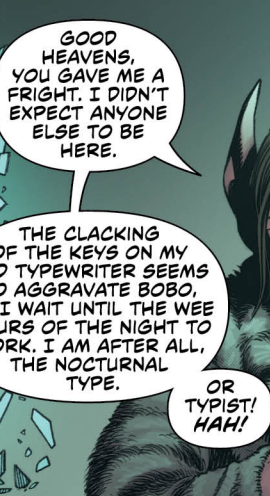




"...I THINK THIS STORY IS EATING US...EATING OUR SANITY...."



OH!



GOOD HEAVENS, YOU GAVE ME A FRIGHT. I DIDN'T EXPECT ANYONE ELSE TO BE HERE.

THE CLACKING OF THE KEYS ON MY OLD TYPEWRITER SEEMS TO AGGRAVATE BOBO, SO I WAIT UNTIL THE WEE HOURS OF THE NIGHT TO WORK. I AM AFTER ALL, THE NOCTURNAL TYPE.

OR TYPIST!
HAH!



IF I'M BEING HONEST WITH MYSELF, I'VE GROWN RATHER SCARED OF SLEEPING.

THE NIGHTMARES LATELY HAVE BEEN... SOMETHING BEYOND WHAT I HAD EVER PREPARED FOR.



I THINK YOU'D FEEL THE SAME IF YOU WERE IN MY SHOES. I HAVE SEEN UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS EVERY NIGHT FOR WEEKS.

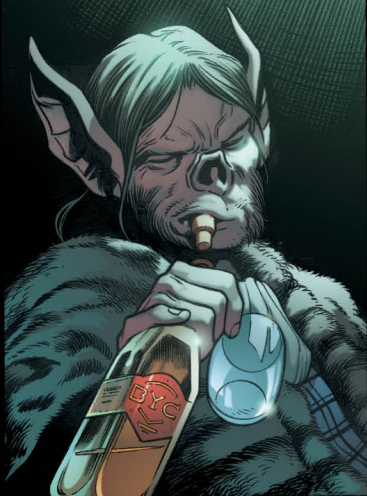
IMAGES I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ERASE HAVE BEEN BURNED INTO THE BACK OF MY MIND.

TALES from the OTHERKIND

JAMES TYNION IV WRITER · ALVARO MARTÍNEZ BUENO PENCILLER · RAUL FERNANDEZ INKER · BRAD ANDERSON COLORIST · ROB LEIGH LETTERER
MARTÍNEZ BUENO, FERNANDEZ, ANDERSON COVER · KELLEY JONES & MICHELLE MADSEN VARIANT COVER · ANDREW MARINO ASSISTANT EDITOR · MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

IMAGINE FINDING OUT THE MOST FRIGHTENING MONSTER YOU'D EVER CONCEIVED IS DEAD, AND THE LOOK ON HIS FACE IS TERROR BEYOND BELIEF.

THINK ABOUT THE PROFOUND DREAD AND HORROR THAT MONSTER FACED, KNOWING THAT ONE DAY YOU TOO WOULD FACE IT.



WHAT DO MONSTERS FEAR? I SUPPOSE I SHOULD KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT. THEY FEAR A MORE FRIGHTENING STORY REPLACING THEIR OWN. THEY FEAR THE CREATURES THAT ARE **ALREADY** HERE.

THE OTHERKIND SEEK TO DESTROY AND CONSUME ALL MAGIC ON EARTH, AND A WAR HAS BEGUN IN THE SHADOWS.



TIME AFTER TIME, MY ASSOCIATES AND I ARRIVE TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING BUT RECORD WHAT WE'VE SEEN, AND WHAT WE BELIEVE OCCURRED THERE.

I STARTED RECORDING EACH OF OUR FINDINGS, EACH DREADFUL STORY. BUT THE MORE I WRITE, THE WORSE MY NIGHTMARES GET.



I WONDER IF I SHOULD BURN ALL MY PAPERS AND TAKE TO THE NIGHT SKY, FLYING UNTIL I'M FREE OF THIS MADNESS ONCE AND FOR ALL.

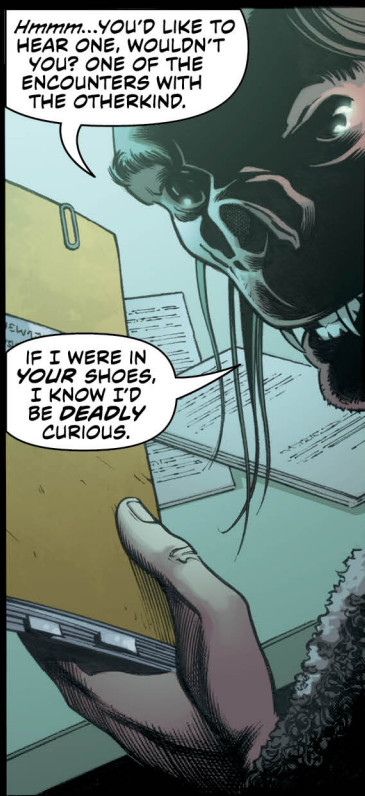
BUT I CANNOT ALLOW FEAR TO GET THE BEST OF ME. I MUST PREVAIL.



EACH OF THESE DRAWERS CONTAINS MYSTERIES WITH NO ANSWERS, AND SECRETS BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

Hmmm...YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR ONE, WOULDN'T YOU? ONE OF THE ENCOUNTERS WITH THE OTHERKIND.

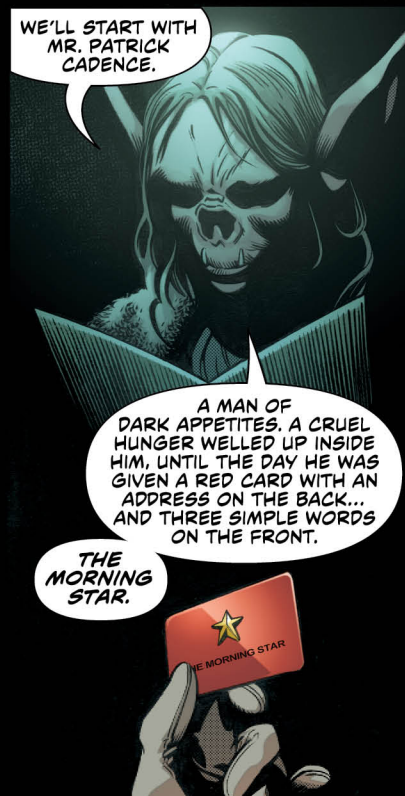
IF I WERE IN YOUR SHOES, I KNOW I'D BE DEADLY CURIOUS.



WE'LL START WITH MR. PATRICK CADENCE.

A MAN OF DARK APPETITES. A CRUEL HUNGER WELLED UP INSIDE HIM, UNTIL THE DAY HE WAS GIVEN A RED CARD WITH AN ADDRESS ON THE BACK... AND THREE SIMPLE WORDS ON THE FRONT.

THE MORNING STAR.





MY FRIEND AT CROWNE GAVE ME A CARD, TOLD ME TO WALK THROUGH THE RED DOOR ON--



YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE, MR. CADENCE. WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.



MY FRIEND TOLD ME...THAT I COULD DO THINGS HERE. THINGS THAT COULD GET A MAN IN TROUBLE, YOU KNOW?

I KNOW.



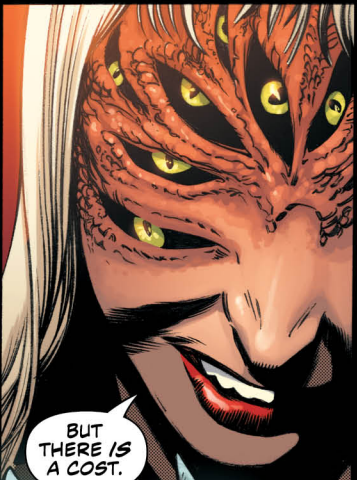
HE SAID YOU WERE DISCREET. MY CLIENTS, THEY CAN'T--



WE DO NOT *JUDGE* HOW THE POWERFUL FIND THEIR PLEASURE, AND WE KEEP NO RECORDS.



THE MORNING STAR GUARANTEES ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. ANY *DESIRE* CAN BE MADE REALITY BEHIND THESE DOORS.



BUT THERE IS A COST.



I'LL PAY. WHATEVER YOU WANT. I'LL PAY.



YES, YOU WILL.

THIS WAY, MR. CADENCE.

HIGH ABOVE THE BUSTLE OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, THERE IS A PRIVATE CLUB WHERE THE TWISTED HUNGER OF THE MOST RAVENOUS WOLVES OF WALL STREET IS SATIATED, ALL TOO EAGERLY, BY ITS DEMONIC HOSTS.

THE MORNING STAR GUARANTEES SATISFACTION, BUT HOW COULD IT EVER SATISFY

THE SOUP?





MORALISTS LIKE YOURSELF HAVE TRIED TO CLOSE OUR DOORS IN THE PAST.

WE DO NOT FORCE ANY HORROR UPON OUR CUSTOMERS HERE. THEY CHOOSE IT THEMSELVES. WE ARE MERELY... OPPORTUNISTS.



OKAY. LET ME BE CLEAR. THIS PLACE IS DISGUSTING. WHAT YOU DO HERE IS DISGUSTING.

YOU TAKE PEOPLE WALKING THE EDGE OF SOCIETY AND YOU DRAG THEM INTO THE ABYSS TELLING THEM IT'S THEIR CHOICE.

DON'T PRETEND IT'S ABOUT FREEING PEOPLE FROM THE SHACKLES OF MORALITY. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU PROFIT IN THE SOUL TRADE.



MY FATHER, ZATARA, HAD ME READING THE BLACK LEDGERS BEFORE I WAS TWELVE, SO I'D NEVER BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TURN TO YOUR KIND AND MAKE A DEAL FOR POWER.

A PITY. I KNOW YOU'VE HAD SUCH DIFFICULTY WIELDING MAGIC SINCE OUR EXTRADIMENSIONAL FRIENDS ENTERED THE FRAY.

WE COULD USE A MEMBER OF THE ZATARA FAMILY AT THE HEIGHT OF THEIR ABILITIES IN THE COMING WAR WITH THE OTHERKIND.



I WANT YOU TO KNOW A DEAL IS ALWAYS ON THE TABLE. NOT JUST WITH A LESSER DEMON. A DEAL WITH ME. THE FIRST OF THE FALLEN.



STOP. THE OLD STORIES DON'T MATTER RIGHT NOW. SOUL PROFIT DOESN'T MATTER IF WE ALL CEASE TO EXIST.

THE WAR ISN'T COMING. WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING REPORTS OF INCURSIONS FOR WEEKS. THE OTHERKIND ARE HERE.

YOU NEED TO EVACUATE DEMONKIND INTO HELL. OPEN UP YOUR KINGDOM TO REFUGEES.



WHAT DOES THE SILVER CITY SAY ABOUT ALL THIS?

I KNOW THE RHYMER ETRIGAN IS STILL AT WORK TRYING TO EARN THEIR FAVOR... HE SENT A DOVE THE OTHER DAY ABOUT A NEW PARLAY.

I ATE THE BIRD MYSELF. DIDN'T CARE MUCH FOR THE FEATHERS.

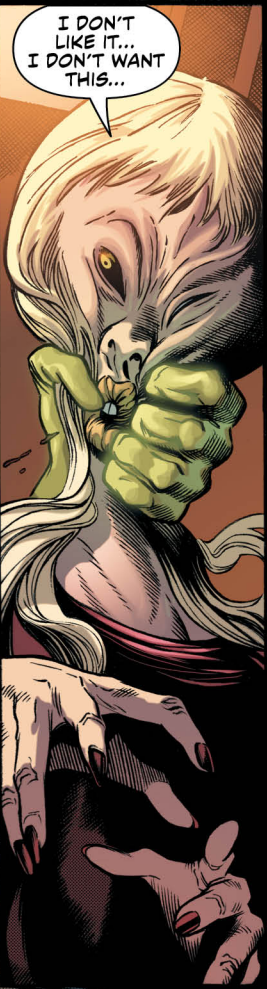
S-SIR...

IT...IT JUST KEPT WALKING. I TRIED TO STOP IT...TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WANTED. BUT IT WOULDN'T TELL ME...

IT WENT ROOM TO ROOM...IT MADE ME WATCH. PLEASE...IS THIS WHAT FEAR IS LIKE...?



I DON'T LIKE IT... I DON'T WANT THIS...



YOU ARE OF THE OTHERKIND. I HAVE HEARD MUCH ABOUT YOU.

I'LL CALL THE OTHERS, NOW...GET US BACKUP--



RUN ALONG, DEAR. THE GROWN-UPS ARE TALKING.