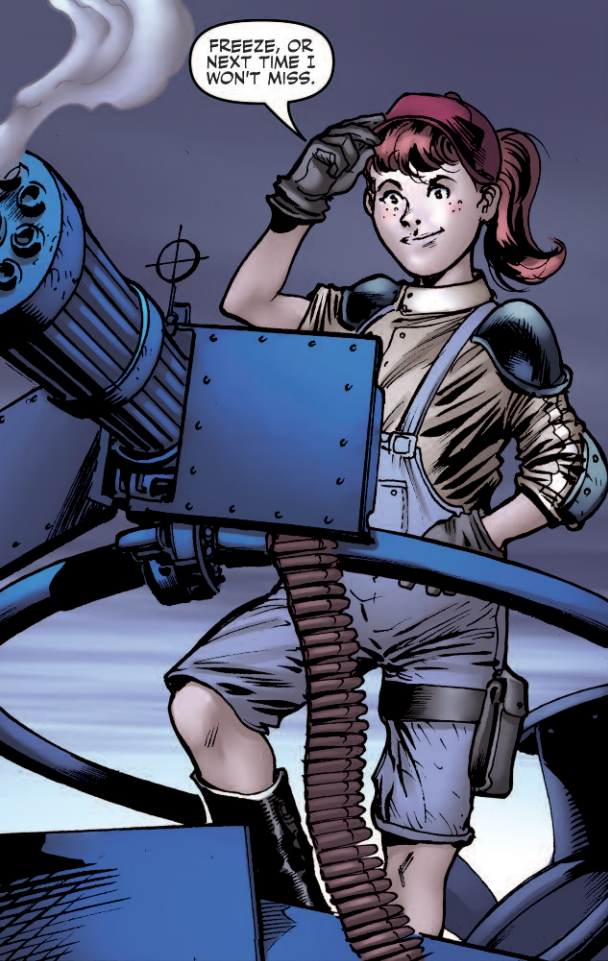




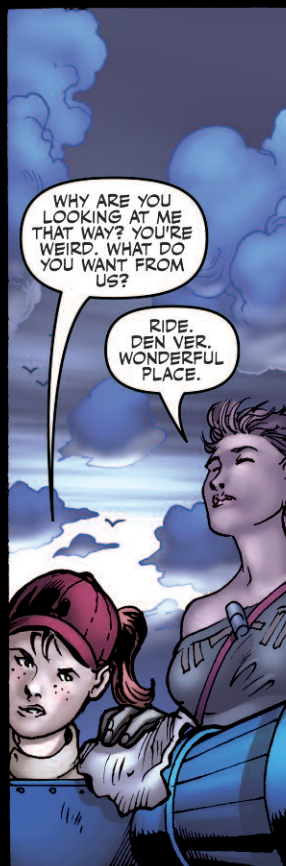
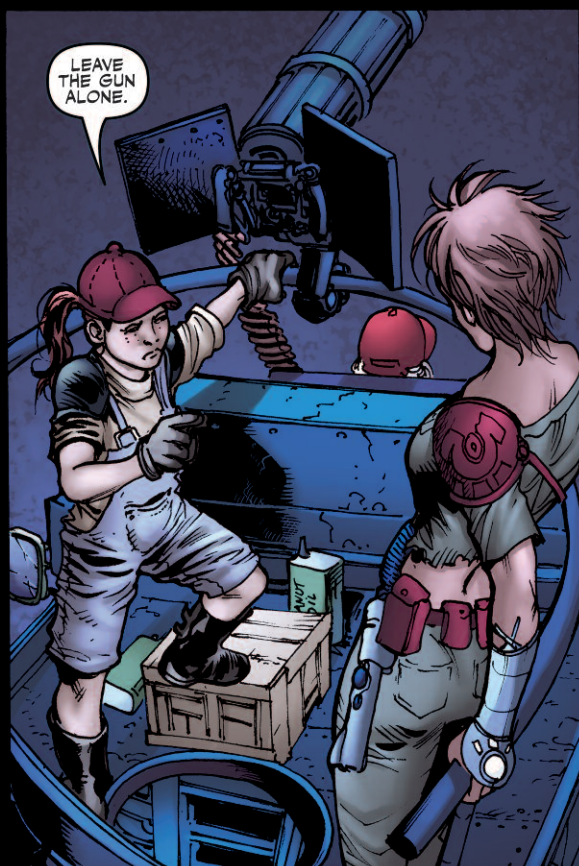


















...TRUTH IS, I NEVER REALLY LIKED TO FLY. THEM DAMN AIRLINES TREATED YOU LIKE CATTLE... AND THOSE ITTY-BITTY SEATS... GIVE ME THE ROAD ANY TIME. SEE THE COUNTRY, MEET THE PEOPLE...

HOW'D IT GO?

NOT GREAT.



WELL, CISSY'S GOT A SUSPICIOUS NATURE. THE KIND OF FATHER SHE HAD, I DON'T BLAME HER.

JAKE... YOU'RE GOING TO THINK I'M CRAZY, BUT... I'VE GOT TO ASK... THE HORSES, THE PEANUT OIL... YOU SAID THE WORLD RAN OUT OF GAS...

HOW? WHEN? WHAT HAPPENED?

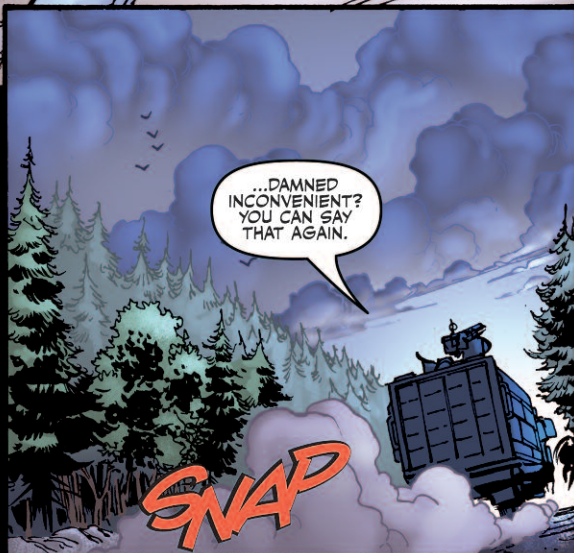


OKAY, I'LL PLAY. THE BUG HAPPENED. WHEN THEY HAD THE BIG OIL SPILL OFF AUSTRALIA, REMEMBER? THEY MADE THE BUG TO CLEAN IT UP. ONE OF THEM GENE MICROBE THINGS. ATE OIL.

ONLY IT TURNED OUT TO BE A LITTLE HUNGRIER THAN THEY FIGURED. ATE ALL THE DAMN OIL IN THE WORLD. AND THE GAS AND PLASTICS AND THE RESINS AND EVERY DAMN THING YOU CAN IMAGINE.

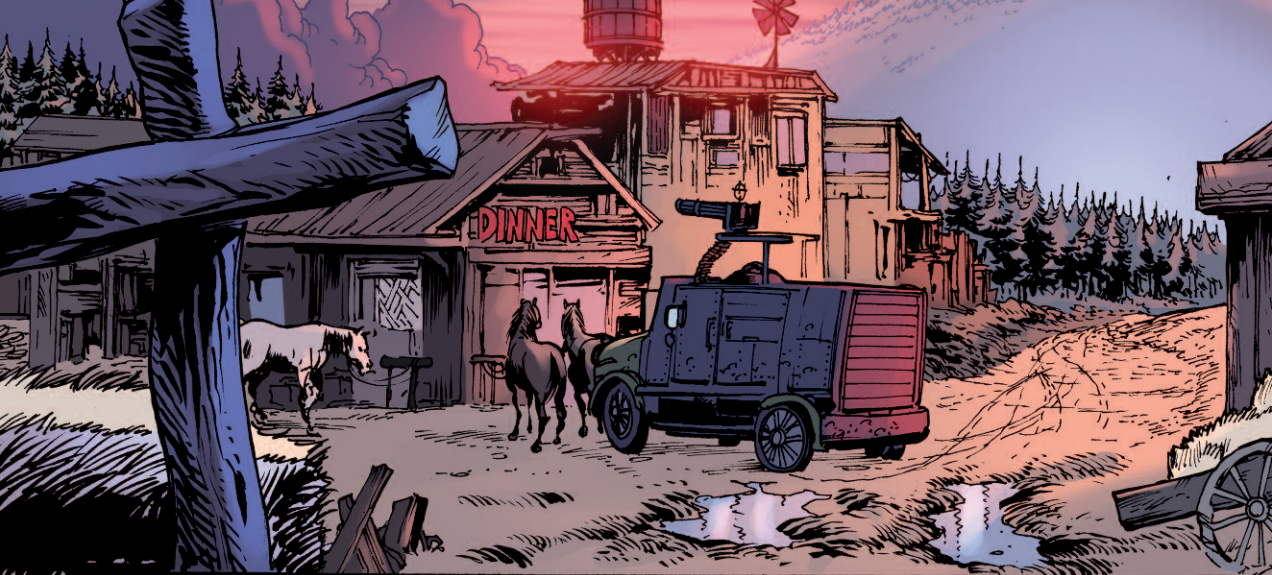


THAT MUST HAVE BEEN...



...DAMNED INCONVENIENT? YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.

SNAP





TRAGER?



YOU TWO
KNOW EACH
OTHER?

NO.
YES.



I DON'T KNOW
ANY TRAGER. YOU'RE
MIXING ME UP WITH
SOMEONE ELSE.

WELL, WHOEVER
YOU ARE, LET'S HAVE
A PITCHER OF BEER,
AND SOME MILK FOR MY
GRANDDAUGHTER.



CAT, YOU
WANTED ME TO
SHOW YOU WHERE
THE RESTROOMS
WERE...

NOT
NEEDING
REST.

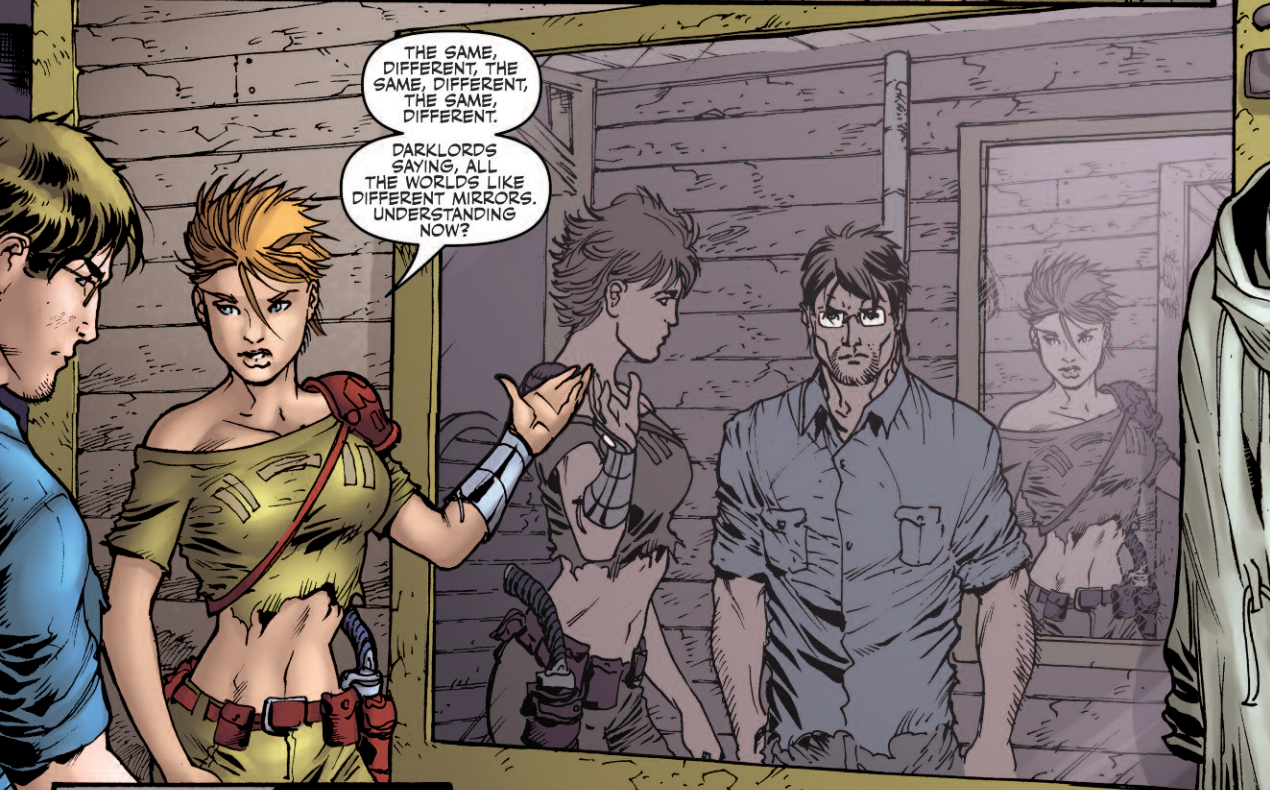
YES, YOU
DO. COME
ON.

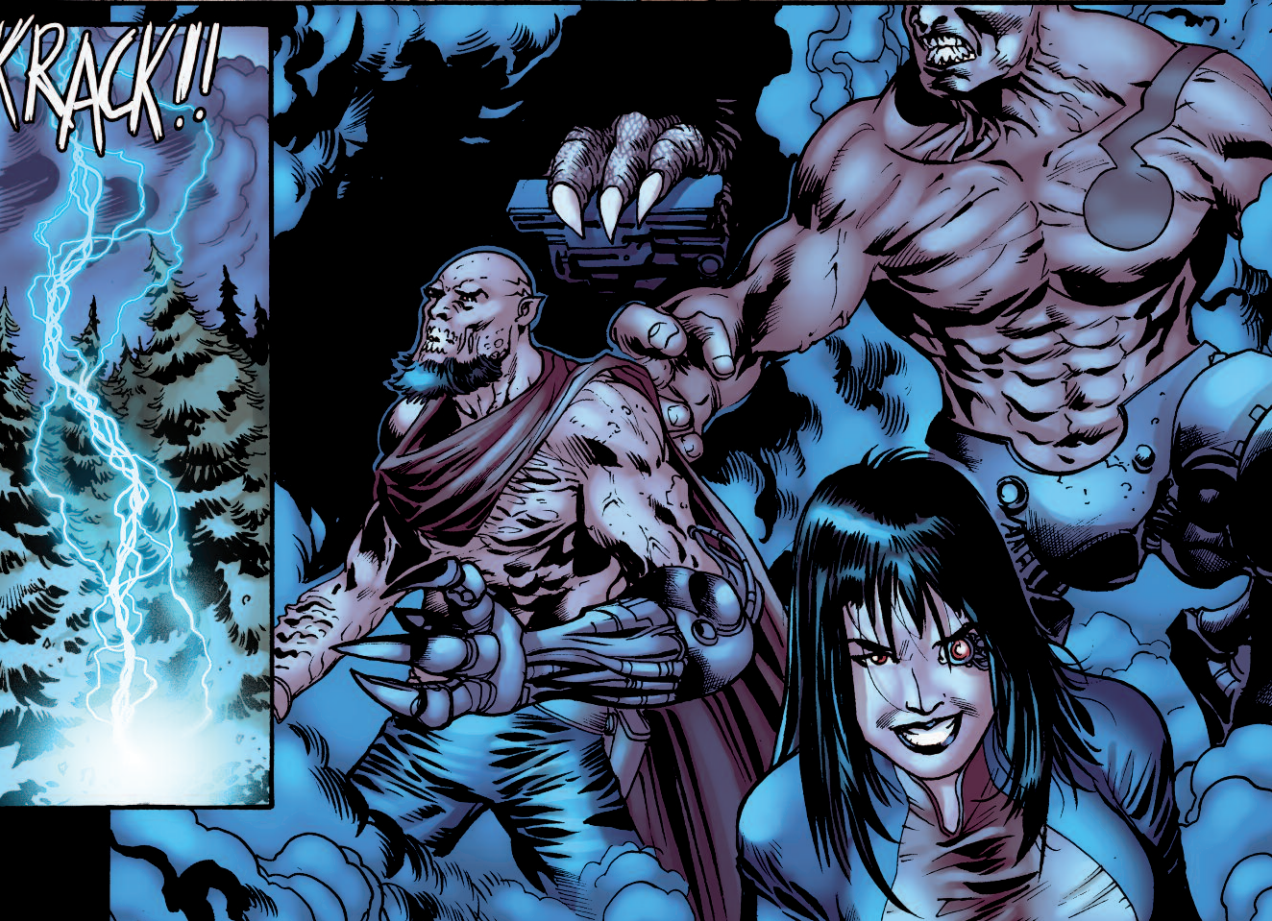
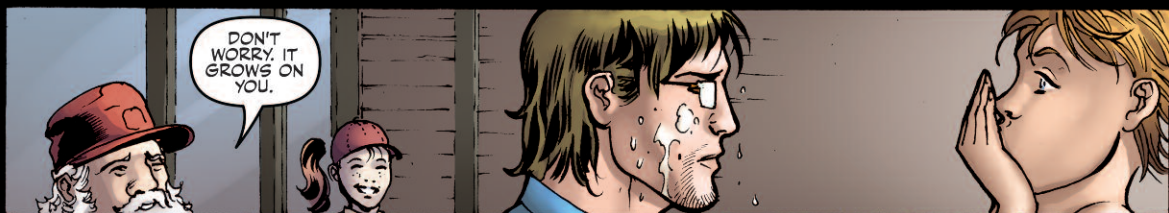
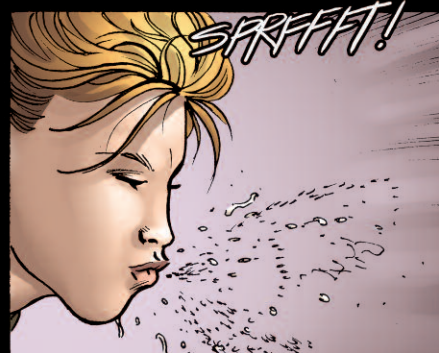
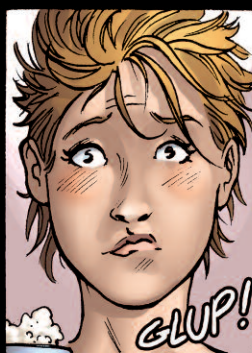
WE'LL
BE RIGHT
BACK.

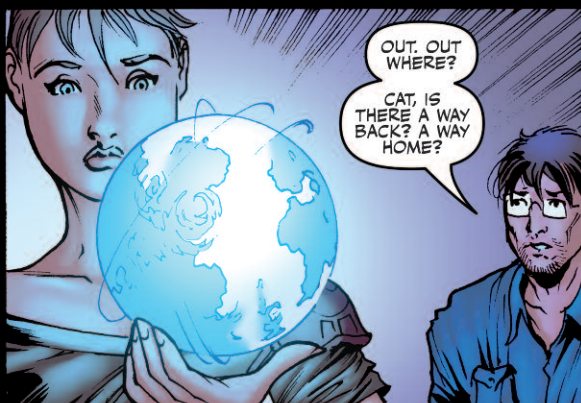


I
DON'T TRUST
THEM.

YOU
DON'T TRUST
ANYBODY.











QUIET NOW, TOE MAG.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



GETTING LOOSE NOT-DOGS.

GETTING LOOSE HORSES. GOING NOW. THANE COMING. DARKLORDS COMING.

YOU CAN'T EVEN RIDE. BESIDES, THESE AREN'T OUR HORSES.

NEEDING THEM.

LISTEN TO ME. THE HORSES DON'T BELONG TO US, THEY BELONG TO JAKE AND CISSY.



LEAVING NOW! GOING FAST!

I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DO THIS. CAT, THERE ARE PLACES WHERE THEY KILL YOU FOR STEALING HORSES.

NOT KILLING US. KILLING THEM FIRST.



NO! YOU HEAR ME? ENOUGH OF THIS CRAP. WE'RE IN ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY. NO!



NOT TOUCHING. NOT SHAKING.



TAKING HORSES. GOING FAST NOW!

I DON'T THINK SO.



COLORADO
HIGHWAY PATROL,
UNDERCOVER. GET
AWAY FROM THE
HORSES, AND DON'T
MAKE ANY SUDDEN
MOVES.

TRAGER,
ALL SHE
WANTED-

I KNOW
WHAT SHE
WANTED.
MOVE.



NOW!

TCH-KLACK



WHAT
THE HELL IS
GOING ON?

I CAUGHT THEM
TRYING TO STEAL YOUR
HORSES. PETE, GIVE ME
THE KEYS. WE'LL LOCK THEM
IN THE STOREROOM TONIGHT.
TOMORROW I'LL TAKE THEM
BACK TO DENVER.



I KNEW
THEY WERE
NO GOOD.

SHAME
ON YOU
PEOPLE.



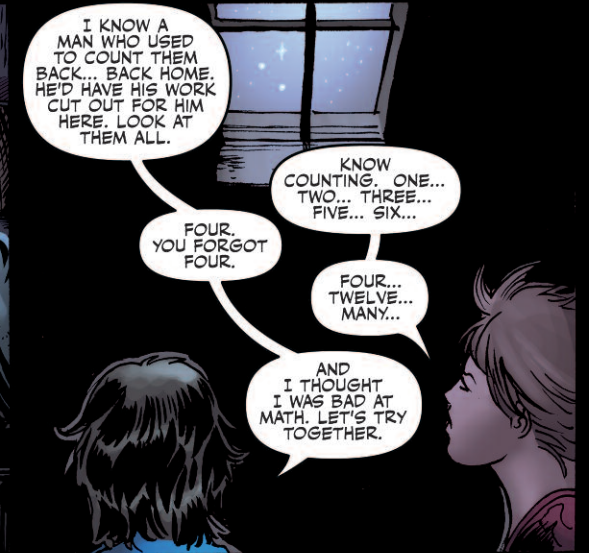
JAKE,
PLEASE--

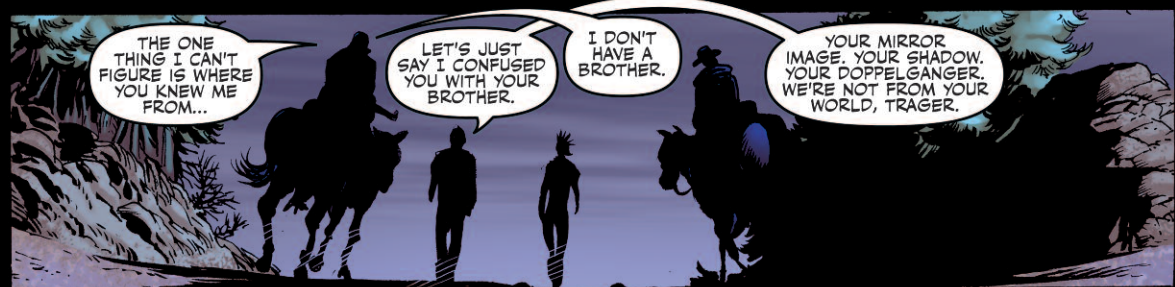


SLAP



I DON'T
WANT TO HEAR
NOTHING YOU
HAVE TO SAY.







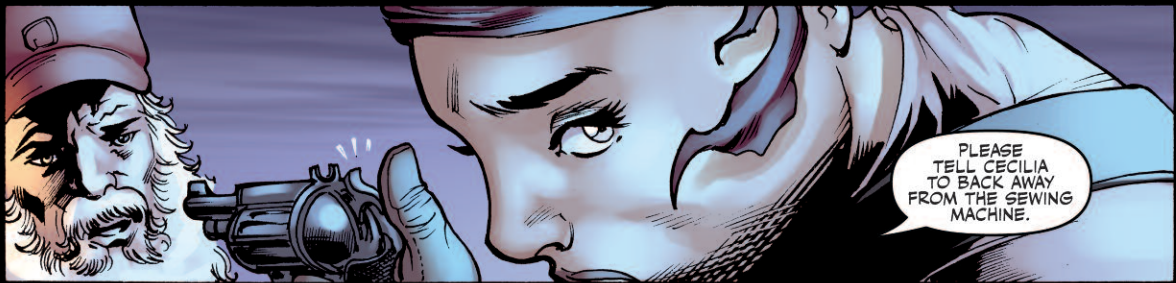
HERE THEY
COME. WAIT TILL
THEY'RE IN RANGE,
CISSY.

MISS, YOU
BETTER GET
INSIDE WHERE
IT'S SAFE...

BLAM
BLAM



I'LL STAY
RIGHT HERE,
JACOB.

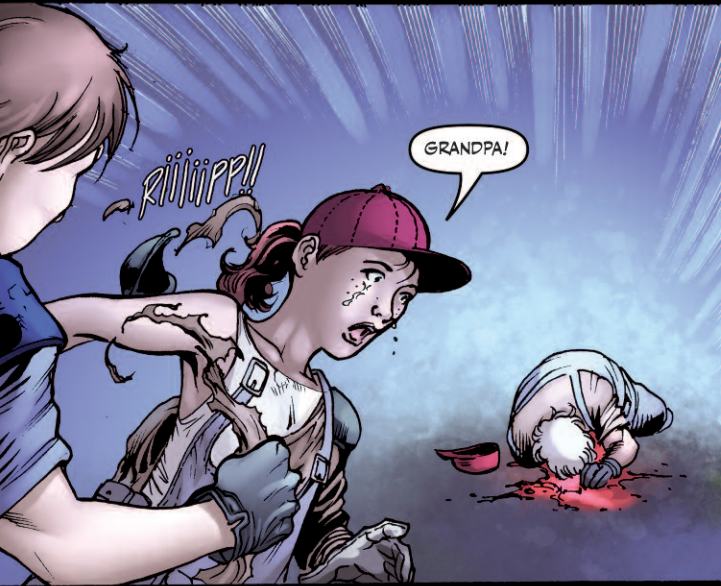


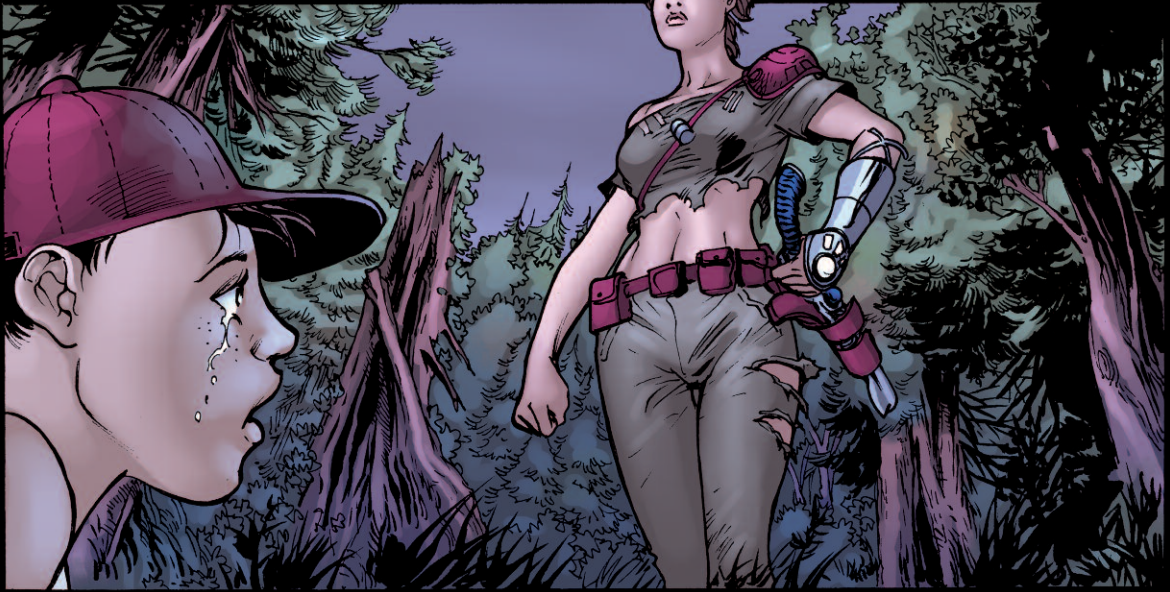
PLEASE
TELL CECILIA
TO BACK AWAY
FROM THE SEWING
MACHINE.

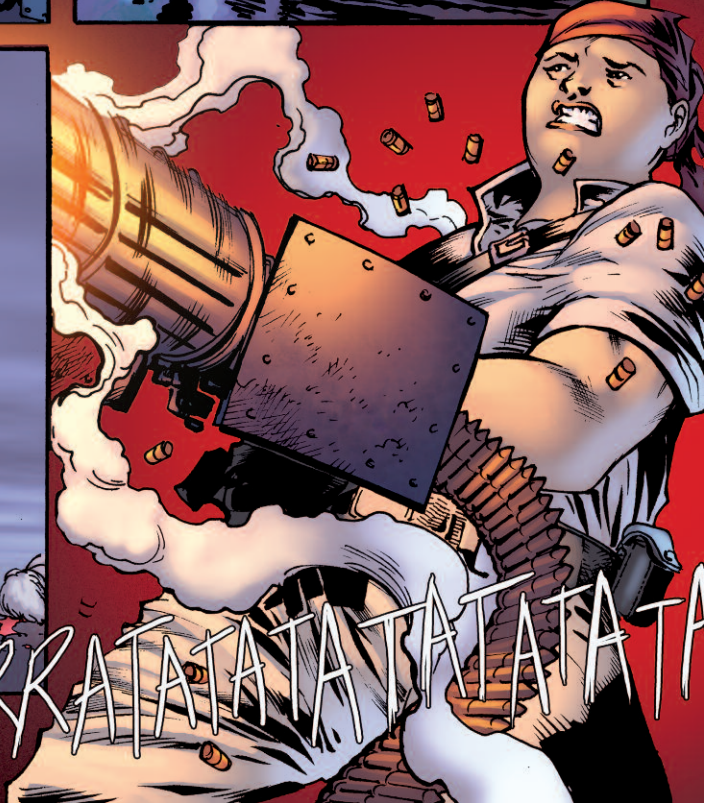


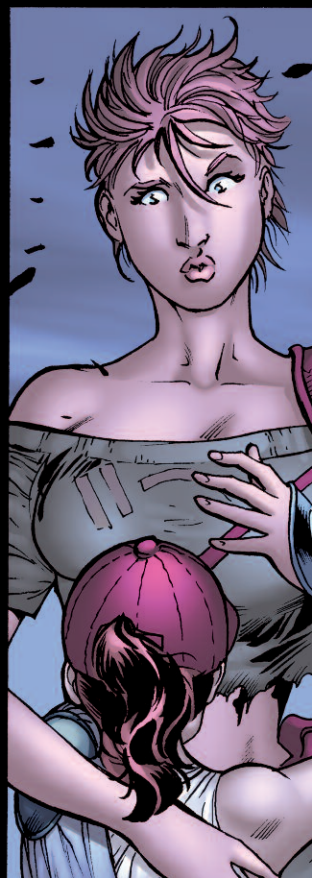
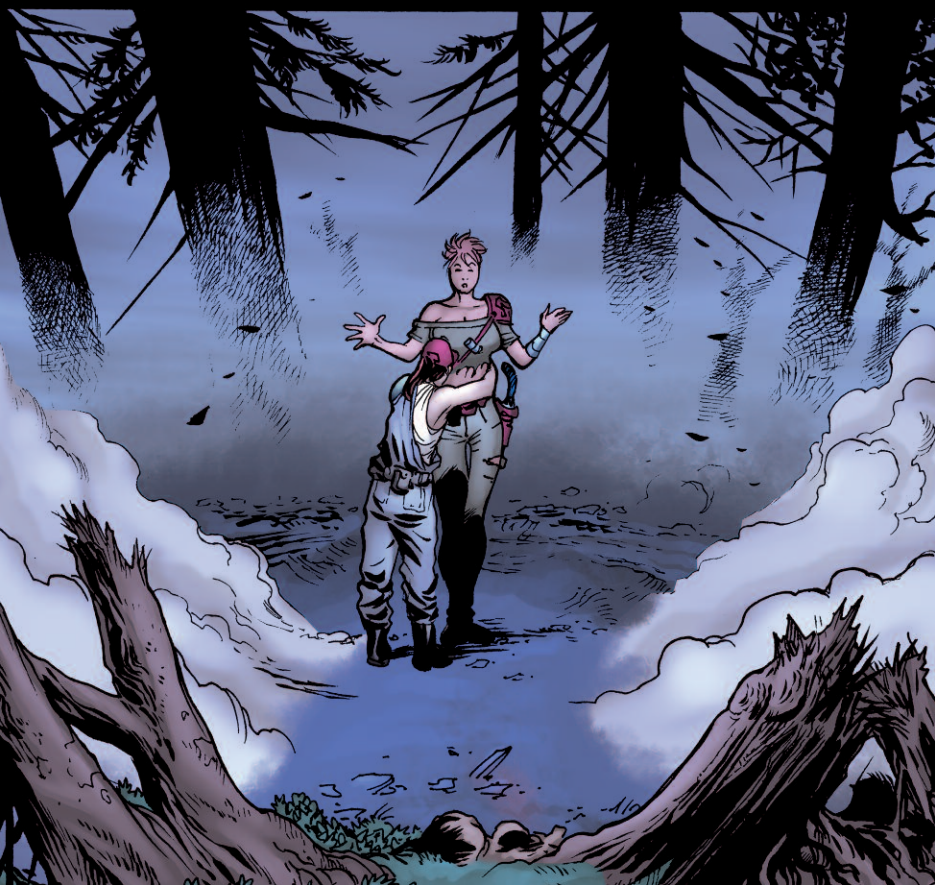
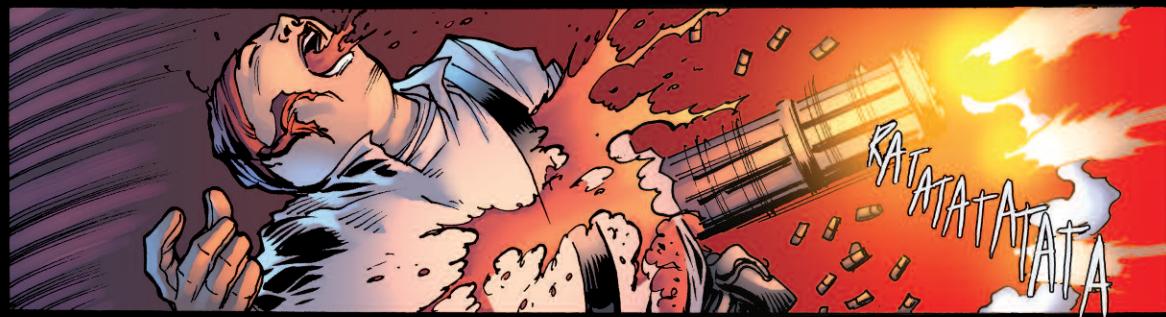


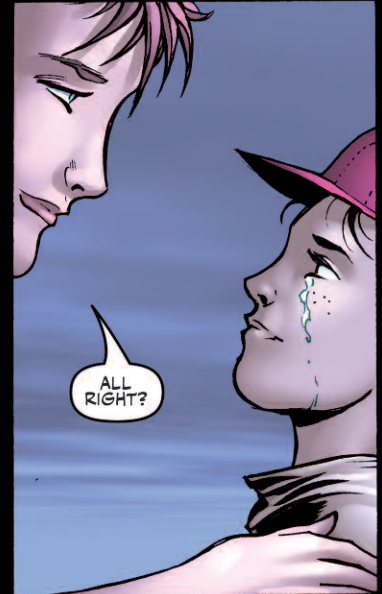














WILL HE
BE OKAY?

A WEEK
FROM NOW
HE'LL PROBABLY BE
TELLING ME THAT
HE HAD A BETTER
DOCTOR IN THE
OLD DAYS.



HE'LL DIE
OF PERITONITIS
UNLESS WE CAN
GET HIM TO A
HOSPITAL.

WE CAN
TAKE THE
HORSES, BUT A
CLYDESDALE ISN'T
EXACTLY BUILT
FOR SPEED.

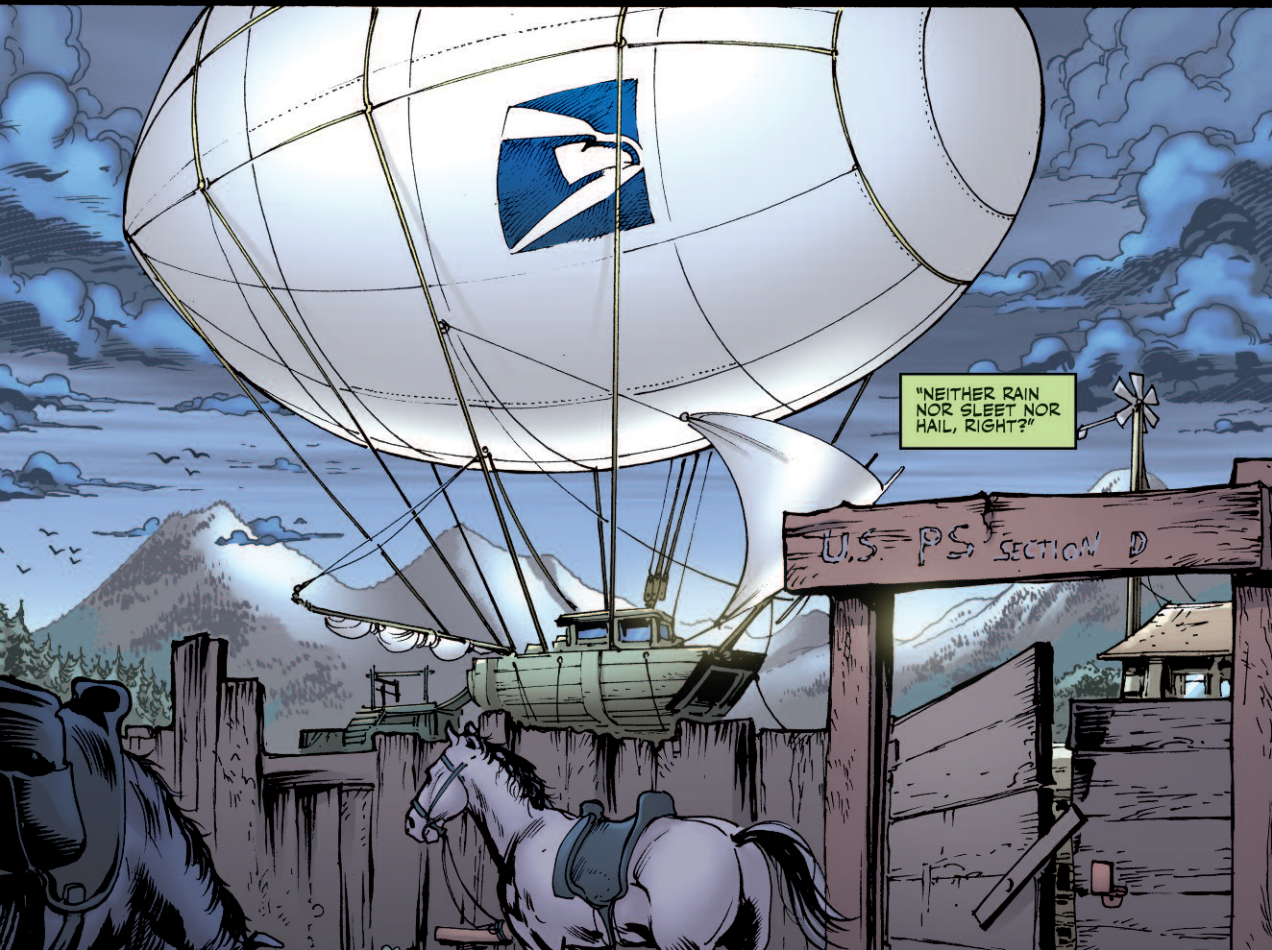
THAT
LONG A RIDE
WOULD KILL
HIM ANYWAY.



I'M BASED
OUT OF AN OLD
RANGER STATION
NOT FAR FROM HERE.
IF WE GET HIM THERE,
I CAN RADIO DOWN
THE AFTERNOON
FLIGHT.

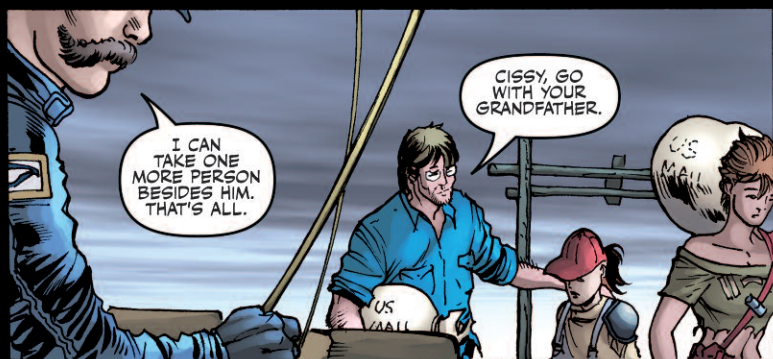
AFTERNOON
FLIGHT?
REALLY?

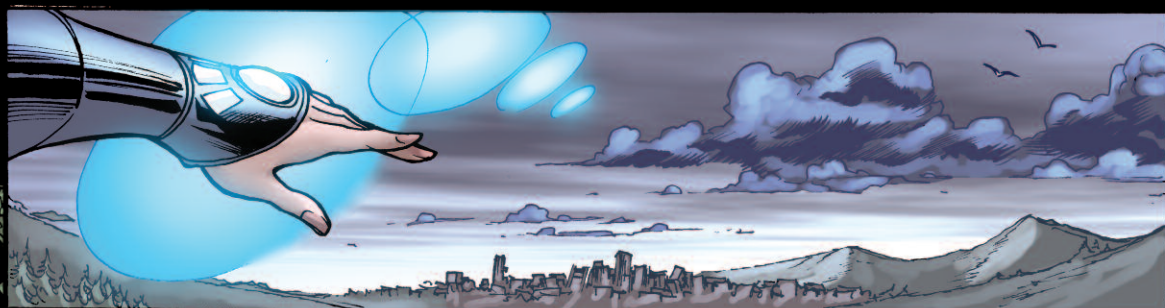
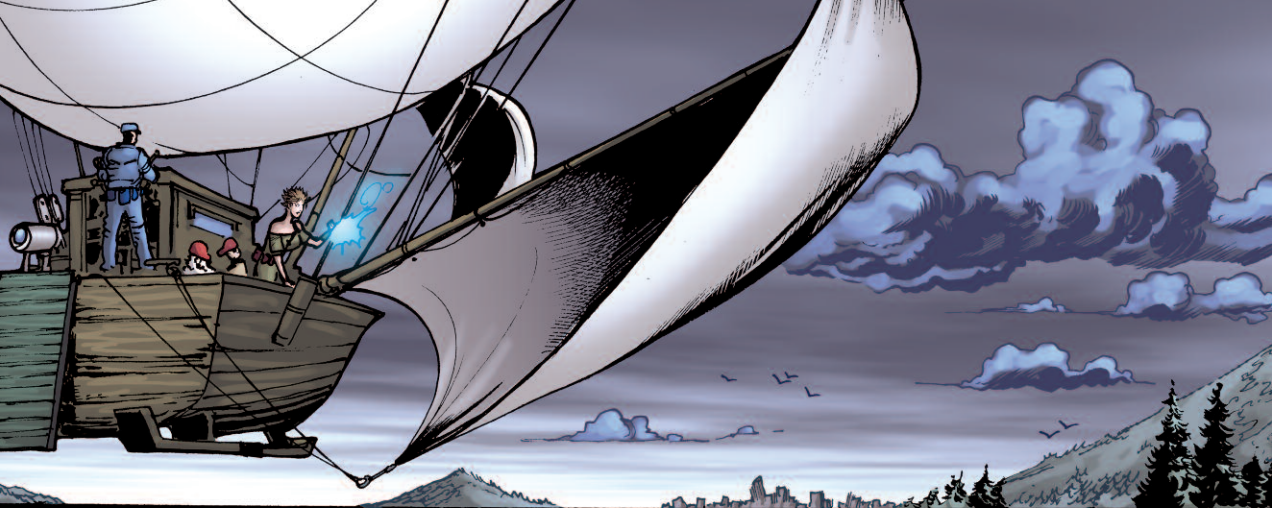
YOU
KNOW THE
SAYING...



"NEITHER RAIN
NOR SLEET NOR
HAIL, RIGHT?"

U.S. PS SECTION D





SHE MOVES EAST, ON THE WIND. SHE WILL BE AT THE DOOR BEFORE THE DAWNING.

TOO SOON. THE DOOR WILL STILL BE CLOSED. WE MUST BE THERE BEFORE IT OPENS.

SHE MAY NOT GO TO THE DOOR. SHE MAY HIDE INSTEAD.



THAT IS WHAT A DOG IS FOR. TO FLUSH OUT THE PREY.

THANE, DISGRACED, TWICE-FAILED... I WILL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO REGAIN YOUR HONOR.

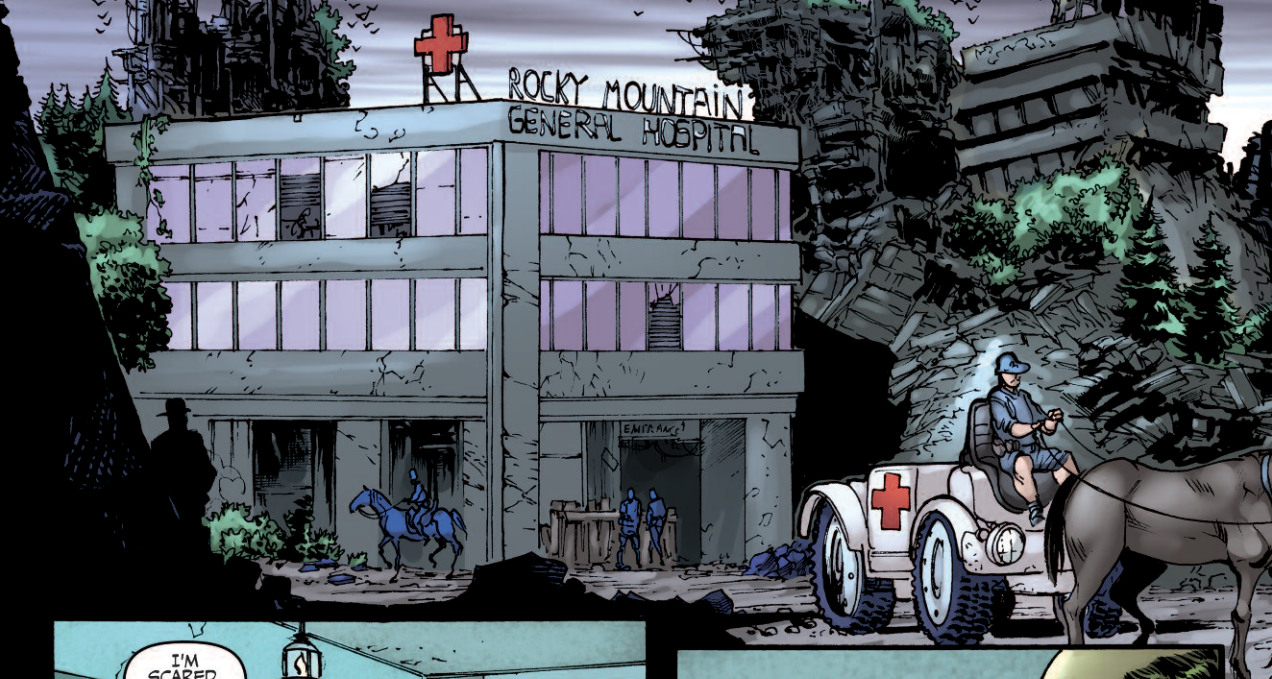
WE WILL SECURE THE DOOR. YOU WILL GO AHEAD OF US, AND BEFORE THE LIGHT HAS COME AND GONE AGAIN, YOU WILL FIND YOUR LITTLE ANIMAL AND DRIVE HER TO US.

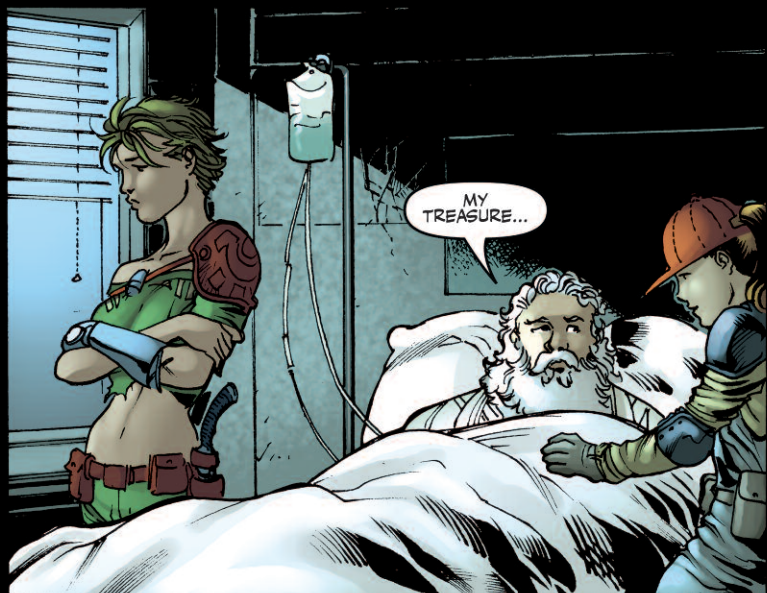
I LIVE TO SERVE.



DO NOT HARM HER. HER CRIME HAS BEEN GREAT. HER ANGUISH MUST BE GREATER. SHE WILL SERVE MY PLEASURE, NOT YOUR EMPTY HUMAN PRIDE.

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY.









CAT...
CISSY... HOW'S
JAKE?



HE'S
GOOD,
HE'S...

NO
TIME! GOING
NOW!



CAT, NO.
THANE'S HERE.
I SAW HIM. HE
CAN'T BE FAR
BEHIND US.

I CAN
GIVE YOU
A POLICE
ESCORT.



IT MAY
NOT BE ENOUGH.
THIS GUY ALREADY
KILLED YOU ONCE,
TRAGER.

THEN I'LL
CALL FOR
BACKUP.



NO
TIME! GOING
NOW!



HOW?



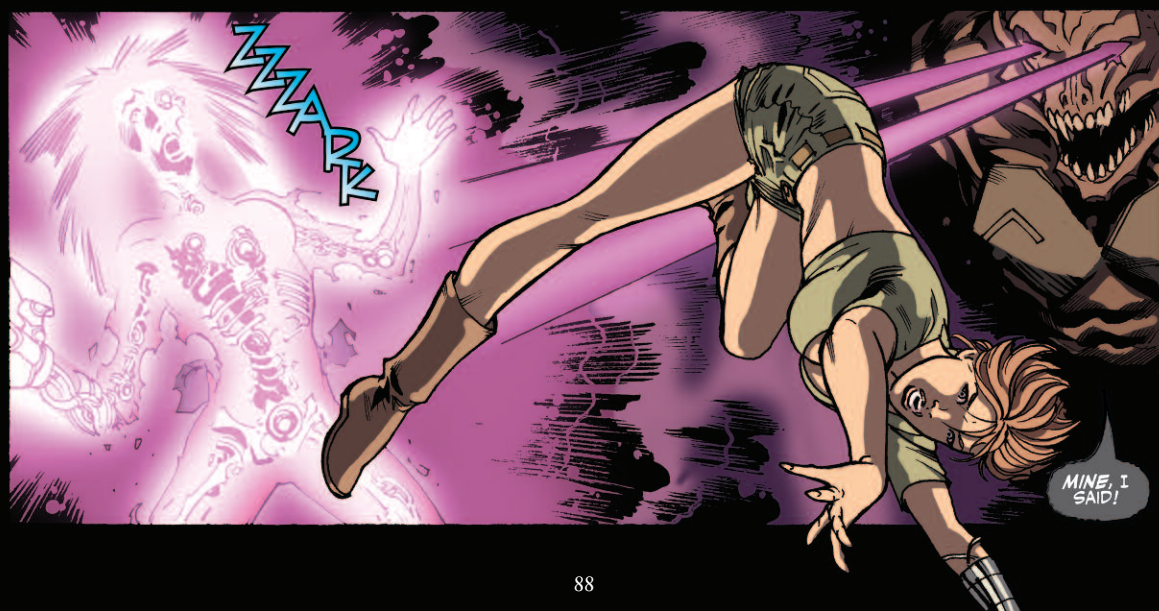
ROCKY MOUNT
GENERAL HOSPITAL

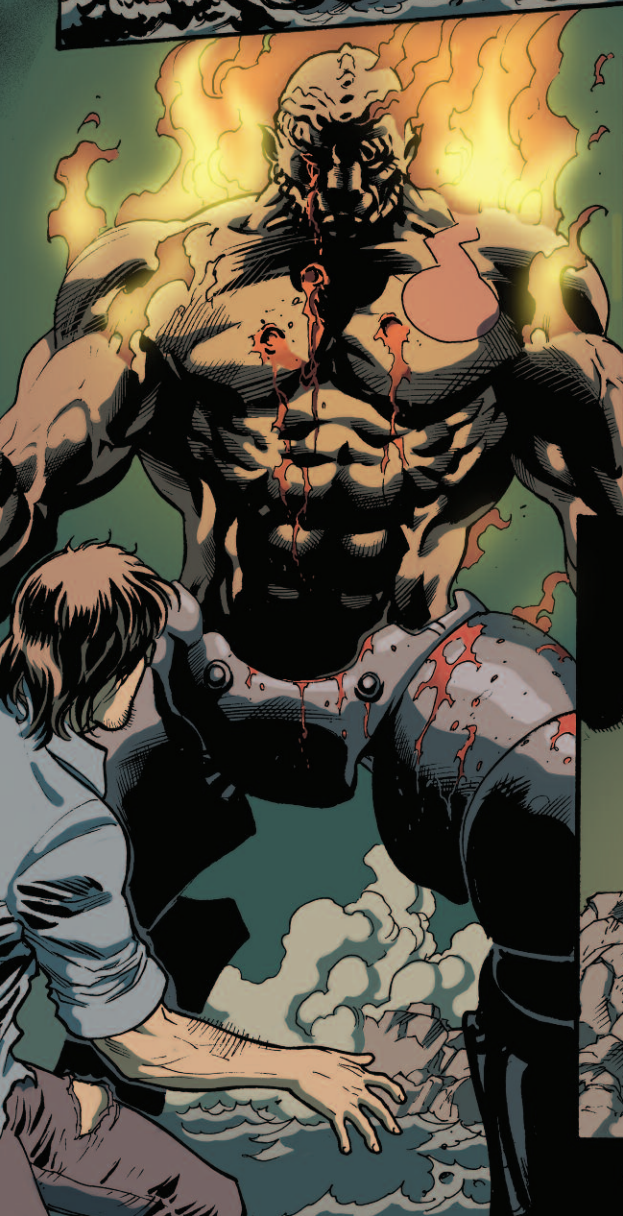


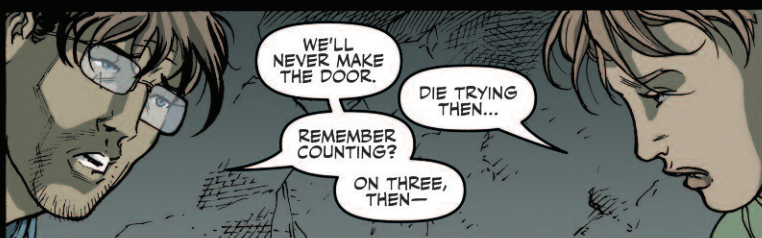


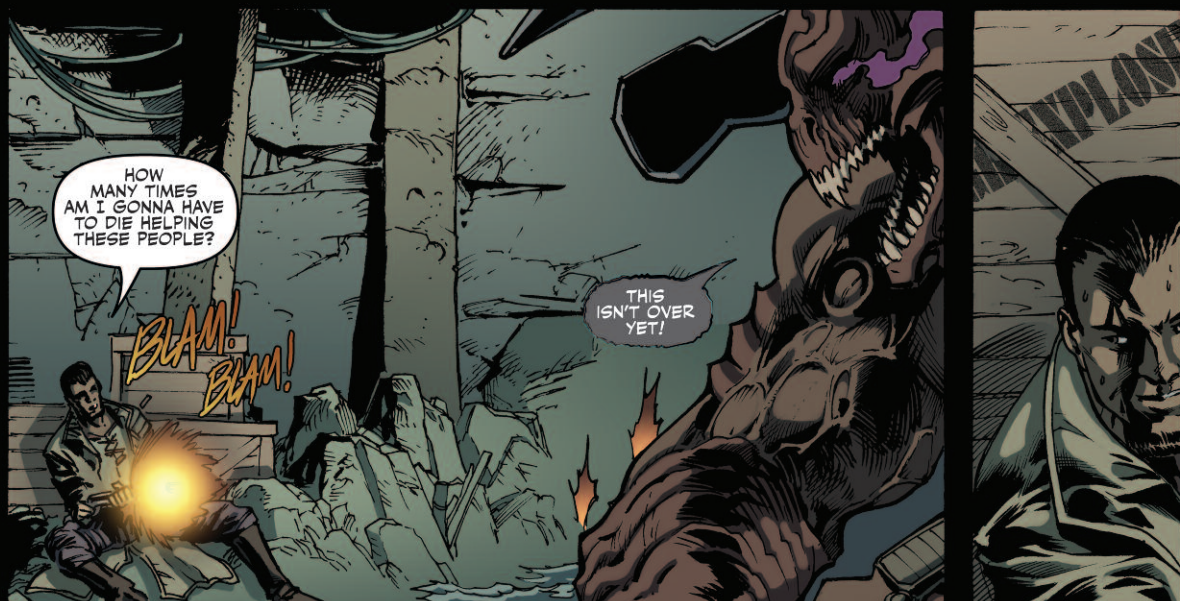






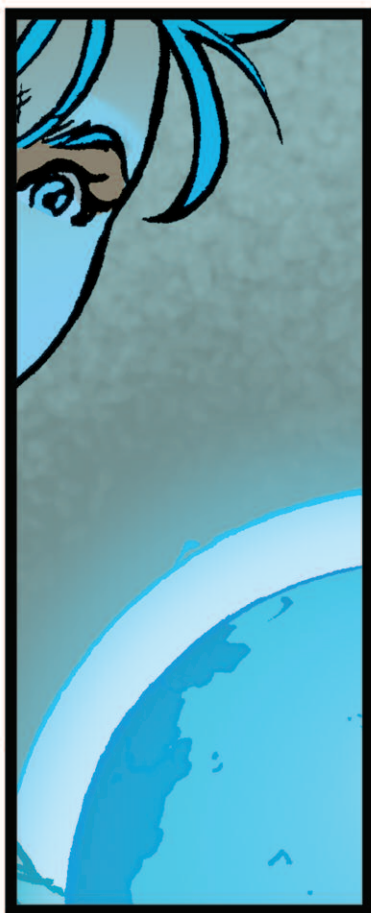








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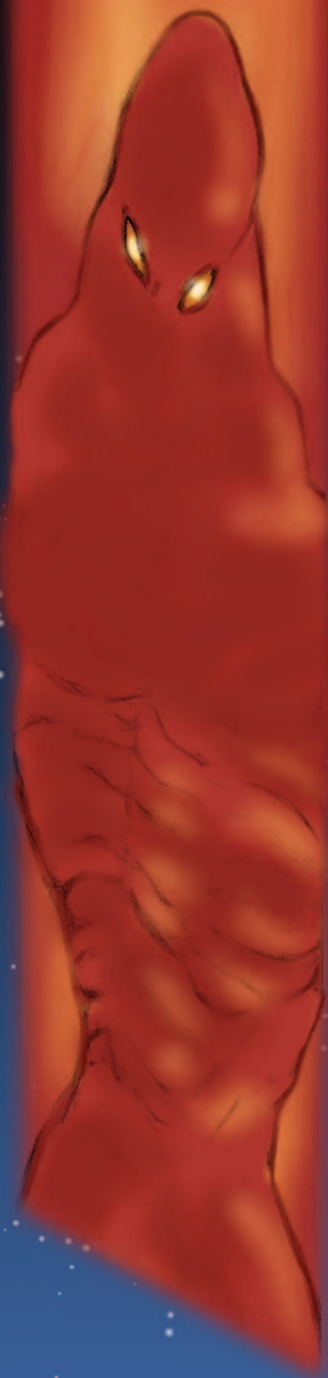
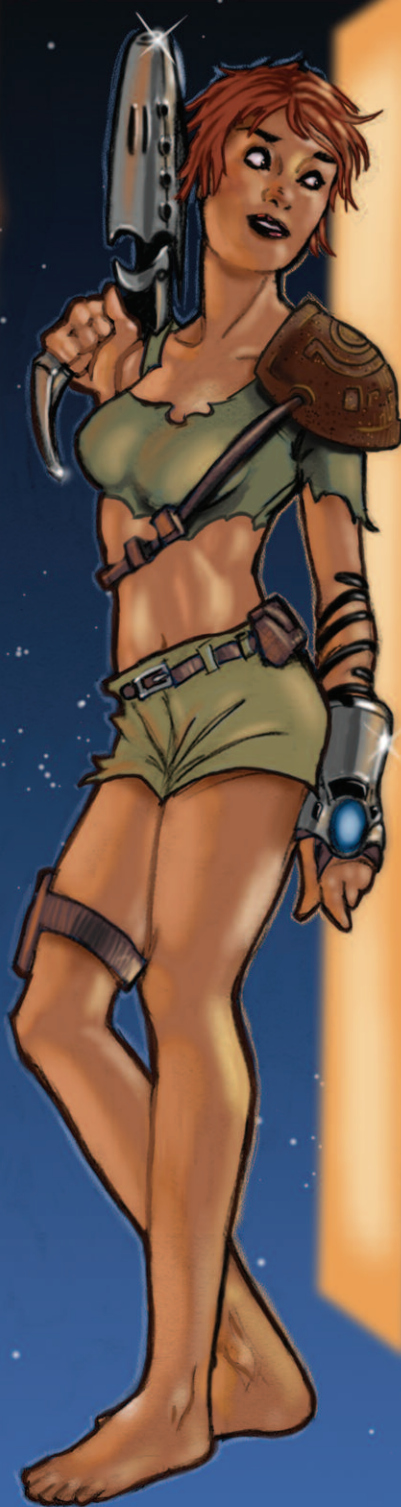




ART GALLERY











Art by Rebecca Wrigley













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